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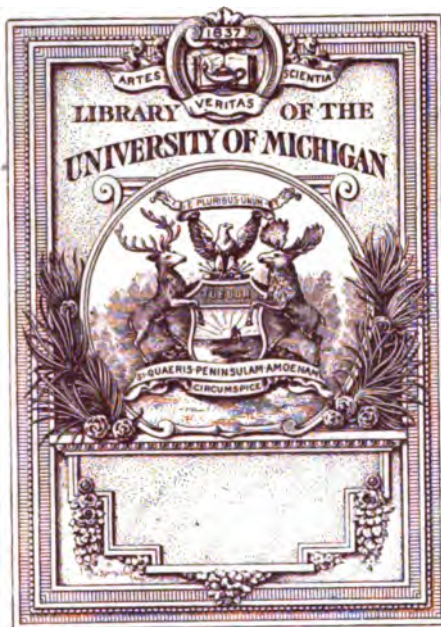
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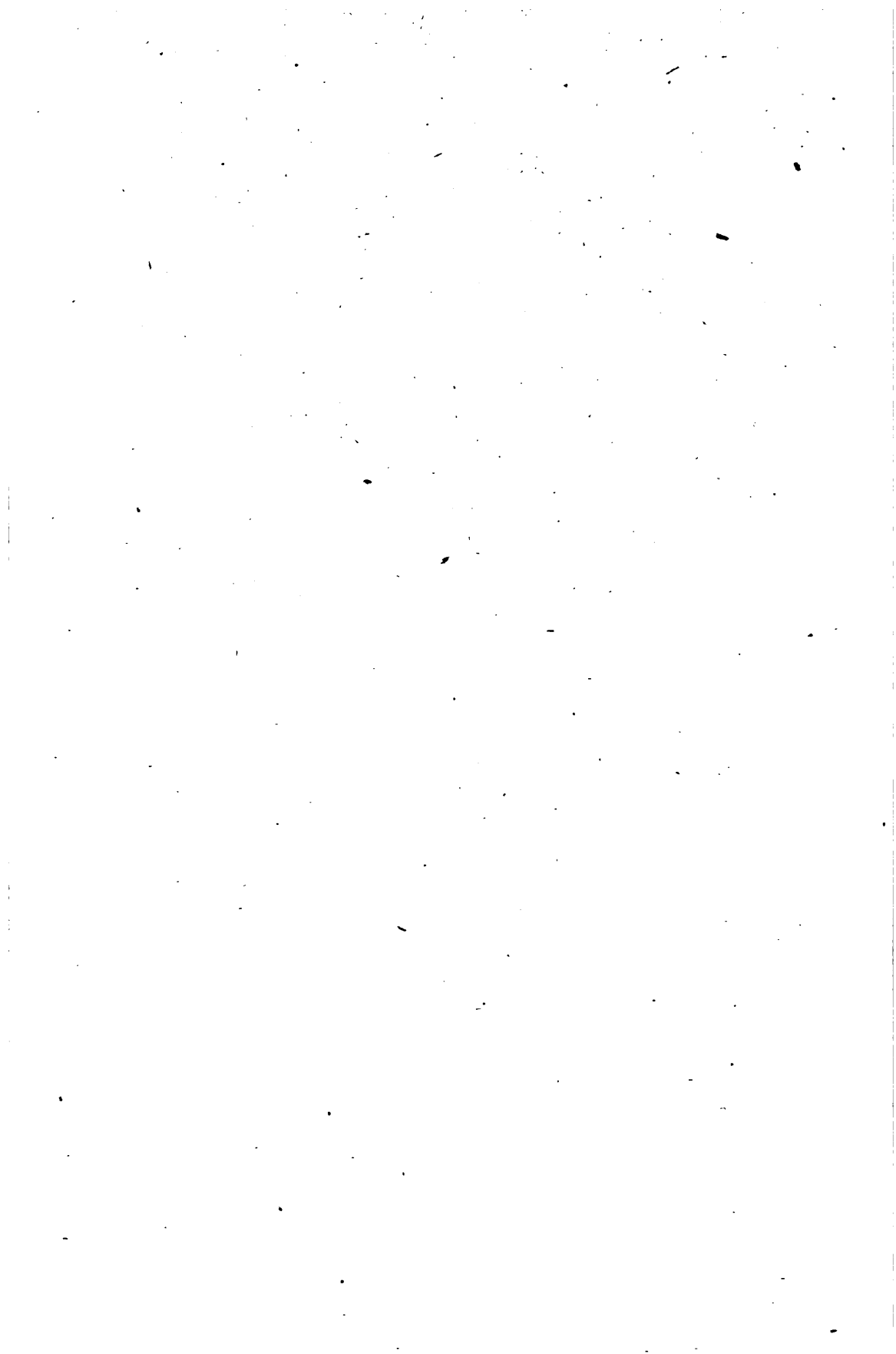




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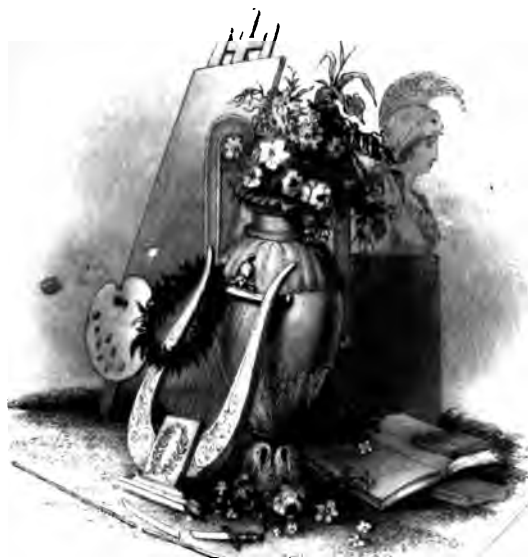
THE
ECLECTIC MAGAZINE
OF
FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE,
AND ART.



VOL. IV. NO. 1.

NEW YORK.
W. H. EIDWELL, 120, NASSAU ST.

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THE
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OF

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JANUARY TO APRIL, 1848.

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W. H. BIDWELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.  
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NEW YORK:
PUBLISHED AT 120 NASSAU STREET.
1848.

S. W. BENEDICT,
Ster. & Print., 16 Spruce St., N. Y.

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- ✓ *January*.—The Plate for January is a well executed mezzotint from a highly popular subject by Ward, derived from an incident in Goldsmith's life, which Boswell narrates in his Life of Johnson, as told by himself. "I received," said Johnson, "one morning, a message from poor Goldsmith that he was in great distress, and begging that I would come to him as soon as possible. I sent him a guinea, and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went to him as soon as I was dressed, and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion. I perceived that he had already changed my guinea, and got a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, desired that he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me that he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced to me. I looked into it, and saw its merit, told the landlady I should soon return, and having gone to a bookseller, sold it for sixty pounds." "This," says Boswell, "was the Vicar of Wakefield."
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THE
E C L E C T I C M A G A Z I N E
OF
FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

JANUARY, 1848.

From the North British Review.

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

1. *The Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley, edited by Mrs. SHELLEY.* 3 vols. London, 1847.
2. *Shelley at Oxford—Papers in the New Monthly Magazine, Vols. 36 and 37.*
3. *The Life of P. B. Shelley.* By THOMAS MEDWIN. 2 vols. London, 1847.
4. *Gallery of Literary Portraits.* By GEORGE GILFILLAN. Edinburgh, 1845.
5. *An Address to the Irish People.* By PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY. Dublin, 1812.

THE poems of Shelley have been gradually assuming a high place in our literature. The incidents of his life, unimportant except as they illustrate his writings, have been told gracefully and well by Mrs. Shelley in the notes to her exceedingly beautiful edition of his poetical works. His own letters to Mr. Peacock and others have been published, and everywhere exhibit the habits of thinking of a man singularly truthful, generous, and good. These letters and Mrs. Shelley's notes form a perfect memoir of his life from his twenty-second year. His life at Oxford has been well described by his friend Mr. Hogg, in a series of papers printed in the *New Monthly Magazine*, some five-and-twenty years ago, and Captain Medwin had contributed some account of his earlier life to the *Athenæum*, which has, we believe, been reprinted in a separate volume. From these means of information, what is now called the "Life of Shelley" is compiled by the last mentioned writer. The book is hastily and carelessly put together, and adds nothing to what is already known.

The name of Shelley is an ancient one
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in the County of Sussex, and the family of the poet is traced to the time of Richard II. In 1611, Sir John Shelley of Maresfield was created a baronet—and the family of Castle-Goring, now represented by the son of the poet, is descended from a younger son of Sir John Maresfield. Bysshe Shelley, the grandfather of the poet, was born at Newark in North America, in 1731. He began life as a quack doctor, and seems to have early turned his attention to making his way in the world by matrimonial speculations. The widow of a miller is said to have been his first wife. However this be—for Captain Medwin, who mentions the fact, does not vouch for its truth—we find him in England soon after, running away with an heiress, through whom the branch of his descendants with whom we are chiefly concerned are possessed of the estate of Horsham. In some short time Sir Bysshe finds himself an active widower, and lays siege to the heart of Miss Sidney Perry—the heiress of Penshurst, the estate of Sir Philip Sidney. The present Lord De Lisle and Dudley represents this branch of Sir Bysshe's descendants. Through

some mistake the poet Shelley is repeatedly represented—even by such writers as Mr. Howitt,* as a descendant of Sir Philip Sidney. The sole connexion between them—if it can be called such—was that which we have stated. It, however, gratified the imagination of the poet.

Bysshe Shelley was raised to the baronetage in 1806. He died in 1815. Medwin tells us,

“I remember Sir Bysshe in a very advanced age, a remarkably handsome man, fully six feet in height, and with a noble and aristocratic bearing. *Nil fuit unquam sic impar sibi*. His manner of life was most eccentric, for he used to frequent daily the tap-room of one of the low inns in Horsham, and there drank with some of the lowest citizens, a habit he had probably acquired in the New World. Though he had built a castle (Goring-Castle) that cost him upwards of £80,000, he passed the last twenty or thirty years of his existence in a small cottage looking on the River Arun, at Horsham, in which all was mean and beggarly—the existence indeed of a miser—enriching his legatees at the expense of one of his sons, by buying up his postobits.”—MEDWIN’S *Life of Shelley*, vol. i., p. 8.

Medwin was related to one of Sir Bysshe’s wives, and his account of a family whom he must have known perfectly well is far from favourable to any of them. He describes Timothy Shelley, the poet’s father, as watching with impatience for his father’s death, and he speaks of two of Sir Bysshe’s daughters as marrying without his consent; of which he availed himself—for so we understand the statement—to avoid giving them any fortune whatever.

“He died at last, and in his room were found bank-notes to the amount of £10,000, some in the leaves of the few books he possessed, others in the folds of his sofa, or sewed into the lining of his dressing gown.”—MEDWIN, p. 9.

Shelley’s father is described as a man whose early education had been much neglected. He had, however, taken a degree at Oxford—made the grand tour, and sat in Parliament for a family borough. Medwin’s recollections of him are unfavourable. He tells us that he was a man who “reduced all politeness to forms, and moral virtue to expediency.” In short he was a man very like other men of whom there is little to be said that can furnish a page to the biographer. The one feeling which seems to have absorbed all others in the

* “Visits to Remarkable Places,” vol.; and also “Homes and Haunts of the Poets.”

minds of the family was ancestral pride. The one great and irreparable offence which Shelley could commit against the family was to unite himself in marriage unsuitably. In remote parts of the country, among the less educated part of the higher gentry, this feeling often strengthens itself into something little short of insanity, and the fortunate adventures of Sir Bysshe Shelley, and the mésalliances of his daughters, were not unlikely to render the Shelleys most incurably mad.

The poet was born the 4th of August, 1792, and brought up at Field-Place (his father’s residence) till his tenth year with his sisters, and taught the rudiments of Latin and Greek. He was then sent to Sion House, Brentford, where Medwin had been already placed.

The school was a cheap bad school, pennuriously managed, and the boys for the most part the sons of London shop-keepers. The lady who was supposed to manage the household details was too fine for her business; but—as a part of her stock in trade—had a pedigree at least as good as Shelley’s. She was a cousin to the Duke of Argyle. We rather like the poor woman the better for this, we own, and though the instincts of self-defence, and the sense of what was due to her family, made her perhaps treat the Sussex Squirearchy less deferentially than they expected, her sister, who must have been as nearly related to the Duke as herself, was “an economist of the first order.”

After all, if boys of whatever rank are sent to schools selected for their cheapness, they ought not to remember and resent, as if it were the fault of their masters or mistresses, the stinginess of their parents. The usual stories of the sufferings of boys, whose health is in any way infirm or whose spirits are too weak for the kind of ordeal to which their fellow students subject them, are tediously told by “the wearisome Captain.” The incompetence of the master is proved by his punishing Shelley for some faults in an exercise written for him by Medwin, who had cribbed the bad Latin, it seems, from Ovid. This incident, and the fact that Shelley disliked learning to dance, are the Captain’s sole records of Brentford school. It was scarce worth making a book for this—and yet in one point of view Medwin’s testimony is not without some value. Shelley’s detestation of school and the tyranny of the elder boys, has been in general understood as exclusively to be re-

ferred to Eton, and the effect of his sojourn there. It probably arose from his detestation of this miserable place—which seems to have been, in every possible point of view, ill-chosen.

Shelley learned little at school—at least of school learning—

“—Nothing, that my tyrants knew or taught,
Cared I to learn.”

Still his mind was not inactive—

“Eager he reads whatever tells
Of magic, cabala, and spells.”

“He was very fond of reading, and greedily devoured all the books which were brought to school after the holidays. These were mostly blue books;—who does not know what blue books mean?”—MEDWIN.

We did not. The English *lawyer's blue books* are the *numbers* of the Law and Equity Reports with which every term oppresses him, and which are becoming each day a more serious grievance. The *statesman's blue books* are those desperate piles of lumber in which are contained the wisdom of Parliamentary committees and royal commissioners, and of every person who wishes to enlighten the nation on the thousand topics which are for ever investigated, and still remain as obscure as before. But the Brentford schoolboy's blue books are not the blue books of the statesman or the lawyer,—

“Who does not,” says our comic Plutarch, “know what blue books mean? But if there should be any one ignorant enough not to know what those dear dusky volumes, so designated from their covers, contain, be it known that they are or were to be bought for sixpence, and embodied stories of haunted castles, bandits, murderers, and other grim personages—a most exciting and interesting sort of food for boys' minds. Among those of a larger calibre was one which I have never seen since, but which I remember with a *recouché* delight. It was ‘Peter Wilkins.’ How much Shelley wished for a winged wife, and winged little cherubs of children!”—MEDWIN, vol. i., p. 29.

To these treasures were added the stores of the Brentford circulating library. Mrs. Radcliffe's romances and novels of the Rosa-Matilda school, among which Medwin mentions the name of one in which the devil was the hero—“Zofloya the Moor”—were Shelley's great delight. Shelley believed in ghosts, and was known, once at least, to have walked in his sleep. He was

habitually given to waking dreams, from which he was with great difficulty roused. When he did awake, “his eyes flashed, his lips quivered, his voice was tremulous with emotion; a sort of ecstasy came over him, and he talked more like a spirit or an angel than a human being.”—MEDWIN, vol. i., p. 34.

From Brentford school Shelley went to Eton, where he passed two years. Of this period of his life there seems to be no authentic record. His schoolfellows, with the exception of his reviewer in the *Quarterly*, appear to have preserved no recollections of him, and we are told that in after life he never mentioned them: that he had even forgotten their names. At Eton he appears to have acquired a taste for boating, which was one of his greatest enjoyments through life.

His school education ended in 1809, and in the winter of that year Medwin and he were a good deal together at the house of Shelley's father. They wrote novels and poems, from which Medwin gives large extracts; among others, a poem called the “Wandering Jew,”* which they sent to Campbell. He good-naturedly read it, and, with pardonable dishonesty, told them there were two good lines in it,—

“It seemed as if an angel's sigh
Had breathed the plaintive symphony.”

These were the two lines which Campbell praised. If we sought to reverse his decision, and say, “Bad are the best,” it is probable that the Captain might come down on us as he did on the Brentford schoolmaster, and prove that he had stolen them from Scott.

“Shelley's favourite poet in 1809,” says Medwin, “was Southey. He had read *Thalaba* till he almost knew it by heart, and had drenched himself with its metrical beauty.

“I have often heard him quote that exquisite passage, where the Enchantress winds round the finger of her victim a single hair, till the spell becomes inextricable—the charm cannot be broken.

* The “Wandering Jew” seems to have fastened on Shelley's imagination. When he went to Oxford, the first question he asked the librarian at the Bodleian was, “Had he the Wandering Jew?” and in his drama of *Hellas*, written nearly at the close of his life, we have “*Ahasuerus*” introduced—

“Oh, that Heaven,
Profuse of poisons, would concede the chalice
Which but one living man has drain'd, who now,
Vessel of deathless wrath, wanders for ever,
Lone as incarnate Death!”

But he still more doted on Kehamah, the Curse of which I remember Shelley often declaiming,—

“And water shall see thee!
And fear thee, and fly thee!
The waves shall not touch thee,
As they pass by thee!

And this curse shall be on thee
For ever and ever.”

“I transcribe the passage from memory, for I have never read since that romance he used to look upon as perfect; and was haunted by the witch Loranite, raving enthusiastically about the lines beginning—

“Is there a child whose little winning ways
Would lure all hearts on whom its parents
gaze
Till they shed tears of tenderest delight,
Oh, hide her from the eyes of Loranite.”

“Wordsworth's writings were at that time by no means to his taste.”—MEDWIN, vol. 60-62, *verbatim et literatim*.

But why transcribe more of this strange medley? The passage of Thalaba which Shelley so often repeated must have been listened to by the most vacant of all minds, for there is not one word in it of “winding round the finger of her victim a single hair,”—

“He found a woman in the cave—
A solitary woman—
Who by the fire was *spinning*,
And singing as she span.
The *thread* the woman drew
Was finer than the silk worm's—
Was finer than the gossamer.
The song she sung was low and sweet;
And Thalaba knew not the words.
The thread she span it gleamed like gold
In the light of the odorous fire.

And round and round his right hand,
And round and round his left,
He wound the thread so fine.”

That Medwin should have forgotten the passage, and substituted some general recollection for what he had heard Shelley repeat, is not surprising; but it is surprising that any one can place the slightest reliance on the record of conversations preserved by a memory so little retentive of anything worth remembering. We have, however, to make another remark on the passage that we have just cited, which makes us utterly discard, for any purpose, anything whatever that is stated on no better authority than the kind of gossip of which this very poor book is from beginning

to end made up. In one of Miss Edgeworth's works the forgery of a deed is detected by the over-zeal of a witness brought up to prove the circumstances of its execution. He says that he now is the only person living who knows all that actually passed at the time. His grey hairs tremble with emotion as he seeks to confirm his testimony by calling the attention of the court to the fact, that under the seal was placed a silver coin—that if the seal be broken, the coin will be found. The seal is broken—the coin is found; but one of a later date than that of the supposed execution of the deed. Now, Mr. Medwin is as anxious as Miss Edgeworth's witness to prove these conversations. He takes especial care to tell you that he transcribes from his recollection; that he has never read the poem or romance, as he calls it, since; and his mis-spelling the witch's name, and Kehama's too, for that matter, prevents our entertaining the slightest doubt of the accuracy of his statement that he had never read the book, or could in this way have confused in his memory the incidents of one period with those of another. He has a thousand reasons to remember the thing; and yet what he has stated is not—cannot be—the fact. Break the seal—the coin is of a later date. “Kehama” was not published for years after the supposed conversation!

The only possible object of recording Shelley's early life is that of tracing the unusually early development of his powers; and the value of any part of the record is destroyed by proofs, such as this accident furnishes, that Medwin has composed his book from obscure recollections, in which time, place, and person are confused. For our own part, we think there is almost decisive evidence in Shelley's writings of his not having, at this period, even seen “Thalaba,” with “the metrical beauty of which” he is said to have already “drenched” himself. The earliest works of a boy almost necessarily exhibit close imitations of whatever he most admires. Shelley at this period wrote two novels, both very dull; but in one of them are several poems, in which the cadences of the verse, and the forms of language, recall Beattie's Hermit, Scott's Ballads, and Monk Lewis's, but in which there is not a single line or thought that for a moment brings to the mind the poem which Medwin says he was then perpetually repeating, and which we know, in a few years after, so possessed his imagination as to have furnished the key-note to

the versification of *Queen Mab*. This fact we think absolutely decisive of the question, particularly if it be considered in connexion with Medwin's exceeding carelessness in such statements, as proved by the instance of *Kehama*.

In 1810 Shelley was removed to Oxford. He entered University College. Of his short course there his friend Mr. Hogg has fortunately given us a distinct record. His account was published about twenty years after Shelley's death, in the *New Monthly Magazine*; and while his magazine papers have some of the faults of that kind of writing, we think that with some little condensation they would form a very interesting supplement to any future edition that may be published of Shelley's works. The acquaintanceship of Mr. Hogg and the poet commenced at their college commons, where they dined at the same table. It was Shelley's first appearance in the hall. His figure was slight; his aspect, even among young men, was remarkably youthful. He was thoughtful and absent in manner, and seemed to have no acquaintance with any one. Some accident led him and Mr. Hogg into conversation. Shelley praised the originality of the German writers. Hogg asserted their want of nature. "What modern literature will you compare with them?" said Shelley, with a discordant scream that exoriated the ears of his opponent. The Italian was named. Shelley waxed angry and argumentative. The dialogue had little interest for any but the disputants, who soon found themselves alone in the hall. The servants now came in to clear the tables. Hogg invited the stranger to continue the discussion at his rooms. He eagerly assented. The dialogue, however, did not continue; for when the young men became better acquainted, they acknowledged that they knew nothing whatever of either German or Italian; and Shelley said that the study of languages, ancient or modern, was but waste of time—learning the names of things instead of things themselves. Physical science, and especially chemistry, should rather be the objects of pursuit. Hogg began to feel his new friend something of a bore, and took to looking at the features and figure of the stranger.

"It was a sum of many contradictions. His figure was slight and fragile, and yet his bones and joints were large and strong. He was tall, but yet he stooped so much that he seemed of low stature. His clothes were expensive, and made

according to the most approved mode of the day; but they were tumbled, rumpled, unbrushed. His gestures were abrupt and sometimes violent, occasionally even awkward, yet more frequently gentle and graceful. His complexion was delicate, almost feminine—of the purest red and white; yet he was tanned and freckled by exposure to the sun, having passed, as he said, the autumn in shooting. His features, his whole face and particularly his head, were unusually small,* yet the last appeared of a remarkable bulk, for his hair was long and bushy. In the agony of declamation he often rubbed it fiercely with his hands or passed his fingers quickly through his locks unconsciously, so that it was singularly wild and rough. His features were not symmetrical, the mouth perhaps excepted—yet was the effect of the whole extremely powerful. They breathed enthusiasm and intelligence that I never met with in any other countenance. Nor was the moral expression less beautiful than the intellectual, for there was a softness, a delicacy, a gentleness, and especially (though this will surprise many) that air of profound religious veneration that characterizes the best works, and chiefly the frescoes (and into these they infused their whole souls) of the great masters of Florence and of Rome. I recognised the very peculiar expression in these wonderful productions long afterwards, and with a satisfaction mingled with much sorrow, for it was after the decease of him in whose countenance I had first observed it. * * * This is a fine fellow, said I to myself (we continue to transcribe from Mr. Hogg's account), but I could never bear his society. I shall never be able to endure his voice. It would kill me. What a pity it is!"

The voice of the stranger was excruciating. "It was intolerably shrill, harsh, and discordant; of the most cruel intension; it was perpetual and without any remission; it exoriated the ears." In the evening Shelley went to a lecture on mineralogy, and returned to tea. He burst into the room, threw down his cap, and stood shivering and chafing his hand over the fire. He had come away before the lecture was concluded.

"What did the man talk about?" said Hogg. "About stones! about stones!" he answered; "about stones, stones, stones! nothing but stones, and so drily! It was wonderfully tiresome; and stones are not interesting things in themselves."

In the course of the evening Shelley dwelt on the advantages which the future generations of men may derive from the cultivation of science, and especially chemistry. He anticipated from the triumphs of science the

* Leigh Hunt, speaking of Keats, says, "His head was a puzzle for the phrenologists, being remarkably small in the skull: a singularity which he had in common with Lord Byron and Mr. Shelley—none of whose hats I could get on."—HUNT'S *Byron, &c.* Vol. i., p. 406.

release of the labouring classes from the unceasing toil now required to earn a mere subsistence. We are now unable to determine in what part of the substances we consume as food the nutritive property exists; this Analysis may yet detect. The cause which occasions the fertility of some soils, and the hopeless sterility of others, is now unknown. The difference probably consists in something very slight. By chemical agency the philosopher may create a total change, and transmute an unfruitful region into one of exuberant plenty. Water is, like air, composed of certain gases; why not expect to be able, by some scientific process, to manufacture it, and then transform the deserts of Africa into rich meadows? The generation of heat is unknown; but a time may come when we may communicate warmth to the coldest and most ungenial climate, with as much ease and certainty as we now vary the temperature of a sitting-room. What a mighty instrument would electricity be!—what wonders has not the galvanic-battery already effected!—and the balloon,—“why not despatch aeronauts to cross Africa in every direction, and to survey the whole Peninsula in a few weeks? The shadow of the first balloon, which a vertical sun would project precisely under it as it glided silently over that hitherto unhappy country, would virtually emancipate every slave, and would annihilate slavery for ever!”

They spoke of mathematics. Of mathematics, Shelley said he knew nothing. Of metaphysics—“aye, metaphysics—the analysis of mind—not of mere matter;” and he rose from his chair and declaimed with animation of a future state, and a former state. He heard of Plato’s doctrine of pre-existence and suspended consciousness. But the candles were now burned out—the fire had sunk into ashes—and he started to find how long into the night he and his companion had sat. They arranged to meet the next day at Shelley’s rooms; and at parting Mr. Hogg, for the first time, heard the name of the stranger, who had interested him so much.

Hogg returned the visit the next day. The same contradictions that Shelley’s dress exhibited struck him in the appearance of his rooms and furniture. Everything new and of an expensive kind, but thrown about in indescribable confusion. Books, boots, philosophical instruments, pistols, money, clothes, were scattered here and there. The carpet, with stains of va-

rious hues, proclaimed that the young chemist had been busy with his manipulations. Books lay open on a table—a bundle of pens and a razor, that had been employed as a knife—soda-water, sugar, and pieces of lemon were there, and, resting on a double pile of books, the tongs supported a glass retort above an argand lamp. The liquor boiled over—adding fresh stains to the table, and rising in fumes with a most fiendish smell. Then followed some tricks with the galvanic battery. Hogg was made to work the machine till Shelley was filled with the fluid, and his long wild locks bristled and stood on end.

Hogg passed the evening with him, and during their short stay at Oxford they were very much together. Both were early risers—both attended College Chapel in the mornings; but they did not afterwards meet till about one o’clock in the afternoon, when Mr. Hogg generally went to Shelley’s rooms. They dined in the College Hall, and passed their evenings together. Hogg’s studies were little interrupted by this arrangement. Shelley was fatigued with his morning’s readings, and was generally overcome with drowsiness. He used to stretch on the rug before a large fire like a cat, exposing his little round head to such a heat, that his friend wondered how he could bear it. Hogg tried often to interpose some shelter, but in vain; for he would turn round in his sleep, and roll himself to the warmest place. In the midst of the most earnest conversation he would suddenly take to his rug, sleep for several hours—then, towards ten o’clock, start up, rub his eyes with violence, and passing his fingers through the tangles of his long wild hair, enter into argument, recite verses, his own or others’, with an energy that was quite painful. Hogg read, while Shelley was thus hid in his vacant interlunar cave, and even when he was quite awake the studies of the friends were often separately pursued. They, however, read many books together, and their walks in the open air were frequent. Shelley’s preparation for a walk was often ominous. He would take out with him a pair of duelling-pistols, and amuse himself with firing at marks. His friend contrived to disappoint this dangerous pastime, by often taking care that powder or flints should be left behind. When they came to a stream or pond, Shelley loved to linger, making paper boats, and watching their course upon the water. One of his admirers tells of his having hazarded,

in the absence of any less valuable scrap of paper, a fifty-pound-note in this amusement, but Hogg treats this as a mythic legend. Fable, however, soon passes into history, and Medwin tells us of a ten-pound-note thus ventured—reducing the amount of the note to increase, we suppose, the probability of the incident.

Hogg gives an account of one of their evenings, in which the conversation turned on the advantages to society of the Universities, and the old foundations for education. Even in the very lowest estimate of these advantages, they secured to the student an exemption from the interruption of secular cares. The regularity of academical hours cut off that dissipation of time and thought which prevails when the daily course is pre-arranged. We gather, too, that they agreed in thinking that the salutary attendance in chapel imposed duties conducive to habits of industry:—

“It was requisite not merely to rise, but to leave our rooms, to appear in public, and to remain long enough to destroy the disposition to indolence, which might still linger, if we were permitted to remain by the fireside.”

This was no doubt a low view of a very important subject; but there must have been great faults in the actual government of the College to which these young men belonged, to have rendered it necessary to deprive them of advantages which they were disposed to view in such a favourable aspect. “It would be a cruel thing,” said Shelley, “to be compelled to quit our calm and agreeable retreat;” and he then expressed regret that the period of college residence was limited to four years, and those years interrupted and broken by frequent vacations. The seclusion of college life was felt by him as its great charm: “and then,” said he, “the oak—the oak is such a blessing!” The oak, in the dialect of Oxford, is the outer door, against which the *bore* may knock and kick, and call in vain. “Who invented the oak?”—“Who but the monks, the inventors of the science of living in chambers?” It is a sad thing to think that poor Shelley’s quiet was so soon interrupted; but before we record this, we must first state, from Mr. Hogg’s account, something of their country excursions. Shelley was entirely unobservant of flowers:—

“He was able, like the many, to distinguish a violet from a sunflower, and a cauliflower from a

peony, but his botanical knowledge was more limited than that of the least skilful and common observers—for he was neglectful of flowers. He was incapable of apprehending the delicate distinctions of structure which form the basis of the beautiful classification of modern botanists.”* “I never was able,” adds Mr. Hogg, “to impart even a glimpse of the merits of Ray or Linnæus, or to encourage a hope that he would ever be able to see the visible analogies that constitute the marked, yet mutually approaching *genera*, into which the productions of nature, and especially vegetables, are divided.”

Shelley must have known something more of these things a few years after, for Mrs. Shelley tells us—

“That he was unrivalled in the justness and extent of his observations on natural objects; he knew every plant by its name, and was familiar with the history and the habits of every production of the earth.”

Hogg’s record of Shelley’s college life, and their studious evenings, brings back to us Cowley’s lines—

“Say, for ye saw us, ye immortal lights,
How oft, unwearied, have we spent the nights,
Till the Ledaean stars, so famed for love,
Wonder’d at us from above!
We spent them not in toys, or lust, or wine,
But search of deep philosophy,
Wit, eloquence, and poetry—
Arts which I loved—for they, my friend, were
thine.”†

Shelley was a singularly pure-hearted, single-minded man. Of home he thought with intense affection; and it was not without manifest delight that he received a letter from his mother or his sisters. Still, we can easily learn that at home there was some feeling of disappointment about the young student. His removal from Eton was earlier than usual; and it is plain that his conduct there did not satisfy either the authorities of the place or his father—whose dreams for him were of political advancement. Shelley, while an Oxford student, read at all times—at table, in bed, and while walking. He read not only in the streets of Oxford, but in the most crowded thoroughfares of London. Out of the twenty-four hours he frequently read sixteen.

His food was simple as that of a hermit. He already preached, and soon began—irregularly, however—to practise abstinence

* This our readers must remember was written in 1832.

† Ode on the Death of Harvey.

from animal food. Bread was his chief food, to which he sometimes added raisins. He had a school-boy's taste for fruit, gingerbread, and sugar. Honey was a delicacy he relished. This abstemiousness increased in after life, but was probably unwise, as his friends appear to have observed an improvement in his health whenever accident led him to adopt for a few days a more generous diet.

Shelley's detestation of the plans of life proposed for him by his family was almost unbounded. The Duke of Norfolk had recommended the study of politics to him as his business in life—that to which he was naturally called by the circumstances and position of his family, and that in which he would have to expect less competition than in any other occupation of his talents. The Duke failed to persuade him. "How often," said Shelley, "have I gone with my father to the House of Commons, and what creatures did I see there! What faces! what an expression of countenance! what wretched beings! And what men did we meet about the House—in the lobbies and passages! and my father was so civil to all of them—to animals that I regarded with unmitigated disgust!"

Shelley had brought with him from Eton the habit of composition in Latin verse; and Mr. Hogg tells us that he took great pains in the study of everything connected with metre. There is evidence in his English poetry of the mysteries of versification having been more the subject of study with him than we have any right to infer from the statements of his friends. They seem anxious to represent his power as if it were purely a gift, and owing nothing to assiduous cultivation.

Shelley, we have said, was disputative. Logic—the Aristotelic logic—is one of the great studies of Oxford, and the poet was a logician, according to mode and figure. He seems to have teased his friends by his disputativeness. His text-book for a while was Hume's Essays. He had reasoned himself into all the conclusions of the sceptical philosophy. Hogg indoctrinated him with Plato, and Shelley appears to have believed both systems—however irreconcilable they may seem. Of Plato, the knowledge of our young philosophers was then derived from an English translation of Dacier's French translation; but this did its business, when the business after all was little more than exercising the opening faculties of young men's minds. From

Plato or from Dacier, Shelley learned the doctrine of pre-existence, and it was a favourite topic with him. One day he and Hogg met a young gipsy girl, a child of six years of age—slight, bareheaded, barefooted, and in rags. She was gathering snailshells. "How much intellect is here!" said Shelley, "and what an occupation for one who once knew the whole circle of the sciences; who has forgotten them all, it is true, but who could certainly recollect them—though it is most probable she never will!" A brother of the child's was near, and Shelley wanted Hogg to propose to him some mathematical questions: "Your geometry, you know, is so plain and certain, that if it be once thoroughly understood, it can never be forgotten."

The young gipsies did not return any answers to Shelley's questions. They understood him better when he drew an orange from his pocket, and rolled it along the grass before the retreating children. "Every true Platonist," he said, "must be fond of children; for they are our masters in philosophy. The mind of a newborn child is not, as Locke says, a sheet of blank paper—on the contrary, it is an *Elzevir* Plato—say rather an *Encyclopædia*, comprising all that ever was or all that ever will be discovered."

On Magdalen Bridge, one day, Shelley met a woman with a child in her arms. He caught the child; the mother, not knowing whether the young maniac—for such she thought him—might not throw the child into the river, held it fast. "Will your baby tell us anything about pre-existence, madam?" In spite of the strange screaming voice in which the question was asked—in spite of its being repeated with more torturing distinctness—the poor woman saw that the inquirer was very harmless, and she replied, "He cannot speak, sir."—"Worse and worse," cried Shelley; "but surely the babe can speak if he will, for he is only a few weeks old. He may perhaps fancy that he cannot; but that is a silly whim. He cannot have entirely forgotten the use of speech in so short a time. The thing is impossible!"

Never was there a student who could have lived with more entire happiness in the seclusion of his College than Shelley; but to live at all in England, implies, in the case of the higher classes, living in the vapour of politics. Politics made their way to Shelley's quiet chambers in University College, almost as soon as he had found

himself fixed there. Lord Grenville's election as Chancellor took place just at the time. The unsuccessful candidate was unluckily a member of Shelley's College—and one whom the Heads of the House supported by every means in their power. Shelley was enthusiastic for Lord Grenville. This was what might be expected from him, as participating in the feeling of all the younger men in the University; but, in addition to this, Liberal politics were—in the shape of aristocratic Whiggery—the line in which his father and his grandfather traded: so that there was in reality little cause of offence with the boy of sixteen, when he declaimed everywhere against the candidate whom the Governors of University College sought to have elected. Shelley was, however, after this regarded with some dislike by the governing part of the body; and their power in the Collegiate institutions of old foundation is all but unlimited. As to politics in the ordinary meaning of the word, they were regarded by Shelley with utter antipathy: a newspaper never found its way to his rooms; and if he opened one accidentally in a coffee-house his reading was confined to murders and storms.

Hogg was one day surprised by finding his friend correcting for the press the proof-sheets of some poems. He looked at them, and dissuaded him from publication. "They will not do as serious poems," said Hogg archly; "but try them as burlesque,"—and he read a few lines out with some comic effect. Shelley was not without some fun in him, though it in general lay too deep for a hearty laugh. The forgeries of Chatterton and Ireland had amused him; and after some discussion it was arranged to print the poems as the work of Mrs. Margaret Nicholson, a lunatic, who had attempted to stab George the Third. A bookseller undertook to publish it at his own expense, and in a few days a cream-coloured quarto appeared. It opened with a serious poem against war—the work of an acquaintance of Shelley's, for whose opinion the manuscript had been sent, and who made this strange use of it. It formed a curious contrast with the rest of the publication, in which was recommended in every mood and tense the plan of stabbing every one less enthusiastic in the cause of Liberty than the supposed authoress.

The joke was successful—presentation copies were sent to poets and philosophers, and poets and philosophers replied with

letters of admiration. Prudence was, however, recommended by some sager spirits, as the country was not yet ripe for the doctrines inculcated; but better times were fast approaching. Among the younger students at Oxford, the book was decidedly popular.

Its success stimulated Shelley to a more dangerous adventure. He was, we have said, fond of practical jokes—jokes the entire humour of which consisted in imposing on grave and well-intentioned people. It seems, that some half-century ago it was not thought improper for a person engaged in any particular pursuit to write to men distinguished in kindred subjects of study, without any formal introduction. An old physician, from whom Shelley had, before he came to Oxford, taken lessons in chemistry, was in the habit of corresponding with strangers on scientific subjects. Shelley imitated this vile habit, and now and then received answers written in unsuspecting seriousness—some in downright anger; one gentleman, irritated by his tone, when he had entrapped him into a correspondence, and tormented him with rejoinder after rejoinder, said that he would write to his master, and get him well-flogged. It does not appear whether he thought his tormentor was an ill-conditioned school-boy or an impudent apothecary's apprentice. In either case, the suggestion was not unreasonable. At Eton, Shelley pursued this habit of correspondence with strangers, to whom he did not communicate his name during his whole stay. At Oxford he resumed it, and it led to his expulsion.

He and Hogg had been speaking of mathematics. "The mathematicians," said Hogg, "are mere dogmatists, who, when tired of talking in their positive strain, end the discussion by putting down the letters, Q. E. D." This dullish joke delighted Shelley; he would put the letters to everything he wrote—say an invitation to dinner—to attain, as he said, to a mathematical certainty.

He drew up a syllabus of Hume's doctrines, with some inferences of his own, adding these potent characters. He printed it and circulated it in every direction, chiefly for the purpose of assisting him in his strange correspondences. "The syllabus," says Hogg, "was a small pill, but it worked powerfully." The mode of operation was this: Shelley enclosed a copy, with a letter, saying that he had met this little tract accidentally—that it unhappily seemed

to him quite unanswerable. If an answer was returned, Shelley would, in a fierce reply, fall on the poor disputant unmercifully. Shelley loved truth, but he loved disputation for its own sake; and it is hard to state the above facts so as to leave him wholly free from the charge of disingenuousness. This syllabus was entitled "*The Necessity of Atheism*."

Hogg went to Shelley's rooms "on Lady-day, 1811, a fine spring morning," at an earlier hour than was his custom: Shelley was absent, but soon rushed into the rooms. He was greatly agitated;—"I am expelled!" he said; "I was sent for a few minutes ago to the Common Room; there I found our Master and two or three of the Fellows. The Master produced a copy of the syllabus, and asked me if I were the author."—Shelley refused to answer. The question was repeated. Shelley insisted on the unfairness of such interrogation, and asked to have witnesses produced, to prove any charge against him. The question was repeated; and an answer again refused. The Master then said, "You are expelled; and I desire that you will quit the College early to-morrow morning, at latest."—"One of the Fellows," added Shelley, "took up two papers, and handed one of them to me—here it is." He produced a regular sentence of expulsion, drawn up and under the Seal of the College. The indignation and compassion of a friend of Shelley's (we presume Mr. Hogg himself) were excited by what he felt to be a dreadful injustice. He wrote a note to the Master and Fellows, asking them to reconsider their decision. He was instantly summoned to attend the Board, which was still sitting. The Master produced the note which had been just sent: "Did you write this?" And then putting the syllabus into the hand of the astonished advocate—"Did you write this?" It was in vain urged that the question was an unfair one—that it was one which, after Shelley's case, no gentleman in the College or in the University but must refuse to answer. "Then," said the Master, "you are expelled,"—and a formal sentence of expulsion was put into his hand. This must have been antecedently prepared, and Shelley's advocate must have been regarded as an accomplice in his crime before he sent his note to the Master. He looked over the sentence, and found that the alleged offence was a *contumacious* refusal to disavow the imputed publication. On the following

morning, Shelley and his friend proceeded to London.

This account, which we have abridged from Mr. Hogg's own narrative, cannot be otherwise than substantially accurate, though, being written twenty years after the events, it may contain some unimportant mistakes. Mr. De Quincey gives a different account of the matter; and the two can only be reconciled by the improbable supposition of his being expelled not alone from his own College, but also from the University of Oxford, and by a proceeding entirely distinct from that which we have described. De Quincey says, "I believe, from the uniformity of such accounts as have reached myself, the following *brief* of the matter may be relied on;" and he then proceeds with a narrative which we shall seek to sum up in a sentence. "Shelley," he says (but in this he certainly mistakes), "put his name, and the name of his College, to the pamphlet. The Heads of Colleges felt a disagreeable summons to an extra meeting. There are in Oxford five-and-twenty Colleges, to say nothing of Halls. They met—the greater part were for mercy. The pamphlet was not addressed to them. They were not bound officially to have any knowledge of it; and they determined not to proceed at all in the matter. Shelley, on this, determined to force the matter on them, and sent his pamphlet with five-and-twenty separate letters to the five-and-twenty Heads of the Oxford hydra. The many-headed monster waxed wroth, and the philosopher was expelled." The sentence was, according to this account, extorted from very reluctant judges by Shelley's own act.

In whatever way the proceeding took place, we think it was scarcely possible to avoid some public notice and censure of such a work as this syllabus is stated to have been. Mr. Medwin tells us that it is preserved in the notes to *Queen Mab*; but we have not ourselves read it. The College authorities—for we think it probable that there is some mistake in the fact of there having been any University proceedings—might perhaps, considering Shelley's extreme youth, have been satisfied with a less severe course; and, under any circumstances, the fact of having the formal sentence of expulsion engrossed and sealed before the accused was given any opportunity of repelling the charge—though we have no doubt of the perfect legality of the proceedings, the relation of students to the

governing authorities of a College being considered—was one of those, which, like all the forms of procedure regulated by ecclesiastical law, seems more calculated to silence than to convince the culprit.

We think it is not improbable, from Shelley's character, that gentleness and sympathy would have been likely to have dispelled much that was erroneous in his views, and, at all events, would at once have conquered whatever proceeded from mere obstinacy: for even from his own accounts, there was much of self-will in the course which he adopted. As it was, never did Reformer in the proudest days of the Church retire from a discussion with the champions of Rome in a state of mind more entirely satisfied that victory was on his side, than Shelley, when he found himself expelled from his college, and regarded as an alien by all his father's house. He was a martyr, or burning for the crown of martyrdom, and the truths which Oxford was unwilling or unworthy to hear, he was prepared, as he best could, to communicate to other recipients. He wrote, it is said, to Rowland Hill, offering to preach in his chapel.

Shelley's expulsion from Oxford is said to have spoiled a dream of true love for some fair cousin, who would hear no more of him, and who afterwards married somebody else. Was it revenge for his slight set Shelley a marrying? or did he marry, as they say in Ireland, to displease his father, thinking that they are thus suggesting a reasonable motive for a very rash act? The elder Shelleys seem to have had but an indifferent taste in schools for either sons or daughters. A sister of Shelley's was at school in the neighbourhood of London, and Shelley, while walking with her in the garden of the seminary, was attracted by a fair face of sixteen. The Shelleys, had they been consulted, would have been little pleased with their son's marrying, at the age of nineteen, a girl very young, and whom he scarcely knew; and there is little reason to think, that with all the English veneration for rank and family, that the young lady's father would have consented to the union. However this be, the young people do not seem to have asked any questions. In August, 1811, they were married at Gretna-Green. A maternal uncle of Shelley's supplied them with some money, and they went—thinking it a cheap place—to Keswick. There they were favourably received by the principal people of the

neighbourhood, the Duke of Norfolk having expressed some interest about them. Among others, the Southey's did what they could to render the place agreeable, and a friendship with Southey seemed to be almost the certain consequence of the intercourse that then existed between the families. We grieve to think on the worthless causes that in after life disturbed the feeling. Shelley too lightly believed that the reviews of his own and Keats' poems in the *Quarterly Review* were written by Southey. The solitude in which they both lived increased the echoes of the gossip which brought to Keswick the nonsense spoken at Geneva, and to Geneva the idle whispers of Keswick. Each believed that the other maligned him, and there seems to have been nothing like a foundation for the belief on either side. As to the reviews, Southey had nothing to say to them. This is, perhaps, the most annoying circumstance connected with periodical literature, that mistakes as to the authorship of articles in periodical publications have been often the cause of life-long jealousies and dislikes. Shelley remained, however, at the lakes of Cumberland for too short a time to form any intimacies there. The place was far from cheap; and Shelley, in a letter dated November, 1811, says, that after paying some debts, he had to expend nearly his last guinea on a visit to the Duke of Norfolk, through whom some negotiation with his father was going on. Shelley left Keswick for Ireland. He sailed for Cork, and after visiting the Lakes of Killarney—which, says Medwin, he thought more beautiful than those of Switzerland or Italy—went to Dublin. While in Dublin he attended some political meetings, at which he spoke. Medwin says, "He displayed great eloquence, for which he was remarkable." We have conversed with an Irish gentleman—himself a man of great eloquence, the late Chief Baron Woulfe—who remembered Shelley's going to a meeting of the Catholic Board, and making a speech there. Of the details of the speech, at an interval of more than twenty years after it was delivered, our friend remembered nothing. He did, however, remember one strange peculiarity of manner. The speaker would utter a sentence; then pause, as if he were taking time to frame another, which was slowly enunciated, the whole speech having the effect of unconnected aphorisms. His voice was, as described by Mr. Hogg, a dissonant scream. In Dr. Drummond's life of Hamil-

ton Rowan we are told, in language which he quotes as Shelley's, that the poet "selected Ireland as a theatre the widest and fairest for the operations of the determined friends of religious and political freedom." "In pursuance of this design," adds Dr. Drummond, "he published a pamphlet, entitled, 'An Address to the Irish People,' with an advertisement on the title-page, declaring it to be the author's intention to awaken in the minds of the Irish poor a knowledge of their real state, summarily pointing out the evils of that state, and suggesting rational means of remedy." He sent Hamilton Rowan some copies of the pamphlet, with a letter, from which we quote a few words:—

"Although an Englishman, I feel for Ireland; and I have left the country in which the accident of birth placed me, for the sole purpose of adding my little stock of usefulness to the fund which I hope Ireland possesses, to aid her in the unequal yet sacred combat in which she is engaged. In the course of a few days more I shall print another small pamphlet, which shall be sent to you. I have intentionally vulgarized the language of the enclosed. I have printed 1500 copies, and am now distributing them throughout Dublin."

In a letter written a month or two after, he speaks of being engaged in writing a history of Ireland, in conjunction with some friend, and says, that "two hundred and fifty pages of it were printed." Who could his friend have been? we think it not improbable that it may have been Lawless—at that time, we believe, an active member of the Political Associations in Dublin. Captain Medwin quotes from Shelley language which, in 1812, he was more likely to have taught O'Connell than to have learned from him. Like the "*Hereditary Bondsmen*," and the *First Flower of the Earth*, O'Connell made it his own by adoption. "My principles incite me to take all the good I can get in politics—for ever aspiring to something more. I am one of those whom nothing will fully satisfy, but who are ready to be partially satisfied with whatever is practicable."

Shelley's pamphlet is before us. Medwin, it seems, searched in vain for a copy. Ours was obtained through an Irish friend of Shelley's, whose acquaintance with the poet originated accidentally. A poor man offered the pamphlet for a few pence—its price, stated on the title-page, was five-pence. On being asked how he got it, he said a parcel of them were given him by a young gentleman, who told him to get

what he could for them—at all events to distribute them. Inquiry was made at Shelley's lodgings to ascertain the truth of the vender's story. He was not at home; but when he heard of it he went to return the visit, and kindly acquaintanceship thus arose. The Shelleys—husband and wife—were then Pythagoreans. Shelley spoke as a man believing in the metempsychosis—and they did not eat animal food. They seem, however, to have tolerated it; for on one occasion a fowl was murdered for our friend's dinner. Of the first Mrs. Shelley, the recollection of our friend is faint, but is of an amiable and unaffected person—very young and very pleasing—and she and Shelley seemed much attached. This affection seems to have preserved a doubtful life for some little while after they left Ireland, for we find a letter dated August, 1812, in which he says—"I am a young man, not of age, and have been married for a year to a woman younger than myself. Love seems inclined to stay in the prison, and my only reason for putting him in chains, whilst convinced of the unholiness of the act, was a knowledge that in the present state of society, if love is not thus villanously treated, she who is most loved will be treated worst by a misjudging world." His theoretical objections to marriage existed even before he had contracted that engagement with his first wife. It had been preached by him in *Queen Mab*. He had learned the doctrine, he says, before, but it was confirmed by a work of Sir James Lawrence, entitled "*The Empire of the Nairs*." Shelley's Irish pamphlet was not very likely to be popular among the Irish. He said to them that their religion—the Roman Catholic—had been a bad thing in long ago times. The Inquisition, he writes, "was set up, and in the course of one year thirty thousand people were burnt in Italy and Spain, for entertaining different opinions from those of the Pope and the priests. The bigoted monks of France in one night massacred 80,000 Protestants. This was done under the authority of the Pope. The vices of the monks and the nuns in their convents were in those times shameful; people thought that they might commit any sin, however monstrous, if they had money enough to prevail on the priests to absolve them." Such was the opening of Shelley's pacific discourse—to a people not likely to admit any of his facts. The Irish are a credulous and yet an unbelieving people. Like better educated people, and in a more

advanced state of society, they believe just what they like; and it is not to be expected that they should give any assent whatever to Shelley's propositions. Your true Irishman will not even believe that a murder has been committed till some person is executed, and then it is the man who is hanged that he regards as murdered. "Some teach you that others are heretics, that you alone are right * * * Beware, my friends, how you trust those who speak in this way; they will, I doubt not, attempt to rescue you from your present miserable state—but they will prepare a worse. It will be 'out of the frying-pan into the fire.' Your present oppressors, it is true, will then oppress you no longer, but you will feel the lash of a master a thousand times more bloodthirsty and cruel. Evil, designing men will spring up who will prevent you from thinking as you please—will burn you, if you do not think as they do." He then prophesies Catholic Emancipation, but tells them to take "great care that whilst one tyranny is destroyed another more fierce and terrible does not spring up. Take care, then, of smooth-faced impostors, who talk indeed of freedom, but would cheat you into slavery. Can there be worse slavery than the depending for the safety of your soul on the will of another man? * * * Oh! Ireland, thou emerald of the ocean, whose sons are generous and brave, whose daughters are honourable, and frank, and fair, thou art the isle in whose green shores I have desired to see the standard of liberty erected—a flag of fire, a beacon at which the world shall light the torch of freedom!"

The question of toleration is then discussed. Belief he regards as involuntary:—"We cannot believe just what we like, but only what we think to be true;" "It is not a merit to tolerate, but it is a crime to be intolerant;" "An Act passed in the British Parliament to take away the rights of Catholics to act in that assembly does not really take them away: it prevents them from doing it by force;" "Oh, Irishmen, I am interested in your cause, and it is not because you are Irishmen or Roman Catholics that I feel with you or feel for you—but because you are men and sufferers. Were Ireland at this moment peopled by Brahmins, this very same address would have been suggested by the very same state of mind. You have suffered not merely for your religion, but some other causes which I am equally desirous of remedying. The union of

England with Ireland has withdrawn the Protestant aristocracy and gentry from their native country, and with them their friends and connexions. Their resources are taken from this country, though they are dissipated in another. The very poor people are most nefariously oppressed by the weight of the burden which the superior classes lay upon their shoulders. I am no less desirous for the reform of these evils (with many others) than for the Catholic emancipation."

He assumes that those whom he addresses are agreed with him on the general object, but that he and they may differ as to the means of effecting it. "If you are convinced of the truth of your cause, trust wholly to its truth; if you are not convinced, give it up: in no case employ violence." He tells them "to think and talk and discuss." "Be free and be happy, but first be wise and good." He tells them of the failure of the French Revolution, because violence was employed by the people. "The cause which they vindicated was that of truth, but they gave it the appearance of a lie." He tells them that "rebellion can never, under any circumstances, be good for their cause. It will bind you more closely to the work of the oppressor, and your children's children, whilst they talk of your exploits will feel that you have done them injury instead of benefit." He advises sobriety, diligence in their respective callings, the education of themselves and their children, the avoidance of meeting in mobs:—"Before the restraints of government are lessened, it is fit that we should lessen the necessity for them. Before government is done away with, we must reform ourselves." * * * "In order to benefit yourselves and your country to any extent, habits of sobriety, regularity, and thought, are previously so necessary, that without these preliminaries all you have done falls to the ground. You have built on sand. Secure a good foundation, and you may erect a fabric to stand for ever as the glory and envy of the world."

In his pamphlet, a distinct plan is proposed to aid in carrying out the projects of Emancipation and the Repeal of the Union. That these and all other desirable changes are to arise as the natural consequences of the cultivation of wisdom and virtue in each family of the nation, he assumes and imagines that he proves. The pamphlet, he tells us, was written in England before his visit to Ireland, but he adds

in a postscript the amusing information that "*he has now been a week in Dublin*,"—that he has made himself acquainted with the state of the public mind, and is prepared to recommend "an Association for the purpose of restoring Ireland to the prosperity which she possessed before the Union;" and he promises another pamphlet, in which he shall reveal the plan and structure of the proposed Association. Whether he printed that pamphlet we have not been able to learn. It does not take long to learn all about Ireland! Shelley—a boy of nineteen—learned all about it in a week! Mr. Nicholls, when devising a system of Poor-laws, destined to vary all the relations of property in that country, was able to accomplish his inquiry and prepare his Report in about six!

Shelley left Dublin for the Isle of Man—and after some time we find him seeking to take a place in Radnorshire. He afterwards rented a cottage in Caernarvonshire, from a gentleman whom Medwin knew intimately, and with whom long afterwards he had many conversations about a strange incident in Shelley's life while in Wales: Shelley stated that at midnight, while in his study on the ground-floor, he heard a noise at the windows, saw one of the shutters gradually unclosed, and a head advanced into the room armed with a pistol. The muzzle was directed towards him, the aim taken, the weapon cocked, and the trigger drawn. The pistol snapped fire, Shelley rushed out to seize the assassin, and soon found himself face to face with the ruffian, who again raised his pistol, and it again snapped fire. Shelley seized his opponent, whom he described as a short, stout, strong man. "Shelley, though slightly built, was tall, and though incapable of supporting much fatigue, had the faculty at certain moments of evoking extraordinary powers, and concentrating all his energies to a given point. This singular phenomenon, which has been noticed in others, he displayed on this occasion, and it made the aggressor and Shelley no unequal match." After long wrestling his antagonist extricated himself from his grasp, and disappeared. Shelley the next day made a deposition of these facts before a magistrate. We cannot but think that the conclusion to which it would appear that Captain Medwin and his friend, when conversing on the incident, came, must have been the true one, and that the whole scene was the coinage of the poet's own fevered brain. He had come from Ireland, where

such an incident would have been too probable. It is curious that Medwin's language in narrating the circumstance, seems almost borrowed from a scene in *Thalaba*—a poem which at that time haunted Shelley's imagination, and Medwin's account must have been given by Shelley.

"Sinewy and strong, of limb, Mohareb was
Broad-shouldered, and his joints
Knit-firm, and in the strife
Of danger practised well.
Time had not yet matured young Thalaba;—
But now the enthusiast mind,
The inspiration of his soul,
Pour'd vigour like the strength
Of madness through his frame.
Mohareb reels before him! he right on
With knee, with breast, with arm,
Presses the staggering foe."—*Thalaba*, Book v.

We think it certain that the confused recollection of this, or some such passage, and of some frightful scene enacted in the country which he had just left, at a time when he was living in strange solitude, oppressed his imagination. He was at this time, be it remembered, at war with his family and with society—and this is a state of existence in which a man is likely enough to fancy society at war with him, and to fall into that first stage of madness, which dreams of conspiracies, and mixes up actual events with unrealities. We state this, because we think, if it does not actually solve, it yet aids in the solution of some of the problems which Shelley's life suggests.

His first marriage was unhappy—it could scarce have been otherwise, though the recollections of those who have met the first Mrs. Shelley are exceedingly favourable to her. Shelley had neither house nor home, and a woman's heart is in her home. A boy of nineteen—disowned by his family—often without a shilling—flying from one spot to another—sometimes because of debt—sometimes because regarded by the police as mixed up with political objects of doubtful legality—can it be surprising that there was little opportunity for the feeling which he mistook for love, to ripen into anything of real affection? If there be one impulse stronger than another in a woman's mind, it is that which seeks in a higher nature than her own, an object in which her thoughts may find all repose. What happiness could be anticipated when this hope was torn from her on earth by Shelley's indifference or alienation, and when it is probable that the refuge which

she might have had in religion was also destroyed by his insane speculations? This unhappy union did not last many years. In spring 1813, a separation took place between him and his wife, and she went to reside with her father and sister in Bath. Her death occurred about two years after the separation.

When Shelley had separated from his wife, he seems to have wandered for a year or two over the continent. On her death he went to Bath to reclaim his children that were under her father's care. Whenever this incident is alluded to, the writers of Shelley's life feel it not unbecoming to upbraid Lord Eldon for his conduct, in what is called depriving Shelley of his children. The language is probably thoughtlessly used, but it suggests an absolutely false state of facts. One of the children was born after the separation, and neither of them had ever been under Shelley's exclusive care. When the separation took place, his daughter and the child then born were left with her father. Shelley never saw them afterwards. We cannot think it possible that any one who ever sat in the Chancellor's seat in England could have, on the facts stated, come to any other conclusion than that which was forced on Lord Eldon, in the case of a man who had printed and circulated works—his friends stupidly seemed to rely on the fact, that they were not, in the bookseller's sense of the word, *published* works—in which he denied the existence of a God, and who gave the court no reason to think that he had changed his opinion. To such a man the education of children could not and ought not to have been intrusted—and we confess that our sympathies are altogether with the unfortunate grandfather of the children who had already lost his daughter, and who had bitter reason to judge of Shelley's principles by the fruit which he had seen them bear. Of Shelley himself it is impossible to think with other than feelings of tenderness; but the question for Lord Eldon was not how Shelley's opinions originated—and what the virtues of the individual were, which may perhaps have been in some views of the subject evidenced by the sort of persecution he underwent. We think Lord Eldon was throughout right in his judgment on this case, and his language, as given in Jacob's Law Reports, is calm and forbearing. Some very fierce verses of Shelley's, against Lord Eldon, are preserved by Mrs. Shelley, and Medwin interprets—we think

wrongly—some verses in an allegorical poem, called *Epipsychidion*, into an attack on his first wife.

In 1816, Shelley married again. The restlessness of mere boyhood had ceased. His pecuniary circumstances had greatly improved. This alone would be likely to render his second marriage happy. His wife, herself a woman of great genius, and who regarded Shelley with almost idolatrous veneration, has preserved a perfect record of his latter life. It was passed, for the first two or three years of their union, between visits to the continent and occasional residences in England, often in the neighbourhood of the Thames.

"As soon as the peace of 1814 had opened the continent," says Mrs. Shelley, "he went abroad. He visited some of the more magnificent scenes of Switzerland, and returned to England from Lucerne by the Reuss and the Rhine. This river navigation enchanted him. In his favourite poem of *Thalaba* his imagination had been delighted by such a voyage. The summer of 1815 was passed, after a visit to Devonshire, on the borders of Windsor Forest. He visited the source of the Thames, making a voyage in a wherry from Windsor to Cricklade. '*Alaster*' was composed on his return."

Alaster is a poem beautifully conceived, and beautifully executed. Of Shelley's poems, it alone is perfect in its truth—of Shelley's poems, it alone is free from the disturbing influences of the war with society in which he had so early and so madly engaged. We have said that in all Shelley's poems his study of Southey's works is manifested. In all Shelley's poems there is evidence of original genius of the very highest order; but the early works of a poet cannot but exhibit the food on which his spirit feeds. Shelley had not, at any period of his life, studied largely our earlier writers; and at the time *Queen Mab* and *Alaster* were written we think it improbable that he had read any English poetry of an earlier date than that of the great poets of his own time. Wordsworth's poem of *Tintern Abbey*, and the passage in *Joan of Arc* which describes the inspiration of the heroine, seem to have possessed his imagination when "*Alaster*" was written. Such imitation as this implies is for the most part unconscious, and only analogous to a child expressing its own thoughts and feelings in its parents' language. "*Alaster*" represents a youth of uncorrupted feelings and adventurous genius—we use Shelley's language—drinking deep of the fountains of knowledge, and

yet insatiate. While his desires point to the external universe, he is tranquil and joyous; but the period arrives when this ceases to suffice. "His mind is at length suddenly awakened, and thirsts for an intelligence suitable to itself. He images to himself the being whom he loves." He is the creature of imagination, and seeks to unite in one object all that he can picture to his mind of good, or pure, or true: he seeks that which must end in disappointment. "Blasted by disappointment, he descends into an untimely grave."

"The poet's self-centred seclusion is avenged by the furies of an irresistible passion pursuing him to speedy ruin; and hence the name of the poem—the word "Alaster" signifying the avenger of crime, and the criminal. Both uses of the word seem present to Shelley's mind in a case where the crime was that of too intense indulgence of imagination, and where the punishment is a vain search in the world of actual life for an ideal which is the creation of the mind itself, and which could not, under any conceivable conditions, be realized. Shelley wrote the poem in the belief that he himself was dying. Abscesses had formed on his lungs, and recovery seemed to his physicians impossible. Physical suffering is the hot-bed of genius; and the strange circumstances of his life were calculated to make Shelley look inward on his own nature and being. The poem is one of touching solemnity. In the language there is not, as far as we know, a strain of melody sustained throughout at the same elevation.

The tale is the simplest in the world. The hero, a poet, leaves,

"When early youth has pass'd,
His cold fireside and alienated home,"

and wanders over the world. He visits the ruins of a hundred cities. He views with delight the most magnificent scenes of nature. At length, in the valley of Cashmere, while he sleeps, behold a vision!

"He dream'd a veiled maid
Sate near him, talking in low, solemn tones.
Her voice was like the voice of his own soul
Heard in the calm of thought. * * *
Knowledge and truth and virtue were her theme,
And lofty hopes of divine liberty
(Thoughts the most dear to him) and poesy—
Herself a poet. Soon the solemn mood
Of her pure mind kindled through all her frame
A permeating fire; wild numbers then
She raised, with voice stifled in tremulous sobs

Subdued by its own pathos; her fair hands
Were bare alone, sweeping from some strange harp
Strange symphony:

Night
Involved and swallow'd up the vision: sleep,
Like a dark flood suspended in its course,
Roll'd back its impulse on his vacant brain."

Nothing can be finer than the passage that follows:—

"Roused by the shock, he started from his trance:
The cold white light of morning, the blue moon
Low in the west, the clear and garish hills,
The distinct valley and the vacant wood,
Spread round him where he stood. Whither have
fled

The hues of heaven that canopied his bower
Of yesternight? The sounds that soothed his
sleep.

The mystery and the majesty of earth,
The joy, the exultation? His wan eyes
Gaze on the empty scene as vacantly
As ocean's moon looks on the moon in heaven.
The spirit of sweet human love has such
A vision to the sleep of him who spurn'd
Her choicest gifts. *He eagerly pursues,
Beyond the realm of dreams, that fleeting shade:
He overleaps the bounds!—*

Lost, lost, for ever lost,
In the wide, pathless desert of dim sleep,
That beautiful shape! Does the dark gate of death
Conduct to thy mysterious paradise,
O Sleep?

"While daylight held
The sky, the poet kept mute conference
With his still soul. At night the passion came
Like the fierce fiend of a distemper'd dream,
And shook him from his rest, and led him forth
Into the darkness. As an eagle, grasp'd
In folds of the green serpent, feels her breast
Burn with the poison, and precipitates,
Through night and day, tempest, and calm, and
cloud,
Frantic with dizzying anguish, her blind flight
O'er the wide airy wilderness: thus driven
By the bright shadows of that lovely dream,
He fled."

His wanderings are described, and then follows a very striking passage:

"The cottagers
Who minister'd with human charity
His human wants, beheld with wondering awe
Their fleeting visitant: the mountaineer,
Encountering on some dizzy precipice
That spectral form, deem'd that the spirit of wind,
With lightning eyes, and eager breath, and feet
Disturbing not the drifted snow, had paused
In his career: the infant would conceal
His troubled visage in his mother's robe,
In terror at the glare of those wild eyes,
To remember their strange light in many a dream
Of after times; but youthful maidens, taught
By nature, would interpret half the woe

That wasted him, would call him with false names;
 Brother, and friend, would press his pallid hand
 At parting, and watch, dim through tears, the path
 Of his departure from their father's door."

"A strong impulse urged
 His steps to the sea-shore. A swan was there,
 Beside a sluggish stream, among the reeds.
 It rose as he approach'd, and with strong wings
 Scaling the upward sky, bent its bright course
 High over the immeasurable main.
 His eyes pursued its flight!—'Thou hast a home,
 Beautiful bird—thou voyagest to thine home,
 Where thy sweet mate will twine her downy neck
 With thine, and welcome thy return with eyes
 Bright in the lustre of their own fond joy!"

Startled by his own thoughts, he look'd around—
 There was no fair fiend near him, not a sight
 Or sound of awe, but in his own deep mind."

The mystery of the poem deepens. A little shallow, floating near the shore, catches his eye,—

"It had been long abandon'd, for its sides
 Gaped wide with many a rift, and its frail joints
 Sway'd with the undulation of the tide.
 A restless impulse urged him to embark,
 And meet lone Death on the drear ocean's waste;
 For well he knew that mighty shadow loves
 The almy caverns of the populous deep."

His voyage is described, and finally his death. The poem is in form narrative, but, throughout, the language is steeped in the deepest hues of passion, and from it might be augured with certainty the future great dramatic poet. The romance of the subject justifies and almost demands a pomp of words which would be out of place in the more sober scenes in which Wordsworth has placed the interlocutors in the *Excursion*. We are far from regarding Shelley as in any mental power inferior to Southey, but we can everywhere trace the influence of the elder poet's mind. We have alluded to Joan of Arc and Thalaba, and in the passages which we have just quoted from *Alaster*, is it possible to avoid remembering the dream by which Roderic is summoned to his appointed task, and the effect of his appearance among those engaged in the business of ordinary life?

"Through the streets he went,
 With haggard mien and countenance, like one
 Crazy and bewilder'd. All who met him turn'd
 And wonder'd as he past. One stopt him short,
 Put alms into his hand, and then desired,
 In broken Gothic speech, the moon-struck man
 To bless him.

The Mussulman
 Shrank at the ghastly sight, and magnified
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The name of Allah, as he hasten'd on.
 A Christian woman spinning at the door
 Beheld him, and with sudden pity touch'd
 She laid her spindle by," &c.—SOUTHEY'S *Roderic*.

The composition of the two passages is the same, although the probability is, that Shelley had no distinct recollection of the passage he was imitating. *Alaster* is in all respects superior to *Queen Mab*, Shelley's earliest poem. The vicious structure of society is the subject of *Queen Mab*—and all its evils are presented to the imagination as if they could be at once removed by strong exertion of the will. It is but for each individual to will it—war, marriage, religion, and all the miseries that disquiet life will at once cease. Shelley's self-deception arises from his contemplating man's nature as it is in self, as it existed in Paradise anterior to the existence of society—and from this drawing inferences that can have no application to the artificial state of existence which we, and our parents, and our children, are born into. Absolute, unmodified rights there are none; and of the necessary modifications it is not possible that a boy of eighteen should have experience enough of life to form any right estimate. Shelley is almost inspired when he holds communion with his own mind alone and reveals its movements. His fantasies, when they would stretch at all beyond that which ought to have been "the haunt and main region of his song," are mere dreams, and ought to be remembered or forgotten as such. As to religion, perhaps the most valuable lesson that can be learned from Shelley's poetry is, that man cannot exist without one. Keats dreamed out a sort of heathen mythology for himself, in which he seems to have had a kind of belief;—and Shelley in his *Queen Mab*—a poem in which the existence of a Creator of the world is denied—speaks of a spirit of the universe, and a co-eternal fairy of the earth. Verily, this Atheism is a strange pretence. It is at once lost in pantheism or polytheism; indeed, nothing but the transitoriness of words, and the impossibility of permanently uniting by such ties the combinations of thought in which Shelley almost revelled, enabled him to distinguish his state of mind from that of a pagan, dreaming of Apollo, and the Hours, and the Graces. In Shelley's case "the figures quaint and sweet," are "all made out of the carver's brain;" but they are, as in the case of the idolatries of old, a sort of fanciful religion, evidencing the

yearnings of the human mind for something beyond itself, which it is unable to supply—and which it seeks to create for itself by one fiction or another. Shelley was a child, with a child's simplicity and goodness; but a child's entire inexperience;—of the world within his own bosom none could be more entirely conscious. There he saw clearly—as clearly as natural reason—"The light that lighteneth every man that comes into the world," enabled him. It seems strange how a boy educated in a Christian country should have been left so entirely to himself on subjects of religion; for his education in which, no adequate provision seems to have been made by his parents or his masters. He seems to have been left to himself almost entirely, and to have judged by the evils which he everywhere saw in the institutions of society, many of which seemed to exist in direct counteraction of their original purposes. The astonishing thing in Shelley is, that in spite of great neglect in his instructors—in spite of a sort of self-education conducted on the principle, that everything his masters thought to teach him was worthless—in spite of his early studies of all circulating library nonsense—in spite of his own additions to its store—in spite of his extreme disputatiousness—in spite of boyish vanity; there can be no doubt that there are, through his whole short life, decided improvement—an increasing disposition towards a juster appreciation of the views of other men—a benevolence that led him, not alone in his writings to inculcate, but in his practice to realize the lesson of never returning evil for evil. We do not think that there is reason to say, as has been sometimes said, that his views had changed with respect to Christianity; on this subject—and not on this subject alone—we really think there was in his mind a taint of insanity. The hatred, the malignity of feeling with which Christianity is treated by this preacher of unlimited toleration, is we think to be accounted for by nothing else. His infidelity is something not unlike Newman's, and arising very much in the same way. He excludes the books in which the doctrines of Christianity are contained, as any part of the evidence which is to show what Christianity is, and assumes the history of a world, warring with every one of its doctrines, to be the history of Christianity. Nothing can be more offensive than the tone in which, to speak of no higher considera-

tions, good taste is violated by the introduction of sacred names, for the purpose of increasing the effect of some of the scenes in his poems. Prometheus is made, in one passage, to witness in vision the stupendous mystery of our Lord's crucifixion, and to sympathize with the sufferer. We feel this sort of patronage more offensive—absolutely more offensive than the passages in *Queen Mab*, in which the language is of unmitigated scorn; yet it would be unfair not to acknowledge that it shows an improved state of feeling on the subject in Shelley's mind. In the *Revolt of Islam*, too, we are glad to state our entire belief in Shelley's statement, that "the erroneous and degrading idea, which men have conceived of a Supreme Being, is spoken against, but not the Supreme Being himself." This is different—essentially different—from the temper in which *Queen Mab* is written, and in which he himself indulges in the violent passions which he imputes to others. The "*Revolt of Islam*," though written a few years after "*Alaster*," was written in the same feeling of approaching death, and in the hope—nay rather with the determination—of leaving a record of himself. It contains many passages of great beauty, but is deformed—we speak of it as a poem—by much political disquisition, which has neither the calmness of philosophy, nor the less sober charm of poetry. It was written in the summer months of 1817, when he lived at Marlow; "in his boat as it floated under the beech groves of Bisham, or during wanderings in the neighboring country, which is distinguished for peculiar beauty." Marlow was then inhabited by a very poor population—the women lacemakers. "The poor laws," says Mrs. Shelley, "ground to the dust, not only the paupers, but those who had risen just above that state, and were obliged to pay poor-rates." Shelley was generous, and did what he could to relieve the distress. Howitt went a year or two ago to Marlow, to look after such recollections or traditions as might remain of the poet. One man remembered his boat, on the stern of which was painted its name—"The *Vaga*," and that some Marlow wag had added the letters *bond*. This he told exultingly—and this seemed to end the record. At last an obscure whisper ran among the circle that gathered round the inquisitorial quaker, of one man who did remember him. He was sent for, and he

came. Howitt sat silent, listening till the squire—for so the man in black seemed to be—might deign to speak.

“Art thou the squire? Or parson of the parish?
Or the attorney?”

was the thought of the wondering quaker, as he gazed on the tall gaunt figure. Can he be the executor? was the thought of the man in black, who at last revealed the secret of his recollection, and said he had good cause to remember Mr. Shelley. He was a very good man. When they left Marlow they directed all their bills to be sent in—all that were sent in were paid. His—he was a chandler—was neglected to be sent—and was not paid. Howitt rushed to his carriage, indignant at the baseness of mankind, indignant too at the sad fact that the house once occupied by Shelley is now a pot-house!

It is impossible for us, within the limits to which we must confine ourselves, to speak as we could wish of Shelley's mastery over language—which was gradually becoming perfect. The exceeding subtlety of his thoughts was such as to demand every aid that words could give, and the result was a power of language such as no English poet has before attained. This, had Shelley lived, would probably have made him our greatest poet, for there is no one of his poems that gives in any degree an adequate measure of his intellectual power. We feel of him as if he had created a language, in which he did not live long enough to have written anything. He died while his best powers were yet immature. The effect of such poems as he did write was diminished by his lavish expenditure of this rich and overflowing language, which goes beyond the thought, and instead of expressing conceals it or magnifies it into undue pomp. Each successive work exhibited increased power of condensation—and language, by doing no more than its proper business, had a thousandfold more power. Of this the Cenci is a remarkable instance. It is Shelley's greatest poem. The others are, in comparison with it, scarcely more than the exercises of a boy, disciplining himself for the tasks of an after period of life. In modern poetry there is nothing equal to the passage describing the scene of the proposed murder—shall we not say execution—of the father.

“*Lucretia.* To-morrow before dawn,
Cenci will take us to that lonely rock,

Petrella, in the Apulian Appenines
If he arrive there.

Beatrice. He must not arrive.

Orsino. Will it be dark before you reach the tower?

Lucretia. The sun will scarce be set.

Beatrice. But I remember,

Two miles on this side of the fort, the road
Crosses a deep ravine—'tis rough and narrow
And winds with short turns down the precipice;
And in its depth there is a mighty rock,
Which has, from unimaginable years,
Sustain'd itself with terror and with toil
Over a gulf, and with the agony
With which it clings, seems slowly coming down;
Even as a wretched soul, hour after hour,
Clings to the mass of life; yet clinging leans;
And leaning makes more dark the dread abyss
In which it fears to fall. Beneath this crag,
Huge as despair, as if in weariness,
The melancholy mountain yawns—below
You hear, but see not, an impetuous torrent
Raging among the caverns, and a bridge
Crosses the chasm.

“What sound is that?”

Lucretia. Hark!—No, it cannot be a servant's step.

It must be Cenci. . . .

Beatrice. That step we hear approach must never pass
The bridge of which we spoke.”

In this passage, the description of the rock overhanging the precipice, and the simile forced as it were on the imagination of the speaker, by the circumstances in which she is compelled to think of her father's guilt, is absolutely the finest thing we have ever read. In the *Prometheus* there is a passage of great power, which in the same manner is justified by the way in which it is put into the mouth of Asia, the devoted lover of *Prometheus*:

“Hark! the rushing snow!

The sun-awaken'd avalanche—whose mass,
Thrice sifted by the storm, had gather'd there,
Flake after flake,—in heaven-defying minds,
As thought by thought is piled, till some great truth
Is loosen'd, and the nations echo round,
Shaken to their roots, as do the mountains now!”

Whatever the merit of the passage may be, considered as descriptive, its true value is of another kind. That every object in nature should suggest *Prometheus* to his bride—that his defiance of Jupiter should be above all things, and by all things presented to her imagination, in a journey which is taken for the very purpose of appealing against the tyranny of the despotic ruler of the skies to some higher power, is, we think, a proof of the highest dramatic genius in the poet. We are reminded of a

triumph of the same kind, in which, however, fancy predominates rather than imagination; but in which the description of natural scenery is rendered subservient to dramatic purposes, and thus gains tenfold beauty and propriety, in De Vere's noble poem of the "Waldenses." A dignified ecclesiastic finds himself ascending a glen in the valley of Rosa:

"*Cardinal.* This cloud-heap'd tempest
Roars like a river down yon dim ravine!—
See you! those pines are tortured by the storm,
To shapes more gnarl'd than their roots—fantastic
As are the thoughts of some arch-heretic,
That have no end—aye, self-entangling snares—
Nets for the fowls of air!"

Shelley's Prometheus, though inferior to the Cenci in the concentration of power, is a poem of wonderful beauty. These mythical legends easily mould themselves to any shape the poet pleases. When Shelley wrote Queen Mab he recommended abstinence from animal food, and even doubted the fitness of eating any vegetables except raw. The story of Prometheus then typified to his fancy the cruel man who first killed the ox, and used fire for culinary purposes. In the Prometheus of 1819, he gives the legend another color. Evil is an usurpation and an accident, and is finally to pass away through the effects of diffused knowledge and the predominance of good will, to the triumph of man acting in the spirit of love. The language of many of the old mythologists represents Jupiter as a disobedient son dethroning Saturn, and the restoration of Saturnian times is anticipated. On this view is Shelley's drama founded. "Prometheus is the type of the highest perfection of moral and intellectual nature, impelled by the purest and truest motives to the best and noblest ends." With the exception of a passage which we have before adverted to as deforming the drama, it is a work of the very highest power. The opening is in the spirit of Æschylus, and we think equal. In Æschylus the gifts which Prometheus is supposed to have given to man, are somewhat inartificially made the subject of boasting by Prometheus himself; in Shelley they are more naturally and more gracefully related by Asia. The scene in which Prometheus desires to bear the curse which he had imprecated against Jupiter, and the calling up the phantasm of Jupiter himself to pronounce it, because he will not expose any living thing to the suffering consequent on uttering it, is un-

equalled by anything in Æschylus or Goethe.

When the curse is repeated, Prometheus addresses the Spirit of the Earth:

"Were these my words, oh Parent?
The Earth. They were thine.

Prom. It doth repent me; words are quick and vain,
Grief for awhile is blind; and so is mine;
I wish no living thing to suffer pain."

We wish greatly that we had room for the scene in which Asia and Panthea are represented as on their journey to the cave of Demogorgon, a mighty spirit superior to Jupiter, but himself bound by the Fates. In the description of the dreams that suggest the journey, in the songs of Spirits accompanying or welcoming Asia and Panthea as they advance, in the change of external nature and all its objects, animate and inanimate, when breathed on by the spirit of love; every word of Shelley's has its own peculiar beauty. This may be, and no doubt often is, as the author of Philip Van Artevelde has told us, a fault, and poetry should be, in the words of Milton, simple rather than subtle and fine; yet here the language is spiritual as that of Ariel, and the fancy of the hearer already awakened and alive, conjures up images as rapidly as the successive words can suggest them. To do anything like justice to this passage, we should print several pages of the poem. The scene in which Jupiter himself is presented, is we think altogether a failure. The change which earth is supposed to undergo in consequence of his actual fall, is represented in a number of choral hymns, and this part of the poem is unequal to the two first acts.

The Prometheus and the Cenci were both written in Italy. "The Prometheus," says Shelley, "was written upon the mountainous ruins of the Baths of Caracalla, among the flowery glades and thickets of odoriferous blossoming trees, which are extended in ever-winding labyrinths upon its immense platforms, and dizzy arches suspended in the air. The bright blue sky of Rome, and the effect of the vigorous awakening of spring in that divinest climate, and the new life with which it drenches the spirits even to intoxication, were the inspiration of this drama."

KEATS died at Rome in February, 1821, and Shelley's poem on his death is perhaps the poem of all others of his, which, carefully studied, gives the truest notion of his mind.

It is scarce possible that it should ever be popular in the ordinary meaning of the word, or should excite admiration in the same way as the "Cenci," or some scenes of the "Prometheus." As in the case of Milton's "Lycidas," the reader has to transpose himself into an imagined position, without the aid which dramatic forms give to produce that effect. "Lycidas" was not only not understood when it was first published, but the reader has only to look at any of the editions of Milton, with illustrative notes, to see that it is still misunderstood, even by his best commentators—so gradually and so slowly is it that the class of poetry which would overfly common sympathies, and address itself to any peculiar state of feelings, is appreciated. In the Adonais among the mountain shepherds—the imagined mourners for the dead—Shelley describes himself; and it is some evidence how little the poem is understood, that we have repeatedly seen the lines quoted as Shelley's description of Chatterton.

"Midst others
Of less note—came one frail form
A phantom among men : companionless
As the last cloud of an expiring storm,
Whose thunder is its knell ; he, as I guess,
Had gazed on nature's naked loveliness
Actæon-like, and now he fled astray
With feeble steps o'er the world's wilderness,
And his own thoughts, along that rugged way
Pursued, like raging hounds, their father and
their prey.

"A pard-like spirit, beautiful and swift,
A love in desolation mask'd—a Power
Girt round with weakness :—it can scarce uplift
The weight of the superincumbent hour ;
It is a dying lamp, a falling shower,
A breaking billow ; even whilst we speak
Is it not broken ?

"All stood aloof—well knew that gentle band
Who in another's fate now wept his own."

The poem closes—as Mrs. Shelley has remarked—with words almost prophetic of his own approaching fate.

"The breath, whose might I have invoked in song,
Descends on me : my spirit's bark is driven
Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng,
Whose sails were never to the tempest given ;
The massy earth and sphered skies are riven !
I am borne darkly, fearfully afar ;
Whilst, burning through the inmost veil of heaven
The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are."

At no period of Shelley's life did he enjoy good health ; and when he and Byron lived in the same neighborhood, "he was too much broken in upon and distracted by society to concentrate his mind on any one subject." To him the society of Byron must have been in every way injurious. Indeed, Moore's "Life of Byron," and Medwin's "Conversations," give abundant proof that it was so in every higher point of view ; and even intellectually its effect was to prevent his writing. Byron did not read Shelley's poems ; at least so one of his letters says ; and Shelley describes himself as the glowworm which ceased to emit its light in sunshine. Whenever Shelley, then, was not supported by dramatic forms, which compelled him to assume the language and the passions of men, and thus to appeal to our common sympathies, he shrank from the contemplation of his own sufferings, and of the wrongs—as he supposed them to be, and as they perhaps were—which were the consequence of his early alienation from his family and natural friends—and retired into a world of dream and mysticism. In this spirit, "The Witch of Altun," "The Triumph of Life," and the "The Epipsychidion," are written. In these we think he exhibits more thoughtful appreciation of the powers of language than is *apparent* in his greater works ; but in all these there is an almost morbid life, as if each particle lived and were releasing itself from the vital action of imagination that ought to have animated all. From this fault, his strong good sense—the distinguishing attribute of his mind as proved in all his later letters—would have undoubtedly rescued him. From these poems of more subtle woof, of which the colors seem to exist only in particular dispositions of light and shade, it would be idle to give any extracts. They are often of consummate beauty.

There is no great English poet who has not at times exercised himself in translation. It is spoken lightly of only by those who know nothing whatever of the subject on which they are speaking ; but none more than the poets who have best succeeded, know how "miserably inadequate" translation must always be.* Yet there are circumstances in which this exertion of mind is possible when works properly original are out of the question. Carey's Dante, Cowper's Homer, perhaps Coleridge's Wal-

* See Shelley's Essays and Letters from Abroad, vol. ii., p. 249.

lenstein, are instances of this. Shelley, in one of his letters, says he will not allow himself to be seduced into translation; and there can be little doubt that powers of the same kind, that in moments of happiness would be better employed in original works, are required for this task. What Shelley, however, shrank from at first, was at last assumed by him from the promptings of a generous spirit. He could not assist the periodical work which Byron and Leigh Hunt projected, by original contributions; and it occurred to him that Hunt might be served by a few specimens from Calderon and Goethe. This originated his "Scenes from Faust," and "The Magico Prodigioso." Some inaccuracies have been pointed out in the translations from Goethe, which so far injure their effect. The translations from Calderon are, we think, in every way superior to his "Scenes from Faust," with the wild song chanted by *Mephistopheles*, *Faust*, and *Ignis Fatuus*, as they ascend the Hartz Mountains.

Shelley, in sending his "Prometheus" to a friend, observed that poets are a camelion race, and in their colors exhibit the ground over which they are travelling, and he expresses fears lest he may have unconsciously imitated Faust. It is more certain that in translating "Faust," he adopts his own former language of "Prometheus," and heightens the effect by a line or two scarcely altered from the songs of Asia and Panthea. Of his translations, the best—indeed we think the best translation in the language—is Homer's Hymn to Mercury. Its power, too, is of a kind which no other work of Shelley's would prepare us for. We cannot but think that his "Peter Bell the Third," and "Œdipus Swellfoot," which Mrs. Shelley has given in her last edition of his works, and which we hope she may feel herself at liberty to omit from every future one, are exceedingly heavy. Were it not for his translation of this hymn, we should have thought that he had no appreciation of true humor.

In Mr. Medwin's book we find a passage from the Purgatory of Dante, translated by Shelley, which we have not before seen. It perhaps deserves preservation; but it is not, we think, equal to the corresponding passage in Carey. The fantastic image of the "interwoven looms" in Shelley has no warrant from anything in the original. We can imagine the exigencies of rhyme suggesting the word "looms" and the poet deceiving himself with assigning to it the

semblance of a meaning. Metaphors are dangerous things, and "looms" bring with them the thought of "weaving;" but "interwoven looms" defy all interpretation. This Mr. Medwin thinks very admirable. "The fragment leaves on the mind an inextinguishable regret"—such is his absurd language—"that he had not completed it; nay, more, that he did not employ himself in rendering others of the finest passages." Can the "interwoven looms" have been Shelley's? Is it not probable that there is some mistake in the transcript?

"And earnest to explore within, around,
That divine wood, whose thick, green living woof
Temper'd the young day to the sight, I wound
Up a green slope, beneath the starry roof,
With slow, slow steps, leaving the mountain's
steep,
And sought those leafy labyrinths, motion-proof
Against the air that in that stillness deep
And solemn, struck upon my forehead bare
Like the sweet breathing of a child in sleep.

Already had I lost myself so far
Amid that tangled wilderness, that I
Perceived not where I enter'd; but no fear
Of wandering from my way disturb'd, when nigh
A little stream appear'd; the grass that grew
Thick on its banks impeded suddenly
My going on. Water of purest dew
On earth would appear turbid and impure
Compared with this, whose unconcealing hue
Dark, dark, yet clear, moved under the obscure
Of the close boughs, whose interwoven looms
No ray of moon or sunshine would endure.
My feet were motionless; but 'mid the glooms
Darted my charmed eyes contemplating
The mighty multitude of fresh May blooms
That star'd that night, when even as a thing
That suddenly for blank astonishment
Charms every sense, and makes all thought take
wing.
Appear'd a solitary maid. She went
Singing, and gathering flower after flower,
With which her way was painted and besprent.

Bright lady! who, if looks had ever power
To bear true witness of the heart within,
Dost bask under the beams of love, come lower
Unto this bank—prithee, oh! let me win
This much of thee—oh, come! that I may hear
Thy song. Like Proserpine, in Enna's glen,
Thou seemest to my fancy—singing here,
And gathering flowers, as that fair maiden, when
She lost the spring, and Ceres her—more dear!"

With these lines we close our notice of Shelley. There are some subjects connected with it, at which we have not had time to glance. As far, however, as they connect themselves with the philosophy of language, which an examination of Shelley's

works almost forces on the mind, future opportunities of considering the way in which the words in which thought is expressed re-act on the mind itself, will no doubt arise. As far as the speculations on society are concerned, and on the awful subjects which, in his earliest youth, Shelley ventured to discuss, we think that we should be guilty of actual irreverence in introducing any rash discussion on them in a paper devoted to a subject purely literary. In the course of our paper, it was impossible that we should not have expressed strongly our feelings that Shelley was throughout wrong in all his speculations on religion and morals. But of himself—of his own purity of views—generosity of conduct—gentleness of disposition, and unwearied efforts to

promote the happiness of all with whom he was in any way connected—there are none more entirely satisfied than we. And the evidence—which we have been the first to produce—given by his Pamphlet on Ireland, of the young reformer calling on those whom he addresses to begin by reforming themselves, may prove that ardent as was the passion for reforming society with which he was reproached, it was tempered with discretion. Mrs. Shelley has led us to hope that at some future time a detailed account of Shelley's life may be published by herself, or with her sanction. We trust that such purpose, if still entertained, may not be interrupted or interfered with by Captain Medwin's unreadable and presumptuous book.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

MADEMOISELLE LENORMAND.

MANY of our readers, no doubt, are familiar with the name of the extraordinary person who, since the year 1789, has practised the arts of chiromancy and astrology in the French capital, and who, in the most sceptical epoch, and among the most sceptical people of modern times, has been able to maintain, for more than half a century, the reputation of an almost infallible interpreter of the decrees of fate. Some anecdotes of this Pythoness of our own days, derived from sources which we have reason to believe authentic, are offered in the following pages to those who take interest in such things. Of what may seem to verge on the marvellous, in the circumstances we have to relate, it is not our task to supply the *rationale*; we leave that as a problem for our psychological friends, to whose ken there is no mist impenetrable, no millstone opaque. He that can fathom animal magnetism may try his plummet in the mysteries of the palm and of the stars: we go not into matters that would take us out of our depth.

Mademoiselle Lenormand was born in 1772, at Alençon, in Normandy, and received her education in the Benedictine convent of that place, at the royal expense. The good nuns were far from dreaming what an embryo sorceress their cloister nursed in its bosom; though by her own account, there must have been something

about her, even then, unlike other children, and calculated to give the impression that the little king's charity-scholar was not altogether "canny." "She remembers," writes one who was much in communication with her between the years 1811 and 1813, "having a singular power of observation and imagination since she was seven years old, and an expression she often uses, in reference to that period of her life, is—*I was a waking somnambulist.*" At an early age, Paris became her abode, and here we find her, in her seventeenth year, already embarked in the profession of a fortune-teller, and applying herself with ardor to the study of astronomy and algebra, the knowledge of which she believed indispensable to the perfection she aimed at in the divinatory art. She rose rapidly into note. The persons who came, led perhaps more by curiosity than by credulity, to test her prophetic powers, were confounded by the acquaintance she displayed with the most secret details of their past history, and learned to place a reluctant confidence, at variance with all their habits of thought, in her predictions of the future. Meanwhile, the revolution proceeded, and it was the lot of our Pythoness to become involved in one of the countless plots which the distracted times were hourly bringing forth. It was a project for the liberation of the queen, then in the Temple prison, which

proved fruitless, from the impossibility of inducing Marie Antoinette to embrace any opportunity of escape, which was to involve a separation from her children. Lenormand's connexion with this enterprise led to her own arrest, and she found herself an inmate of the prison of the Petite Force, from which she afterwards removed to that of the Luxembourg. Although at this time the "reign of terror" had already begun its course of blood, and the citizen once breathed on by suspicion—especially of royalist plotting—had little to do but prepare for the guillotine, Lenormand was no way frightened by this turn in her affairs, her astrological calculations assuring her, as she said, that her life was safe, and that her imprisonment would not be of long duration. The result showed that, unlike the augur-tribe in general, she had read the book of fate as truly for herself as she did for others. Robespierre's fall found her happily still among the unguillotined, and placed her at liberty, with the remnant that were in the same case.

Her sojourn in the Luxembourg, however, had brought her into contact, among others, with Josephine Beauharnois. Josephine had once had her fortune told, by an Obi woman in the West Indies; she now got it done a second time by Lenormand, and had the satisfaction to find that the black and the white sybils spelled her destinies alike. We say the satisfaction, because it really was satisfactory, to one for whose neck the guillotine's tooth, so to speak, was on edge, to hear from two different fortune-tellers, so widely apart both in geography and complexion, that years of life and greatness were before her. The agreement could not but dispose to belief, and it is not rash to surmise that Josephine's mind was all the easier, for her conference with the Norman prophetess, during the term that yet intervened, before the auspicious event that restored both to freedom. This event itself was no slight confirmation of Lenormand's credit; and when Josephine, about two years after, married Napoleon Bonaparte, and perhaps discovered in him the aspirings of that ambition which boded her the fulfilment of those more dazzling promises of her horoscope, that stood yet unredeemed, she did not fail to talk to him of the gifted mortal who had shared her captivity, and by whom such great things had been prognosticated for her, and, by the plainest implication, for him as her husband. Few men

were more superstitious at heart than he to whom these conjugal revelations were made: he saw Lenormand, and it is said (though we fear on doubtful authority) that she foretold him the successive stages of the career he was destined to run—his elevation to the summit of power, his fall, and his death in exile. What measure of faith may have been yielded by Napoleon to these vaticinations (supposing they were ever uttered), we have of course no means of knowing; but from the time of his attaining the imperial dignity, it is certain that Lenormand became an object of suspicion to him, the effects of which she often found troublesome enough. Perhaps the emperor thought that she who had predicted his overthrow would not scruple to use means to compass it. Be that as it may, a jealous watchfulness was now exercised, not only towards the prophetess herself, but towards those who came to consult her; more than once she was arrested, and had to undergo a rigorous interrogatory at the *palais de justice*. On one of these occasions, a remarkable expression fell from her: it was on the 11th of December, 1809, when, being pressed to explain an obscure answer she had just given to some question which had been addressed to her, she said, "My answer is a problem, the solution of which I reserve till the 31st of March, 1814." What the question was, to which this reply was given, does not appear, but we hardly need to remind the reader that, eight days before, the fifth anniversary of Napoleon's coronation had been celebrated with a splendor enhanced by the presence of five of his royal vassals, the kings of Saxony, Westphalia, Wirtemberg, Holland, and Naples; and that on the day named by Lenormand for the solution of her "problem"—the allies entered Paris.

And now to our promised anecdotes, the first of which we find in a communication addressed to our friend Doctor Justinus Kerner, by a lady who subscribes herself "Countess N. N.," and who is the same we referred to a while ago, as having had a great deal to do with the Pythoness, between the years 1811 and 1813. Let us premise that the countess's real name is known to the doctor, though she chooses to be only N. N. to the public:—

"On the 5th May, 1811, the Duchess of Couland and I, having disguised ourselves as citizens' wives of Paris, drove to the entrance of the Fau-

bourg St. Germain, and, leaving our carriage there, took a *fiacre*, and proceeded to Mlle. Lenormand's, in the Rue Tournon. After we had rung and knocked several times, a young girl appeared, and told us we could not see Mademoiselle L., as she was at that moment engaged, and that we must either come another time, or wait till she was at leisure to receive us. We chose the latter, and were shown into a room, in which books, prints, paintings, and stuffed animals, musical and other instruments, bottles with snakes and lizards in spirits, wax fruits, artificial flowers, and a medley of other articles, covered the walls, the tables, and the floor, leaving scarcely an unoccupied spot for the eye to rest on. It was fully two hours before any one came near us, during which time we heard the house-door, as well as that of the adjoining cabinet, open and shut repeatedly. At last, when our patience was almost worn out, the door of the room we were in was opened, and a figure, of a height and breadth that surprised us, made its appearance. It was Mlle. Lenormand. There was undeniably something imposing in the picture she presented: her bulk nearly filled the door; her air was marked by a stately composure, and the expression of her countenance had the kind of solemnity one expects to find in the professor of a mysterious art. She had broad, flat features, and wore a black silk morning dress, and a cap with a deep border, that completely covered the hair. She beckoned us into the cabinet, seated herself in a high arm-chair, before a large table, on which lay astronomical charts and papers covered with calculations, and pointed to two lower seats, which we took possession of. She now looked good-naturedly at us, and told us we were disguised. We confessed it; she said nothing further on the subject, and when taking leave, we named ourselves of our own accord."

We must here interrupt the countess to say, that we regret she should have thought it necessary to maintain an *incognito* with us, which she was so obliging as to drop towards Mlle. Lenormand. Countesses that have anything out of the common way to tell, should eschew the anonymous, lest readers of an incredulous turn of mind should be led to suspect that they are no countesses at all. Letters of the alphabet are bad vouchers for a tough story; even the newspapers will not insert your account of a "man's nose bitten off by an oyster," unless you send your real name and address. "Q. Z." will not do. And what better is "N. N.?" For anything one knows, it may stand for Nobody, of Nowhere.

As our countess, however, has not thought proper to name herself, it is well that she has not practised the same reserve in relation to the Duchess of Courland. The duchess is a good guarantee for the authenticity of the countess; for this Duchess of Courland is a real personage,

Anna Charlotte Dorothea by name, a born Von Medem, and third wife and relict of Peter, last Duke of Courland, who died the 13th of January, 1800. She was born the 8th of February, 1761 (consequently had entered her fifty-first year but three months before the "lark" we find her engaged in), and was married the 6th of November, 1779. She lives (if she has not died since 1822) on her estate of Loebichau, in the principality of Altenburg, and has a jointure of sixty thousand florins (or five thousand pounds sterling) a year. Her youngest daughter, Dorothea, was married, in 1809, to the nephew of Prince Talleyrand. The reader sees that in the Duchess of Courland we have got a tangible fact, taken in connexion with which, the Countess N. N. becomes at least a fair probability; and now let the fair probability proceed with her narrative, secure from further interruption:

"After the duchess had been disposed of, my turn came, and Mlle. L. interrogated me as follows:—

" 'The first letter of your Christian name?'

" 'A.'

" 'The year, day, and hour of your birth?'

" 'Sunday, the 18th of May, 1777, four o'clock in the afternoon.'

" 'Your favorite colors?'

" 'Black and white.'

" 'Favorite fruits?'

" 'Pine-apple and mulberry.'

" 'In walking, whether do you like best to go up hill or down?'

" 'Up.'

" 'Your favorite animals?'

" 'Eagle, swan, dog, and horse.'

"She now glanced into the chart of the heavens, told me that I stood under the influences of Venus and Jupiter, and then proceeded to detail the events of my past life, with a particularity and a fidelity, which filled me with wonder—many of the circumstances which she related being such as I believed known to no human being but myself. While thus engaged, she did not once look at me, but kept her eyes fixed on the chart, from which she seemed to be reading aloud.

"At last she raised her eyes to mine, and asked—

" 'Do you desire to know the future?'

"I took this opportunity of observing the expression of her eyes, into which I looked for a few moments before answering. There was, however, nothing unusual to be detected in them, nothing indicating a state of somnambulism, no gleam of prophetic rapture, not a characteristic to mark them as the organs of a preternatural vision. You would say that the soul which looked through such eyes was guiltless of all commerce with the powers of an invisible world, and that if Mlle. Lenormand *really* divined at all, it was by the rules of an art learned by rote, and not by any oracular promptings from within.

"Incredible as the existence of such an art might seem, it was not more so in relation to the future than to the past. If the sibyl could see all I had left behind me in the journey of life, why should that which was yet before me be hid from her? She had shown me what was gone: why should I doubt her ability to bring to my view that which was to come?"

"With such thoughts as these, I answered her question in the affirmative. On this she took my left hand, gazed on its lines, wrote down some numbers on a sheet of paper, reckoned, contemplated the celestial chart, again pored over my hand, again wrote and reckoned, and so on for not less than two hours. The duchess got tired, and went away, and I at last began to be faint with hunger. Mlle. L. had a cup of soup brought to me, and said, 'Have patience, for I have something to learn here.' At last her calculations appeared to be brought to a satisfactory result, and she dictated to me what follows:—

"A singular destiny! You will see more high mountains than you think—will ascend more than you will wish to do. One day, and that in 1813, during the war, you will have to fly; your people will be ill-used and made prisoners; you yourself also will be carried away one morning, at 1 o'clock, by men with long beards, and by men wearing chains and coats of mail, who will require of you a breach of fidelity towards him who will die on the rock. Three state prisoners will owe their lives to your intercession. In Venice, a poet, whom you have never seen, and never will see, will feel himself impelled to make it a request to you, that after his death you will pray for him, as often as you enjoy the view of anything pre-eminently beautiful in nature. Your life will be spent in courts, because the choice of your heart is solitude; this is the contradiction that presides over your earthly existence. Your first long journey will be from Germany to Italy, whither you will go at the instance of a sovereign; and you will be invested with an order, the decoration of which you will either never wear, or wear for the first time at a very advanced age. Satiated with honors, and weary of the great world, you will die of years, in a fair *château*, standing in the midst of gardens. Many will be around you at your death, and form, as it were, a little court. Your life, and all that awaits you, is wonderful. Your wishes point to tranquillity and retirement, but these will evade your search: they are denied you, just because you seek them.

"One thing more—a great thing—will happen you, but I cannot tell you what it is; it is nothing bad, but it must remain a secret. Before 1867 all will have been fulfilled."

"After this followed much that related to family matters, and which, except in some few points, has since been verified. But as a great part of these communications were of a painful nature, turning on the death of friends, and other sorrows which were in store for me, I can say that I learned from my horoscope at least one lesson—never to wish again to pry into the secrets of futurity. As to the fulfilment of the above, I have to say, that the year 1813 brought all that was pre-

dicted. The poet in Venice proved to be L. Byron, and I keep the promise I made him, and will keep it as long as I live. The journey to Italy was undertaken in consequence of an invitation of Pope Leo XII. His death prevented the establishment of an institution for sick persons at Varenna, which he wished me to preside over, and for which the arrangements were already in a state of forwardness. With a view to my holding this position, the Maltese cross was promised me; but I made no application to the pontifical government for the performance of this promise, wishing neither to wear the order, nor to pay the fees for it, when the object for which it was to have been conferred on me, was given up. From that time the prophecy awaits its further accomplishment.

"This was but the first of many visits which I paid, in that and the next two years, to Mlle. Lenormand. Friends living at a distance commissioned me to consult her, and, as long as I remained at Paris, a month seldom passed without some communication between us. To calculate the nativity of absent persons, she required the day and hour of their birth in their own handwriting; she asked neither the name of the applicant, his birth-place, nor the country in which he lived. I brought her the leaf on which the necessary particulars were written, settled the price to be paid (six francs, one, two, or four louis d'or), and in eight days I had the answer. It turned out that the prophecies which went most into details (that is, those which were the highest paid for), were least borne out by the result.

"Since 1813, when I left Paris, I have had no further intelligence of Mlle. Lenormand."

So far Countess N. N., of whose unsatisfactory way of telling her story we must here again complain. After giving us the prophecy word for word, she ought to have given the fulfilment, event for event, told us all about the "high mountains" (which we have to guess were the Alps and Appenines), the "men with long beards" (Cosacks, of course), the others wearing "chains and coats of mail," and explained what "breach of fidelity" they required of her, towards "him who was to die upon the rock"—in whom there is no very great difficulty in recognising Napoleon. She might have done worse, too, than let us know who were the "three prisoners of state that owed their lives to her intercession."

Our next contribution is from a personage every way more authentic and responsible than the Countess N. N., namely, the President Von Malchus, who, about forty years ago, played a somewhat considerable part in European affairs. He was born in 1770, at Mannheim, where his father held some subordinate appointment in the house-

hold of the Duke of Deux-Ponts. The duke, discovering indications of talent in the boy, took care that he should enjoy every advantage of education; he was placed in the Gymnasium of Mannheim in his fifteenth year, and, after two years of preparatory study, proceeded to the University of Heidelberg, from which he afterwards removed to that of Göttingen. In 1790, he exchanged an academic life for one devoted to diplomacy, being made private secretary to the Count of Westphalia, minister of state to the Elector of Mayence. After this he occupied various posts of gradually increasing importance, till 1803, when he was intrusted with a high "cameral" appointment by the King of Prussia. When the kingdom of Westphalia was erected, in 1807, he was called to give King Jerome (the most brainless of the Bonaparte family), the aid of his financial abilities, first as a member of the council of state, and afterwards as director-general of imposts, and liquidator-general of the national debt; the last-mentioned office, however, after a short tenure, he gave up, and we rather think the office itself was abolished, as calculated to create a popular delusion—to say nothing of its being a sinecure. During the next three years he was employed in various missions (to Berlin, Hanover, Paris, &c.), the object of which, it is our impression, was generally something connected with money matters, as the bent of his genius was decidedly that way. From this period the rise of his fortunes was rapid. In 1811, he was named Minister of Finance; in 1812, of War; and in 1813, of the Interior: simultaneously with this last charge, he received the title of Count Merienrode, Jerome probably thinking that such an accumulation of employments (leaving no one domestic or foreign affair of the kingdom that Malchus was not to manage) would be too much for the head of a simple commoner. After the dissolution of the Westphalian monarchy, Malchus took up his residence at Heidelberg, where for some time his position was by no means an enviable one, in consequence of the violent attacks, both in reference to his administration and his personal character, of which he found himself the object. However, he showed his assailants a bold front, and published a memoir, in which the charges against him were ably combated. He lived some years in privacy, and with straitened means; at length, in 1817, he entered the service of

the King of Wirtemberg, who placed him at the head of his old department of finance. From what causes we are not informed, he held his appointment little more than a year. A pension of four thousand florins was conferred upon him at his retirement; and, taking up his abode once more in Heidelberg, he devoted the rest of his days to the "cultivation of the sciences." In this occupation—a considerably pleasanter one, we reckon, than liquidating the national debt—he was engaged up to the year 1838, and may, for anything we know, be engaged at the present writing.

So much to advise the reader who President Malchus properly is or was, and now to his account of what passed between himself and Mlle. Lenormand.

He had heard, he tells us, of the far-famed divineress long before he saw, or supposed that he ever would see her, and the way in which her name came to his ears was this. There was a certain Count Morio in the Westphalian service, a Frenchman by birth, whom King Jerome had appointed marshal of the palace, and in concert with whom the finance-minister had received orders to remodel the royal household, with a view to its being placed on a more economical footing. This business necessitated frequent and prolonged interviews between the two officials, which took place at the house of Malchus; and at these, Morio, after the lapse of about an hour, generally became uneasy, and showed a marked anxiety to terminate the sitting and to get home. This impatience was quite inexplicable to his colleague, who one day asked him the reason of it.

"The reason is," replied Morio, "that my wife is in an agony of dread if I remain out of her sight a moment after the time she has reckoned to see me."

"And why?" inquired Malchus.

Morio then related that his wife, before he met with her, had had her nativity cast by Mlle. Lenormand, who, among other things, had told her that she would be married three times. Her first husband would be a man between whom and herself no acquaintance at that time existed: the marriage would be a very advantageous one, and put her in possession of all she could reasonably wish for, but when blest with the fulfilment of her highest wish—to be in the way of becoming a mother—she would, soon after a great fire, receive in her house a visitor of great distinction, and, not long after, lose her husband by a violent death.

Married a second time, not so brilliantly, but still very well, she would return to her native country (she was a Creole), where she would in a short time lose her second husband, and marry a third, who would survive her.

After this explanation, Malchus seems to have indulged, as far as it was possible, the wish of his fellow-laborer to shorten the hours of business. One day, however, he found it necessary to continue the sitting considerably beyond the usual time, when Morio, unable to contain his anxiety, at last insisted upon breaking off, and said, "Come, *monsieur le ministre*, do me the honor to accompany me home; you shall see for yourself the state of terror in which my absence places my wife, and you will never again blame my reluctance to prolong that terror an avoidable moment." Malchus complied, and found the countess in a state of suffering which her husband had not at all exaggerated. When she learned that he had been acquainted by Morio with the ground of her apprehensions, she said, "You can judge, then, whether I have cause to tremble for my husband's life. In every other particular the prophecy has been verified. I did not know him, nor he me; my marriage with him was a most advantageous one, and has truly put me in possession of all I could reasonably wish for; I am so happy as to have the prospect of being a mother, and that very soon; the "great fire" has unfortunately taken place—it was the burning of the palace; the "distinguished visitor" is no longer to be waited for, for the king, in consequence of that calamity, established himself here in the Bellevue (the name of a palace in Cassel, in which Morio, as chief of the royal household, resided), and we had to give him up several rooms. Yes, I must tremble when I think of the stage to which my fortunes are arrived, for I am driven to the conclusion that the violent death of my husband is now very near."

Malchus said what he could to tranquillize her; assured her that with him, at least, her husband was perfectly safe, and that one more meeting—though she must not alarm herself if it should prove a somewhat lengthened one—would now terminate the business which took him away from her.

A day or two after this, Morio was at the minister's till about eleven o'clock, and then rode out with the king. On their return, Malchus saw them both pass his

house: they rode through the royal mews, where Morio explained various things to the king, while the countess was in such extreme anguish of terror that they had to put her to bed. After a while the king rode home, but Morio was still detained in the mews. On a sudden a shot was fired; the countess heard it, sprang frantic out of bed, and shrieked out, "That is my husband—they have shot him!"

It was but too true: poor Morio had been maliciously shot by a French farrier, over whom, on account of his disorderly conduct, it had been found necessary to give a German the preference.

This occurrence made a deep impression upon Malchus, and when the Westphalian catastrophe, in 1813, brought him to Paris, he was not surprised at finding the name of Lenormand in all men's mouths, nor at being urged—almost teased, as he says—by many of his friends, to have his fortune told by her. Among other things, he was assured that she had predicted to Murat, in the time of the consulate, that he would one day be a king; but that Murat had only laughed at her, and said, if that ever came to pass, he would make her a kingly present, which also, on his ascending the Neapolitan throne, he did.

Another story, which he heard had some years before been avouched by all the journals of Paris, was this. During the Spanish war, an officer came to Mlle. Lenormand, to learn his destiny, when she assured him distinctly, that a week from that day, somebody would give him, in a coffee-house, the information of his brother's death in Spain. The officer, who was not even certain that his brother was in Spain at all, determined not to go into any coffee-house till after the time predicted. But on the eighth day, some good friend, knowing nothing about the oracle, dragged him by main force into one, the threshold of which he had hardly crossed when his servant brought him a letter, announcing that his brother, at such and such a place, on such and such an occasion, had been killed in Spain.

Further, it was positively asserted that Napoleon had twice spoken with the sorceress—once at her own house, and the second time at the Tuileries; but as nobody but Duroc was present, nothing certain could be known of what had passed, for neither of these worthies was likely to give it wind, and she dared not. All, therefore, that people told so confidently, as having been said by her to the First Consul

—that he would be emperor, that his wife (Josephine) was his guardian angel, that he would for a time reign and make war prosperously, but afterwards become unfortunate, subsequently be overcome and dethroned, and at last die in exile—all this, Malchus considers, could have been only conjecture; at least no one knew anything certain about it. It struck him more, he said, that the Countess Bocholz (whoever she was) was more than once very pressing with him to feel the pulse of the fates, and protested to him that Lenormand had told her circumstances out of her past life, which it had given her a positive thrill of terror to hear, they being things known almost to no human being, and of which Lenormand could by no earthly chance have been informed. Many others of his most intimate friends spoke in the same way, but there was nobody that so much aroused his curiosity, respecting this singular woman, as Dr. Spangenberg, the queen's (what queen's?) physician. This personage, who is described by Malchus as a particularly dry, clear-headed man, who brought everything to the bar of reason, and admitted nothing that was not susceptible of mathematical proof, assured him, just as every one else did, that it was perfectly incomprehensible what this woman knew, and could tell one. To him, as well as to the Countess Bocholz, she had presented the picture of his earlier life, in its leading outlines, with the greatest fidelity, reminding him of many things which, even in Mecklenburg (his native country), very few people were aware of, and which, here in Paris, no human soul could know. Also with respect to the present and the paulo-post-future, she had said things to him, which were true, or had since become true, to a degree that was enough to drive one mad. For instance—"he would in eight days' time receive very interesting intelligence, through an old friend, respecting affairs in his own country, but the bringer of this intelligence would die two days after." He and his friends, with whom he was living at Compiègne, had several times joked about this, and wondered when the messenger, who was to die two days after delivering his message, would make his appearance. At last, on the eighth day, the actor Narcisse, who had spent a considerable time at Cassel, and elsewhere in Germany, arrived, and brought him several pieces of news which were of great interest for him, but—two days after Narcisse died.

Dr. Spangenberg mentioned further, that at the time of his consulting Lenormand, he was for the first time of his life at Paris; that he had no mind to consult her, but had been teased into doing so by Monsieur de Pful and other friends. He had never before been in the neighborhood of her house, had never seen her until that day, and, at his visit, told her neither his name nor his circumstances, nor suffered anything to escape him which could have served her as a clue.

Malchus was at length prevailed on to visit the divineress; the following is his account of the visit, which we give in his own words:—

"All this at length overcame the repugnance I felt towards a sybil of this species, and I determined to go, intending however to put the reality of her miraculous knowledge to every test in my power.

"I was glad to find that the street in which she lived, and even the quarter of the town in which it was situated, was one in which I had never been. I put on a threadbare cast-off surtout, and a very shabby old hat, got into a *fiacre*, and drove to the Faubourg St. Germain, alighted before turning the corner of the Rue Tournon, and proceeded to her house on foot. On my ringing, the door was opened by a little girl, who might be about fourteen years of age. I asked for Mlle. Lenormand, and received answer that she would scarcely be able to speak with me just then, as she was extremely busy. 'Very well,' said I; 'ask her when I may call again?' After a few moments, the child returned with the answer, 'Next Saturday, any time after twelve o'clock.' I expressed my wish that she would appoint the hour herself, as I had, I said, abundance of leisure, so that it was equal to me at what time I came, and I was anxious that her reception of me should interfere with no other engagement. The little maid disappeared and presently there came out of the adjoining chamber a woman advanced in years, and, I must confess, not without somewhat witch-like in her appearance, her eyes glancing about her not exactly with fire, but still with an expression of uncommon intelligence and subtlety. Coming straight up to me, and giving me no time to speak, she put a card into my hand, and, with the words, '*Samedi, trois heures, monsieur*,' disappeared again into her cabinet: she hardly saw me half a second and I had not opened my lips in her presence.

"Saturday came, and I was there (in the same dress) punctually at three o'clock, was again received by the little maid, and requested to wait a few moments, as somebody was just then with Mlle. Lenormand. About ten minutes might have passed, when the door of the cabinet opened, and a young woman, supported by a man under the middle age, came out, weeping so excessively, that one could literally have washed oneself in her tears, and giving utterance to the most heart-piercing lamentations. Her companion did everything possible to assuage her grief, reminded her that

'the thing, after all, had not been infallibly declared, that the question still remained, whether it would really come to pass,' and so on. There must something terrible have been said to the poor soul.

"I was now ushered in, and made to sit down near the sorceress, at a table that stood by the sofa. As I had heard that, when asked only for the *petit jeu* (which cost two napoleons), she left out many details, in her sketch of the past, the present, and the future, I at once signified my desire to have the *grand jeu*, of which four napoleons is the price.

"She then asked me—

"1. The initial letter of my Christian name.

"2. That of my surname.

"3. Of my country.

"4. Of the place of my birth.

"5. My age—to be given with as much exactitude as was in my power: it so happened that I could state it even to the hour, and did so.

"6. The name of my favorite flower.

"7. The name of my favorite animal.

"8. The name of the animal to which I had the greatest repugnance.

"Upon this, she took, in addition to some seven packs of cards which already lay on the table, seven packs more, making in all fourteen packs. They were, however, of very different kinds; for instance, Tarok-cards, old German cards, whist cards, cards marked with the celestial bodies, cards with necromantic figures, and I know not what all besides. She now shuffled one pack after another, giving me each pack, after she had shuffled it, to cut. Naturally, I was going to do this with the right hand, but she prevented me, and said, '*La main gauche, monsieur.*' To try whether she said this merely to mystify me, or would seriously make a point of it, I cut the second pack with the left hand, but took the right again to the third; but she interposed instantly, and repeated, '*La main gauche, monsieur.*' Out of each pack, after cutting, I had to draw (still with the left hand) a certain number of cards, prescribed by her; not the same number out of each pack, but from one more, from another less: from the Tarok cards, for instance, twenty-five; from another pack, six; from a third, ten; and so on. The cards thus drawn she arranged in a certain order on the table: all the rest were put aside.

"She then took my left hand, and surveyed it very attentively, taking particular notice of all its lines and intersections. After a little while, she commenced counting the lines upwards and downwards, and from side to side, pronouncing at the same time the names of the heavenly bodies. At length, she opened a great necromantic book which lay near her, and in which were drawn an immense variety of hands, with all their linear marks: these drawings she compared carefully, one after another, with my hand, till she found one that was marked in a similar way. Then, turning to the cards arranged on the table, she studied them with great intentness, went from one to another, numbering and calculating very busily, till at last she began to speak, and to tell me, out of the cards before her, my past, present, and future des-

tinies. She spoke very rapidly, and as if reading out of a book; and I observed that if, in running on, she happened to revert a second time to anything already mentioned, she stated it in the very same words as at first—in short, exactly as if she were reading it again out of the book.

"Of my past history, she told me, to my infinite astonishment, much that I myself had almost forgotten, which, probably, there was no one in my own country that knew or remembered, and which most certainly was known to nobody at Paris.

"Among other things, she said—'You have more than once been in peril of life; in particular, within your first five years, you had a narrow escape of drowning.'

"Who told her that in my fourth year I fell into the great pond at Schwetzingen?

"More than once you have been in danger of losing your life by fire.'

"This, too, is true.

"You were born in circumstances which did not offer you the prospect of high station in the world; nevertheless, you have attained it. Very early in life you began to labor for distinction of some sort; you were not yet five-and-twenty when you first entered the service of the state, but it was in a very subordinate position.'

"How did she find out that I received my first official appointment at nineteen?

"Then she proceeded to reckon up to me a multitude of particulars of my past life, in particular placing the different *sections* of it before me in so definite and distinct a manner, that I began to feel a kind of horror creeping over me, as if I had been in the presence of a spirit.

"With respect to the last section but one (my taking office in Westphalia), she remarked, that it had not at first appeared likely to become very brilliant, but that circumstances had soon occurred, which had given it such a character.

"Of the present she spoke with the same accuracy.

"Of the future, some things that she said were characterized by a true Sibylline obscurity, or might have been compared to that Pythian utterance, 'If Cæsus crosses the Phæsis, a great kingdom will fall.' Some things, on the other hand, she expressed in a clear and unambiguous manner, and they have proved true.

"For example, she said, 'You are in great anxiety about your family'—which indeed I was, for I knew that my wife and children had got in safety as far as Elsen, but whether they had got happily to Hildesheim, and if so, how matters stood with them there, I knew not—but,' proceeded the sorceress, 'you may be tranquil on this score, for in eight days you will receive a letter, which will indeed contain various things not agreeable to you, but will relieve you of all uneasiness on your family's account.'

"In effect, by the eighth day I received a letter from my wife, which acquainted me that she and the children were well, but of which the remaining contents were by no means of a character to give me pleasure.

"Within the next eight days I should four times successively obtain accounts of the state of

things in my native country, and on one occasion should hear very minute particulars respecting my family.

"This was said on the 28th of March. Two days after, the allies entered Paris, an event the most unexpected to all its citizens. About six days after, I went to walk on the Boulevards; a person in the uniform of the Prussian artillery came eagerly up to me, and to my astonishment I recognised Monsieur N., who had lived with us a short time before at Compiègne, had then returned to Hildesheim, and joined the Prussians, and was now come direct from Hildesheim to Paris, consequently had no end of things to tell me about my family, whom he had seen and spoken with. A little after, I met Monsieur Delius, formerly prefect of Göttingen, and, in short, I really, in the course of eight days, had news from Germany just four times.

"She proceeded—'You will not remain long in France, but will return to your own country, where you will at first have to encounter a host of annoyances, some of them trifling, some grave. You will be arrested, but speedily restored to liberty.'

"All this took place here in Heidelberg. "She now said very distinctly, that before the 23d of November, 1814, I should receive an important decision, but one very unacceptable to me. In effect, on the 21st of that month, I received the letter of the Hanoverian minister, Count Munster, conveying to me the determination of his government on my claim to the estate of Marienrode: the purport of this determination was, that my claim was rejected, but the appeal, which I spoke of, to the Congress of Vienna left open to me.

"Your destiny," she added, "will, for the next three years, be but precarious and unstable: and you will not find yourself in prosperous circumstances again until 1817."

"When she had completely finished, I wished to have the whole written down (this costs a napoleon more), as it interested me too much to allow of my trusting the retention of it solely to memory. 'Much,' said I, 'of what you have said to me, respecting my past life, has put me in no small astonishment.'

"Ah!" replied she, drily, '*c'est bien fait pour cela.*'

"She had no objection to write it all down for me, but assured me that she had more to do than could be told, and must, therefore, request of me three things. First, that I would write down for her the three answers above mentioned; secondly, that I would not require her to go into the past and the present at such length as she had done in her verbal communication; and, thirdly, that I would give her three weeks' time, before coming for the paper. 'That will be the easier for you to do,' said she, 'as you will remain two months longer at Paris.' This struck me much, because, in the position I then occupied, and under the political circumstances existing, I could not engage to be at Paris three days.

"*Surement,*' repeated she, as she observed my perplexed looks; '*vous resterez encore deux mois à Paris.*'

"And in this also she was right! I remained at Paris just two months longer, and no more.

"After three weeks I revisited the house of Mlle. Lenormand, but found her engaged, and heard from the little maid that, with the best will in the world, she had not yet been able to make out time to write what I wished for; but, if I would come again in four days, it should positively be ready.

"I was glad of this delay; the test, I thought, would be all the severer, whether she really read the same things in the cards, this second time, that she did three or four weeks before, or whether she only recalled, by an effort of memory, what she had said to me on a former occasion. I therefore quitted the house with pleasure, and returned after four days. Mlle. Lenormand was gone out. The little maid excused this on the score of urgent business, begged me in her mistress's name, to enter the cabinet, and opening a drawer, showed me a paper intended for me, but which was not yet quite finished. I read it through, as far as it went, and found that it already contained about two-thirds of what the sorceress had said to me orally. Errors there were none, and the little variations from what I had heard near four weeks before from her, were of the most inconsiderable nature.

"In four days more, the little maid assured me, the manuscript should, without fail, be ready. In effect it was so, and corresponded accurately with what she had spoken more than four weeks before. Yet how many nativities might she not have cast in the interval! How many men's destinies must have thrust mine out of her recollection! I went purposely, from the time of my first visit to her till my departure from Paris, into her neighborhood several times, and always found one or more carriages standing before her house, which had brought persons desirous of learning their destiny at the lips of Mlle. Lenormand."

We offer no opinion on the above, except that it is "curious." "True" we must presume it, coming, as it does, not from a professional inditer of fugitive romance, but from a grave man, with a character to lose—a man of arithmetic and red tape, and such solid realities of life—whose only flight of imagination, that we can find any trace of, was that very high, but very brief one, of accepting the office of "liquidator of the national debt." Somebody has called chiromancy a "*monstrum nulla virtute redemptum.*" It may be so; still these coincidences (to use a word without much meaning) are strange. Malchus was not the only celebrated person of the last generation whose horoscope Lenormand constructed: Talma, Madame de Stael, Mlle. George, and numerous other notabilities of that age, also had occasion to acknowledge that her predictions were not thrown out at random; and it is but a few years since the accomplishment of a prophecy of hers, respecting Horace Vernet, delivered in 1807, when he was a child. This was to the effect that he would, in about thirty years

from that time, stand in such high consideration as an artist, that the king would send him to Africa, to paint the storming of a fortress there by the French army; a prediction which was literally fulfilled in 1839. It is also asserted, as something generally known, that she foretold Murat the place and the hour of his death, twenty years before that event. People will tell us, these were all "coincidences;" which means, if it means anything, that the event "coincided" with the prediction. Quite true; the event did coincide with the prediction, and here is just the wonder. If there had been no "coincidence"—that is, if the prophecy had not been fulfilled—there would have been no mystery in the case.

But the certainty with which Lenormand divined the lucky numbers in the lottery, is said to have thrown all her other oracular exploits into the shade. The following anecdotes, illustrative of her gift in this way, are told by Doctor Weiskampf, who had them from Colonel Favier, at Paris:—

"Mlle. L. once declared to the celebrated comic actor, Potier, that one, two, or even three prizes, were assigned by destiny, generally speaking, to every man; but that she could not tell when and where any particular person's fortunate numbers would be drawn, without inspecting such person's hand. She said, further, that if she could collect about her all the individuals to whom fortune is favorably disposed, all the lotteries of all Europe would not be able to pay the immense winnings they would have to claim. Potier very naturally desired to know what were his own fortunate numbers. Mlle. L. contemplated his left hand, and said, 'Mark the numbers, 9, 11, 37, and 85; stake on these—but not sooner than sixteen years hence—in the imperial lottery at Lyons, and you will obtain a *quatern*.' This was in 1810; in 1826, Potier remembered it; the drawing at Lyons took place in May; he staked on the four numbers the sorceress had named, and chose for himself a fifth, the number of his birth-day, 27; and Paris talks yet of the sensation produced when the five numbers Potier had set his money on were drawn. He won 250,000 francs, a sum which made a rich man of him, and by which he sprang, as it were, into the arms of fortune; his wealth increased from day to day, and when he died (which was in May, 1840), his heirs divided a million and a half among them.

"Potier's good luck reached the ears of Tribet, another actor, a man to whom nature had been somewhat chary of talent, but, to make amends, extremely liberal in the matter of children. He flew to Mlle. Lenormand—she declined to give him any information; he besought her on his knees, but she continued inflexible; he supplicated, he conjured her, she perused his hand, but only shook her head in silence, sighed, and left him. Tribet was out of his senses at this silence of the oracle—he follow-

ed Lenormand, represented that his happiness was in her hands; that he was poor, helpless, the father of ten children, whom it was not in his power even to educate, and for whose future prospects he was in despair. At last the sybil looked on him with a grave aspect, and said, "Do not desire to know your numbers; it is true that they will be drawn in the next *tirage* at Paris, but they will bring you far greater evils than you now have to contend with. Seduced by the first smile of fortune, you will become a passionate gambler; you will neglect your art, renounce, in your elated folly, the profession that insures you bread, abandon your wife and your children, play again, and again play, and not cease playing, until, beggared, maddened, and lost irretrievably, you will only hasten, by suicide, a death already creeping towards you by starvation."

"Tribet vowed and swore he would be the most regular, the most staid of men, and would suffer no degree of prosperity to intoxicate him; as for play, he bound himself by a solemn oath to avoid it, and to apply his gains in the lottery solely to his family's good. 'Well,' said Lenormand, I will tell you the numbers. I will even let you know that one of them denotes the year of your death—it is 28; another is 13, your name-festival, and a third 66, the number of your star. There is still another number, which is full of good luck for you, but—you once wounded yourself in the left hand on the stage with a pistol, while playing the part of a brigand."

"'I did so—it is just twelve years since.'

"'Well, that number is, since then, no longer to be traced in your hand.'

"'But I know it,' exclaimed Tribet; 'it is 7.' That has been a remarkable number to me all my life. At seven years of age I came to Paris; seven weeks after my arrival here I was received into the Royal Institute to be educated; seven years after I entered the Institute, Nicci noticed me there, and, finding that I had an ear for music, took me as a pupil; when I was just three times seven years old, I fell in love, married, and obtained, through Nicci, an appointment at the Royal Opera, with a salary of seven hundred livres. Finally, it is a man who lives at No. 7, on the Boulevard, that advised me to come to you. Without a doubt, seven is my fortunate number.'

"'Good: choose, then, 7 for your *quatern*; very likely this number also will win.'

"Tribet staggered from her presence like one drunk with joy. But he had not money enough to stake a large sum, and the prophets had declared, as she did in all cases, that it would not do to stake borrowed money. The poor actor had only twenty francs in the world—he went and staked the whole sum. The day of the *tirage* arrived, and Tribet's four numbers came out of the wheel; not one failed—and the man who but the day before had not a *sou*, found himself the possessor of ninety-six thousand francs! Who can describe his happiness? He ran through the streets without his hat; he embraced friends and enemies; he told every one he met that he was become a capitalist; he was so wild that he took a box at the theatre 'to see Tribet play;' in short,

his head grew giddy, and what Lenormand had prophesied came literally to pass. His good luck had made him crazy; his family, his good wife, his children, seemed to him a burden; Paris was too narrow for him; he put up his money and set off in secret for London. Arrived there, he speedily dissipated the half of his fortune, and then became a constant guest at the hazard table. At first, like most tyros in play, he won, but fortune soon turned against him, and loss followed loss, till nothing more was left him to lose. There now remained nothing of his destiny unfilled but its dreadful close, and this was not long wanting. In 1828, his body was taken up in the Thames, and it came out on the inquest, that for the last eight days of his miserable life, he had not tasted even a spoonful of warm soup!

"This event was a terrible shock to Lenormand; she called herself Tribet's murderess, execrated her art, and, for more than a year after, steadily refused every request to divine numbers for the lottery.

"In 1830, however, she was induced once more to do so, under the following circumstances. A man one day hastily entered her cabinet, stated himself to be a printer, Pierre Arthur by name, and entreated her intercession with a creditor, Monsieur So-and-So, whom he knew to have a great veneration for her, and who was at that moment pursuing him with bailiffs. While he spoke, the creditor himself appeared with his attendants: he had seen his debtor enter Lenormand's house, and followed him on the spot. This man was a money-lender: Arthur had been so unfortunate as to borrow a sum from him four years before, and had, since that time, been paying him the usurious interest of twenty-four per cent.—a drain on his earnings which scarcely left the poor man in a condition to give dry bread to his children. A half-year's interest was now due; he was totally unable to raise the requisite sum, and his merciless creditor, rejecting all his entreaties for an extension of time, was about to consign his children to inevitable starvation, by throwing their only support into prison. Lenormand readily undertook the intercessor's office, and appealed to the usurer's compassion, but it is scarcely necessary to say that the appeal was vain. The sibyl grew warm: the violation of the sacredness of her roof incensed her, and she said some bitter things to the man of money: this incensed him in his turn, and he told her with a malicious grin, that if she had so much pity for the printer, she had but to pay the two thousand francs which he owed; he would then be her debtor, and she could show him as much indulgence as she pleased.

"Instead of replying to this taunt, she took the usurer's left hand, and studied its lines in silence. 'Arthur,' said she, after a few minutes, 'I have found help for you where you least expected it—in the hand of your oppressor. If you yet possess five francs of your own—not borrowed, but honestly earned money—go immediately and stake it on these three numbers, 37, 87, and 88, in the royal lottery. The *tirage* is to-day; to-morrow you are the possessor of 24,000 francs.

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You will be able to pay your creditor, and be a rich man still; the hand that has brought you to beggary shall raise you to fortune, or there are no stars in heaven.'

"But poor Arthur had not a *sou*, for it was but a few days since the usurer had swept his house by a distress: he had nothing either to pawn or to sell. The creditor coolly directed the bailiffs to remove him; then, finding himself alone with the sorceress, he addressed himself to the task of deprecating her resentment, assumed his blandest aspect, thanked her for the fortunate numbers she had so unexpectedly revealed to him, and avowed his intention to stake ten francs on them without delay. The same sum he counted out on the table of the divineress, as a free-will token of his gratitude. 'I have long wished,' said he, 'to learn from you what are my numbers: thank heaven, that an accident, which I must call providential, has this day led to the accomplishment of my wish.'

"'Do not suppose,' replied Lenormand, 'that you will escape the consequences of having offended me. Go; stake what sum you will on the numbers: I will take care that you shall win nothing by them.'

"The usurer did not believe, however, that it was in the power even of the redoubtable Pytho-ness to alter the course of fate; he hurried to the lottery office and recorded his venture.

"Lenormand had often murmured, that while she could point out to others the road to wealth, it was forbidden her to tread it herself. She could tell those who applied to her the numbers by which prizes would be obtained, but was herself obliged to refrain from staking anything on these numbers, because her doing so was certain to change good fortune into bad. She had read her own destinies as well as those of others, and knew that she was one of the few to whom prizes in the lottery were peremptorily denied. She now rejoiced at this; she resolved to stake the ten francs the miser had given her on *his* numbers, sure that when she made them *her* numbers, they would not be drawn. It happened as she anticipated; the numbers were *not* drawn, the usurer lost his ten francs, and the only drawback on the sibyl's gratification was, that his disappointment did not open the doors of the prison to poor Arthur."

Colonel Favier, we ought to mention, does not guarantee the truth of these stories, but merely gives them as having been current at Paris in 1831, and on the alleged authority of the witch herself. They, therefore, do not stand on the same footing, as to credit, with the communications of Malchus and the Countess N. N. One thing, however, the colonel states as a matter of notoriety, that Lenormand, eight days before the death of Louis the Eighteenth, gave the following as the five numbers destined to come out of the wheel at the next drawing, viz. the number of the

king's age, 68; the number of years he had reigned (reckoning from the death of his nephew), 36; the year of the entry of the allies into Paris, 14; the day the king had ascended the throne, 26; and the number affixed to his name in the list of the sovereigns of France, 18. All the numbers were drawn, and the lottery undertakers of the French metropolis will long remember the day of reckoning that followed.

We now take our leave of Mademoiselle Lenormand, to whom, witch or no witch, some admiration will always remain due, for having contrived to be believed in by a generation that neither believed in God and his angels, nor the devil and his imps. As to her art, we leave the reader to draw his own conclusions about it, whether mere chance, or some undiscovered properties of numbers, or a real understanding with the invisible world, have most to do with its results. If he decide for the first, we recommend to his consideration the following utterances of the inspired Novalis:—

"The fortuitous is not unfathomable; it, too, has a regularity of its own."

And again:—

"He that has a right sense for the fortuitous has the power to use all that is fortuitous for the determining of an unknown fortuitous: he can seek destiny with the same success in the position of the stars, as in sand-grains, in the flight of birds, and in figures."

With respect to the two other solutions, we subjoin some remarks of a writer in Kerner's "Magikon," who states it as something "not to be denied," that the powers of invisible beings often exercise a strange influence in games of chance, an influence which it would be difficult to resolve into the mere effects of "undiscovered properties of numbers:"—

"We should have many proofs (proceeds this writer) that the old demons of the heathen creed still carry on their game, under other masks, in Christendom (especially in southern countries), if we were to collect and comment upon the many instances which occur to every traveller. What diabolical mischief is wrought in connexion with the lottery! Even in Germany, how many heads do you find turned by dreams and presentiments in relation to this most ruinous species of gambling, and that not only among the common people, but often among those who have enjoyed the advantages of education! Cross the Alps, and the still fury becomes an open one; and the further you travel southwards, the more universally stark-

mad do the people appear. Dreams and presentiments go but a small way: the very beggar swims in an element of omens and suggestions of fortunate numbers, and there is no possible casualty that can befall him, but it betokens an *ambo*, a *terno*, a *quaterno*, and so on.* Even the execution of a criminal is explored for oracular meanings: how the blood gushes, how the body falls, how the poor sinner looks, moves, bears himself in the last moment—all is eagerly noted, and auguries are deduced from each particular, that infallibly indicate the winning numbers in the next *estrazione*. Here we have the whole trade of the *haruspices* of old: your Roman will not be robbed of his heathenism: he only mixes up with his faith in these oracles an occasional ejaculation directed to some favorite saint, like those prayers for rich *Inglesi*, or other children of the north, which form so large a part in the devotions of the innkeepers of the eternal city."

We conclude with a short anecdote corroborative of this author's views. In the latter part of the eighteenth century, a Roman Catholic priest, named Maas, of Paderborn, practised a kind of divination by means of numbers, which made some noise at the time. He had learned it from a Jew, whom he had charitably taken into his house in a dying state, and who, as a tribute of gratitude, communicated the mysterious art in question to his benevolent host, before he died. It was a method of obtaining answers, in any language, to inquiries respecting the future, or on other subjects unknown, by reckonings made according to certain rules: the practice of it was called "consulting the *cabala*." Many remarkable responses are recorded, which Maas obtained in this way, both on private and on public affairs; but the following circumstance is said to have, in the end, induced him to renounce the art. He once

* In illustration of the above we quote what follows from the book of the year, Father Prout's "Facts and Figures from Italy:"—

"There is a book which has a greater circulation in the Roman States than the New Testament, or Thomas à Kempis, called the 'Book of Dreams, or the Oracle of the Government Lottery.' Wheelbarrowfuls are sold at every fair, and it is often the only book in a whole village. The faith of credulous ignorance in this book is a most astounding fact; and no later than four days ago, at the drawing of the lottery, an instance of its infallibility was quoted in all the haunts of the people. A laborer fell from the scaffolding of the new hospital in the Corso, and was killed on the spot; his fellow-workman left the corpse in the street, and ran to consult his 'Book of Dreams.' *Paura, sangue, cascata* (fear, blood, fall), were the cabalistic words, whose corresponding numbers, set forth therein, he selected for his investment of fifteen bajocchi. On Saturday, his three numbers all came forth from the government urn, winning a prize of three hundred ollars."

put the question to the "cabala"—Who was its author? Contrary to what usually happened, no intelligible answer was returned: he repeated his calculations, and the result was a kind of admonition, not to make any inquiry on this subject; but, on his persisting, and a third time tempting the oracle with this too curious question, the answer was given—"Look behind you." At this our experimenter was

seized with a feeling of horror, he laid his face on the table, called his housekeeper, and when he raised his head again, there was nothing unusual to be seen.

We do not know whether Mademoiselle Lenormand is still living. She ought not to be dead, for she told Countess N. N., in 1812, that she was sure of completing her hundred-and-eighth year.

From Tait's Magazine.

THOMAS MACAULAY.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN.

[This critique upon one of the most brilliant and successful of modern essayists, is conceived in Mr Giffillan's happiest style, and will be perused with interest. For what reason the writer persists in excluding that portion of his Christian name by which he has been best known, we do not understand. The full name of the subject of the paper is, or has been, Thomas Babington Macaulay. — Ed.]

To attempt a new appraisalment of the intellectual character of Thomas Macaulay, we are impelled by various motives. Our former notice of him* was short, hurried, and imperfect. Since it was written, too, we have had an opportunity of seeing and hearing the man, which, as often happens in such cases, has given a more distinct and tangible shape to our views, as well as considerably modified them. Above all, the public attention has of late, owing to circumstances, been so strongly turned upon him, that we are tolerably sure of carrying it along with us in our present discussion.

The two most popular of British authors are, at present, Charles Dickens and Thomas Macaulay. The supremacy of the former is verily one of the signs of the times. He has no massive or profound intellect—no lore superior to a school-boy's—no vast or creative imagination—little philosophic insight, little power of serious writing, and little sympathy with either the subtler and profounder parts of man, or with the grander features of Nature; (witness his description of Niagara—he would have painted the next pump better!) And yet, through his simplicity and sincer-

* In a "Gallery of Portraits."

ity, his boundless *bonhomie*, his fantastic humor, his sympathy with every day life, and his absolute and unique dominion over every region of the odd, he has obtained a popularity which Shakspeare nor hardly Scott in their lifetime enjoyed. He is ruling over us like a Fairy King, or Prince Prettyman—strong men as well as weak yielding to the glamor of his tiny rod. Louis XIV. walked so erect, and was so perfect in the management of his person, that people mistook his very size, and it was not discovered till after his death that he was a little and not a large man. So many of the admirers of Dickens have been so dazzled by the elegance of his proportions, the fairy beauty of his features, the minute grace of his motions, and the small sweet smile which plays about his mouth, that they have imagined him to be a Scott, or even a Shakspeare. To do him justice, he himself has never fallen into such an egregious mistake. He has seldom, if ever, sought to alter, by one octave, the note Nature gave him, and which is not that of an eagle nor of a nightingale, nor of a lark, but of a happy, homely, glee-some "Cricket on the Hearth." Small almost as his own Tiny Tim, dressed in as dandified a style as his own Lord Frederick Verisoft, he is as full of the milk of human kindness as his own Brother Cheeryble; and we cannot but love the man who has first loved all human beings, who can own Newman Noggs as a brother, and can find something to respect in a Bob Sawyer, and something to pity in a Ralph Nickleby. Never was a monarch of popular literature less envied or more loved; and while rather

wondering at the length of his reign over such a capricious domain as that of Letters, and while fearlessly expressing our doubts as to his greatness or permanent dominion, we own that his sway has been that of gentleness—of a good, wide-minded, and kindly man; and take this opportunity of wishing long life and prosperity to “Bonnie Prince Charlie.”

In a different region, and on a higher and haughtier seat, is Thomas Macaulay exalted. In general literature, as Dickens in fiction, is he held to be *facile princeps*. He is, besides, esteemed a rhetorician of a high class—a statesman of no ordinary calibre—a lyrical poet of much mark and likelihood—a scholar ripe and good—and, mounted on this high pedestal, he “has purposed in his heart to take another step,” and to snatch from the hand of the Historic Muse one of her richest laurels. To one so gifted in the prodigality of Heaven, can we approach in any other attitude but that of prostration? or dare we hope for sympathy, while we proceed to make him the subject of free and fearless criticism?

Before proceeding to consider his separate claims upon public admiration, we will sum up, in a few sentences, our impressions of his general character. He is a gifted but not, in a high sense, a great man. He is a rhetorician without being an orator. He is endowed with great powers of perception and acquisition, but with no power of origination. He has deep sympathies with genius, without possessing genius of the highest order itself. He is strong and broad, but not subtle or profound. He is not more destitute of original genius than he is of high principle and purpose. He has all common faculties developed in a large measure, and cultivated to an intense degree. What he wants is the gift that cannot be given—the power that cannot be counterfeited—the wind that bloweth where it listeth—the vision, the joy, and the sorrow with which no stranger intermeddleth—the “light which never was on sea or shore—the consecration and the poet’s dream.”

To such gifts, indeed, he does not pretend, and never has pretended. To roll the raptures of poetry, without emulating its *speciosa miracula*—to write worthily of heroes, without aspiring to the heroic—to write history without enacting it—to furnish to the utmost degree his own mind, without leading the minds of others one point further than to the admiration of

himself, and of his idols, seems, after all, to have been the main object of his ambition, and has already been nearly satisfied. He has played the finite game of talent, and not the infinite game of genius. His goal has been the top of the mountain, and not the blue profound beyond; and on the point he has sought he may speedily be seen, relieved against the heights which he cannot reach—a marble fixture, exalted and motionless. Talent stretching itself out to attain the attitudes and exaltation of genius is a pitiable and painful position, but it is not that of Macaulay. With piercing sagacity he has, from the first, discerned his proper intellectual powers, and sought, with his whole heart, and soul, and mind, and strength, to cultivate them. “Macaulay the Lucky” he has been called; he ought rather to have been called Macaulay the Wise.

With a rare combination of the arts of age and the fire of youth, the sagacity of the worldling and the enthusiasm of the scholar, he has sought self-development as his principal, if not only end.

He is a gifted but not, in a high sense, a great man. He possesses all those ornaments, accomplishments, and even natural endowments, which the great man requires for the full emphasis and effect of his power (and which the *greatest* alone can entirely dispense with); but the power does not fill, possess, and shake the drapery. The lamps are lit in gorgeous effulgence; the shrine is modestly, yet magnificently, adorned; there is everything to tempt a god to descend; but the god descends not—or if he does, it is only Maia’s son, the Eloquent, and not Jupiter, the Thunderer. The distinction between the merely gifted and the great is, we think, this—the gifted adore greatness and the great; the great worship the infinite, the eternal, and the god-like. The gifted gaze at the moon like reflections of the Divine—the great, with open face, look at its naked sun, and each look is the principle and prophecy of an action.

He has profound sympathies with genius, without possessing genius of the highest order itself. Genius, indeed, is his intellectual god. It is (contrary to a common opinion) not genius that Thomas Carlyle worships. The word genius he seldom uses, in writing or in conversation, except in derision. We can conceive a savage cachinnation at the question, if he thought Cromwell or Danton a great genius. It is

energy in a certain state of powerful precipitation that he so much admires. With genius, as existing almost undiluted in the person of such men as Keats, he cannot away. It seems to him only a long swoon or St. Vitus' dance. It is otherwise with Macaulay. If we trace him throughout all his writings, we will find him watching for genius with as much care and fondness as a lover uses in following the footsteps of his mistress. This, like a golden ray, has conducted him across all the wastes and wildernesses of history. It has brightened to his eye each musty page and worm-eaten volume. Each morning has he risen exulting to renew the search; and he is never half so eloquent as when dwelling on the achievements of genius, as sincerely and rapturously as if he were reciting his own. His sympathies are as wide as they are seen. Genius, whether thundering with Chatham in the House of Lords, or mending kettles and dreaming dreams with Bunyan in Elstowe—whether reclining in the saloons of Holland House with De Stael and Byron, or driven from men as on a new Nebuchadnezzar whirlwind, in the person of poor wandering Shelley—whether in Coleridge,

“With soul as strong as a mountain river,
Pouring out praise to the Almighty giver;”

or in Voltaire shedding its withering smile across the universe, like the grin of death—whether singing in Milton's verse, or glittering upon Cromwell's sword—is the only magnet which can draw forth all the riches of his mind, and the presence of inspiration alone makes him inspired.

But this sympathy with genius does not amount to genius itself; it is too catholic and too prostrate. The man of the highest order of genius, after the enthusiasm of youth is spent, is rarely its worshipper, even as it exists in himself. He worships rather the object which genius contemplates, and the ideal at which it aims. He is rapt up to a higher region, and hears a mightier voice. Listening to the melodies of Nature, to the march of the eternal hours, to the severe music of continuous thought, to the rush of his own advancing soul, he cannot so complacently bend an ear to the minstrel-sies, however sweet, of men, however gifted. He passes, like the true painter, from the admiration of copies, which he may admire to error and extravagance, to that great original which, without blame, excites an infinite and endless devotion. He becomes

a personification of art, standing on tip-toe in contemplation of mightier Nature, and drawing from her features with trembling pencil and a joyful awe. Macaulay has not this direct and personal communication with the truth and the glory of things. He sees the universe not in its own rich and divine radiance, but in the reflected light which poets have shed upon it. There are in his writings no oracular deliverances, no pregnant hints, no bits of intense meaning—broken, but broken off from some supernatural circle of thought—no momentary splendors, like flashes of midnight lightning, revealing how much—no thoughts beckoning us away with silent finger, like ghosts, into dim and viewless regions—and he never even nears that divine darkness which ever edges the widest and loftiest excursions of imagination and of reason. His style and manner may be compared to crystal, but not to the “terrible crystal” of the prophets and apostles of literature. There is the sea of glass, but it is not mingled with fire, or at least the fire has not been heated seven times, nor has it descended from the seventh heaven.

Consequently he has no power of origination. We despise the charge of plagiarism, in its low and base sense, which has sometimes been advanced against him. He never commits conscious theft, though sometimes he gives all a father's welcome to thoughts to which he has not a father's claim. But the rose which he appropriates is seldom more than worthy of the breast which it is to adorn; thus, in borrowing from Hall the antithesis applied by the one to the men of the French Revolution and by the other to the restored Royalists in the time of Charles the Second, “dwarfish virtues and gigantic crimes,” he has taken what he might have lent, and, in its application, has changed it from a party calumny into a striking truth. The men of the Revolution were not men of dwarfish virtues and gigantic vices; both were stupendous when either were possessed: it was otherwise with the minions of Charles. When our hero lights his torch it is not at the chariot of the sun; he ascends seldom higher than Hazlitt or Hall—Coleridge, Schiller, and Goethe are untouched. But without re-arguing the question of originality, that quality is manifestly not his. It were as true that he originated Milton, Dryden, Bacon, or Byron, as that he originated the views which his articles develop of their lives or genius. A search after originality is never

successful. Novelty is even shyer than truth, for if you search after the true, you will often, if not always, find the new; but if you search after the new, you will, in all probability, find neither the new nor the true. In seeking for paradoxes, Macaulay sometimes stumbles on, but more frequently stumbles over truth. His essays are masterly treatises, written learnedly, carefully coned, and pronounced in a tone of perfect assurance; the Pythian pantings, the abrupt and stammering utterances of the seer are wanting.

In connexion with this defect, we find in him little metaphysical gift or tendency. There is no "speculation in his eye." If the mysterious regions of thought, which are at present attracting so many thinkers, have ever possessed any charm for him, that charm has long since passed away. If the "weight, the burden, and the mystery, of all this unintelligible world," have ever pressed him to anguish, that anguish seems now forgotten as a nightmare of his youth. The serpents which strangle other Laocöons; or else keep them battling all their life before high heaven, have long ago left, if indeed they had ever approached him. His joys and sorrows, sympathies and inquiries, are entirely of the "earth earthy," though it is an earth beautified by the smile of genius, and by the midnight Sun of the Past. It may appear presumptuous to criticise his creed, where not an article has been by himself indicated, except perhaps the poetical first principle that, "Beauty is truth and truth beauty;" but we see about him neither the firm grasp of one who holds a dogmatic certainty, nor the vast and vacant stretch of one who has failed after much effort to find the object, and who says, "I clasp—what is it that I clasp?" Towards the silent and twilight lands of thought, where reside, half in glimmer and half in gloom, the dread questions of the origin of evil, the destiny of man, our relation to the lower animals, and to the spirit world, he never seems to have been powerfully or for any length of time impelled. We might ask with much more propriety at him the question which a reviewer asked at Carlyle, "Can you tell us, quite in confidence, your private opinion as to the place where wicked people go?" And, besides, what think you of God? or of that most profound and awful Mystery of Godliness? Have you ever thought deeply on such subjects at all? Or if so, why does the language of a cold conventionalism, or of an unmeaning for-

vor, distinguish all your allusions to them? It was not, indeed, your business to write on such themes, but it requires no more a wizard to determine from your writings whether you have adequately *thought* on them, than to tell from a man's eye whether he is or is not looking at the sun.

We charge Macaulay, as well as Dickens, with a systematic shrinking from meeting in a manful style those dread topics and relations at which we have hinted, and this, whether it springs, as Humboldt says in his own case, from a want of subjective understanding, or whether it springs from a regard for, or fear of popular opinion, or whether it springs from moral indifference, argues, on the first supposition, a deep mental deficiency, on the second, a cowardice unworthy of their position, or on the third, a state of spirit which the age, in its professed teachers, will not much longer endure. An earnest period, bent on basing its future progress upon fixed principles, fairly and irrevocably set down, to solve the problem of its happiness and destiny, will not long refrain from bestowing the name of brilliant trifler on the man however gifted and favored, who so slenderly sympathizes with it, in this high though late and difficult calling.

It follows almost as a necessity from these remarks, that Macaulay exhibits no high purpose. Seldom so much energy and eloquence have been more entirely divorced from a great uniting and consecrating object; and in his forthcoming history we fear that this deficiency will be glaringly manifest. History without the presence of high purpose, is but a series of dissolving views—as brilliant it may be, but as disconnected, and not so impressive. It is this, on the contrary, that gives so profound an interest to the writings of Arnold, and invests his very fragments with a certain air of greatness; each sentence seems given in on oath. It is this which glorifies even D'Aubigné's Romance of the Reformation, for he *seeks* at least to show God in history, like a golden thread, pervading, uniting, explaining, and purifying it all. No such passion for truth as Arnold's, no such steady vision of those great outshining laws of justice, mercy, and retribution, which pervade all human story, as D'Aubigné's, and in a far higher degree as Carlyle's, do we expect realized in Macaulay. His history, in all likelihood, will be the splendid cenotaph of his party. It will be brilliant in parts, tedious as a whole—curiously and minutely learned

—written now with elaborate pomp, and now with elaborate negligence—heated by party spirit whenever the fires of enthusiasm begin to pale—it will abound in striking literary and personal sketches, and will easily rise to and above the level of the scenes it describes, just because few of those scenes, from the character of the period, are of the highest moral interest or grandeur. But a history forming a transcript, as if in the short-hand of a superior being, of the leading events of the age, solemn in spirit, subdued in tone, grave and testamentary in language, profound in insight, judicial in impartiality, and final as a Median law in effect, we might have perhaps expected from Mackintosh, but not from Macaulay.

“Broader and deeper,” says Emerson, “must we write our annals.” The true idea of history is only as yet dawning on the world; the old almanac form of history has been generally renounced, but much of the old almanac spirit remains. The avowed partisan still presumes to write his special pleading, and to call it a history. The romance writer still decorates his fancy-piece, and, for fear of mistake, writes under it, “This is a history.” The bald retailer of the dry bones of history is not yet entirely banished from our literature—nor is the hardy, but one-sided iconoclast, who has a quarrel with all established reputation, and would spring a mine against the sun if he could—nor is the sagacious philosophiste, who has access to the inner thoughts and motives of men who have been dead for centuries, and often imputes to deep deliberate purpose what was the result of momentary impulse, fresh and sudden as the breeze, who accurately sums up and ably reasons on all calculable principles, but omits the incalculable, such as inspiration and phrensy. We are waiting for the full avatar of the ideal historian, who to the intellectual qualities of clear sight, sagacity, picturesque power, and learning, shall add the far rarer qualities of a love for truth only equalled by a love for man—a belief in and sympathy with progress, thorough independence and impartiality, and an all-embracing charity—and after Macaulay’s History of England has seen the light, may still be found waiting.

The real purpose of a writer is perhaps best concluded from the effect he produces on the minds of his readers. And what is the boon which Macaulay’s writings do actually confer upon their millions of read-

ers? Much information, doubtless—many ingenious views are given and developed, but the main effect is pleasure—either a lulling, soothing opiate, or a rousing and stimulating gratification. But what is their mental or moral influence? What new and great truths do they throw like bomb-shells into nascent spirits, disturbing for ever their repose? What sense of the moral sublime have they ever infused into the imagination, or what thrilling and strange joy “beyond the name of pleasure” have they ever circulated through the heart? What long, deep trains of thought have his thoughts ever started, and to what melodies in other minds have his words struck the key-note? Some authors mentally “beget children—they travail in birth with children;” thus from Coleridge sprang Hazlitt, but who is Macaulay’s eldest born? Who dates any great era in his history from the reading of his works, or has received from him even the bright edge of any Apocalyptic revelation? Pleasure, we repeat, is the principal boon he has conferred on the age; and without under-estimating this (which, indeed, were ungrateful, for none have derived more pleasure from him than ourselves), we must say that it is comparatively a trivial gift—a fruiterer’s or a confectioner’s office—and, moreover, that the pleasure he gives, like that arising from the use of wine, or from the practice of novel-reading, requires to be imbibed in great moderation, and needs a robust constitution to bear it. Reading his papers is employment but too delicious—the mind is too seldom irritated and provoked—the higher faculties are too seldom appealed to—the sense of the infinite is never given—there is perpetual excitement, but it is that of a game of tennis-ball, and not the Titanic play of rocks and mountains—there is constant exercise, but it is rather the swing of an easy chair than the grasp and tug of a strong rower striving to keep time with one stronger than himself. Ought we ask a grave and solid reputation, as extensive as that of Shakspeare or Milton, to be entirely founded on what is essentially a course of light reading?

We do not venture on his merits as a politician or statesman. But, as a speaker, we humbly think he has been over-rated. He is not a sublime orator, who fulminates, and fiercely, and almost contemptuously, sways his audience; he is not a subtle declaimer, who winds around and within the sympathies of his hearers, till, like the damsel in the “Castle of Indolence,” they

weaken as they warm, and are at last sighingly but luxuriously lost. He is not a being piercing a lonely way for his own mind, through the thick of his audience—wondered at, looked after, but not followed—dwelling apart from them even while riveting them to his lips—still less is he an incarnation of moral dignity, whose slightest sentence is true to the inmost soul of honor, and whose plain, blunt speech is as much better than oratory, as oratory is better than rhetoric. He is the primed mouth-piece of an elaborate discharge, who presents, applies the linstock, and fires off. He speaks rather before than to his audience. We felt this strongly when hearing him at the opening of the New Philosophical Institution in Edinburgh; that appearance had on us the effect of disenchantment; our lofty ideal of Macaulay the orator—an ideal founded on the perusal of all sorts of fulsome panegyrics—sank like a dream. Macaulay the orator? Why had they not raved as well of Macaulay the beauty? He is, indeed, a master of rhetorical display; he aspires to be a philosopher; he is a brilliant *litterateur*; but, besides not speaking oratorically, he does not speak at all, if speaking means free communication with the souls and hearts of his hearers. If Demosthenes, Fox, and O'Connell were orators, he is none. It was not merely that we were disappointed with his personal appearance—that is sturdy and manlike, if not graceful—it is, besides, hereditary, and cannot be helped; but the speech was an elaborate and ungraceful accommodation to the presumed prejudices and tastes of the hearers—a piece of literary electioneering—and the manner, in its fluent monotony, showed a heart untouched amid all the palaver. Here is one, we thought, whose very tones prove that his success has been far too easy and exulting, and who has never known by experience the meaning of the grand old words, “perfect through suffering.” Here is one in public sight selling his birthright for a mess of pottage and worthless praise, and who may live bitterly to rue the senseless bargain, for that applause is as certainly insincere as that birthright is high. Here is one who, ingloriously sinking with compulsion and laborious flight, consciously confounds culture with mere knowledge—speaking as if a boarding-school Miss, who had read Ewing's Geography, were therein superior to Strabo. There, Thomas Macaulay, we thought thou art contradicting thy former

and better self, for we well remember thee speaking in an article with withering contempt of those who prefer to that “fine old geography of Strabo” the pompous inanities of Pinkerton. And dost thou deem thyself, all accomplished as thou art, nearer to the infinite mind than Pythagoras or Plato, because thou knowest more? And when he spoke again extempore, he sounded a still lower deep, and we began almost to fancy that there must be some natural deficiency in a mind so intensely cultivated, which could not shake as good, or better speeches, than even his first, “out of his sleeve.” But the other proceedings and harangues of that evening were not certainly fitted to eclipse his brightness, though they *were* calculated, in the opinion of many, to drive the truly eloquent to the woods, to find in the old trees a more congenial audience.

The House of Commons, we are told, hushes to hear him, but this may arise from other reasons than the mere power of his eloquence. He has a name, and there is far too much even in Parliament of that base parasitical element, which, while denying ordinary courtesy to the untried, has its knee delicately hinged to bend in supple homage to the acknowledged. He avoids, again, the utterance of all extreme opinions—never startles or offends—never shoots abroad forked flashes of truth; and besides, his speaking is, in its way, a very peculiar treat. Like his articles, it generally gives pleasure; and who can deny themselves an opportunity of being pleased, any more than a dish of strawberries and cream in summer time. Therefore, the House was silent—its perpetual undersong subsided—even Roebuck's bristles were wont to lower, and Joseph Hume's careful front to relax—when the right honorable member for Edinburgh was on his legs. But he is, in our idea, the orator who fronts the storm and crushes it into silence—who snatches the prejudice from three hundred frowning foreheads and binds it as a crown unto him—and who, not on some other and less difficult arena, but on that very field, wins the laurels which he is to wear. Those are the eloquent sentences which, though hardly heard above the tempest of opposition, yet are heard—and felt as well as heard—and obeyed as well as felt, which bespeak the surges at their loudest, and immediately there is a great calm.

We are compelled, therefore, as our last general remark on Macaulay, to call him

rather a large and broad, than a subtle, sincere, or profound spirit. A simple child of Nature, trembling before the air played by some invisible musician behind him, what picture could be more exactly his antithesis? But neither has he, in any high degree, either the gift of philosophic analysis, or the subtle idealizing power of the poet. Clear, direct, uncircumspective thought—vivid vision of the characters he describes—an eye to see, rather than an imagination to combine—strong, but subdued enthusiasm—learning of a wide range, and information still more wonderful in its minuteness and accuracy—a style limited and circumscribed by mannerism, but having all power and richness possible within its own range—full of force, though void of freedom—and a tone of conscious mastery, in his treatment of every subject, are some of the qualities which build him up—a strong and thoroughly furnished man, fit surely for more massive deeds than either a series of sparkling essays, or what shall probably be a one-sided history.

In passing from his general characteristics to his particular works, there is one circumstance in favor of the critic. While many authors are much, their writings are little known; but if ever any writings were published, it is Macaulay's. A glare of publicity, as wide almost as the sunshine of the globe, rests upon them; and it is always easier to speak to men of what they know perfectly, than of what they know in part. To this there is perhaps an exception in his contributions to "Knight's Quarterly Magazine." That periodical, some of our readers may be aware, was of limited circulation, and limited life. "It sparkled—was exhaled, and went to —;" yet Professor Wilson has been known to say, that its four or five volumes are equal in talent to any four or five in the compass of periodical literature. To this opinion we must respectfully demur—at least we found the reading of two or three of them rather a hard task, the sole relief being in the papers of Macaulay, and would be disposed to prefer an equal number of "Blackwood," "Tait," or the "Old London Magazine."

Macaulay's best contributions to this are a series of poems, entitled, "Lays of the Roundheads." These, though less known than his "Lays of the League," which also appeared in "Knight," are, we think, superior. They are fine anticipations of the "Lays of Ancient Rome." Like Scott,

vaulting between Claverhouse and Burley, and entering with equal gusto into the souls of both, Macaulay sings with equal spirit the song of the enthusiastic Cavalier and that of the stern Roundhead. He could have acted as poet-laureate to Hannibal as well as to the republic, and his "Lays of Carthage" would have been as sweet, as strong, and more pathetic than his "Lays of Rome." "How happy could he be with either, were t' other dear charmer away." Not thus could Carlyle pass from his "Life of Cromwell" to a panegyric on the "Man of Blood," whose eyes

"Could bear to look on torture, but durst not look on war."

But Macaulay is the artist, sympathizing more with the poetry than with the principles of the great puritanic contest.

His Roman Lays, though of a later date, fall naturally under the same category of consideration. These, when published, took the majority of the public by surprise, who were nearly as astonished at this late flowering of poetry, in the celebrated critic, as were the Edinburgh people, more recently, at the portentous tidings that Patrick Robertson, also, was among the poets. The initiated, however, acquainted with his previous effusions, hailed the phenomenon (not as in Patrick's case, with shouts of spurring laughter), but with bursts of applause, which the general voice more than confirmed. The day when the Lays appeared, though deep in autumn, seemed a belated dog-day, so frantic did their admirers become. Homer, Scott, Wordsworth, and Byron, were now to hide their diminished heads, for an old friend under a new face had arisen to eclipse them all. And, for martial spirit, we are free to confess the Lays have never been surpassed, save by Homer, Scott, and by Burns, whose one epithet "red wat shod," whose one description of the dying Scotch soldier in the "Earnest Cry," and whose one song, "Go fetch for me a pint of wine," are enough to stamp him among the foremost of martial poets. Macaulay's ballads sound in parts like the thongs of Bellona. Written, it is said, in the war office, the Genius of Battle might be figured bending over the author, sternly smiling on her *last* poet, and shedding from her wings a ruddy light upon his rapidly and furiously-filling page. But the poetry of war is not of the highest order. Seldom, except when the war is ennobled

by some great cause, as when Deborah uttered her unequalled thanksgiving, can the touch of the sword extract the richest life's blood of poetry. Selfish is the exultation over victory, selfish the wailing under defeat. The song of the sword must soon give place to the song of the bell; and the pastoral ditty pronounced over the reaping hook shall surpass all lyrical baptisms of the spear. As it is, the gulph between the Lays—amazingly spirited though they be—and intellectual, imaginative, or moral poetry, is nearly as wide as between Chevy Chase and Laodamia. Besides, the Lays are in a great measure centos; the images are no more original than the facts, and the poetic effect is produced through the singular rapidity, energy, and felicity of the narration, and the breathless rush of the verse, "which rings to boot and saddle." One of the finest touches, for example, is imitated from Scott.

"The kites know well the long stern swell
That bids the Romans close"—

Macaulay has it. In the *Lady of the Lake* it is:—

"The exulting eagle screamed afar,
She knew the voice of Alpine's war."

Indeed, no part of the Lays rises higher than the better passages of Scott. As a whole, they are more imitative and less rich in figure and language than his poetry; and we have been unable to discover any powers revealed in them which his prose works had not previously and amply disclosed. In fact, their excessive popularity arose in a great measure from the new attitude in which they presented their writer. Long accustomed to speak to the public, he suddenly volunteered to sing, and his song was harmonious, and between gratitude and surprise was vehemently encored. It was as if Helen Faucit were to commence to lecture, and should lecture well; or as though Douglas Jerrold were to announce a volume of sermons, and the sermons turn out to be excellent. This, after all, would only prove versatility of talent; it would not enlarge our conception of the real calibre of their powers. Nay, we hesitate not to assert, that certain passages of Macaulay's prose rise higher than the finest raptures of his poetry, and that the term Eloquence will measure the loftiest reaches of either.

This brings us to say a few words on his contributions to the "Edinburgh Review."

We confess, that had we been called on while new from reading those productions, our verdict on them would have been much more enthusiastic. Their immediate effect is absolutely intoxicating. Each reads like a new *Waverley* tale. "More—give us more—it is divine!" we cry, like the Cyclops when he tasted of the wine of Outis. As Pitt adjourned the court after Sheridan's Begum speech, so, in order to judge fairly, we are compelled to adjourn the criticism. Days even have to elapse ere the stern question begins slowly, through the golden mist, to lift up its head—"What have you gained? Have you only risen from a more refined 'Noctes Ambrosianæ'?" Have you only been conversing with an elegant artist? or has a prophet been detaining you in his terrible grasp? or has Apollo been touching your trembling ears?" As we answer, we almost blush, remembering our tame and sweet subjection; and yet the moment that the enchantment again assails us, it again is certain to prevail.

But what is the explanation of this power? Is it altogether magical, or does it admit of analysis? Macaulay's writings have one very peculiar and very popular quality. They are eminently clear. They can by no possibility, at any time, be nebulous. You can read them as you run. School-boys devour them with as much zest as bearded men. This clearness is, we think, connected with deficiency in his speculative and imaginative faculties? but it does not so appear to the majority of readers. Walking in an even and distinct pathway, not one stumbling stone or alley of gloom in its whole course, no Hill of Difficulty rising, nor Path of Danger diverging, greeted, too, by endless vistas of interest and beauty, all are but too glad, and too grateful, to get so trippingly along. Vanity, also, whispers to the more ambitious: What we can so easily understand we could easily equal; and thus are the readers kept on happy terms both with the author and themselves. His writings have all the stimulus of oracular decision, without one particle of oracular darkness. His papers, too, are thickly studded with facts. This itself, in an age like ours, is enough to recommend them, especially when these facts are so carefully selected—when told now with emphasis so striking, and now with negligence so graceful; and when suspended around a theory at once dazzling and slight—at once paradoxical and pleasing. The reader, beguiled, believes himself reading

something more agreeable than history, and more veracious than fiction. It is a very waltz of facts that he witnesses; and yet how consoling to reflect that they are facts after all! Again, Macaulay, as we have repeatedly hinted, is given to paradoxes. But then these paradoxes are so harmless, so respectable, so well-behaved—his originalities are so orthodox—and his mode of expressing them is at once so strong and so measured—that people feel both the tickling sensation of novelty and a perfect sense of safety, and are slow to admit that the author, instead of being a bold, is a timorous thinker, one of the literary as well as political *juste-milieu*. Again, his manner and style are thoroughly English. As his sympathies are, to a great degree, with English modes of thought and habits of action, so his language is a stream of English undefiled. All the territories which it has traversed have enriched, without coloring its waters. Even the most valuable of German refinements—such as that common one of subjective and objective—are sternly shied. That philosophic diction which has been from Germany so generally transplanted, is denied admittance into Macaulay's grounds, exciting a shrewd suspicion that he does not often require it for philosophical purposes. Scarcely a phrase or word is introduced which Swift would not have sanctioned. In anxiety to avoid a barbarous and Mosaic diction, he goes to the other extreme, and practises purism and elaborate simplicity. Perhaps under a weightier burden, like Charon's skiff, such a style might break down; but, as it is, it floats on, and carries the reader with it, in all safety, rapidity, and ease. Again, this writer has—apart from his clearness, his bridled paradox, and his English style—a power of interesting his readers, which we may call, for want of a more definite term, tact. This art he has taught himself gradually; for in his earlier articles, such as that on "Milton," and the "Present Administration," there were a prodigality and a recklessness—a prodigality of image, and a recklessness of statement—which argued an impulsive nature, not likely so soon to subside into a tactician. Long ago, however, has he *changé tout cela*. Now he can set his elaborate passages at proper distances from each other; he peppers his page more sparingly with the condiments of metaphor and image; he interposes anecdotes to break the blaze of his splendor; he consciously stands at

ease, nay, condescends to nod, the better to prepare his reader, and breathe himself for a grand gallop; and though he has not the art to conceal his art, yet he has the skill always to fix his reader—always to write, as he himself says of Horace Walpole, "what everybody will like to read." Still further, and finally, he has a quality different from and superior to all these—he has a genuine literary enthusiasm, which public life has not yet been able to chill. He is not an inspired child, but he is still an ardent schoolboy, and what many count and call his literary vice we count his literary salvation. It is this unfeigned love of letters and genius which (dexterously managed, indeed) is the animating and inspiring element of Macaulay's better criticisms, and the redeeming point in his worse. It is a love which many waters have been unable to destroy, and which shall burn till death. When he retires from public life, like Lord Grenville, he may say, "I return to Plato and the Iliad."

We must be permitted, ere we close, a few remarks on some of his leading papers. Milton was his "Reuben—his first-born—the beginning of his strength; and thought by many "the excellency of dignity, and the excellency of power." It was gorgeous as an eastern tale. He threw such a glare about Milton, that at times you could not see him. The article came clashing down on the floor of our literature like a gauntlet of defiance, and all wondered what young Titan could have launched it. Many inquired, "Starting at such a rate, whither is he likely to go?" Meanwhile the wiser, while admiring, quietly smiled, and whispered in reply, "At such a rate no man can or ought to advance." Meanwhile, too, a tribute to Milton from across the waters, less brilliant, but springing from a more complete and mellow sympathy with him, though at first overpowered, began steadily and slowly to gain the superior suffrage of the age, and from that pride of place has not yet receded. On the contrary, Macaulay's paper he himself now treats as the brilliant bastard of his mind. Of such *splendida vitia* he need not be ashamed. We linger as we remember the wild delight with which we first read his picture of the Puritans, ere it was hackneyed by quotation, and ere we thought it a rhetorical bravura. How burning his print of Dante! The best frontispiece to this paper on Milton would be the figure of Robert Hall, at the age of sixty, lying on his back, and

learning Italian, in order to verify Macaulay's description of the "Man that had been in Hell."

In what a different light does the review of Croker's Boswell exhibit our author? He sets out like Shenstone, by saying "I will, I will be witty;" and like him, the will and the power are equal. Macaulay's wit is always sarcasm—sarcasm embittered by indignation, and yet performing its minute dissections with judicial gravity. Here he catches his Radamanthus of the Shades, in the upper air of literature, and his vengeance is more ferocious than his wont. He first flays, then kills, then tramples, and then hangs his victim in chains. It is the onset of one whose time is short, and who expects reprisals in another region. Nor will his sarcastic vein, once awakened against Croker, sleep till it has scorched poor Boszy to ashes, and even singed the awful wig of Johnson. We cannot comprehend Macaulay's fury at Boswell, whom he crushes with a most disproportionate expenditure of power and anger. Nor can we coincide with his eloquent enforcement of the opinion, first propounded by Burke, then seconded by Mackintosh, and which seems to have become general, that Johnson is greater in Boswell's book than in his own works. To this we demur. Boswell's book gives us little idea of Johnson's eloquence, or power of grappling with higher subjects—"Rasselas" and the "Lives of the Poets" do. Boswell's book does justice to Johnson's wit, readiness, and fertility; but if we would see the full force of his fancy, the full energy of his invective, and his full sensibility to, and command over, the moral sublime, we must consult such papers in the "Idler" as that wonderful one on the Vultures, or in the "Rambler," as Anningait and Ajut, his London, and his Vanity of Human Wishes. Boswell, we venture to assert, has not saved one *great* sentence of his Idol—such as we may find profusely scattered in his own writings—nor has recorded fully any of those conversations, in which, pitted against Parr or Burke, he talked his best. If Macaulay merely means that Boswell, through what he has preserved, and through his own unceasing admiration, gives us a higher conception of Johnson's every day powers of mind than his writings supply, he is right; but in expressly claiming the immortality for the "careless table-talk," which he denies to the works, and forgetting that

the works discover higher faculties in special display, we deem him mistaken.

In attacking Johnson's style, Macaulay is, unconsciously, a suicide—not that his style is modelled upon Johnson's, or that he abounds in *sesquipedalia verba*—he has never needed large or new words, either to cloak up mere common-place, or to express absolute originality—but many of the faults he charges against Johnson belong to himself. Uniformity of march—want of flexibility and ease—consequent difficulty in adapting itself to common subjects—perpetual and artfully balanced antithesis, were, at any rate, once peculiarities of Macaulay's writing, as well as of Johnson's, nor are they yet entirely relinquished. After all, such faults are only the awkward steps of the elephant, which only the monkey can deride. Or we may compare them to the unwieldy, but sublime, movements of a giant telescope, which turns slowly and solemnly, as if in time and tune with the stately steps of majesty with which the great objects it contemplates are revolving.

The article on Byron, for light and sparkling brilliancy, is Macaulay's finest paper. Perhaps it is not sufficiently grave or profound for the subject. There are, we think, but two modes of properly writing about Byron—the one is the Monody, the other the Impeachment; this paper is neither. Mere criticism over such dread dust is impertinent; mere panegyric impossible. Either with condemnation melting down in irrepressible tears, or with tears drying up in strong censure, should we approach the memory of Byron, if, indeed, eternal silence were not better still.

Over one little paper we are apt to pause with a peculiar fondness—the paper on Bunyan. As no one has greater sympathy with the spirit of the Puritans without having any with their peculiar sentiments than Carlyle, so no one sympathizes more with the literature of that period, without much else in common (unless we except Southey), than Macaulay. The "Pilgrim's Progress" is to him, as to many, almost a craze. He cannot speak calmly about it. It continues to shine in the purple light of youth; and, amid all the paths he has traversed, he has never forgotten that immortal path which Bunyan's genius has so boldly mapped out, so variously peopled, and so richly adorned. How can it be forgotten, since it is at once the miniature of the entire world, and a type of the progress of every

earnest soul? The City of Destruction, the Slough of Despond, the Delectable Mountains, the Valley of the Shadow of Death, Beulah, and the Black River, are still extant, unchangeable realities, as long as man continues to be tried and to triumph. But it is less in this typical aspect than as an interesting tale that Macaulay seems to admire it. Were we to look at it in this light alone, we should vastly prefer "Turpin's Ride to York," or "Tam O'Shanter's Progress to Alloway Kirk." But as an unconscious mythic history of man's moral and spiritual advance, its immortality is secure, though its merits are as yet in this point little appreciated. Bunyan, indeed, knew not what he did; but then he spake inspired; his deep heart prompted him to say that to which all deep hearts in all ages should respond; and we may confidently predict that never shall that road be shut up or deserted. As soon stop the current or change the course of the black and bridgeless river.

We might have dwelt, partly in praise and partly in blame, on some of his other articles—might, for instance, have combated his slump and summary condemnation, in "Dryden," of Ossian's poems—poems which, striking, as they did, all Europe to the soul, must have had some merit, and which, laid for years to the burning heart of Napoleon, must have had some corresponding fire. That, said Coleridge, of Thomson's "Seasons," lying on the cottage window-sill, is true fame; but was there no true fame in the fact that Napoleon, as he bridged the Alps, and made at Lodi impossibility itself the slave of his genius, had these poems in his travelling carriage? Could the chosen companion of such a soul, in such moments, be altogether false and worthless? Ossian's Poems we regard as a ruder "Robbers"—a real though clouded voice of poetry, rising in a low age, prophesying and preparing the way for the miracles which followed; and we doubt if Macaulay himself has ever equalled some of the nobler flights of Macpherson. We may search his writings long ere we find anything so sublime, though we may find many passages equally ambitious, as the Address to the Sun.

He closes his collected articles with his Warren Hastings, as with a grand finale. This we read with the more interest, as we fancy it a chapter extracted from his forthcoming history. As such it justifies our criticism by anticipation. Its personal and liter-

ary sketches are unequalled, garnished as they are with select scandal, and surrounded with all the accompaniments of dramatic art. Hastings' trial is a picture to which that of Lord Erskine, highly wrought though it be, is vague and forced, and which, in its thick and crude magnificence, reminds you of the descriptions of Tacitus, or (singular connexion!) of the paintings of Hogarth. As in Hogarth, the variety of figures and circumstances is prodigious, and each and all bear upon the main object, to which they point like fingers; so from every face, figure, aspect, and attitude, in the crowded hall of Westminster, light rushes on the brow of Hastings, who seems a fallen god in the centre of the god-like radiance. Even Fox's "sword" becomes significant, and seems to thirst for the pro-consul's destruction. But Macaulay, though equal to descriptions of men in all difficult and even sublime postures, never describes scenery well. His landscapes are too artificial and elaborate. When, for example, he paints Paradise in Byron or Pandemonium in Dryden, it is all by parts and parcels, and you see him pausing and rubbing his brows between each lovely or each terrible item. The scene reluctantly comes or rather is pulled into view, in slow and painful series. It does not rush over his eye, and require to be detained in its giddy passage. Hence his picture of India in Hastings is an admirable picture of an Indian village, but not of India, the country. You have the "old oaks"—the graceful maiden with the pitcher on her head—the courier shaking his bunch of iron rings to scare away the hyenas—but where are the eternal bloom, the immemorial temples, the vast blood-spangled mists of superstition, idolatry, and caste, which brood over the sweltering land—the Scotlands of jungle, lighted up by the eyes of tigers as with infernal stars—the Ganges, the lazy deity of the land, creeping down reluctantly to the sea—the heat, encompassing the country like a sullen sleepy hell—the swift steps of tropical Death, heard amid the sulphury silence—the ancient monumental look, proclaiming that all things here continue as they were from the foundation of the world, or seen in the hazy distance as the girdle of the land—the highest peaks of earth soaring up toward the sun—Sirius, the throne of God? Macaulay too much separates the material from the moral aspects of the scene, instead of blending them together as exponents of the one great fact, India.

But we must stop. Ere closing, however, we are tempted to add, as preachers do, a solid inference or two from our previous remarks. First, we think we can indicate the field on which Mr. Macaulay is likely yet to gain his truest and permanent fame. It is in writing the *Literary History* of his country. Such a work is still a desideratum; and no living writer is so well qualified by his learning and peculiar gifts—by his powers and prejudices—by his strength and his weakness, to supply it. In this he is far more assured of success than in any political or philosophical history. With what confidence and delight would the public follow his guidance, from the times of Chaucer to those of Cowper, when our literature ceased to be entirely natural, and even a stage or two further! Of such a “progress” we proclaim him worthy to be the Great-heart! Secondly, we infer from a retrospect of his whole career, the evils of a too easy and a too early success. It is by an early Achillean baptism alone that men can secure Achillean invulnerability, or confirm Achillean strength. This was the redeeming point in Byron’s history. Though a lord, he had to undergo a stern training, which indurated and strengthened him to a pitch, which all the after bland-

ishments of society could not weaken. Society did not—in spite of our author—spoil him by its favor, though it infuriated him by its resentment. But he has been the favored and petted child of good fortune. There has been no “crook,” till of late, either in his political or literary “lot.” If he has not altogether inherited he has approached the verge of the curse, “Wo to you, when all men shall speak well of you.” No storms have unbarred his mind to its depths. It has been his uniformly to—

“Pursue the triumph and partake the gale.”

Better all this for his own peace than for his power, or for the permanent effect of his writings.

Let us congratulate him, finally, on his temporary defeat. A few more such victories as he had formerly gained, and he had been undone. A few more such defeats; and if he be, as we believe, essentially a man, he may yet, in the “strength of the lonely,” in the consciousness and terrible self-satisfaction of those who deem themselves injuriously assailed, perform such deeds of derring-do as shall abash his adversaries and astonish even himself.

From the British Quarterly Review.

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF HOBBS OF MALMESBURY.

The English Works of Thomas Hobbes, of Malmesbury. Now first Collected and Edited by SIR WILLIAM MOLESWORTH, Bart. 11 vols. Longman and Co.

Thomas Hobbes, Malmesburiensis, Opera Philosophica, quæ Latine scripsit omnia. In unum corpus nunc primum collecta, studio et labore GULIELMI MOLESWORTH. 5 tom. Apud Longman et Soc.

[An article of singular candor and ability, which does better justice to the fame of the celebrated philosopher than he has usually received at the hands of the critics. The subjects incidentally discussed with such vigor and erudition, as well as the facts it groups together, entitle the essay to the reader's attention.—Ed.]

Among the pleasures of an author, who has sufficient vanity to think that his works will live, and yet never become common, we have no doubt that the anticipation of a complete edition, printed in elegant type, and enriched with copious notes, is one that affords peculiar gratification. In past

days, when there were fewer readers, and the press was slower in its operations, a sort of foreknowledge of the advancement of society must have given great vividness to the dream of posthumous renown. Nevertheless, when the author is no more, and his visions are realized, there is, in some cases, good reason for the inquiry, why they were not allowed to remain a shadow? Why he has been reanimated and brought again under the notice of the public? Is he introduced to us afresh, merely on the score of individual taste, or is there a large sympathy ready to welcome him, owing to the

profound interest which he has inspired on the great questions of human existence? Is he a writer who was over-rated or ill-appreciated while living, and from whose fame posterity is, in the one case, to make the necessary deduction; in the other, to award him ample vindication? And further, among those who own his power and do homage to his genius, is the main bond which unites them to him, that full cordiality of head and heart which makes them one with his principles; or, amidst the confession of his intellectual pre-eminence, does he revolt the better feelings of his readers, and lead them to look upon his doctrines with considerable detestation? If he wrote on topics of permanent interest, did he, or did he not, take those broad views of mankind, which, rising above the changes of an age, are new in substance whenever quoted, and are applicable to all generations?

These are some of the questions which we have asked, while musing over the goodly volumes before us; and the most of them will necessarily receive an answer in the course of the present article.

With regard to the censures so freely thrown on Sir W. Molesworth, for becoming the editor of Hobbes, we may be allowed to express our regret that the tone of several of them is anything but Protestant; evincing little confidence in the best of causes, and much more fit for an assembly engaged in the formation of an Index Expurgatorius, than for men having comprehensive views of literature, liberty, and truth.

The motives which prompted the honorable baronet to engage in this work, are partly detailed in the dedication to George Grote, Esq., M. P. for the City of London.

"I am indebted," says he, "to you for my first acquaintance with the speculations of one of the greatest and most original thinkers in the English language. It gives me great satisfaction to gratify a wish you have frequently expressed, that some person, who had time and due reverence for that illustrious man, would undertake to edit his works, and bring his views again before his countrymen, who have so long and so unjustly neglected him."

We cannot suppose that either Mr. Grote or Sir W. Molesworth admires the political principles of the Leviathan, and we should be sorry to think that its moral principles were more to their taste.

We are, indeed, informed that both the

editor and his friend regard the publication of this edition not only as an act of justice to the memory of Hobbes, but also to his "Views;" which, having been culpably neglected by his countrymen, are now, under the patronage of two members of a British House of Commons, submitted to us for re-consideration. This is, we confess, somewhat ominous; but, at the same time, we are willing to ascribe it to a philosophical temper, and to their stern sense of literary equity. A wide range of reading in moral and political science befits the legislative function, and no "reverence" that is due to Hobbes, is likely to diminish any man's respect for the English constitution. And when we take into account the relation which the original publication of his works bore to the progress of speculative philosophy, and the clearness, energy, and systematic perfection with which his views were explained, instead of consigning the hoary sceptic to oblivion, or being satisfied for him to exist in fragments, we prefer that he should be viewed as a whole; and have, as far as his genius is concerned, a monument worthy of himself, erected in every sanctuary of learning throughout the civilized world.

We are by no means insensible to the danger which threatens minds of a peculiar cast, if they take part in this work; or, if they pay homage exclusively at the shrine of one author, whose assaults on all truth and piety they unhappily mistake for assaults on superstition, and, regarding the obloquy he has met with as a part of his fame, are prepared to bestow on him a philosophic deification. But this is an evil incident to the votaries of fiction and poetry, as well as to the worshippers of other divinities. It is impossible to prevent prejudice and one-sidedness in the formation of opinions; and if, while the temple of Truth is visible, and its spacious courts stand open, we find one and another turning aside to lies, no effectual remedy for this evil can be found in shutting up every sanctuary but the true. It would be genuine Hobbism to do so. It would be taking upon ourselves the precise office which it confers on Leviathan, though wherever possessed it must be useless, as false keys would easily be obtained to unlock the recesses of those impure gods, who, until public sentiment be cleansed, will ever find a Pantheon to receive them, and priests to burn incense on their altars.

Believing, therefore, that nothing is more

pernicious than the suppression of thought, we have not the least sympathy with those who would commit all sceptical works to the flames. It is an article of our faith, that truth and goodness are immortal; that they are the end of the universe, and that all evil and evil agents are their unconscious ministers.

We look at the latter, therefore, without alarm for the ultimate interests of man, and are prepared to register their history and deeds. These are all that remain to us of other scenes and other days that have for ever vanished from the theatre of time. In so doing, we have, in the present instance, no lack of information; and, availing ourselves of it, we shall lay before our readers some connected account of the life and works of the author of the *Leviathan*.

Malmesbury in Wiltshire—once the residence of hermits and scholars and celebrated for its castle and monastery, where Aldhelm wrote Latin verse, and William, the historian, was educated—became, April 5th, 1588, the birth-place of Thomas Hobbes. A report, then widely circulated, that the Spanish fleet had sailed from the Tagus, and was fast approaching our shores, threw his mother into such a state of alarm, that he was born out of due time—a circumstance that makes his long life—more than nine-tenths of a century—matter of admiration. His father was a clergyman of humble attainments, of whom he says very little, though there is reason to believe that he was no inattentive observer of the precocity of his child. Thomas began Greek when he was six years of age, and was shortly after sent to the grammar-school of his native town. Here he distinguished himself by his classical attainments; was the favorite pupil of his master; and, in these his school-boy days, gave evidence of his extraordinary progress, by translating the *Medea* of Euripides into Latin iambics. Being fortunate enough to have an uncle, a wealthy glover and alderman of Malmesbury, who was inclined to aid his prospects, by giving him a collegiate education, he entered Magdalen Hall, Oxford, at the early age of fourteen; and having passed through the usual course of philosophy, and taken his bachelor's degree, was, on the recommendation of the principal of his college, engaged by the Earl of Devonshire as private tutor to his son. He was then only in his twentieth year, and the young nobleman nearly as old. Thus, however, does ability command place. Hobbes appears

to have spared no pains to convert his employer into a patron. Equally distinguished by prudence, industry, and liveliness of humor, he was an illustration of both the advantages and the charms of knowledge. Instead of shrinking from manly exercises, he went hunting with his pupil, and showed him how to reconcile the pleasures of the study and the chase. Some men of considerable powers are intolerably dull, and some who are not so, allow the idea of office to quench their vivacity. The young student of Magdalen knew his vocation, and took good care to stir up the rare gift that was in him, of keeping—in the moderate degree that was requisite—the weighty matters of learning afloat upon the buoyant element of wit.

With such qualifications we need not wonder that he was equally acceptable to the earl and to his son. When the latter, therefore, went abroad to enlarge his acquaintance with the world, his tutor went with him as the companion of his travels. They visited France and Italy; and, though Hobbes was only twenty-three years of age, we are told that he returned from this continental tour with a store of solid wisdom for the future.

One can hardly imagine circumstances more favorable for the highest culture of the mind than those in which he was now placed. Retained in the Cavendish family, he celebrates the liberality with which his patron allowed him both leisure and books, for the purpose of amplifying his attainments. His classics had, in fact, fallen into neglect, and needed revision. The logic and philosophy that were then current, he threw aside, and devoted his attention to the poets and historians of Greece and Rome, not forgetting the annals of modern times. The fruits of these twelve or fifteen years of his life were subsequently given to the world.

When a mind is richly furnished with the materials of thought and discussion, there is no element more quickening than that in which other minds, of equal force and comprehension, lay under contribution the treasures that are thus in hand.

The intercourse of Hobbes with the men of his day, most distinguished for genius and speculation, began early, and ceased only with his life. We find him during this period, at Gorhambury, in the friendship of Lord Bacon, who was nearly thirty years older, taking part in his researches, and noted for the ease with which he seized and

registered those profound responses which nature gave to the queries of her sage. According to his own statement, which Aubrey reports, he translated two or three of his lordship's essays into Latin.

With Lord Herbert and Ben Jonson he was also on terms of intimacy, and entertained so much respect for the judgment of the poet, that he submitted to him the translation of Thucydides prior to its publication.

This introduces us, properly speaking, to the literary history of our author.

On the 3d March, 1625, the Earl of Devonshire died, and his son, the pupil of Hobbes, who then came to the earldom, enjoyed it only till June, 1628. This event affected him deeply, and, in recording it, he dwells upon the friendship and generosity of the earl, with feelings of sincere gratitude.

Twenty years had then run their course since he first entered the Cavendish family, and, during this time, in addition to a Latin poem on the Wonders of the Peak—*Mirabilia Pecci*—he had made his version of the noble Greek historian, to which we have referred. It was intended to scare Englishmen from working out their freedom.

Dean Smith, who is said to have been "replete with knowledge, and himself a living library," in his translation of the same author, questions whether Hobbes had a political end in view. The latter, however, states distinctly, that this was the case, and instead of the notion originating with Bayle, it was his own declaration. Bancroft and the Puritans, in James's time, were surely wide enough asunder to characterize a political system, and thinking that the stream of popular sentiment might run in the wrong channel, he sent forth Thucydides "in order to lay open to his fellow-countrymen the follies of the Athenian democracy;" and, as he says elsewhere, to warn them against giving heed to demagogues—that is, in fact, to the advocates of freedom. With him, every Pym was a Cleon,—a firebrand of sedition.

Indeed, the perusal of this celebrated historian gave Hobbes a disgust to popular forms of government, though there were unquestionably other reasons for his monarchical principles.* This translation, therefore, was his first political manifesto—a medium of inferences and suggestions—

* *Is democratia ostendit mihi quam sit inepta Et quantum catu plus sapit unus homo.*

VITA HOBBSII.

having an important bearing on the interests of society. The general sense is given with great care, in a style which, though cramped, is marked by vigorous simplicity; and, notwithstanding occasional omissions and coarseness, the version still retains its value. In the present edition, notes are added from Dr. Arnold and Bishop Thirlwall.

In order to remove the melancholy which the death of his patron had occasioned, Hobbes accepted an invitation from Sir Gervase Clifton, to accompany his son to the continent. He remained at Paris about eighteen months, and in 1631 was sent for by the Countess of Devonshire—a woman whose talents and character were alike admirable—to undertake the education of the young earl, who was then only about thirteen years of age. A more decided proof of her confidence she could not well give, nor pay a higher tribute to the faithful services which our author had rendered to her lord. Hobbes was his tutor for the space of seven years. He had, it seems, ready powers of acquisition, and repaid the care bestowed on him by his attainments in every department of learning. Nearly half of the above time was spent in France and Italy; and it was altogether an important period as to the influences which gave a final and positive form to the various philosophical and theological doctrines which subsequently became the theme of so much speculation.

There had, however, been some preparation for the present drift of his meditations. More than forty years of his life had elapsed ere he gave any thorough attention to mathematics. Had he done so at an early age, we can scarcely doubt of his signal success. As it was, mere chance threw Euclid in his way. Struck with the forty-seventh proposition of the first book, he no sooner read the enunciation, than he pronounced it impossible. He, however, went through it, and, for once in his life, revoked his decision. Eventually, his mathematical controversies became the bitterest and most disreputable portion of his history. Such is the nature of the angry passions, that everything they touch becomes heated, and, in their progress, we see even lines and curves catch fire. The whole matter is one of ludicrous contrast to those who know the frequency with which, in his attacks on the *Dogmatici*—the theologians and moralists—he lauds mathematics as admitting of no dispute. Delighted, therefore, with the

clearness and logical dependence of geometrical reasoning, he thought that, by adopting its method, he could settle some vexed questions in other departments, that lie wide of the field of demonstration.

The *standing-point* at which he had now arrived, has ever acted like a powerful magnet on a certain class of minds, and left them no escape. In 1634, when he was staying at Paris, and studying natural philosophy, he appears to have accepted as a fundamental truth that *motion* produces all the phenomena of the universe.* There was nothing new in this, considered in itself. He had known it long, we may suppose, as a philosophy of elder date than Epicurus. The *adoption* of it, however, is a leading fact in the history and development of a mind that intended, in due time, to discourse on human nature, and to teach men their being and their end. Preliminary to this great work, the future hierophant of philosophy, and the expounder of her holiest secrets, has the generalization, which grasps all the particular facts of existence, already in his hands. A man with no creed is not half so dangerous or beneficial as a man with one. In the affirmation of a principle is the venom or the virtue. Should the man whose chief article of faith is, that the affections of all bodies, and the sensations and thoughts of all animated beings are only atomic mutations, write for his fellow-men, we know beforehand what he will say, and where he will end. The connecting links and illustrations, his more limited or ample range of thought, we shall have to learn, but the high road he will take all thinking men have travelled by anticipation. Such, in fact, was pretty nearly the dogmatic position of Hobbes in the manhood of his powers. His most intimate friend at this time was Father Mersenne, who daily shared in his thoughts, and seems to have regarded him with sincere admiration. The mind of Gassendi, however, was more fitted to influence Hobbes, and there was a strong bond of sympathy between them in the materializing character of their speculations. The philosophy of both, indeed, ran down a similarly inclined plane.

In the year 1637, Hobbes returned with his pupil to this country. We may suppose him to have paid serious attention to the conflicting principles which were at work both in this and the preceding reign,

* *Quæsitivum imprimis, qualis motus is esse posset qui efficit sessionem, intellectum, &c.*—VITA.

and to have well weighed the events which arose out of them. Ten years before this, the decision in the Court of King's Bench, in the case of Darnel, Corbet, and several others, who had resisted an arbitrary taxation, had, as Hallam observes, rendered every statute from the time of Magna Charta, made to guard the liberties of the subject, a dead letter. A writ of *habeas corpus* was useless. Any man might be detained in prison by the King's command on the presumption that there was a sufficient reason for it, though none was specified. This was corrected by the Petition of Rights in 1628, which provided that no freeman should be deprived of liberty "without cause shown, to which he might make answer according to law." Of all this Hobbes was fully aware. Examples were multiplying fast, demonstrating the necessity of such safeguards of personal freedom; and in the very year of his return, which we have named above, not John Hampden's, but the nation's cause was trembling in the balance. Should we here find a writer on the duties of a citizen diverting his readers from the point at issue by ridiculing the amount for which the patriot stood out—should he make the Great Charter merely a protection against fraudulent warrants and the unauthorized use of the King's name, we shall justly deem him a partisan, not a philosopher—a perverter of facts, not the honest servant of truth. This the author before us did in his old age, and there can be little doubt that he had in early days decided as to the light in which to place all transactions of this nature.*

The affairs of this country were already in a deplorable condition, and were every hour growing worse. The storm was sleeping in the clouds. Fitful starts and gleams, seen now and then, made spectres in men's minds, while some were waiting timidly, and others boldly, till it should burst, and Heaven and earth both rock with the commotion. They did not wait long. Events in Scotland, as well as here, made every man who had a spark of patriotism left feel that the question must now be settled, whether the Divine right of kings placed at their disposal the life, liberty, and wealth

* One of their members that had been taxed but 20s. (mark the oppression—a parliament man of 500*l.* a year taxed at 90*l.*) &c.

"That statute (Magna Charta) was made . . . for securing of every man from such as abused the king's power, by *surreptitious* obtaining the king's warrant," &c.—*Dehemoth*, Part I.

of all their subjects or not; in short, whether the nation existed for them, or they existed for the nation?

Contemplating, therefore, the struggle then going on between the monarch and his subjects—having the entire roll of events open before him—we might expect that a writer whose principles were to be applicable to these, and all similar disasters, would take care to lay a sure foundation.

Professing to do this, Hobbes now appeared to expound the grounds, evils, and sovereign remedy of civil dissension. The strictly scientific character which he wished to claim for his writings we learn from his own words:—

“To examine cases thereby between sovereign and sovereign, or between sovereign and subject, I leave to them that shall find leisure and encouragement thereto. For my part, I present this to your lordship for the *true and only foundation of such science.*”—*Human Nature, Dedication*, 1640.

He had, it is said, circulated in manuscript the substance of his views, the perusal of which occasioned no small sensation in some private circles. It was, however, at that moment, but as the ripple to the billow. Blacker became the horizon—so black as to fix the eyes of all men upon the tempest that was just awaking from its uneasy slumbers. The 3d of November, 1640, had dawned on Britain. To Englishmen, it will never again be like other days, and, until history shall cease to be read and studied, the chapter that opens there shall teach important lessons to mankind.

The early proceedings of the Long Parliament, led Hobbes to conclude that England was soon likely to be involved in a civil war. He therefore retired to Paris, to study Philosophy with Mersenne, Gassendi, and other distinguished cultivators of physical science. He occupied himself, however, chiefly with the treatise *De Cive*, some copies of which were in the hands of his friends in 1642. A new edition of it was printed four or five years after at Amsterdam, with various notes in explanation and support of his opinions.* It is divided into three parts, and consists of four chapters on liberty, ten on the supreme power in the

State, and four more on religion. Both the first and the last he immolates on the altars of despotism. And still he stood by them to repeat the sacrifice. Thus intent on this service, he employed his time, while in France, in giving systematic unity to his plan. The hopelessness of the royal cause in England did not diminish his zeal. On the contrary, the death of the King and the triumph of the Parliament seem to have quickened it: and so much so, that, upon his own supposed principles, as we shall speedily see, he exposed his loyalty to suspicion.

As no man was ever more tenacious of his opinions, so no man ever trusted more to their reiteration. His main doctrines reappear again and again, in every part of his writings. Before ten years, therefore, had passed away, namely, in 1650, he published his treatise on Human nature, and another in English, with a Latin title, “*De Corpore Politico* ;” while, in 1651, the substance of all the works we have named, with sundry omissions and amplifications, came forth in a new shape under the title of “*Leviathan* ; or, the Matter, Forme, and Power of a Commonwealth Ecclesiasticall and Civil.”

Some writers appear to have mistaken the meaning of this portentous name. “*Il designe,*” says Bayle from Blackbourne,* “*le corps politique sous le nom de cette bête.*” Dugald Stewart (*Prelim. Diss.*) repeats this notion:—“Under this appellation he means the *body politic* ; insinuating that man is an untamable beast of prey, and that government is the strong chain by which he is kept from mischief.” A fatal objection to this representation is, that Hobbes does not chain his monster at all, but confers upon him a power second only to Omnipotence. He is the *representative* of a whole people ; and if a *beast of prey*, instinct with such collective ferocity, that by no logical consistency could he have been erected into a Savior from the horrors of a state of nature. The latter part of the title misled them, which, throughout his writings, is nothing but a synonyme for sovereign authority. His own explanation is decisive.

“By *art* is created that great LEVIATHAN called a COMMONWEALTH or STATE, which is but an artificiall man ; though of greater stature and strength than the naturall, for whose protection and defence it was intended,” &c.—*Leviathan, Introduction*.

* Per stupendum illud animal designatur Corpus Politicum.—*Vile Auctorum*.

* *Michelet* does not always register the births of time accurately. The following is a curious example:—“*Spinoza*, as early as 1670, had declared the immobility of God, &c. And in 1676, Hobbes gave his theory of political fatalism.”—*Priests, &c.*, 3rd ed. chap. vii. Eng. trans. Hobbes was forty-four years of age when Baruch was born!

Again:—

"Hitherto I have set forth the nature of man—whose pride and other passions have compelled him to submit himself to government—together with the great power of his governour, *whom* I compared to Leviathan, taking that comparison out of the two last verses of the one-and-fortieth of Job; where God having set forth the great power of *Leviathan*, calleth him King of the Proud. *There is nothing, saith he, on earth to be compared with him. He is made so as not to be afraid. He seeth every high thing below him; and is king of all the children of pride.*"—*Leviathan*, Pt. II., ch. xxviii.

And, once more,—

"This is the generation of that great Leviathan, or rather (to speak more reverently) of that *mortal God*, to which we owe under the *Immortal God* our peace and defence."—Pt. II., ch. xvii.

Leviathan, in short, is the impersonation of absolute power.

When this work was completed, the Prince of Wales, afterwards Charles II., was at Paris, and a copy of it, written on vellum, in a beautiful hand, was presented to the prince. On the first leaf of the manuscript was that curious frontispiece, exquisitely drawn, which faces the Leviathan in this as in the earliest edition. We well remember our first gaze at that singular representation, when its meaning was a mystery. Philosophy was then a spell, and our novice wonder. What a celebrated author would say on any metaphysical question, whether innate ideas or substantial forms, was rather an exciting affair—verging often on palpitation of the heart—

"The glory and the freshness of a dream."

By degrees, under the guidance of the great mystagogue himself, the enigmatical became plain. Rising, as it were, out of the centre of the earth, Leviathan, in human form, appears towering above the hills. A crown is upon his head, a sword in his right hand, a crozier in his left. His person looks as if wrapped in a coat of mail; but, on nearer inspection, you find that it is covered with figures of human beings, who, in their multitudinous aggregation, compose the body of this wonder of the world—the artificial man. Beneath him is a city, in which a church is the most prominent object. His right hand represents the civil power, having supreme sway over castles, coronets, ordnance, arms, banners, and the strife of war; his left, power ecclesiastical—an epis-

copal autocracy—having at command mitres, colleges, thunderbolts of excommunication, and the logic of the schools—the latter demonstrating, syllogistically, that the temporal and spiritual functions must be united in one sovereign head, or else that the commonwealth must be tossed on the horns of a dilemma, and, by the one or the other, gored to a miserable death.

Such significance is there in that pictured page. Hobbes had been engaged, in 1647, to instruct the prince in mathematics, and was in considerable favor. He was, however, disliked by the theologians who were sharing in exile the fortunes of their master; and, on the publication of the *Leviathan*, so effectual were their complaints, that the author was forbidden the royal presence. The charges brought against it were two-fold,—the one, its impiety; the other, its manifest tendency to pave Cromwell's way to any thing he pleased—a Protectorate or a Crown. The latter was the only reason likely to affect Charles; but what he did was, in fact, merely a concession to the clamors of the clergy. We believe the loyalty of Hobbes was unimpeachable, however easy it might be to put an ugly construction on his words. Clarendon, it is true, tells a queer tale. He says, that he himself asked Hobbes, "Why he would publish such doctrine?" and that the latter, "after a discourse between jest and earnest," said, "*The truth is, I have a mind to go home.*"—View, p. 8. We have no doubt that the whole was a piece of harmless mystification. It was time, however, for him to seek an asylum. An attempt was made to seize him by the satellites of Rome. Fortunately he escaped to England, and spent 1652 in London, amidst the society of Harvey, Selden, Cowley, Vaughan, and Scarborough—society a prince might envy, though few princes could so well enjoy. Faithful to his old tutor and friend, the Earl of Devonshire received him into his family the following year, and under such auspices his studies flourished. In this retreat we shall leave the youthful old man for a time, and turn our attention to those writings which have made his name ever memorable. That we still think of them, and that posterity is likely to do so, shows to what depth, and with what vigor and manifold tenacity, the roots of his existence struck into the foundations of society.

Whoever treats politics as a science, must solve problems as different from those of

mechanics as man differs from matter. He has to deal with the soul of the world—the real *anima mundi* of thought and passion—that sets in motion the mass of living men. His first work, therefore, is to take a sound and comprehensive view of human nature. He may invert this order, and first shape his government; but, in so doing, he violates method, and is necessarily driven to make facts square with his system. Whether Hobbes was really chargeable with this inversion in his mental development we do not know. From his comprehensiveness and logical consistency, we should think otherwise. He was too attentive to the sequence of propositions to overlook his minor premise. In his *Computatio* he tells us, that this usually comes before the major. It does so here.* He saw what his plan required, and knew the materials of the edifice he was about to raise. And though the *centre* of the structure—the political portion of his scheme—was first visible, the real entrance to it was through winding passages already built and covered in, and in which he himself was not likely to be lost. It is true, that his book, *De Cive*, was published before the treatise on *Human Nature*, but the latter work was an earlier composition. It is dedicated to a branch of the illustrious house of Cavendish—the Earl of Newcastle—who was governor to the Prince of Wales, and by him, after the restoration, raised to a dukedom. The date of the dedication is May 9th, 1640. In it, however, the author says, “The principles * * are those which heretofore I have acquainted your lordship withal in private discourse, and which by your command I have here put into a method.”

And thus the work begins. “The true and perspicuous explication of the elements of laws natural and politic (which is my present scope) *dependeth* upon the knowledge of what is human nature, what is body politic, and what it is we call a law,” &c. We see, therefore, that the first question which Hobbes discusses is, *What sort of a being is man?* The answer to this inquiry we are to gather from his writings. Before, however, giving this, there is one other point worthy of consideration—How and whence did he acquire his thoughts? What was his method of investigation? Des Cartes had, several years before the

time we speak of, told men to look within, and to scrutinize *ideas* in their own souls. In 1641, he published his *Meditations*, and Hobbes supplied the third set of objections to that celebrated work. In these he persisted in restricting the term *idea* to the objects of sense—“aux images des choses matérielles dépeintes en la fantaisie corporelle,”—as Des Cartes complains, whereas the latter included likewise the *modes of thinking* that are born with us. If, however, we drop for the present this notable word—the abuse of which, now-a-days, Plato execrates from the spheres—and inquire whither Hobbes directed his thoughts, in order to understand human nature, we shall find that, in one sense, he and the French philosopher drew from the same fountain. There is a sentence in the opening of his *Elementa Philosophiæ*, published in 1655, which, standing by itself, would be quite to the heart of a Transcendentalist, though by no means consistent with other passages of his writings.

“Every man brought philosophy, that is, natural reason, into the world with him.” One would suppose this to imply a set of fixed laws, and that no quarrel with a word, to which he had attached an arbitrary sense, would allow him to suffocate a favorite child, at whose birth “the morning stars” might have made music. How far he did so will appear in the sequel. Meanwhile we make another quotation, which will show not only that Hobbes knew where to find philosophy, but that he also well understood his object.

“There is a saying much usurped of late, that *wisdom* is acquired not by reading of books but men. . . . But there is another saying not of late understood, by which they might learn truly to read one another if they would take the pains; and that is, *Nosce teipsum, Read thyself*; which was meant . . . to teach us that for the similitude of the thoughts and passions of one man to the thoughts and passions of another, whoever looketh into himself, and considereth what he doth when he does *think, opine, reason, hope, feare, &c.*, and upon what grounds; he shall thereby read and know what are the thoughts and passions of all other men upon the like occasions. I say the similitude of *passions* which are the same in all men—*desire, feare, &c.*, not the similitude of the *objects* of the passions, which are things *desired, feared, &c.*: for these the constitution individuall, and particular education do so vary, and they are so easy to be kept from our knowledge, that the characters of man's heart, blotted and confounded as they are, with dissembling, lying, counterfeiting, and erroneous doctrines, are legible only to him that searcheth hearts. And though by men's

* *E.g.* Man is a selfish and ferocious animal: now—all creatures of such propensities require to be put under absolute power; ergo, &c.

actions we discover their design sometimes; yet to do it without comparing them with our own, and distinguishing all circumstances, by which the case may come to be altered, is to decypher without a key, and be for the most part deceived, by too much trust or by too much diffidence; as he that reads, is himself a good or evil man.

"But let one man read another by his actions never so perfectly, it serves him only with his acquaintance, which are but few. He that is to govern a whole nation must read in himself not this or that particular man, but mankind; which though it be hard to do, harder than to learn any language or science; yet when I shall have set down my own reading orderly, and perspicuously, the pains left another will be only to consider, if he also find not the same in himself. For this kind of doctrine admitteth no other demonstration."—*Leviathan, Introduction.*

The whole passage is an admirable text for the expositor of human nature. Hobbes, therefore, is going to find out principles, to make an *analysis* of the faculties and passions of mankind, in order that hereafter, by a synthetical process, he may build up a political edifice, under the shadow of which men shall dwell in peace. At present, with introverted eyes, we are to engage in the work of self-inspection.

"Man's nature is the sum of his natural faculties and powers, as the faculties of nutrition, motion, . . . sense, reason, &c., and are contained in the definition of man, under these words, animal and rational. Of the powers of the mind there be two sorts, *cognitive* . . . and *motive*."—*Human Nature*, c. 1.

This division he intends to embrace the energies of thought and action,—the faculties by which we receive knowledge, and the appetites which stimulate to exertion. Making ourselves, therefore, the object of thought, we discover that we have notions, *alias* cognitions, of animals, trees, minerals, stars, &c. Now how were these notions acquired? Omitting, just now, the answer of Hobbes, we give what a better philosophy has taught us. We are indebted for them to perception,—and perception is the immediate knowledge of external objects. The books, the inkstand, the pens, the paper, the shed, the garden, the tulips that are before me, I see, which is only another name for an act of consciousness that is as certain as my own being, and co-exists in one and the same absolute conviction. A percipient—man—supposed, *light* is merely the condition of their visibility.

The reader who is in love with antiquity will complain that we are fallen on the dog-

days of philosophy, and are making the world look dry. The ancient doctrine on this subject had in it the elements of poetry. Greek mythology did not people nature more richly than Greek metaphysics peopled the mind. Its tenants were ethereal forms, that travelled on sunbeams and depicted themselves in the soul, as the heavens and flowery fields are seen in the bosom of an ample lake. The comprehensible is not always the most poetical; and, therefore, for our own private behoof, we are content to ignore criticism, when we are told, that at a Christmas dinner in a peripatetic hall, during the middle ages, sensible species, of a sylph-like slenderness, to which Mr. Dickens' shapes are gross, floating through the visual and other portals, would have found their way into the mind by the gentlest motion; and there, ere we sat down actually to discuss what was before us, have given a preliminary feast to the imagination. We confess, in this view, to a sort of regret in losing them. Alas, the poetry of the Stagirite and the dance of philosophical fairies are no more! In the extinction of these Hobbes took an active part. They, however, had their revenge; for in casting them off as absurd, he only supplanted one absurdity by another.

"To know," says he, "the natural cause of sense is not very necessary to the business now in hand. Nevertheless, to fill each part of my present method, I will briefly deliver the same in this place. The cause of sense is the external body or object, which presseth the organ proper to each sense either immediately or mediately; which pressure, by the mediation of nerves and other strings and membranes of the body, continued inwards to the brain, is that which men call sense, and consisteth, as to the eye, in a light, or color figured; to the ear in a sound, &c.; all which qualities, called sensible, are, in the object that causeth them, but so many several motions of the matter by which it presseth our organs diversely. Neither in us that are pressed, are they anything else but divers motions, for motion produceth nothing but motion."—*Leviathan*, Pt. I., ch. i.

As our sensations originate in this mechanical way, so our ideas are solely the imagery and representations of the qualities of external objects—"an apparition unto us of the motion, agitation, or alteration which the object worketh in the brain or spirit, or some internal substance of the head."—*Human Nature*, Ch. ii.

We need not say that all this is gratuitous assumption. No one can tell how

thought is produced. The old maxim—nothing can act where it is not—is here put into a new shape. Hobbes was, however, already too closely imbedded in materialism, to throw on this subject the light of sound speculation. He was hunting after the *physical* causes of ideas, presuming that all causes were of this description. All the aliment of the mind, in his view, was taken up from external nature by a set of intellectual absorbents, whose mysterious laws, however, were not to come into notice from first to last; and all the phenomena of the intellect he would reduce to a single *force*, identifying in kind the thinking and the digestive process, and rendering it possible, with a transparent automaton, to show “the cause of the coherence of one conception to another” with quite as much ease as the peristaltic motion.

We have therefore, according to this theory, nothing but *fancy*, the *image* and *apparition* in the brain,—“imagination being conception remaining, and by little and little decaying from and after the act of sense;” and we have nothing more. What becomes then of the certainty of knowledge? What right have we to go beyond the sphere of our own sensations and their feeble representatives? *We have no right whatever.* From this point, therefore, first, Berkeley annihilated a material world, and next, Hume annihilated the Deity who had been reverently left by the Bishop to regulate the phantasmagoria of existence,—the grand spectral illusion of the universe. And in our opinion, when doubt had gone so far, the latter was of the two the more consequent.

Contemporaneous, therefore, with the decrease of sensible and intelligible species was the rise—that is, in vigorous germination—of the doctrine, *We know only our own sensations*, leaving us no outlet into objective nature. Man was shut up to his thoughts, and if he created a *philosophy* of the mind, it could never pass into outward being, and affirm the existence of either the world or God. While the *belief* of mankind, both as to the one and the other, might remain untouched, which is not the present inquiry—the strict logical consequences of the above position keep us *within* ourselves; make even causality a notion; and leave us, if our logic be more potent than our conscience, nothing whatever that *transcends* mental experience. Everything in this case becomes purely subjective, and all man can do as to psychology, is to

grope about and classify the objects in his cave.

“Hence it followeth, that whatsoever accidents or qualities our senses make us think there be in the world, they be not there, but are seeming and apparitions only. The things that really are in the world without us are those motions by which these seemings are caused.”—*Human Nature*, Ch. ii.

Here, however, is the pinch. Grant only a *seeming*—how to know a *reality*? Grant a *reality*—that is, an immediate external object of knowledge—how to know only a *seeming*? The latter belonged to his analysis, indeed both, for he postulates outward existence, which, therefore, we must know, if the postulate be just. The more rigid spirit of the present day would be outraged by the easy air with which the author jumps the broad chasm which divides him from actual nature.

1. “By sight we have a *conception* or *image* composed of color and figure,”—that is, a thought or idea of the one and the other.

2. This image or conception is “but an apparition unto us of *motion in the brain*.”—*Human Nature*, Ch. ii.

3. “There are of knowledge two kinds, whereof *one* is knowledge of fact, the *other*, of the consequence of one affirmation to another. The *former* is *nothing else but Sense and Memory*, and is *Absolute Knowledge*; the *latter* is called *Science*, and is *conditional*.”—*Leviathan*, Ch. ix.

Thus seemings give realities. Science, it must be confessed, treads here on “shadowy ground,” and is somewhat brought down from that eminence of certainty on which it was the delight of Hobbes to enthrone her. The truth, however, is, that his analysis is at fault. A world of *appearances* is a world of dissolving views, in which absolute knowledge is an impossibility. Divine philosophy, in chase of it here, is in chase of a phantom. It is Laodamia’s love and lot.

“Forth sprang the impassioned queen her lord to clasp;

Again that consummation she essayed;
But unsubstantial form eludes her grasp,
As often as that eager grasp is made.”

We have dwelt thus far on the theory of perception held by Hobbes, on account of the serious extent to which it affects his speculations. With him everything has its application, and thus he reasons:—“*All* evidence is conception; all conception is imagination”—“*motion in the brain*”—“and proceedeth from *sense*,” therefore, as to *spirits*, “it is not possible by natural

means only to come to knowledge of so much as that *there are such things*."—*Human Nature*, Ch. xi.

This is true, admitting his definition of *ideas*, but equally true on these grounds, that we cannot know our own personal identity, for of which sense is it the object? Now, as we have seen, it must be either sense or science, an image or an inference: it is neither;—not the former, for what is its prototype?—not the latter, for it is pre-supposed in every act and inference; therefore it is not possible, by natural means, nor by logic, to know that there is any such thing.

The change that has taken place in the doctrine of perception has resulted from a more correct view of those facts which have daily and hourly reappeared in the soul, ever since man, with his five senses, found himself in contact with matter. The consciousness of the species is one. The difference produced by climate is only fractional, or, rather is nothing to the purpose in a question relating to the uniformity of the percipient faculty from age to age.

But man has other powers. He remembers the mountain, the cave, the spring, and the valley which he has once seen; he learns also the signs of rain and frost, of flowers and fruit; he has a variety of emotions in the contemplation of what is great and lovely; he discovers by degrees what is useful or pernicious to himself and others:—all of which, and much more, might have existed in a speechless world—a thing untold save by expressive gesticulation.

This earth might have been one vast asylum for the deaf and dumb,—voiceless from the equator to the poles. Instead of this, language was born with mankind. It was a great, harmonizing influence from the first, and no one can exaggerate its value. The heroic ages—its legacy—were a recitation. "Winged words" celebrated the deeds of gods and men; and Mnemosyne, the mother of the Muses, engaged the winds of heaven in her service; and sent the name of Homer to distant lands and times, on the vocal undulations of music and of song. Now, was oral communication the gift of God, or an invention? Hobbes has a touch, quite in his own way, upon this subject.

"The passions of man as they are the beginning of voluntary motions; so are they the beginning of speech, which is motion of the tongue."—*Human Nature*, Ch. v.

Every one knows how much the feelings have to do with utterance, and therefore we quote the passage mainly as an amusing instance of the pertinacity with which we are reminded of the grand expository principle of natural phenomena. A stammerer, however, would find that he had something else to do, besides moving his tongue, if he wished to remedy a defective articulation. It might be enough for Gideon's three hundred when once they got their mouths to the water; but however it may pass as an explanation of *lapping*, or, in Johnsonian phrase, "feeding by quick reciprocations of the tongue," it is wholly inadequate to explain the faculty of speech.

Ten years after, he returned to this question, and showed by the more elevated tone of his language, that the prolonged study of it had excited in him a slight swell of admiration.

"The most noble and profitable invention of all other was that of speech, consisting of names or appellations and their connexion; whereby men register their thoughts; recall them when they are past; and also declare them to one another for mutual utility and conversation; without which there had been amongst men, neither common-wealth nor society, nor contract, nor peace, no more than amongst lions, bears, and wolves. The first author of speech was God himself, that instructed Adam how to name such creatures as he presented to his sight; for the Scripture goeth no farther in this matter."—*Leviathan*, Pt. I., c. h. iv.

We are obliged to doubt every religious acknowledgment which Hobbes makes; and especially when it comes to us in the way of scriptural allusion. Had he, however, in this case, fully believed his words, the connecting of language with a peculiar provision for it by the Author of Nature would have been not only the most scriptural, but the most philosophical hypothesis. Only dig deep enough, and it is, in reality, as wise to talk of the invention of handling, walking, seeing, hearing, and smelling, as it is of the invention of speaking. The senses are no more natural to man than speech. It is an energy that bursts forth at the dawn of rational existence, and is its child, embodying even in its infancy a decision on the great problems of life. General grammar bespeaks a *me* and a *not me*, the subjective and the objective; and identity, freedom, duty, God, are marvellously blended with the earliest state of language, long ere man thought of abstract truth, or speculated on the ultimate principles which

lay at the basis of even the very first assent or doubt that ever fell from his lips.

The power of verbal utterance in facilitating the operations of the mind is very great, but perhaps the reader will be hardly prepared to regard speech as the *parent* of reason, rather than its offspring. This, however, is the theory of Hobbes.

"When a man *reasoneth*, he doth nothing else but conceive a sum total from addition of parcels, or conceive a remainder, from subtraction of one sum from another," &c. "Reason is nothing but reckoning."

"By this it appears that reason is *not*, as sense and memory, *born* with us; nor gotten by experience only, as prudence is; but attained by industry: first, in apt imposing of names; and, secondly, by getting a good and orderly method in proceeding from the elements which are names to assertions made by connexion of one of them to another, &c.

"Children, therefore, are *not endued with reason at all, till they have attained the use of speech*: but are called reasonable creatures for the possibility apparent of having the use of reason in time to come."—*Leviathan*, Pt. I., ch. v.

Had the Abbé Sicard been alive when this was penned, he would have told the writer that the old definition—admitted by himself—of man as a *rational* animal, involved something more than an articulating, or even calculating machine—for an idiot may speak, and a madman may *reckon*—and that his celebrated *Sourd-Muet*, Massieu, had no small claim to the ancient classification.

Here, indeed, is the confusion we so frequently meet with, in which Reason is identified in kind with Reasoning. Nothing can be more fatal to a sound analysis of the faculties of the mind. The latter process is, in fact, a subordinate operation, dignified by the subject on which it is employed. But the existence of a will, the capacity for religion, the immediate recognition of right and wrong, in motive and affection, —distinguishing vice and virtue as such,—are among the chief characteristics of Reason, to which mere argumentative power, and even that of generalization, must bow the knee. Some degree of perplexity, as to the use of this important term, is occasioned by the verb *to reason*, which signifies to argue; to infer consequences from given premises; but it is into these premises, these primitive truths, that we must look, if we want to find out what is the highest power in man, of which we speak, and duly to estimate its transcendent authority.

"Reason," says Coleridge, "is the power of universal and necessary convictions; the source and substance of truths above sense, and having their evidence in themselves."—*Aids*, p. 218, 1st Ed.

Hobbes had no faith in such convictions, and discarded all such illumination. Still he slips once; and notwithstanding all the efficacy he has ascribed to speech, allows that man may arrive at necessary truth without it.

"For example, a man that hath no use of speech at all (such as is born and remains perfectly deaf and dumb), if he set before his eyes a triangle, and by it two right angles, he may by *meditation* compare and find that the three angles of that triangle are equal to those two right angles that stand by it. But if another triangle be shown him, different in shape from the former, he cannot know, without a new labor, whether the three angles of that also be equal to the same. But he that hath the use of words, when he *observes* that such equality was consequent, not to the length of the sides, nor to any other particular thing in his triangle, but only to this, that the sides were straight and the angles three, and that that was all for which he named it a triangle, will boldly conclude universally, that such equality of angles is in all triangles whatsoever, and register his invention in these general terms, *every triangle hath its three angles equal to two right angles*."—*Leviathan*, Pt. I., ch. iv.

The *observation*, according to this, is *prior* to the naming, an exercise to which a deaf and dumb man, in the use of reason and eyesight, is equally competent, and by no means likely to lose his conclusion, because he has not the talking man's mode of registration.

We shall hereafter see that Hobbes, in one sense, attached far too much, in another far too little, importance to language, and was the victim of his ultra-nominalism. His own well-known maxim, that "words are the counters of wise men, and the money of fools," was not enough to make him separate the precious from the vile.

When he asserts that "perspicuous words are the light of human minds," the important problem to solve is—what is the light of the *words*? Being for the most part arbitrary signs, and each nation having its own, translation becomes possible only upon the ground of something impersonal,—the thought, sentiment, truth, demonstration, under every change of symbols, standing the same.

If, therefore, they show man where to plant his footsteps in the path of scientific

research, who gave them this power, and from what luminary do they receive their beams? From the necessary forms of thought; from an antecedent reason, ever evolving itself in history, poetry, philosophy; in all the principles of taste and beauty that reign over sculpture, painting, and the other arts—the æsthetics of the soul—which exist as truly there as did music in the infant Mozart, long ere, beguiled by some mysterious power, he sang his *Requiem*, and was borne on its melting strains, while its echoes were floating around him, away into “the valley of the shadow of death.”

Hobbes, we see, inverts this order, or rather will know nothing about it, and thus is evidently pocketing the “counters” and letting the gold slip through his fingers. In every instance in which our primary beliefs are denied, the grandest province of truth is struck out of the chart of knowledge, and man is reduced to a state of dependence upon “seemings” and “apparitions.”

From speech, the invention of letters, and reasoning—under all of which heads there are many admirable observations in connexion with “the powers cognitive”—the course of analysis leads to “the interior beginnings of voluntary motions, commonly called the passions, and the speeches by which they are expressed.”

The school to which Hobbes belonged, and his favorite doctrine of *motion*, may lead us to expect a somewhat mechanical account of love, hate, good, evil, aversion, and desire, with all other affections and qualities of a similar description. In these lie some of the deepest springs of moral feeling. The whole character of ethical science depends on the source to which we trace the emotions. There can be only two views of good and evil. The one, that moral qualities are immutable; constituting the perfection of the Deity, lying at the basis of his laws, and imposing unalterable obligations on his intelligent creatures; the other, that no such qualities exist and no such obligations, that objects are merely pleasurable or painful, and that good and evil are consequently as variable as the appetites of men. The latter is the doctrine we are taught throughout these volumes.

“In the eighth section of the second chapter is showed, that *conceptions* and *apparitions* are nothing *really* but motion in some internal substance of the *head*; which motion not stopping there, but

proceeding to the heart, of necessity must there either help or hinder the motion which is called *vital*; when it helpeth, it is called *delight*, *contentment*, or *pleasure*, which is nothing really but motion about the heart, as conception is nothing but motion in the head, and the objects that cause it are called pleasant or delightful, &c. The same delight, with reference to the object, is called *love*: but when such motion weakeneth or hindereth the vital motion, then it is called *pain*, and in relation to that which causeth it, *hatred*, &c.

“Every man, for his own part, calleth that which pleaseth and is delightful to himself, *good*, and that *evil* which displeaseth him; insomuch that while every man differeth from other in *constitution*, they differ also from one another concerning the common distinction of good and evil. Nor is there any such thing as absolute goodness considered without relation; for even the goodness which we apprehend in God Almighty is *His goodness to us*.”—*Human Nature*, ch. vii.

The way to support this theory—one destructive of all morality—is to disregard the most solemn convictions of the mind, to dwell on the lower passions and on the variety of outward objects which men pursue in life. A little deeper insight into the matter would exhume some common principles of right and wrong, even from the dregs of society. It has happened in this question as in languages. By marking only their diversities, comparative philology did not grow, and the brotherhood of tongues was unknown. Thus also the seeming contradictions of some moral principle or law in the varying customs of nations, have been aggravated; without at all inquiring into the extent to which superstition, &c., may modify an original sentiment. Most of the phenomena in this perverted form attest a religious sensibility, which has been spoiled by craft and sin; and thus rest at length on the very law which is asserted not to exist. Let phenomenal diversity be given up for an inquiry into the *fountain* of good and evil, right and wrong, noble and ignoble, kind and unkind, benevolent and malicious, truth and falsehood; and, allowance being made for a diseased state of feeling, as for bad health amidst *malaria*, it will be found that these judgments imply antecedent susceptibilities of moral discrimination, partially or more fully developed in all, without which man would never have advanced beyond the mere elementary distinctions of pleasure and pain. The word *ought* would never have existed.

When *goodness* is thus reduced to anything whatever for which a man has an inclination, it will be no matter of surprise

that the *will* should be arranged under the category of *appetite*. The reader's own consciousness will tell him whether or not his volitions are regulative of his desires, or whether they are one, and the same affection of the mind.

"In deliberation, the last appetite or aversion immediately adhering to the action, or to the omission thereof, is that we call the will; the act (not the faculty) of willing. And *beasts* that have deliberation, must necessarily also have *will*. . . . Will, therefore, is the last appetite in deliberating."—*Leviathan*, Pt. I., ch. vi.

Any such *faculty* he denies, and has, therefore, very properly conferred a will on *beasts*; who, if it be what he says, have as sound a claim to such dignity as Socrates or Saint Paul. Suppose, now, the tenth commandment to condemn a man's habit of feeling, and that, after a severe struggle, he triumphs over his propensities; this stern authority of conscience, according to the definition here given, becomes identical in kind with the base appetite which it restrains. The essential distinction between good and evil being denied, he merely substitutes one pleasure for another. Such, and with such abuse of language, is the *reading* of the inmost thoughts that Hobbes and his followers would pass off upon us for a profound analysis of the interior beginnings of voluntary motions.

While Hobbes was staying at Paris, he entered on the question of Liberty and Necessity with Bramhall, afterwards Archbishop of Armagh, and gave a distinct statement of his views in a letter to the Marquess of Newcastle, published 1654; which, with the treatise on Human Nature and the "De Corpore Politico," composed the *Tripes*,—a three-legged stool for the utterance of portentous oracles to mankind; and aptly placed, like the ancient one, over sulphurous exhalations, though perhaps from a deeper pit. The general principle of all his reasoning on this point is contained in the following extracts:—

"Nothing taketh beginning from itself, but from the action of some other immediate agent *without* itself. And, therefore, when first a man hath an appetite or will to something to which immediately before he had no appetite nor will, the *cause* of his will is not the will itself, but something else, *not in his own disposing*. So that, whereas it is out of controversy, that of *voluntary* actions, the will is the necessary cause, and by this which is said the will is also *caused* by other things *whereof it disposeth not*, it followeth that voluntary actions have all of them *necessary* causes, and therefore are *necessitated*."—Letter, &c.

"Man can have no passion, or appetite to anything of which appetite God's will is not the cause."—*Leviathan*, Pt. II., ch. xxi.

"Appetite, fear, hope, and the rest of the passions are not called voluntary; for they proceed not from but *are the will*, and the will is not voluntary: for a man can no more say he will will, than he will will will, and so make an infinite repetition of the word *will*, which is absurd and insignificant."—*Human Nature*, ch. xii.

If any, therefore, ask what is meant by the use of the term *voluntary*, it is merely "freedom from impediment" in the performance of what is thus necessarily chosen; and, in this manner, liberty and necessity of action unite precisely as in a stream of water that flows in a falling channel. The illustrations which he employs are mostly of this kind, and reduce the freedom of *man* to the very same law as that of an atmospheric railroad—irresistible impulse behind, and a vacuum in front.

The great difficulty which perplexes religious necessitarians, is to elucidate the ultimate distinction between physical and metaphysical necessity, and consequently to explain the nature of morality, and the foundations of moral law. Should this distinction be denied—as it was by Hobbes, who resolved all vices and virtues into motion—logic is inexorable and knows but one cause, properly speaking, in the universe. Nay, even here it does not pause, but carries its iron sceptre into the dominion and very bosom of the Deity. There were *reasons*, that is, *motives*, for the divine conduct, and, in the then view of the supreme mind, such conduct was necessary. Moreover, as *He* is self-existent—no more easy conception to us than self-determination—he cannot be otherwise than absolutely perfect; and therefore, in any objective good he may originate, the above reasoning will give optimism as the result. Whatever *is* is best. Again:—*Motion* is justly considered a proof of a deity; and, as long as it continues, it is one form of divine operation. Thought is intellectual action, and is equally dependent on the Creator. He being, therefore, the primordial source of *all* activity—unless you *postulate* free agency to account for sin—fatalism is the legitimate consequence. The original impulse in nature and in man involved all the expanding circles of thought and action that, from the dawn of time to the present hour, have spread throughout the universe. Millions of minds and worlds beat with these pulsations, but their common centre

laws of the understanding can destroy the differences of external objects, as the unalterable consciousness of every moment. It is the same with resemblances. The conditions of my *nature* exist in every man; those of my individuality, only in myself. The *former* make me *human*. It is, however, to a matter of far greater consequence than that of general names that we at present refer. *Ultra-nominalism* is the bane of morals and of moral philosophy. It specially consists in evacuating the most important terms in law, ethics, and religion, of everything beyond a conventional import. It denounces and labors to undermine the principle, that moral *attributes*, existing in intelligent beings, are the antecedents and ground-work of *attributives*, which rightly describe or *mark* their character. We have already given one example in the gross and selfish view which Hobbes takes of "goodness." Another, taken from his tabular view of science, is as follows:—"Consequences from *Speech*. In contracting, the science of *Just* and *Unjust*."

All law, therefore, becomes exclusively positive. Moral law can have no possible foundation. Where this view of the philosophy of language is carried out, God himself becomes an abstraction, and retains only a *nominal* existence. Against every such system reason and *realism* equally protest. They assert the principle we have announced, and affirm that benevolence is one and the same *quality* to all holy beings in creation. The Apostle Paul and the philanthropist Howard, in cherishing the spirit of Jesus Christ, aimed at a moral assimilation to its great pattern. Love to man brought him from Heaven. His incarnation did not make it different from what it was when he was in the bosom of the Father. It is not simply relative to human faculties, any more than it is simply a name; but is immutable, varying in its operations according to its objects. We, therefore, know moral qualities in their own absolute nature; and the goodness which our highest powers accredit and recognise, is goodness likewise to all rational existence. These views are, in the philosophy of Hobbes, so much delusion and absurdity. He speaks, and they disappear, as by diabolical enchantment.

"Words, and consequently the attributes of God, have their signification by agreement and constitution of men, &c."—*Leviathan*, Pt. II., ch. xxxi.

The only important question—Is there anything that *necessitates* the *agreement*?—is here shuffled out of sight. If, however, all nations call the rainbow beautiful, we infer some common sense of beauty. And though languages are thus far arbitrary that one will do, in many respects, as well as another, yet the laws and conceptions of the mind are one. We reject the assumption that we have no knowledge of God, and the consequent impiety that we fashion him according to our fancy. Words are an effect, not a cause. What justice, goodness, veracity signify, must be known, before these abstract terms are formed and known in a just, good, and truthful being, or by an intuitive perception of their nature and obligation. *Ultra-nominalism* is a barefaced denial of the moral consciousness of mankind.

We have now detailed the chief points of the reply which Hobbes makes to the question—What sort of a being is man? There is nothing ennobling in his account of the species. Without a will to rule his lower nature; equally destitute of a moral faculty; establishing good and evil *ad libitum*, there being no immutable principles of either; the creatures of absolute necessity, and dragged in chains, not by kindness, but by cupidity; it follows that the character of man is throughout a lone and naked selfishness, which moulds all the elements of nature into so many instruments of personal gratification.

As each has a similar end, war must ensue. In a chapter which treats of the *difference of manners*, by which he means "those qualities of mankind that concern their living together in peace and unity," the great battle of the passions is announced. Man is in search of his own happiness, and his unvarying object is "not to enjoy once only and for one instant of time; but to assure for ever the way of his future desire." Hence he aims at "power after power, in order to secure his prior acquisitions."

Here, then, we have arrived at the threshold of Hobbes' political system; and before we enter upon it, it may be necessary to quote a few of his fundamental maxims, by way of explanation. We shall do so without much criticism.

"First, 'All men are by nature equal,' for as to bodily strength, in which men may be thought to differ, 'the weakest has strength enough to kill the strongest, either by secret machination, or by confederacy with others that are in the same danger with himself; and as to the faculties of the

mind, there is a greater equality amongst men than that of strength."—*Leviathan*, Pt. I., ch. xiii.

If history teaches anything, it is just the reverse of this position. Hero-worship is as old as time; and Nimrod, Samson, and Achilles; David, Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, Scanderbeg, and Napoleon; the poets, and philosophers, and mathematicians of Greece and Italy in all ages; Shakspeare and his equal, Milton; Bacon, and Hobbes himself; indeed, the whole galaxy of warriors, statesmen, metaphysicians, painters, and sculptors, from Phidias and Apelles, down to the great masters of recent times; yes, the entire family of genius proclaims its inherent and original superiority,—its right to teach and govern man, and to lead him into regions of knowledge and conquest, "flowing with milk and honey," not one foot of which had he possessed unless its guidance had taken him from eating acorns or making bricks, and conducted him through seas and deserts into the better land.

"Secondly, 'Every man by nature hath right to all things, that is to say, to do whatsoever he listeth to whom he listeth, to possess, use, and enjoy all things he will and can.'—*De Corpore Politico*, Pt. I., ch. i.

Right he defines to be—

"The liberty each man hath to use his own power, as he will himself, for the preservation of his own nature; that is to say, of his own life; and, consequently, of doing *anything* which in his own judgment and reason he shall conceive to be the *aptest* means thereto."—*Leviathan*, Pt. I., ch. xiv.

Thirdly. From this equality of nature and right, united with the appetites of men, contention is a necessary consequence. For—

"If any two men desire the same thing, which nevertheless they cannot both enjoy, they become enemies; and in their way to their end . . . endeavor to destroy or subdue one another."—*Leviathan*, Pt. I., ch. xiii.

Universal distrust follows, and each man may

"By force or wiles master the persons of all men he can . . . till he see no other power great enough to endanger him."—*Ibid.*

"Fourthly, 'Hereby it is manifest that during the time men live without a common power to keep them in awe, they are in that condition

which is called *warre*, and such a warre as is of every man against every man.'—*Ibid.*

The reader has only to throw his imagination into this tumultuous scene, to think of men and women without union or love, and of each man trying to circumvent his neighbor, and he will own that the wildest uproar of the elements that was ever raised is tame in comparison with a general conflict of the passions, that threatens the extinction of mankind in a deluge of blood. *A state of nature is, according to Hobbes, a state of war.* The world is in arms. Brotherhood, justice, peace, do not exist. The earth is sown with dragons' teeth. All men dip their arrows in poison. Union is unknown. The inhabitants of the globe are a set of independent marauders, each of whom scorns to own himself inferior to his fellow. To quarrel is their nature, and "*Competition, diffidence of one another, and glory, are the three principal causes of quarrel.*"

Stimulated by these, human beings become more rapacious than vultures, and wild beasts that roam the forest for their prey promise better society. Were one placed at a little distance from this planet, and able to contemplate these tragic scenes, throwing their shadows before them, he would be apt to pray, if no remedy were discoverable, that heaven would convert the habitable world into a solitude, and by letting loose its central fires, or breaking up the fountains of the great deep, on whose waters no ark should appear, once and for ever put an end to all flesh.

Perhaps, however, there will be no need of imprecations. We can easily see that the great question with men in such a condition would be how to escape mutual destruction. Whence, then, shall deliverance come? Who shall change this state in which there is "continual fear and danger of violent death;" and human life is "solitary, poore, nasty, brutish, and short?" What chance is there of lessening the peril and of lengthening existence, when there is as yet no justice among men?

"To this warre of every man against every man this also is consequent—that *nothing can be unjust*. The notions of right and wrong, justice and injustice, have there no place. Force and fraud are in warre the two cardinall vertues," &c.—*Ibid.*

In this exigency one would look for a band of Sabine damsels to touch the hearts of fathers, husbands, brothers, and friends,

and thus introduce permanent peace. No; man must solve his own problem. Though devoid of all rectitude, he is not blind to the comforts of life, and amidst this chaos, his *self love* arises to teach him the true method of political redemption.

"The passions that incline men to peace are feare of death, desire of such things as are necessary to commodious living, and a hope by their industry to obtain them. And reason suggesteth convenient articles of peace, upon which men may be drawn to agreement."—*Ibid.*

These, therefore, he explains.

We know of no inconsistency more glaring in the system of Hobbes than that which arises from his doctrine of Right and Law; the former allowing a man to do anything, the latter binding him to a moral code.] [He settles and annihilates the morality of the laws of nature in one and the same breath, making them always oblige in conscience, but not in action: the latter, indeed, "only when there is security." Yet he pronounces them "immutable and eternal;" "the true moral philosophy;" which is "nothing else but the science of what is good and evil in the conversation and society of mankind." (Pt. I., ch. 15.) We are however deceived if we attach any importance to his transcendental phraseology, for, in the very next line, he tells us that

"Good and evil are names that signify our appetites and aversions, which in different tempers, customes, and doctrines of men, are different."

Presuming, therefore, that "private appetite" is the only standard of right and wrong, he yet does, in an extraordinary way, find in man about twenty maxims on which to build up public tranquillity. They themselves, however, have not yet a solid footing.

"These dictates of reason men use to call by the name of lawes, but improperly; for they are but conclusions or theoremes concerning what conduceth to the conservation and defence of themselves, whereas law properly is the word of him that by right hath command over others."—*Ibid.*

Yet being prescribed by reason, they become so far authoritative that they lead to mutual overtures among mankind. All of them feel that peace; laying down their right to all things, standing to covenants, cherishing "gratitude, justice, equity, modesty, mercy; and, in summe, doing to others as they would be done to," are the

prescriptions of nature. With this understanding they are prepared for society. Having depicted their danger, Hobbes rescues them from it by pure fiction, making them enter into covenant with each other to submit to some common power. Rejecting the patriarchal scheme of Filmer, and avoiding that of compact between sovereign and subject, as well as the extravagant theory of divine right, he supposes an agreement among equals to make one or an assembly unequal, and to embody in him or in a certain number the collective will of all. By this means they attain

"A real unity in one and the same person, made by covenant of every man with every man, in such manner as if every man should say to every man, *I authorize and give up my right of governing myself to this man, or to this assembly of men, on this condition, that thou give up thy right to him, and authorize all his actions in like manner.*"—*Leviathan*, Pt. II., ch. xvii.

This surrender is absolute—save of life. Leviathan now ascends his throne, and has all the powers to which we have previously adverted. He is a king and a priest; hath authority *jure divino*, not in himself and by nature, but by office, to appoint pastors and teachers; to baptize subjects, and to consecrate temples; and can never forfeit his sovereign right. He can break no covenant, because he made none. In fact, the nation was not one person to be a party until he became sovereign; and if it be said, he made covenants with each and all of them, these became void by his sovereignty, as every breach which they can allege was their own act in their representative.

"Because every subject is by this institution author of all the actions and judgments of the sovereign instituted; it follows that whatsoever he doth it can be no injury to any of his subjects; nor ought he to be by any of them accused of injustice."—*Leviathan*, Pt. II., ch. xviii.

Such, then, very briefly, is the system which is to make nations great and happy. No realist could embody an abstraction with more ardent zeal. Whatever interferes with the notion of supreme authority—be it parliament or common law, or any mixture in government—he fiercely denounces. The whole battery of his logic and sophistry, however, is brought to bear upon revelation, and upon all religious teachers, as blocking up the way which leads to the pinnacle of absolute power. While a commonwealth may be "weakened" by

the opinion that he who bath the sovereignty is "subject to the civil laws," there is nothing so mischievous in this respect as the doctrine, that "whatsoever a man does against his conscience is sinne;" and that he owes an allegiance to the "blessed and only Potentate," which no earthly authority can contravene. The whole drift, therefore, of the third part of the *Leviathan* is to undermine the Scriptures. With a considerable share of biblical reading, so common at that time, he reviews the sacred Canon; the signification of the terms prophet, church, kingdom of God, heaven, hell, &c.;—while by the most insidious suggestions, by etymologies—such as *blowing into* for inspiration,—and by wresting various passages which inculcate obedience to civil rulers, he succeeds in throwing ridicule on divine truth, and, at the same time, in seeming to equip himself with its armor to fight the battle of *Leviathan* against God. In order to carry him through in triumph, he treats lastly of the *Kingdom of Darknesse*; overthrows the Papal power; places all education and teaching in the hands of the State; proposes his own writings as the common text-book; and, with extraordinary ingenuity, argues that, since Saul's appointment, God has had and will have no Kingdom upon Earth till Christ's Second Coming other than that which is incorporated in his Vicegerent—the seat of all civil and spiritual authority. Absolute submission to him, therefore, is the present form of our duty to God. No plea of Conscience can arise, and should it, persecution is a virtue, since this maintains inviolable against fanaticism, that Sovereignty, which is the only known similitude of the most High.

We have not allowed ourselves space to dwell at any greater length on the moral and theological doctrines of these volumes. As to the latter, we have little occasion to speak. In a thin folio in the British Museum, entitled "*Sayings of Pious Men*," there is a single sheet, which was published by Charles Blount, called the dying legacy of Mr. Thomas Hobbes. Amidst extracts from his chief work is one short sentence, conveying Blount's notion of his theology:—"God is Almighty Matter."

We fear, after all, that this is as much as can be said for it. His materialism breaks out everywhere. Bodies, and nothing else, in his view, composed the universe. And, though he calls the Deity a *corporeal spirit*, there is little reason to

think that he believed in any intelligent subsistence—the "God of the spirits of all flesh." His latter days awaken no hope. We left him enjoying the charms of Chatsworth in 1653. From this time, he carried on his controversies with Wallis and Bramhall; published his *Elementa Philosophia* in 1655; vindicated his loyalty; had a pension of a hundred a year at the Restoration; was honored by a Parliamentary censure; received a visit in 1669 from Cosmo de' Medici; published his translation of Homer in 1675; and died at Hardwick, Dec. 4, 1679, in the ninety-second year of his age, wishing, when he knew he could not live, "to find a hole to crawl out of this world at." Poor old man! He lived not for himself, though he thought so, and taught others that this was the end of life. He was raised up to shock the mind of all Europe, and the beneficial action of his works is felt to the present hour. Nor would the friends of man hesitate to hail him a second time, if his existence were the condition on which Cudworths, Clarkes, Butlers, and others of a like school, were to be called from the depths of Nature's bosom to confront and defeat him. He did evil; he was the occasion of good. Here, as elsewhere, the system of the Divine Being is one; and the operations of Providence, which we thus observe, are miniature forms of the grand scheme of redemption, in which Satan is followed and subdued by the Son of Man. In style and tactics Hobbes had no equal. The works of Bramhall and Cumberland—indeed of all his antagonists—are far inferior to his in free and vigorous composition. They have, however, better titles to praise; and we know of no more healthy exercise than to follow both parties step by step in the battles which they fought. His great powers have ever been acknowledged. His genius was the bond which united him to Bacon, Gassendi, and Galileo; and though we do not think that his fame has grown with the lapse of time, yet we are satisfied that this is owing merely to the enormities of his system.

A calm strength pervades almost all his writings. He advances from one point to another without any sudden jerk or visible effort, and the process of thought goes on at its usual elevation like the unwatched pulse of a strong man. Even when the ground is rotten beneath his feet he has the power of sustaining himself by raising an unseen prop, or somewhat extending

his base, without allowing the reader to think that he is employing any art to retain his position. His self-confidence was never disturbed. With unmatched presumption he affirms that he is "the *first* that hath made the grounds of geometry firm and coherent." Vol. vii. 242. Neither, however, in Mathematics nor Physics has he made for himself a name. His other writings produced great effect in his own day; they afterwards formed a school which lives, and is likely to live, but not to lead, at least not in ethics and philosophy. No writer on human nature can be profound, who makes Will and Appetite, Conscience and Consciousness, the same; and identifies Good and Evil, Right and Wrong, with the ever-changing inclinations and antipathies of mankind. This is not to see the one in the manifold, but to *merge* the manifold in the one. It is not analysis but confusion. Being such it cannot last. An evil genius of gigantic proportions may for a time spread a mist over the whole region of morals, and have power seemingly to change men into swine; but goodness is omnipotent. The *ineffable name* is in her: and by its incarnate virtue do these ugly and ill-favored forms quickly vanish, and all her children recover their native lustre. *Pity* no longer wears the shape of self-gratification; *Religion* casts off the crouching attitude of a slave. And if, instead of resting at the superficial indications which point out the wealth below, we ask how these and science and truth became possible, we shall find our way through by *a posteriori* guidance, out of the darkest passages of the soul into the sunshine over which time and space and sense all cast their shadow. Man is under an eclipse, and reveals himself, like the Great Parent Spirit, only by his works. But these bespeak the laws and attributes with which he is prepared for his mission upon earth. Overlooking the achievements of science—the written and embodied intellect of man—we take off our shoes from our feet, and stand on holy ground. In the pure aspirations, and the patient counsels of piety; in the sympathies that would regenerate man; in the anticipations of life hereafter; in the hopes that follow the just; in the punishment of the evil, and the discipline of the good; in the character of Christ, and in the power of his Spirit, working in the human breast;—we see a grandeur that was wrapped up in the mystery of Heaven ere it dawned on us at birth, now hastening

with a more or less visible course, and with capacities more or less exalted, towards the same goal.

"Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness;
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home."

The general conduct of Hobbes was correct, his habits regular, and his disposition liberal. His virtues, however, were mostly prudential; of *greatness* he knew nothing. After assailing all that is sacred, he had the pusillanimity, at the Restoration, to profess to submit his opinions to the constituted authorities; sheltering himself beneath the miserable plea, that when he wrote he was in the irresponsible state of nature, there being, in consequence of the subversion of government, no legitimate judge of heresy.

We have only to add, in relation to this complete collection of his works, that we should have been better pleased with the labors of Sir W. Molesworth had he indulged a little more in elucidative annotation.

INTERMENTS IN LONDON.—From a statement made by Mr. G. A. Walker, well known for his writings on intermural burials, we gather the following particulars:—"There are 182 parochial graveyards in London; of these only 48 were confined to the proper limit of 136 bodies to the acre; the rest exhibited various degrees of saturation, from 200 to 3000 bodies to the acre annually. In St. Andrew's Undershaft, the average per acre was 1278; Portugal Street burying-ground, 1021; St. Dunstan's, Fleet Street, 1182; St. Dunstan's-in-the-East, 1210; St. John's, Clerkenwell, 3073; St. Mary-at-Hill, 1159; St. Olave, Tooley Street, 1257; St. Swithin's, Tooley Street, 1760. Turning from parish ground to dissenting burial places, the following were the results:—Wickliffe Chapel, Stepney, 1210; Enon Chapel, Woolwich, 1080; Parker, Dockhead, Woolwich, 1613; Moorfields, 1210; Cannon Street Road, 1109; and lastly, New Bunhillfields was distinguished by an average of 2323.

It was humiliating to think that a parish ground—St. John's, Clerkenwell—stood at the head of these unchristian nuisances, pestiferous in every respect, because, when a proportion of 3073 were annually interred on an acre of land, it followed that the bodies could only remain in the ground five months instead of ten years. Hence the stacking of coffins in deep pits, the brutal dismemberment of bodies, the consumption of coffin wood in many localities, the danger to mourners from attending such places; the insidious infection which, especially in the warm season, poisons the atmosphere, and by undermining health, or begetting disease, hurries thousands to an untimely end, again to become the subjects of fresh indignities, the centre of infection to survivors, and the distributors of pestilential emanations." What admirable reasons for leaving the metropolis out of the late Health of Towns Bill!

From *Lowe's Magazine*.

THE BUCKINGHAMSHIRE HOME AND HAUNTS OF COWPER.

"You ask me where I have been this summer. I answer, at Olney. Should you ask me where I spent the last seventeen summers, I should still answer, at Olney. Ay, and the winters also."

"The limes and the elms of Weston can witness for us both, how often we have sighed and said, 'Oh that our garden opened into this grove, or into this wilderness.'"

LETTERS OF COWPER.

"The very world, by God's constraint,
From falsehood's chill removing,
His women and his men became
Beside him true and loving,
And timid hares were drawn from woods
To share his home caresses,
Uplooking to his human eyes
With sylvan tendernesses."

MRS. BARRETT BROWNING.

It was on a fine summer day, about twenty years ago, that an open carriage reached the Bull Inn at Olney, from which a somewhat elderly gentleman alighted, evidently from his appearance a man of mark and an invalid, with a younger female companion. The strangers proceeded to the tall brick house in the market-place, so long the residence of Cowper, the "stricken deer that left the herd," where his grievously wounded spirit magnanimously endured the cross, employing a mighty genius to infuse hope and consolation into the portion of his race, from which he deemed himself to be excluded, doomed by an awful ban to drink alone of the cup of bitterness and trembling. From the sitting-room of the poet and Mrs. Unwin, the party passed to the garden, to the summer-house, to the arbor, the elder conversing with his guide of the departed bard, of his poetry and inimitable letters, his sincerity and sorrows, in a manner that evinced an intimate acquaintance with his writings and a just appreciation of his exalted powers and moral worth. Sir James Mackintosh, for such was the name of the visitor, had been on the spot before, and now returned to it to introduce his daughter. On the former occasion, in 1801, he was comparatively unknown to fame, a barrister on the Norfolk circuit, attended in this, as in many extra-professional excursions, by Mr. Basil Montague, since the editor of Lord Bacon's works, and one of his biographers. A record has been made of this visit: "We went into the room where the *Task* was written, which is now a village school. We rambled round the village, and at last found out the hairdresser, whom he had employed for many years, who told us some most affecting anec-

dotes of the most amiable and unhappy of men." This individual, one of the higher grade of his profession, Cowper commemo- rates as having embellished the outside of his head and left "the inside just as unfinished as he found it; but he is more honorably noticed for *his* conscientiousness, as one who would not wait upon the king himself on a Sunday. His name was Wilson, a dissenter and deacon of the Baptist church, who survived to a good old age, but his anecdotes, to which many besides Mackintosh have referred, appear to have perished with him.

"We saw his handwriting in a copy of his poems which he presented to this hairdresser. I hope you will believe me, when I say I could not look at the writing without tears. So pure in his life—so meek—so tender—so pious—he surely never had his rival in virtue and misfortune. He had few superiors in genius. I think better of myself for having felt so much in such a scene, and I hope I shall be the better all my life for the feeling."

Yet another tribute of respect was paid by Mackintosh to the memory of Cowper, in a pilgrimage from Cromer to Dereham, to the house in which the last five years of his troubled life were spent, to the chamber where he expired and had the "blackness of darkness" for ever removed from his spirit, and to the spot where his remains repose in peace.

"The morning was interesting; it not only amused from its dissimilarity to the stupid routine of ordinary life, but it has, I hope, made some impressions likely to soften and improve the heart. None but fools and fanatics can expect such scenes

• *Life of Mackintosh*, i. 143.

are of themselves sufficient to work a change in the character, but it is one of the superstitions of shrewdness and worldliness to deny that such impressions may contribute something towards virtue. However this may be, I rejoice that my heart is not yet so old and hard as to have all its romance dried up.*

That noble passage in which Johnson condemns the frigid philosophy which may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or courage, alluding to the plain of Marathon and the ruins of Iona, is fresh in the minds of most readers. The emotion stirred by the sight of objects with which the great and good of bygone time have been associated, may be only indeed the homage which nature is involuntarily constrained to pay to the majesty of those Divine lineaments reflected by the human example. It argues not, therefore, of itself the membership of the individual in the same illustrious brotherhood, only his capacity to enter the communion, and the fact of his relation to it not being hopeless and reprobate. On the other hand, the absence of sensibility surely betrays the want of fraternity. In the case of Mackintosh, the import of his local emotion cannot be mistaken. Besides the intellectual tie, there were other bonds, stronger and more enduring, between him and the poet. He had the same unsophisticated and truthful nature, keen affections, taste for simple pleasures, singular gentleness, and benevolent disposition. We may venture to believe also that Cowper's trial, its terribleness in the instance of one so pure and devout, was another link in the chain of association, for though deeply serious and sincere in his yearning after truth, a cloud of speculative difficulties kept the perception of it from the mind of the great statesman who "walked in darkness and saw no light," troubled in his pilgrimage with solemn thoughts on themes which philosophy could not eradicate. Yet as Cowper's sky was not always overcast, as when in the full assurance of faith, he could sing,

"Lord, I believe thou hast prepared,
Unworthy though I be,
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me!

'Tis strung and tuned for endless years,
And form'd by power Divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears,
No other name but thine."

* Life of Mackintosh, i. 149.

so there came an appointed time to Mackintosh, when the obscuring shadows flitted away from his soul, and his mental vision caught a joyful glimpse of the Sun of Righteousness as his own orb of life was setting to the horizon of this world. "What is the name of that man who writes upon decrees and upon election?" exclaimed the dying senator, an inquiry bespeaking a till then untold severe and perhaps long continued internal struggle. "He cannot frighten me now," was added with a smile, "I believe in Jesus." At eventide there was light.

The list of pilgrims from afar to the haunts of Cowper is a long one. The names of some will hereafter be mentioned, our principal purpose being to notice the recent record of a visit by Mr. Hugh Miller, the author of the "Old Red Sandstone."* Space compels us to overlook the intermediate tour from Edinburgh across the Border, by Durham, York, Manchester, and Birmingham, to Wolverton, the depot of the North-Western Railway, the nearest station on the line to Olney, where we join the travelling geologist, out for refreshment from professional labors in the summer of 1845.

It was at night-fall, amid the hurly-burly preparatory to a prize-fight on the coming day for the championship of England, that our tourist arrived at Wolverton. Of course there was no accommodation at its inn, or at Newport Pagnell, the quarters being crowded with the southern blackguards. So posting on his route a-foot, Mr. Miller, after thinking of a haystack for a bed, found a pleasanter one at Skirvington. Whether the no-admission of the inn-keepers to the belated traveller, suggesting the idea of what is commonly called scurvy treatment, had anything to do with this rendering of the name, we know not, but assuredly it stands as Sherrington in Cowper's letters, the spot to which "the most elegant, the compactest, the most commodious desk in the world, and of all the desks that ever were or shall be, the one most loved," had safe arrived, a present from Lady Hesketh, when the wagoner's wife returned "her abominable No!" to his inquiry about it. The next morning, the classic ground of Weston Underwood, the park of the Throckmortons, the banks and bridge of the Ouse, and Olney, were reached:

* "First Impressions of England and its People" pp. 274-312.

research, who gave them this power, and from what luminary do they receive their beams? From the necessary forms of thought; from an antecedent reason, ever evolving itself in history, poetry, philosophy; in all the principles of taste and beauty that reign over sculpture, painting, and the other arts—the æsthetics of the soul—which exist as truly there as did music in the infant Mozart, long ere, beguiled by some mysterious power, he sang his *Requiem*, and was borne on its melting strains, while its echoes were floating around him, away into “the valley of the shadow of death.”

Hobbes, we see, inverts this order, or rather will know nothing about it, and thus is evidently pocketing the “counters” and letting the gold slip through his fingers. In every instance in which our primary beliefs are denied, the grandest province of truth is struck out of the chart of knowledge, and man is reduced to a state of dependence upon “seemings” and “apparitions.”

From speech, the invention of letters, and reasoning—under all of which heads there are many admirable observations in connexion with “the powers cognitive”—the course of analysis leads to “the interior beginnings of voluntary motions, commonly called the passions, and the speeches by which they are expressed.”

The school to which Hobbes belonged, and his favorite doctrine of *motion*, may lead us to expect a somewhat mechanical account of love, hate, good, evil, aversion, and desire, with all other affections and qualities of a similar description. In these lie some of the deepest springs of moral feeling. The whole character of ethical science depends on the source to which we trace the emotions. There can be only two views of good and evil. The one, that moral qualities are immutable; constituting the perfection of the Deity, lying at the basis of his laws, and imposing unalterable obligations on his intelligent creatures; the other, that no such qualities exist and no such obligations, that objects are merely pleasurable or painful, and that good and evil are consequently as variable as the appetites of men. The latter is the doctrine we are taught throughout these volumes.

“In the eighth section of the second chapter is showed, that *conceptions* and *apparitions* are nothing *really* but motion in some internal substance of the *head*; which motion not stopping there, but

proceeding to the heart, of necessity must there either help or hinder the motion which is called *vital*; when it helpeth, it is called *delight*, *contentment*, or *pleasure*, which is nothing really but motion about the heart, as conception is nothing but motion in the head, and the objects that cause it are called pleasant or delightful, &c. The same delight, with reference to the object, is called *love*; but when such motion weakeneth or hindereth the vital motion, then it is called *pain*, and in relation to that which causeth it, *hatred*, &c.

“Every man, for his own part, calleth that which pleaseth and is delightful to himself, *good*, and that *evil* which displeaseth him; inasmuch that while every man differeth from other in *constitution*, they differ also from one another concerning the common *distinction of good and evil*. Nor is there any such thing as absolute goodness considered without relation; for even the goodness which we apprehend in God Almighty is *His goodness to us*.”—*Human Nature*, ch. vii.

The way to support this theory—one destructive of all morality—is to disregard the most solemn convictions of the mind, to dwell on the lower passions and on the variety of outward objects which men pursue in life. A little deeper insight into the matter would exhume some common principles of right and wrong, even from the dregs of society. It has happened in this question as in languages. By marking only their diversities, comparative philology did not grow, and the brotherhood of tongues was unknown. Thus also the seeming contradictions of some moral principle or law in the varying customs of nations, have been aggravated; without at all inquiring into the extent to which superstition, &c., may modify an original sentiment. Most of the phenomena in this perverted form attest a religious sensibility, which has been spoiled by craft and sin; and thus rest at length on the very law which is asserted not to exist. Let phenomenal diversity be given up for an inquiry into the *fountain* of good and evil, right and wrong, noble and ignoble, kind and unkind, benevolent and malicious, truth and falsehood; and, allowance being made for a diseased state of feeling, as for bad health amidst *malaria*, it will be found that these judgments imply antecedent susceptibilities of moral discrimination, partially or more fully developed in all, without which man would never have advanced beyond the mere elementary distinctions of pleasure and pain. The word *ought* would never have existed.

When *goodness* is thus reduced to anything whatever for which a man has an inclination, it will be no matter of surprise

that the *will* should be arranged under the category of *appetite*. The reader's own consciousness will tell him whether or not his volitions are regulative of his desires, or whether they are one and the same affection of the mind.

"In deliberation, the last appetite or aversion immediately adhering to the action, or to the omission thereof, is that we call the will; the act (not the faculty) of willing. And *beasts* that have deliberation, must necessarily also have *will*. . . . Will, therefore, is the last appetite in deliberating."—*Leviathan*, Pt. I., ch. vi.

Any such *faculty* he denies, and has, therefore, very properly conferred a will on *beasts*; who, if it be what he says, have as sound a claim to such dignity as Socrates or Saint Paul. Suppose, now, the tenth commandment to condemn a man's habit of feeling, and that, after a severe struggle, he triumphs over his propensities; this stern authority of conscience, according to the definition here given, becomes identical in kind with the base appetite which it restrains. The essential distinction between good and evil being denied, he merely substitutes one pleasure for another. Such, and with such abuse of language, is the *reading* of the inmost thoughts that Hobbes and his followers would pass off upon us for a profound analysis of the *interior beginnings of voluntary motions*.

While Hobbes was staying at Paris, he entered on the question of Liberty and Necessity with Bramhall, afterwards Archbishop of Armagh, and gave a distinct statement of his views in a letter to the Marquess of Newcastle, published 1654; which, with the treatise on Human Nature and the "De Corpore Politico," composed the *Tripos*,—a three-legged stool for the utterance of portentous oracles to mankind; and aptly placed, like the ancient one, over sulphurous exhalations, though perhaps from a deeper pit. The general principle of all his reasoning on this point is contained in the following extracts:—

"Nothing taketh beginning from itself, but from the action of some other immediate agent *without* itself. And, therefore, when first a man hath an appetite or will to something to which immediately before he had no appetite nor will, the *cause* of his will is not the will itself, but something else, *not in his own disposing*. So that, whereas it is out of controversy, that of *voluntary* actions, the will is the necessary cause, and by this which is said the will is also caused by other things *whereof it disposeth not*, it followeth that voluntary actions have all of them *necessary* causes, and therefore are *necessitated*."—Letter, &c.

"Man can have no passion, or appetite to anything of which appetite God's will is not the cause."—*Leviathan*, Pt. II., ch. xxi.

"Appetite, fear, hope, and the rest of the passions are not called voluntary; for they proceed not from but *are the will*, and the will is not voluntary: for a man can no more say he will will, than he will will will, and so make an infinite repetition of the word *will*, which is absurd and insignificant."—*Human Nature*, ch. xii.

If any, therefore, ask what is meant by the use of the term *voluntary*, it is merely "freedom from impediment" in the performance of what is thus necessarily chosen; and, in this manner, liberty and necessity of action unite precisely as in a stream of water that flows in a falling channel. The illustrations which he employs are mostly of this kind, and reduce the freedom of man to the very same law as that of an atmospheric railroad—irresistible impulse behind, and a vacuum in front.

The great difficulty which perplexes religious necessitarians, is to elucidate the ultimate distinction between physical and metaphysical necessity, and consequently to explain the nature of morality, and the foundations of moral law. Should this distinction be denied—as it was by Hobbes, who resolved all vices and virtues into motion—logic is inexorable and knows but one cause, properly speaking, in the universe. Nay, even here it does not pause, but carries its iron sceptre into the dominion and very bosom of the Deity. There were *reasons*, that is, *motives*, for the divine conduct, and, in the then view of the supreme mind, such conduct was necessary. Moreover, as *He* is self-existent—no more easy conception to us than self-determination—he cannot be otherwise than absolutely perfect; and therefore, in any objective good he may originate, the above reasoning will give optimism as the result. Whatever is best. Again:—*Motion* is justly considered a proof of a deity; and, as long as it continues, it is one form of divine operation. Thought is intellectual action, and is equally dependent on the Creator. He being, therefore, the primordial source of *all* activity—unless you *postulate* free agency to account for sin—fatalism is the legitimate consequence. The original impulse in nature and in man involved all the expanding circles of thought and action that, from the dawn of time to the present hour, have spread throughout the universe. Millions of minds and worlds beat with these pulsations, but their common centre

is the living God. A wise destiny, therefore, rules all things, and naught but good can exist.

We have made these observations as applicable to the ground on which the question of liberty and necessity is *here* brought before us. Hobbes presumes that a volition is a phenomenon of *nature*. This is to beg the very point at issue, and to settle it by his own arbitrary classification. We think his success is on a par with his notorious pretensions to the quadrature of the circle. And moreover, we are of opinion that logic is as little likely to decide the one, as the axioms of Euclid the other. Kant judged wisely in removing it to a totally different province. Without dreaming, therefore, of ever answering the necessarian; convinced that each party must presume the whole question in his *data*; we fall back upon our *faith*, that "*conscience*---practical reason if you please---demands the freedom of man, as a postulate, ere he can be regarded as the possible object or subject of moral law." There is in this maxim a philosophical depth and verity which comes home to us; and, satisfied with it, we leave the *logical* advocates of free will to get necessarians, who have their eyes open, to grant them that beautiful fact, *spontaneity*, and the logical advocates of necessity to get libertarians, equally awake, to grant *them* the ugly concession, that all things, both mind and matter, range under one common mechanism of cause and effect, and then to argue the question. Whoever succeeds, in either case, has impaled his victim. He has his pound of flesh in the bond, and may claim the blood too. If he be a metaphysical Shylock, he will have ample satisfaction.

Moral distinctions and a will having disappeared, there can be no occupation for a *conscience*. Our readers will, however, guess long ere they divine its elementary state, and discover what it becomes under the power of analysis.

"It is either *science* or *opinion* which we commonly mean by the word *conscience*; for men say that such and such a thing is true, in or upon their conscience; which they never do when they think it doubtful; and therefore they *know* or *think* they know it to be true. But men when they say things upon their conscience are not, therefore, presumed certainly to know the truth of what they say. It remaineth, then, that that word is used by them that have an *opinion*, not only of the truth of a thing, but also of their knowledge of it, to which the truth of the proposition is consequent.

Conscience, I therefore define to be *opinion of evidence*."—*Human Nature*, ch. vi.

We doubt whether any culprit, from Cain downwards, ever dreamt of this definition. Had it only flashed across the imagination of Catiline and his band of profligates, of Felix when before Paul, or of the wretches who fell under the lash of Juvenal and Tacitus, with what infinite delight would they have announced the discovery that conscience is a calf. This, however, was reserved for a later age. They knew not the genius of their own language.

"When two or more men know of one and the same fact, they are said to be *conscious* of it one to another; which is as much as to *know it together*. Afterwards, men made use of the same word *metaphorically* for the *knowledge* of their own secret *facts* and secret *thoughts*, and therefore it is rhetorically said, that the conscience is a thousand witnesses."—*Leviathan*, Pt. I., ch. vii.

At the first touch of this philological wand, *crimes* vanish; the Furies assume a placid, marble look; no avenging spirit haunts the guilty; but, by an etymological virtue, to which Medusa's head was nothing, all that has ever been visited by remorse, punished by God, and deemed base by man, is resolved into *opinion of evidence*, or into matter of private intelligence! The process indicated here and carried out in the "*Diversions of Purley*," is what is meant by the *ultra-nominalism* of Hobbes. Even on the old question of the schools, the ridicule poured on the doctrine of the realists, that besides Aristides and Cato, and all other men, there is "*something which we call man, viz. man in general*,"—has led us to forget that universal terms have still a foundation in nature. There are *conceptions*, it is true, but they rest upon a collection of qualities which are embodied in each of the species. In reality, there is no individual *nature* about a man. He may be a dwarf or a giant, a hunchback or an Apollo Belvidere, and he will be known and distinguished by these marks, but his *nature* is not an individuality. It is the incorporation of that common idea which embraces the essentials of each and all of the human race; the general *form* which is realized in every particular example, and the only possible basis of scientific classification. There are sorts in nature, and sorting in all that man does. He never makes the sort, he merely recognises the fact of its existence. No extent to which he may believe in the subjective character of the

laws of the understanding can destroy the differences of external objects, as the unalterable consciousness of every moment. It is the same with resemblances. The conditions of my *nature* exist in every man; those of my individuality, only in myself. The *former* make me *human*. It is, however, to a matter of far greater consequence than that of general names that we at present refer. *Ultra-nominalism* is the bane of morals and of moral philosophy. It specially consists in evacuating the most important terms in law, ethics, and religion, of everything beyond a conventional import. It denounces and labors to undermine the principle, that moral *attributes*, existing in intelligent beings, are the antecedents and ground-work of *attributives*, which rightly describe or mark their character. We have already given one example in the gross and selfish view which Hobbes takes of "goodness." Another, taken from his tabular view of science, is as follows:—"Consequences from *Speech*. In contracting, the science of *Just* and *Unjust*."

All law, therefore, becomes exclusively positive. Moral law can have no possible foundation. Where this view of the philosophy of language is carried out, God himself becomes an abstraction, and retains only a *nominal* existence. Against every such system reason and *realism* equally protest. They assert the principle we have announced, and affirm that benevolence is one and the same *quality* to all holy beings in creation. The Apostle Paul and the philanthropist Howard, in cherishing the spirit of Jesus Christ, aimed at a moral assimilation to its great pattern. Love to man brought him from Heaven. His incarnation did not make it different from what it was when he was in the bosom of the Father. It is not simply relative to human faculties, any more than it is simply a name; but is immutable, varying in its operations according to its objects. We, therefore, know moral qualities in their own absolute nature; and the goodness which our highest powers accredit and recognise, is goodness likewise to all rational existence. These views are, in the philosophy of Hobbes, so much delusion and absurdity. He speaks, and they disappear, as by diabolical enchantment.

"Words, and consequently the attributes of God, have their signification by agreement and constitution of men, &c."—*Leviathan*, Pt. II., ch. xxxi.

The only important question—Is there anything that *necessitates* the *agreement*?—is here shuffled out of sight. If, however, all nations call the rainbow beautiful, we infer some common sense of beauty. And though languages are thus far arbitrary that one will do, in many respects, as well as another, yet the laws and conceptions of the mind are one. We reject the assumption that we have no knowledge of God, and the consequent impiety that we fashion him according to our fancy. Words are an effect, not a cause. What justice, goodness, veracity signify, must be known, before these abstract terms are formed and known in a just, good, and truthful being, or by an intuitive perception of their nature and obligation. *Ultra-nominalism* is a bare-faced denial of the moral consciousness of mankind.

We have now detailed the chief points of the reply which Hobbes makes to the question—What sort of a being is man? There is nothing ennobling in his account of the species. Without a will to rule his lower nature; equally destitute of a moral faculty; establishing good and evil *ad libitum*, there being no immutable principles of either; the creatures of absolute necessity, and dragged in chains, not by kindness, but by cupidity; it follows that the character of man is throughout a lone and naked selfishness, which moulds all the elements of nature into so many instruments of personal gratification.

As each has a similar end, war must ensue. In a chapter which treats of the *difference of manners*, by which he means "*those qualities of mankind that concern their living together in peace and unity*," the great battle of the passions is announced. Man is in search of his own happiness, and his unvarying object is "not to enjoy once only and for one instant of time; but to assure for ever the way of his future desire." Hence he aims at "power after power, in order to secure his prior acquisitions."

Here, then, we have arrived at the threshold of Hobbes' political system; and before we enter upon it, it may be necessary to quote a few of his fundamental maxims, by way of explanation. We shall do so without much criticism.

"First, '*All men are by nature equal*,' for as to bodily strength, in which men may be thought to differ, 'the weakest has strength enough to kill the strongest, either by secret machination, or by confederacy with others that are in the same danger with himself; and as to the faculties of the

mind, there is a greater equality amongst men than that of strength."—*Leviathan*, Pt. I., ch. xiii.

If history teaches anything, it is just the reverse of this position. Hero-worship is as old as time; and Nimrod, Samson, and Achilles; David, Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, Scanderbeg, and Napoleon; the poets, and philosophers, and mathematicians of Greece and Italy in all ages; Shakspeare and his equal, Milton; Bacon, and Hobbes himself; indeed, the whole galaxy of warriors, statesmen, metaphysicians, painters, and sculptors, from Phidias and Apelles, down to the great masters of recent times; yes, the entire family of genius proclaims its inherent and original superiority,—its right to teach and govern man, and to lead him into regions of knowledge and conquest, "flowing with milk and honey," not one foot of which had he possessed unless its guidance had taken him from eating acorns or making bricks, and conducted him through seas and deserts into the better land.

"Secondly, 'Every man by nature hath right to all things, that is to say, to do whatsoever he listeth to whom he listeth, to possess, use, and enjoy all things he will and can.'—*De Corpore Politico*, Pt. I., ch. i.

Right he defines to be—

"The liberty each man hath to use his own power, as he will himself, for the preservation of his own nature; that is to say, of his own life; and, consequently, of doing *anything* which in his own judgment and reason he shall conceive to be the *optest* means thereto."—*Leviathan*, Pt. I., ch. xiv.

Thirdly, From this equality of nature and right, united with the appetites of men, contention is a necessary consequence. For—

"If any two men desire the same thing, which nevertheless they cannot both enjoy, they become enemies; and in their way to their end . . . endeavor to destroy or subdue one another."—*Leviathan*, Pt. I., ch. xiii.

Universal distrust follows, and each man may

"By force or wiles master the persons of all men he can . . . till he see no other power great enough to endanger him."—*Ibid.*

"Fourthly, 'Hereby it is manifest that during the time men live without a common power to keep them in awe, they are in that condition

which is called *warre*, and such a warre as is of every man against every man.'—*Ibid.*

The reader has only to throw his imagination into this tumultuous scene, to think of men and women without union or love, and of each man trying to circumvent his neighbor, and he will own that the wildest uproar of the elements that was ever raised is tame in comparison with a general conflict of the passions, that threatens the extinction of mankind in a deluge of blood. *A state of nature is, according to Hobbes, a state of war.* The world is in arms. Brotherhood, justice, peace, do not exist. The earth is sown with dragons' teeth. All men dip their arrows in poison. Union is unknown. The inhabitants of the globe are a set of independent marauders, each of whom scorns to own himself inferior to his fellow. To quarrel is their nature, and "*Competition, diffidence of one another, and glory, are the three principal causes of quarrel.*"

Stimulated by these, human beings become more rapacious than vultures, and wild beasts that roam the forest for their prey promise better society. Were one placed at a little distance from this planet, and able to contemplate these tragic scenes, throwing their shadows before them, he would be apt to pray, if no remedy were discoverable, that heaven would convert the habitable world into a solitude, and by letting loose its central fires, or breaking up the fountains of the great deep, on whose waters no ark should appear, once and for ever put an end to all flesh.

Perhaps, however, there will be no need of imprecations. We can easily see that the great question with men in such a condition would be how to escape mutual destruction. Whence, then, shall deliverance come? Who shall change this state in which there is "continual fear and danger of violent death;" and human life is "solitary, poore, nasty, brutish, and short?" What chance is there of lessening the peril and of lengthening existence, when there is as yet no justice among men?

"To this warre of every man against every man this also is consequent—that *nothing can be unjust.* The notions of right and wrong, justice and injustice, have there no place. Force and fraud are in warre the two cardinall vertues," &c. —*Ibid.*

In this exigency one would look for a band of Sabine damsels to touch the hearts of fathers, husbands, brothers, and friends,

and thus introduce permanent peace. No; man must solve his own problem. Though devoid of all rectitude, he is not blind to the comforts of life, and amidst this chaos, his *self love* arises to teach him the true method of political redemption.

"The passions that incline men to peace are feare of death, desire of such things as are necessary to commodious living, and a hope by their industry to obtain them. And reason suggesteth convenient articles of peace, upon which men may be drawn to agreement."—*Ibid.*

These, therefore, he explains.

We know of no inconsistency more glaring in the system of Hobbes than that which arises from his doctrine of Right and Law; the former allowing a man to do anything, the latter binding him to a moral code.] [He settles and annihilates the morality of the laws of nature in one and the same breath, making them always oblige in conscience, but not in action: the latter, indeed, "only when there is security." Yet he pronounces them "immutable and eternal;" "the true moral philosophy;" which is "nothing else but the science of what is good and evil in the conversation and society of mankind." (Pt. I., ch. 15.) We are however deceived if we attach any importance to his transcendental phraseology, for, in the very next line, he tells us that

"Good and evil are names that signify our appetites and aversions, which in different tempers, customes, and doctrines of men, are different."

Presuming, therefore, that "private appetite" is the only standard of right and wrong, he yet does, in an extraordinary way, find in man about twenty maxims on which to build up public tranquillity. They themselves, however, have not yet a solid footing.

"These dictates of reason men use to call by the name of lawes, but improperly; for they are but conclusions or theoremes concerning what conduceth to the conservation and defence of themselves, whereas law properly is the word of him that by right hath command over others."—*Ibid.*

Yet being prescribed by reason, they become so far authoritative that they lead to mutual overtures among mankind. All of them feel that peace; laying down their right to all things, standing to covenants, cherishing "gratitude, justice, equity, modesty, mercy; and, in summe, doing to others as they would be done to," are the

prescriptions of nature. With this understanding they are prepared for society. Having depicted their danger, Hobbes rescues them from it by pure fiction, making them enter into covenant with each other to submit to some common power. Rejecting the patriarchal scheme of Filmer, and avoiding that of compact between sovereign and subject, as well as the extravagant theory of divine right, he supposes an agreement among equals to make one or an assembly unequal, and to embody in him or in a certain number the collective will of all. By this means they attain

"A real unity in one and the same person, made by covenant of every man with every man, in such manner as if every man should say to every man, I authorize and give up my right of governing myself to this man, or to this assembly of men, on this condition, that thou give up thy right to him, and authorize all his actions in like manner."—*Leviathan*, Pt. II., ch. xvii.

This surrender is absolute—save of life. Leviathan now ascends his throne, and has all the powers to which we have previously adverted. He is a king and a priest; hath authority *jure divino*, not in himself and by nature, but by office, to appoint pastors and teachers; to baptize subjects, and to consecrate temples; and can never forfeit his sovereign right. He can break no covenant, because he made none. In fact, the nation was not one person to be a party until he became sovereign; and if it be said, he made covenants with each and all of them, these became void by his sovereignty, as every breach which they can allege was their own act in their representative.

"Because every subject is by this institution author of all the actions and judgments of the sovereign instituted; it follows that whatsoever he doth it can be no injury to any of his subjects; nor ought he to be by any of them accused of injustice."—*Leviathan*, Pt. II., ch. xviii.

Such, then, very briefly, is the system which is to make nations great and happy. No realist could embody an abstraction with more ardent zeal. Whatever interferes with the notion of supreme authority—be it parliament or common law, or any mixture in government—he fiercely denounces. The whole battery of his logic and sophistry, however, is brought to bear upon revelation, and upon all religious teachers, as blocking up the way which leads to the pinnacle of absolute power. While a commonwealth may be "weakened" by

the opinion that he who hath the sovereignty is "subject to the civil laws," there is nothing so mischievous in this respect as the doctrine, that "whatsoever a man does against his conscience is sinne;" and that he owes an allegiance to the "blessed and only Potentate," which no earthly authority can contravene. The whole drift, therefore, of the third part of the *Leviathan* is to undermine the Scriptures. With a considerable share of biblical reading, so common at that time, he reviews the sacred Canon; the signification of the terms prophet, church, kingdom of God, heaven, hell, &c.;—while by the most insidious suggestions, by etymologies—such as *blowing into* for inspiration,—and by wresting various passages which inculcate obedience to civil rulers, he succeeds in throwing ridicule on divine truth, and, at the same time, in seeming to equip himself with its armor to fight the battle of *Leviathan* against God. In order to carry him through in triumph, he treats lastly of the *Kingdom of Darknesse*; overthrows the Papal power; places all education and teaching in the hands of the State; proposes his own writings as the common text-book; and, with extraordinary ingenuity, argues that, since Saul's appointment, God has had and will have no Kingdom upon Earth till Christ's Second Coming other than that which is incorporated in his Vicegerent—the seat of all civil and spiritual authority. Absolute submission to him, therefore, is the present form of our duty to God. No plea of Conscience can arise, and should it, persecution is a virtue, since this maintains inviolable against fanaticism, that Sovereignty, which is the only known similitude of the most High.

We have not allowed ourselves space to dwell at any greater length on the moral and theological doctrines of these volumes. As to the latter, we have little occasion to speak. In a thin folio in the British Museum, entitled "*Sayings of Pious Men*," there is a single sheet, which was published by Charles Blount, called the dying legacy of Mr. Thomas Hobbes. Amidst extracts from his chief work is one short sentence, conveying Blount's notion of his theology:—"God is Almighty Matter."

We fear, after all, that this is as much as can be said for it. His materialism breaks out everywhere. Bodies, and nothing else, in his view, composed the universe. And, though he calls the Deity a *corporeal spirit*, there is little reason to

think that he believed in any intelligent subsistence—the "God of the spirits of all flesh." His latter days awaken no hope. We left him enjoying the charms of Chatsworth in 1653. From this time, he carried on his controversies with Wallis and Bramhall; published his *Elementa Philosophiæ* in 1655; vindicated his loyalty; had a pension of a hundred a year at the Restoration; was honored by a Parliamentary censure; received a visit in 1669 from Cosmo de' Medici; published his translation of Homer in 1675; and died at Hardwick, Dec. 4, 1679, in the ninety-second year of his age, wishing, when he knew he could not live, "to find a hole to crawl out of this world at." Poor old man! He lived not for himself, though he thought so, and taught others that this was the end of life. He was raised up to shock the mind of all Europe, and the beneficial action of his works is felt to the present hour. Nor would the friends of man hesitate to hail him a second time, if his existence were the condition on which Cudworths, Clarkes, Butlers, and others of a like school, were to be called from the depths of Nature's bosom to confront and defeat him. He did evil; he was the occasion of good. Here, as elsewhere, the system of the Divine Being is one; and the operations of Providence, which we thus observe, are miniature forms of the grand scheme of redemption, in which Satan is followed and subdued by the Son of Man. In style and tactics Hobbes had no equal. The works of Bramhall and Cumberland—indeed of all his antagonists—are far inferior to his in free and vigorous composition. They have, however, better titles to praise; and we know of no more healthy exercise than to follow both parties step by step in the battles which they fought. His great powers have ever been acknowledged. His genius was the bond which united him to Bacon, Gassendi, and Galileo; and though we do not think that his fame has grown with the lapse of time, yet we are satisfied that this is owing merely to the enormities of his system.

A calm strength pervades almost all his writings. He advances from one point to another without any sudden jerk or visible effort, and the process of thought goes on at its usual elevation like the unwatched pulse of a strong man. Even when the ground is rotten beneath his feet he has the power of sustaining himself by raising an unseen prop, or somewhat extending

his base, without allowing the reader to think that he is employing any art to retain his position. His self-confidence was never disturbed. With unmatched presumption he affirms that he is "the first that hath made the grounds of geometry firm and coherent." Vol. vii. 242. Neither, however, in Mathematics nor Physics has he made for himself a name. His other writings produced great effect in his own day; they afterwards formed a school which lives, and is likely to live, but not to lead, at least not in ethics and philosophy. No writer on human nature can be profound, who makes Will and Appetite, Conscience and Consciousness, the same; and identifies Good and Evil, Right and Wrong, with the ever-changing inclinations and antipathies of mankind. This is not to see the one in the manifold, but to *merge* the manifold in the one. It is not analysis but confusion. Being such it cannot last. An evil genius of gigantic proportions may for a time spread a mist over the whole region of morals, and have power seemingly to change men into swine; but goodness is omnipotent. The *ineffable name* is in her: and by its incarnate virtue do these ugly and ill-favored forms quickly vanish, and all her children recover their native lustre. *Pity* no longer wears the shape of self-gratification; *Religion* casts off the crouching attitude of a slave. And if, instead of resting at the superficial indications which point out the wealth below, we ask how these and science and truth became possible, we shall find our way through by *a posteriori* guidance, out of the darkest passages of the soul into the sunshine over which time and space and sense all cast their shadow. Man is under an eclipse, and reveals himself, like the Great Parent Spirit, only by his works. But these bespeak the laws and attributes with which he is prepared for his mission upon earth. Overlooking the achievements of science—the written and embodied intellect of man—we take off our shoes from our feet, and stand on holy ground. In the pure aspirations, and the patient counsels of piety; in the sympathies that would regenerate man; in the anticipations of life hereafter; in the hopes that follow the just; in the punishment of the evil, and the discipline of the good; in the character of Christ, and in the power of his Spirit, working in the human breast;—we see a grandeur that was wrapped up in the mystery of Heaven ere it dawned on us at birth, now hastening

with a more or less visible course, and with capacities more or less exalted, towards the same goal.

"Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness;
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home."

The general conduct of Hobbes was correct, his habits regular, and his disposition liberal. His virtues, however, were mostly prudential; of *greatness* he knew nothing. After assailing all that is sacred, he had the pusillanimity, at the Restoration, to profess to submit his opinions to the constituted authorities; sheltering himself beneath the miserable plea, that when he wrote he was in the irresponsible state of nature, there being, in consequence of the subversion of government, no legitimate judge of heresy.

We have only to add, in relation to this complete collection of his works, that we should have been better pleased with the labors of Sir W. Molesworth had he indulged a little more in elucidative annotation.

INTERMENTS IN LONDON.—From a statement made by Mr. G. A. Walker, well known for his writings on inter-mural burials, we gather the following particulars:—"There are 182 parochial graveyards in London; of these only 48 were confined to the proper limit of 136 bodies to the acre; the rest exhibited various degrees of saturation, from 200 to 3000 bodies to the acre annually. In St. Andrew's Undershaft, the average per acre was 1278; Portugal Street burying-ground, 1021; St. Dunstan's, Fleet Street, 1182; St. Dunstan's-in-the-East, 1210; St. John's, Clerkenwell, 3073; St. Mary-at-Hill, 1159; St. Olave, Tooley Street, 1257; St. Swithin's, Tooley Street, 1760. Turning from parish ground to dissenting burial places, the following were the results:—Wickliffe Chapel, Stepney, 1210; Enon Chapel, Woolwich, 1080; Parker, Dockhead, Woolwich, 1613; Moorfields, 1210; Cannon Street Road, 1109; and lastly, New Bunhillfields was distinguished by an average of 2323.

It was humiliating to think that a parish ground—St. John's, Clerkenwell—stood at the head of these unchristian nuisances, pestiferous in every respect, because, when a proportion of 3073 were annually interred on an acre of land, it followed that the bodies could only remain in the ground five months instead of ten years. Hence the stacking of coffins in deep pits, the brutal dismemberment of bodies, the consumption of coffin wood in many localities, the danger to mourners from attending such places; the insidious infection which, especially in the warm season, poisons the atmosphere, and by undermining health, or begetting disease, hurries thousands to an untimely end, again to become the subjects of fresh indignities, the centre of infection to survivors, and the distributors of pestilential emanations." What admirable reasons for leaving the metropolis out of the late Health of Towns Bill!

From *Lowe's Magazine*.

THE BUCKINGHAMSHIRE HOME AND HAUNTS OF COWPER.

"You ask me where I have been this summer. I answer, at Olney. Should you ask me where I spent the last seventeen summers, I should still answer, at Olney. Ay, and the winters also."

"The limes and the elms of Weston can witness for us both, how often we have sighed and said, 'Oh that our garden opened into this grove, or into this wilderness.'"

LETTERS OF COWPER.

"The very world, by God's constraint,
From falsehood's chill removing,
Its women and its men became
Beside him true and loving,
And timid hares were drawn from woods
To share his home caresses,
Uplooking to his human eyes
With sylvan tendernesses."

MRS. BARRETT BROWNING.

It was on a fine summer day, about twenty years ago, that an open carriage reached the Bull Inn at Olney, from which a somewhat elderly gentleman alighted, evidently from his appearance a man of mark and an invalid, with a younger female companion. The strangers proceeded to the tall brick house in the market-place, so long the residence of Cowper, the "stricken deer that left the herd," where his grievously wounded spirit magnanimously endured the cross, employing a mighty genius to infuse hope and consolation into the portion of his race, from which he deemed himself to be excluded, doomed by an awful ban to drink alone of the cup of bitterness and trembling. From the sitting-room of the poet and Mrs. Unwin, the party passed to the garden, to the summer-house, to the arbor, the elder conversing with his guide of the departed bard, of his poetry and inimitable letters, his sincerity and sorrows, in a manner that evinced an intimate acquaintance with his writings and a just appreciation of his exalted powers and moral worth. Sir James Mackintosh, for such was the name of the visitor, had been on the spot before, and now returned to it to introduce his daughter. On the former occasion, in 1801, he was comparatively unknown to fame, a barrister on the Norfolk circuit, attended in this, as in many extra-professional excursions, by Mr. Basil Montague, since the editor of Lord Bacon's works, and one of his biographers. A record has been made of this visit: "We went into the room where the Task was written, which is now a village school. We rambled round the village, and at last found out the hairdresser, whom he had employed for many years, who told us some most affecting anec-

dotes of the most amiable and unhappy of men." This individual, one of the higher grade of his profession, Cowper commemorates as having embellished the outside of his head and left "the inside just as unfinished as he found it; but he is more honorably noticed for his conscientiousness, as one who would not wait upon the king himself on a Sunday. His name was Wilson, a dissenter and deacon of the Baptist church, who survived to a good old age, but his anecdotes, to which many besides Mackintosh have referred, appear to have perished with him.

"We saw his handwriting in a copy of his poems which he presented to this hairdresser. I hope you will believe me, when I say I could not look at the writing without tears. So pure in his life—so meek—so tender—so pious—he surely never had his rival in virtue and misfortune. He had few superiors in genius. I think better of myself for having felt so much in such a scene, and I hope I shall be the better all my life for the feeling."

Yet another tribute of respect was paid by Mackintosh to the memory of Cowper, in a pilgrimage from Cromer to Dereham, to the house in which the last five years of his troubled life were spent, to the chamber where he expired and had the "blackness of Jarkness" for ever removed from his spirit, and to the spot where his remains repose in peace.

"The morning was interesting; it not only amused from its dissimilarity to the stupid routine of ordinary life, but it has, I hope, made some impressions likely to soften and improve the heart. None but fools and fanatics can expect such scenes

* *Life of Mackintosh*, i. 148.

are of themselves sufficient to work a change in the character, but it is one of the superstitions of shrewdness and worldliness to deny that such impressions may contribute something towards virtue. However this may be, I rejoice that my heart is not yet so old and hard as to have all its romance dried up.*

That noble passage in which Johnson condemns the frigid philosophy which may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or courage, alluding to the plain of Marathon and the ruins of Iona, is fresh in the minds of most readers. The emotion stirred by the sight of objects with which the great and good of bygone time have been associated, may be only indeed the homage which nature is involuntarily constrained to pay to the majesty of those Divine lineaments reflected by the human example. It argues not, therefore, of itself the membership of the individual in the same illustrious brotherhood, only his capacity to enter the communion, and the fact of his relation to it not being hopeless and reprobate. On the other hand, the absence of sensibility surely betrays the want of fraternity. In the case of Mackintosh, the import of his local emotion cannot be mistaken. Besides the intellectual tie, there were other bonds, stronger and more enduring, between him and the poet. He had the same unsophisticated and truthful nature, keen affections, taste for simple pleasures, singular gentleness, and benevolent disposition. We may venture to believe also that Cowper's trial, its terribleness in the instance of one so pure and devout, was another link in the chain of association, for though deeply serious and sincere in his yearning after truth, a cloud of speculative difficulties kept the perception of it from the mind of the great statesman who "walked in darkness and saw no light," troubled in his pilgrimage with solemn thoughts on themes which philosophy could not eradicate. Yet as Cowper's sky was not always overcast, as when in the full assurance of faith, he could sing,

"Lord, I believe thou hast prepared,
Unworthy though I be,
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me!

"Tis strung and tuned for endless years,
And form'd by power Divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears,
No other name but thine."

* Life of Mackintosh, i. 149.

so there came an appointed time to Mackintosh, when the obscuring shadows flitted away from his soul, and his mental vision caught a joyful glimpse of the Sun of Righteousness as his own orb of life was setting to the horizon of this world. "What is the name of that man who writes upon decrees and upon election?" exclaimed the dying senator, an inquiry bespeaking a till then untold severe and perhaps long continued internal struggle. "He cannot frighten me now," was added with a smile, "I believe in Jesus." At eventide there was light.

The list of pilgrims from afar to the haunts of Cowper is a long one. The names of some will hereafter be mentioned, our principal purpose being to notice the recent record of a visit by Mr. Hugh Miller, the author of the "Old Red Sandstone." Space compels us to overlook the intermediate tour from Edinburgh across the Border, by Durham, York, Manchester, and Birmingham, to Wolverton, the depot of the North-Western Railway, the nearest station on the line to Olney, where we join the travelling geologist, out for refreshment from professional labors in the summer of 1845.

It was at night-fall, amid the hurly-burly preparatory to a prize-fight on the coming day for the championship of England, that our tourist arrived at Wolverton. Of course there was no accommodation at its inn, or at Newport Pagnell, the quarters being crowded with the southern blackguards. So posting on his route a-foot, Mr. Miller, after thinking of a haystack for a bed, found a pleasanter one at Skirvington. Whether the no-admission of the inn-keepers to the belated traveller, suggesting the idea of what is commonly called scurvy treatment, had anything to do with this rendering of the name, we know not, but assuredly it stands as Sherrington in Cowper's letters, the spot to which "the most elegant, the compactest, the most commodious desk in the world, and of all the desks that ever were or shall be, the one most loved," had safe arrived, a present from Lady Hesketh, when the wagoner's wife returned "her abominable No!" to his inquiry about it. The next morning, the classic ground of Weston Underwood, the park of the Throckmortons, the banks and bridge of the Ouse, and Olney, were reached:

* "First Impressions of England and its People" pp. 274-312.

"I crossed the bridge, destined, like the 'Brigs of Ayr' and the 'Bridge of Sighs,' long to outlive its stone and lime existence; passed the church—John Newton's; saw John Newton's house, a snug building, much garnished with greenery; and then entered Olney proper—the village that was Olney a hundred years ago. Unlike most of the villages of central England, it is built, not of brick, but chiefly at least of a calcareous yellow stone from the Oolite, which, as it gathers scarce any lichen, or moss, looks clean and fresh after the lapse of centuries; and it is not until the eye catches the dates on the peaked gable points, 1682, 1611, 1590, that one can regard the place as no hastily run-up town of yesterday, but as a place that had a living in other times. The main street, which is also the Bedford road, broadens towards the middle of the village into a roomy angle, in shape not very unlike the capacious pocket of a Scotch housewife of the old school; one large elm tree rises in the centre; and just opposite the elm, among the houses that skirt the base of the angle—i. e. the bottom of the pocket—we see an old-fashioned house, considerably taller than the others, and differently tinted, for it is built of red brick, somewhat ornately bordered with stone. And this tall brick house was Cowper's home."

For this house, to which Mrs. Unwin and Cowper removed in the autumn of 1767, one of the best that Olney could then boast, a rent of about twelve pounds was paid, their establishment consisting of one maid-servant, a gardener, and footman. Externally, its aspect answers well to the occupant's description of it—that of a place built for the purpose of incarceration, and yet, while familiar in the winter months with an atmosphere loaded with raw vapors rising from flooded meadows, sitting in a parlor over a cellar filled with water, and celebrating his removal from the spot as a gaol-delivery, he had boasted in the fervor of song,

"Had I the choice of sublunary good,
What could I wish that I possess not here?"

An orchard belonging to another proprietor separated the garden behind from John Newton's parsonage, which long bore the name of the Guinea Field, from that sum being yearly paid for the right of way through it. Next to the main street is the far-famed parlor,

"That looks the north wind full in the face,"

from the window of which the recluse often watched for the post-boy bringing his letters—almost the only link that connected him with the busy world—and first caught sight of Lady Austen, the fashionable and fascinating stranger, shopping opposite. Long

subject to the wear and tear of a school, its soiled walls and broken plaster exhibit a dismal appearance, yet it is easy to call up the vision of former comfort, when it was the scene of "intimate delight," "fire-side enjoyments," and "home-born happiness," so graphically sketched,

"Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in."

The room, shorn of its material honors, and to be demolished in the end, will yet live in history, as a site consecrated by graceful humanities and the efforts of Christian genius. There sat Mrs. Unwin knitting, Cowper reading or transcribing, the hares, Puss, Tiney, and Bess, gambolling on the carpet. There the adventures of the famous horseman were first related over night, the ballad of John Gilpin making its appearance the next day soon to win and keep popular favor, obtaining for the then unknown author the applause of Mrs. Siddons in the metropolis. There the Sister Anne of the circle, mistress of his muse, suggested his greatest performance, the *Task*, original in thought, cadence, and structure, giving him the sofa upon which she sat for a subject, well knowing the stores he could bring out of his own mind to hinge upon the whimsical theme. Nobly, in fourteen months, did he justify her confidence. Campbell, remarking upon the origin of this poem, the history of a piece of furniture promising so little to the reader yet producing so much, aptly compares it to a river rising from a playful little fountain, gathering beauty and magnitude as it proceeds. However shunning the throng, the world would sometimes break in upon the secluded life of Cowper, as when the Parliamentary candidate was ushered into the parlor with an election mob at his heels, seeking his patronage as one of the magnates of the town with a seducing shake of the hand, and informing the bard of his consequence in the community—a new revelation to him. There likewise was he, in the dark season of 1773, a silent tenant of the room, dead alike to politics, literature, and friendship, bound in the fetters of despair, the iron entering into his soul.

The premises of the old house are of greater interest. The neighboring elms, in one of which was the bird-nest, spared by

the storm to the rifled, suggesting the fable of the raven, are no longer standing; but the garden, with its gravel walk thirty yards long, where Cowper reared cucumbers, fed his pigeons, and manufactured verses in the summer, still remains a garden, though not so trim as when he tended its beds.

"I found," says Mr. Miller, "the garden, like the house, much changed. It had been broken up into two separate properties; and the proprietors having run a wall through the middle of it, one must now seek the pippin-tree which the poet planted, in one little detached bit of garden, and the lath-and-plaster summer-house, which, when the weather was fine, used to form his writing-room, in another. The Ribston pippin looks an older tree, and has more lichen about it, though far from tall for its age, than might be expected of a tree of Cowper's planting; but it is now seventy-nine years since the poet came to Olney, and in less than seventy-nine years young fruit-trees become old ones. The little summer-house, mangle the fragility of its materials, is in a wonderful good state of keeping; the old lath still retains the old line; and all the square inches and finger-breadths of the plaster, inside and out, we find as thickly covered with names as the space in our ancient Scotch copies of the 'Solemn League and Covenant.' Cowper would have marvelled to have seen his little summer-house—for little it is, scarce larger than a four-posted bedstead, written like the roll described in sacred vision, 'within and without.'"

Among the host of names, there are those of "Hugh Miller, Edinburgh;" "Mary and Alexander Logan came 700 miles to see this place, 3d August, 1839;" and that of the authoress of *Display*, then hearing the "murmur of the dark waters," suffering under the incipient disease that laid her low, with two lines which we do not remember having seen in print,

"Where Cowper wrote what meaner hand shall try?
Yet to his loved remains we breathe a sigh.

JANE TAYLOR."

Cowper calls this spot a commodious oratory in which to invoke the muse. It was apart from the noise of the street. There were pinks, roses, and honeysuckles in sight, and birds singing in the apple-trees among the blossoms, though, as nothing is perfect, an ass living on the other side of the garden-wall, as if to prove the saying true, would sometimes join the choristers of the grove. Here much of his poetry was written—many of those massy lines which comprise a volume of meaning,

"He has no hope that never had a fear."

"To smite the poor is treason against God."

which once read take firm hold upon the memory. He was in this favorite recess in the June of 1783, listening to the distant thunder and pattering showers, and wishing for a subject to write about. Before the summer closed, the Task had commenced, in which the notice occurs of the remarkable physical phenomena of the season, the most extraordinary year in that respect with which we are acquainted.

"Sure there is need of social intercourse,
Benevolence, and peace, and mutual aid,
Between the nations in a world that seems
To toll the death-bell of its own decease,
And, by the voice of all its elements,
To preach the general doom. When were the winds
Let slip with such a warrant to destroy?
When did the waves so haughtily o'erleap
Their ancient barriers, deluging the dry?
Fires from beneath and meteors from above,
Portentous, unexampled, unexplained,
Have kindled beacons in the skies; and the old
And crazy earth has had her shaking fits
More frequent, and foregone her usual rest.
Is it a time to wrangle when the props
And pillars of our planet seem to fail,
And Nature with a dim and sickly eye
To wait the close of all?"

In February, the earthquakes commenced by which Calabria and Sicily were desolated. In June, the most tremendous volcanic outburst on record occurred in Iceland, and continued to the close of August, when the Skaptar Jokul discharged a mass of matter which, accumulated together, would yield a second Peak of Teneriffe. Severe thunderstorms prevailed in England through the summer; but the most singular event was the veil of dry fog which overspread Europe for a month, giving to nature "a dim and sickly eye," most likely a gaseous exhalation from the disturbed districts dispersed through the atmosphere.

"The sun," says Cowper, June 13, "continues to rise and set without his rays, and hardly shines at noon, even in a cloudless sky. At eleven last night, the moon was a dull red; she was nearly at her highest elevation, and had the color of a heated brick. She would naturally, I know, have such an appearance looking through a misty atmosphere; but that such an atmosphere should obtain for so long a time, and in a country where it has not happened in my remembrance even in winter, is rather remarkable. We have had more thunder-storms than have consisted well with the peace of the fearful maidens in Olney, though not so many as have happened in places not far distant nor so violent."

June 29, he writes, "We never see the sun but shorn of his beams. The trees are scarce discernible at a mile's distance. He sets with the face of a red-hot salamander, and rises (as I learn from report) with the same complexion. Such a

phenomenon at the end of June has occasioned much speculation among the *cognoscenti* at this place. Some fear to go to bed, expecting an earthquake; some declare that he neither rises nor sets where he did, and assert with great confidence that the day of judgment is at hand."

Similar fears prevailed in other places, and to quiet them at Paris, Lalande addressed a letter to one of the journals.*

For fourteen years Cowper abode at Olney, rarely quitting the place for a day, but often abroad in the fields and highways around it. Its human species in general do not figure to advantage in his pages. Too much ale, their besetting sin, disgraced Nat. Geo the clerk, and another had to say Amen for him. Spite of the prognosticated trump of doom, there were the usual gatherings on Sunday morning to the taps in Silver End, the St. Giles of the town, as if the cordial might be needed by way of preparation for the crisis. One of Newton's

* The best account of the fog is given by M. Arago, in his "Scientific Notices of Comets," inserted in the French *Annuaire* for 1832, replying in the negative to the question, "Were the Dry Fogs of 1783 and 1831 occasioned by the tail of a comet?" Sec. 11, c. 3.

"The fog of 1783 commenced nearly on the same day (18th of June) at places very distant from each other, such as Paris, Avignon, Turin, and Padua."

(We see from Cowper's letters that it was at Olney on the 13th. The Skaptar Jokul exploded on the 12th, but earthquakes became violent on the 5th and 6th.)

"It extended from the northern coast of Africa to Sweden; it was also observed over a great part of North America.

"It continued more than a month.

"The air, that at least of the lower regions, did not appear to be its vehicle; for at certain points the fog came with a north wind, and at others with east and south winds.

"Travellers found it on the highest points of the Alps.

"The abundant rains which fell in June and July, and the strongest wind, did not dissipate it.

"In Languedoc, its density was sometimes such that the sun was not visible in the morning until it was at the height of twelve degrees above the horizon. During the rest of the day it appeared red, and could be looked at by the naked eye.

"This fog, or smoke, as some meteorologists called it, was accompanied with a disagreeable smell.

"The most distinguishing property it had from ordinary fogs, which are generally very damp, was, by all reports, its dryness.

"Finally, it is well worthy of remark, the fog of 1783 seemed to be endowed with a kind of phosphorescent virtue, with an inherent light. I find, at least in the narratives of observers, that it shed, even at midnight, a light which they compared to that of the moon at full, and was sufficient to show objects distinctly at 200 metres, above 650 feet. I add, in order to remove all uncertainty regarding the origin of the light, that it was a new moon at the period of the observation."

immediate successors tried to put down this Sabbath-breaking by the strong arm of the law, but a row ensued, in which the constable lost clothing and skin, the gentler sex being foremost in the riot. Newton indeed labored not in vain, but public reformation marches slowly. There was no Sunday school in his time. Cowper describes children seven years of age infesting the streets at night with their curses and ribald songs. When Newton's curacy descended to Scott, his influence came not along with it. He was unpopular at Olney, and was burnt in effigy at Pingewick. Scott marrying a drunken fellow and a pregnant lady, the man betraying his brutality in the service, and the church crowded with idlers equally forgetful of decorum, is an incident which sufficiently proclaims the low state of public manners. It might plead, however, the sanction of high example from which it gathered strength.

"In this part of the world at least," says Cowper, "many of the most profligate characters are the very men to whom the morals, and even the souls, of others are intrusted; and I cannot suppose the diocese of Lincoln, or this part of it in particular, is more unfortunate in that respect than the rest of the kingdom. Here are seven or eight in the neighborhood of Olney who have shaken hands with sobriety, and who would rather suppress the Church were it not for the emoluments annexed, than discourage the sale of strong beer in a single instance."

These notices of a rural English locality sixty years ago, to which the counties south of the Tweed then supplied many a parallel, are not without interest, as illustrating the difficulties which the few evangelical clergy of that day had to contend with, as well as the advance which their cause has made among the members of their sacred profession, a result towards which the exhibitions of the "cassock'd huntsman" and the "fiddling priest" contributed.

Referring to Cowper's clerical contemporaries affords an opportunity to correct a mistake which reflects dishonor upon one who deserved it not. Speaking of his satires, Mr. Campbell remarks that they were never personal, except in the instance of Occiduus, who was known to mean the Rev. C. Wesley.*

"Occiduus is a pastor of renown,
When he has prayed and preached the Sabbath down,

* Specimens of the British Poets, vii. 358.

With wire and catgut he concludes the day,
Quavering and semiquavering care away,
The full concerto swells upon your ear;
All elbows shake. Look in and you would swear
The Babylonian tyrant, with a nod,
Had summon'd them to serve his golden god;
So well the thought the employment seems to suit;
Psaltery and sackbut, dulcimer and flute—

Will not the sickliest sheep of every flock
Resort to this example as a rock;
There stand, and justify the foul abuse
Of Sabbath hours with plausible excuse?"

Progress of Error.

Charles Wesley was not the man to have or to sanction Sunday routs and concerts. Martin Madan was the person in question, chaplain at the Lock Hospital, a popular preacher, and musical in his taste, who lost character and fame upon the publication of "Thelyphthora," a treatise in which he appeared as the avowed advocate of polygamy. Cowper's letters contain allusions which completely clear up this point. He speaks of having given a squint at the author of "Thelyphthora" in the "Progress of Error;" and again referring to the Madans, Martin and Spencer, he says:

"Of the former, I have heard that my Task is his theme in all companies, but that terrible book of his has made me more than half afraid to meddle with him, lest he should tease me for my opinion of it, in which case I should be obliged to execrate it even to his face. I gave him a broad look of disapprobation in my Progress of Error."

The name Occidius (*western*) fitted Madan, the Lock Hospital being at the west end of London.

One building, "a place for social prayer," which two of the "Olney Hymns" commemorate, has entirely disappeared. This was an old untenanted mansion, in which Newton rented a room, and commenced a service of prayer and exposition, in which the frequenters of the meeting united with the church-goers. In a collection of letters recently, for the first time, published (February, 1847), by the Rev. T. P. Bull, of Newport Pagnell, addressed by Newton to his father,* an interesting note occurs referring to this service:

* Described by Cowper as "a Dissenter, but a liberal one—a man of letters and of genius—a master of a fine imagination, or rather, not master of it. He can be lively without levity, and pensive without dejection. Such a man is Mr. Bull; but—he smokes tobacco. Nothing is perfect!" Playfully he used to address him as *Carissima Tuiorum—Mon aimable et très cher ami*—and Newton as *mon cher Tuiorum*—Dear and Reverend Bull. In the collection of letters referred to above, Newton, as a similarly imperfect being, anticipates a journey from London into Bucks, and then

"I have by me a list of names, in the handwriting of the author of these letters, of the persons who engaged in prayer, and it is interesting to observe among them the frequent recurrence of the name of the poet Cowper, from the year when he came to reside at Olney, to the year 1773, when a dark cloud came over his mind, and peculiar views of himself unhappily prevented him from entering a place of worship to the end of his days. So strictly conscientious was this interesting man, that I have frequently seen him sit down at table when others have risen, to implore a blessing, and take his knife and fork in hand, to signify, I presume, that he had no right to pray."*

Upon Newton becoming a metropolitan rector, or, as he facetiously termed his ecclesiastical translation, contracting marriage with a London saint of the name of Molly Woolnoth, the social meeting ceased to prosper. However good a commentator in his study, the Olney folk turned up their noses at the *vivâ voce* expositions of Scott, and preferred hearing one of the lay brethren exercise his gifts, the unconsecrated place allowing of the oration. But the regular-bred divine maintained his prerogative, and stoutly resisted such an uncanonical proceeding. Newton, aware of the crook in the lot of his successor, acknow-

"A Theosophic pipe with brother B.,
Beneath the shadow of his favorite tree,
And then how happy I! how cheerful he!"

The recent publication of these letters forbids their yet being widely known, and therefore we give the following characteristic note.

"Bucks to Wit.

You are required and enjoined to appear personally at our Episcopal seat in Olney, on the present Wednesday, 19th August, to dine with the Rev. Henry Venn (Vicar of Huddersfield), and with us. And hereof you are not to fail.

Given at our den—*dis supra dicto*

JOHN NEWTON.

To the Rev. William Bull.

Read to-morrow.

You receive it Tuesday night."

Under date October 27, 1786, we meet with a somewhat singular allusion—

"*Olney Hymns and Olney Homer!* I understand you; when shall I come to my *Nil admirari*. I find, after all my supposed acquaintance with the human heart, there are windings and depths in it of which I know no more than of the dark unfathomable caves of ocean. When I have puzzled and grieved sufficiently about things which I cannot account for nor remedy, then I try to leave them with the Lord. He alone can make the crooked straight. It is singular indeed—and we may say of this turn, as of all that went before it, 'God moves in a mysterious way.'"

We may perhaps gather from this that Newton, who argued ill to Cowper, in a religious respect, from his intimacy with the Throckmortons, did so likewise from his attention to Homer. Recent Letters, p. 221.

* Ibid., p. 57.

ledges, in the letters before us, to an inadvertence in setting a-foot the meeting:—

"The next time (says he) I am young, and begin to preach in a country place, I intend not to do just as I did at Olney. Particularly, I will have all the work to myself in public meetings, except the singing. Our prayer meetings and praying men were, I think, useful for the first seven years upon the whole; but afterwards great inconveniences ensued."

It is time now to quit the man-made town for the country enduringly pictured in the Task.

The few survivors of Cowper's time who made acquaintance with his outward man, are rapidly becoming fewer. Yet securing the services of a gossip who had seen him a hundred times in his walks, Mr. Miller took a peep at his rural haunts, and final residence in Bucks, amid the woodlands of Weston.

"The good Squire Cowper (she said), well did she remember him, in his white cap, and his suit of green, turned up with black. She knew the Lady Hesketh too. A kindly lady was the Lady Hesketh; there are few such ladies now-a-days; she used to put coppers into her little velvet bag every time she went out, to make the children she met happy; and both she and Mrs. Unwin were remarkably kind to the poor. The road to Weston-Underwood looks down upon the valley of the Ouse. 'Were there not water lilies in the river in their season?' I asked; 'and did not Cowper sometimes walk out along its banks?' 'Oh, yes,' she replied, 'and I remember the dog Beau, too, who brought the lily ashore to him. Beau was a smart, petted little creature, with silken ears, and had a great deal of red about him.'"

The Ouse will remain associated with the name of Cowper, like the Avon with Shakespeare, the Thames with Pope, the Trent with Kirk White, the Duddon with Wordsworth, and the Tweed with Scott. It has nothing of itself to arrest attention—no splash or murmur, no breadth or clearness, and may be said more to creep than flow; but there it is, in the quiet valley, one of the commonest of streams, yet having a high consecration to invite the gazer, received from his communion with its waters whose "eyes drank the rivers with delight." A few touches—"Ouse's silent tide"—its "flags and reeds"—its "sinuous course"—describe all its characteristics. The bridge, with its "wearisome but needful length," in the floods of winter, crosses

the stream at Olney; in the direction of its flow from thence is the Poplar Field; on the opposite side lies the landscape overlooked by the road to Weston, which forms the subject of the picture so exquisitely drawn, and so faithful to the scene:

"How oft upon yon eminence our pace
Has slackened to a pause, and we have borne
The ruffling wind, scarce conscious that it blew,
While Admiration, feeding at the eye,
And still unsated, dwelt upon the scene.
Thence with what pleasure have we just discerned
The distant plough slow moving, and beside
His lab'ring team, that swerved not from the track,
The sturdy swain diminished to a boy!
Here Ouse slow winding through a level plain
Of spacious meads with cattle sprinkled o'er,
Conducts the eye along his sinuous course
Delighted. There, fast rooted in their bank,
Stand, never overlooked, our fav'rite elms,
That screen the herdsman's solitary hut;
While far beyond, and overthwart the stream,
That, as with molten glass, inlays the vale,
The sloping land recedes into the clouds;
Displaying on its varied side the grace
Of hedge-row beauties numberless, square tow'r,
Tall spire, from which the sound of cheerful bells
Just undulates upon the listening ear,
Groves, heaths, and smoking villages, remote."

Mr. Miller sketches the general appearance of Weston, with its remarkable spots—the few tall walls and gateway columns which form all that remains of the house of the Throckmortons—the cottage, small and homely, in which Scott reasoned himself out of Socinianism into Calvinism, and wrote the Force of Truth—and Cowper's residence, into which the tourist does not seem to have sought admission. It would have been readily granted. The two lines are there, in the fair distinct handwriting of the poet, on a panel of the window-shutter in his bed-room, which expresses his feelings on quitting the place for Norfolk:

"Farewell, dear scenes, for ever closed to me;
Oh, for what sorrows must I now exchange ye!
July 28, 1795."

Nothing beyond a temporary absence was then contemplated; but the presentiment was verified, by the separation proving final, and by the deep mental anguish in which nearly five subsequent years were passed. He saw the Ouse for the last time on his journey, by moonlight, from the churchyard of St. Neots, where also the last gleam of cheerfulness lighted up his countenance that marked his life.

The Wilderness, the Lime Walk, the Alcove, the Spinnie, the Rustic Bridge, Kilwick's echoing wood, the Peasant's Nest, are all at Weston—sites which had been

commemorated before Cowper's removal to it, being within an easy distance of his former abode. The Lime Walk is the most noticeable and unaltered spot—a Gothic aisle-like avenue of stately trees, with interlacing tops, where lights and shadows dance upon the grass on a sunny day, when the breezes are astir :

"How airy and how light the graceful asch,
Yet awful as the consecrated roof
Re-echoing pious anthems! while beneath
The chequered earth seems restless as a flood
Brushed by the wind. So sportive is the light
Shot through the boughs, it dances as they dance,
Shadow and sunshine intermingling quick,
And darkening and enlightening, as the leaves
Play wanton, every moment, every spot."

Such lines evince the delicacy and truth of the writer's observations, parallel to which is the reference to the woods at night in calm :

"The moonbeam sliding softly in between
The sleeping leaves."

He set out, in poetry, to describe Nature from herself, not from a copy, as well as to delineate the heart from his own experience; and no man ever more faithfully kept to a purpose.

It is somewhat singular that most of Cowper's productions may be referred to the suggestions of others. Mrs. Unwin led him to the Progress of Error, and its kindred moral satires; Newton to the Olney Hymns; *Carissima Taurorum* to the translations from Madame Guion; Lady Austen to the Task, John Gilpin, and Homer; while an humble suitor, the parish clerk of Northampton, procured from him mortuary verses. The noble fragment on the Yardley Oak is an exception. It was never mentioned to any of his friends, and not known to exist till found among his papers after his death, though evidently he had girded up his mind to honor the monarch of the woods. The tree, said to have been an oak in the time of the Conqueror, and to have borne the name of Matilda from his wife, is of course an object of frequent resort, and has suffered from the spoliation of its visitors, though protected by an inscription from its owner, the Marquis of Northampton, deprecating their ravages. It boasts not the size of the famous oak of Dorset, the cavity of which, in the time of the Commonwealth, was used by an old man for the entertainment of travellers as an alehouse, yet the girth of twenty-eight feet five inches belongs to it, a foot above

the soil. Torn and hollow, covered with warts and wens, and showing a scanty sprinkling of foliage, it answers to the tree described by Spenser,

"Still clad with reliques of its trophies old,
Lifting to heaven its aged hoary head,
Whose foot on earth hath got but feeble hold;"

and might have stood for the decayed oak to which, Pompey in his declining state is compared by Lucan.

It is quite in character for the author of the "Old Red Sandstone" to geologize, whether tramping over the oolite of North Bucks, or wandering among the ancient granites and contorted schists of the central Highlands. Accordingly, from a heap of stones in the street before Cowper's house at Weston, he picked up some broken fossils, a well-marked plagiostoma, and a fragment of a pecten, thinking with a smile of the philippic on the early geologists. "There they had lain as carelessly indifferent to the strictures in the Task as the sun in the central heavens, two centuries before, to the denunciations of the Inquisition. Geology, however, in the days of Cowper, had not attained to the dignity of a science." Even now that it has, the world is slow to believe, though trusting to its own wrongheadedness has led to many expensive follies. To Mr. Miller's account of the Earl of Cromarty's attempt to bore for coal in the old red sandstone, far beneath the true coal-measures, may be added two enterprises, in which thousands were squandered, to reach it through the oolite of Olney and Northampton, one so late as 1839, where, if coal occurs at all, it must be at an unapproachable depth. After a day's ramble in the haunts of Cowper, we find our traveller ensconced for the night at Olney, "in a quiet old house, kept by a quiet old man," with the fading countenance of the Duke of York on the sign-board; and there we must leave him, with the remark that "mine host" remembers his Scotch guest two years ago, though quite as unconscious of his quality as of the ichthyolites he has made so famous.

A parting word about Cowper. For him the distinction may be claimed of having resuscitated the poetry of England from a state of collapse, inspired it with life and health, and with Christian life, and sanctified it to the promotion of human happiness. Though retired from the great world of men, disliking its Babel sounds, and longing for "a lodge in some vast wilder-

ness," he lived for his race; and has laid society under lasting obligations to him. By verses devoted to the sorrows of the slave, he helped to create that generous sympathy, and form that public opinion, which conquered the reluctant selfishness of senates to assert the natural liberty of universal man, depriving the oppressor of his power, and bidding the oppressed go free. To his righteous castigation of clerical delinquents, a large and tolerated class in his day, the Church of England is in no slight degree indebted for the purification which its pulpits have undergone; while the cause of Christianity owes much to the vigorous exposition of its doctrines, morals, and spirit, to be found in his pages, for its rescue from the heartless mimicry and pantomime with which it had been confounded. In poetry, Cowper is essentially the muse of ordinary life and common scenes. Nothing can surpass the minute accuracy of his drawing, while he never fails to interest us in objects that lie at every man's threshold, as invested with beauty, and rife with the lessons of practical wisdom. Unlike the elder bards, he neither deals with the tricks of Fairy-land, nor with the dread councils of Pandemonium; and keeps equally remote from the fictions of mythology, and the giants of romance. This stay-at-home habitude, charming us with what he sees and hears within the sweep of a few acres round the homestead, constitutes one of his highest titles to fame, and is a leading element of his utility. He opens up sources of delight from nature's common phase within reach of the peasant; and teaches him to rejoice in the hedge-row that skirts his garden, and the robin that chirps at his door.

Mysterious as was his unhappy mental state, it had no mysterious specialty, more than what belongs to other instances of monomania. That he should refrain from ostensible communion with heaven, was a natural consequence of the view he took of himself, as a doomed exile from its paternal regards, under an irreversible ban of exclusion; and by this fact, with his uncomplaining spirit, we are furnished with a spectacle of sublime submission to a hard, and as he deemed it an inevitable destiny. That he should have entertained such a conviction, which no reasoning could shake, no friendship weaken, so contradicted by the tenor of his life, and by his own expressed views of the Divine mercy and the evangelic plan, must be ranked as one of

those delusions precisely parallel to that of the patient who fancies himself a king, and struts about with an air of royalty, or imagines himself pierced by an assassin's dagger, and cries out "murder" in his agony. We advert to this much handled subject, simply for the sake of introducing a somewhat original view of it by Mr. Miller:

"It were presumptuous to attempt interpreting the real scope and object of the afflictive dispensation which Cowper could contemplate with such awe; and yet there does seem a key to it. There is surely a wondrous sublimity in the lesson which it reads. The assertors of the selfish theory have dared to regard Christianity itself, in its relation to the human mind, as but one of the higher modifications of the self-aggrandizing sentiment. May we not venture to refer them to the grief-worn hero of Olney—the sweet poet who first poured the stream of Divine truth into the channels of our literature, after they had been shut against it for more than a hundred years, and ask them whether it be in the power of sophistry to square his motives with the ignoble conclusions of their philosophy?"

His terrible conception, expressed in his last original poem, the *Castaway*, the tale of a shipwrecked mariner perishing solitarily in the ocean, in which, as he says, his own misery delighted—

To trace
Its semblance in another's case,

has been finely commented upon by the lady whose verse is at the head of this paper:

Deserted! God could separate
From his own essence rather:
And Adam's sins have swept between
The righteous Son and Father—
Yea! once Immanuel's orphaned cry,
His universe hath shaken—
It went up single, echoless,
"My God, I am forsaken!"

It went up from the holy lips
Amid his lost creation,
That of the lost, no son should use
Those words of desolation;
That earth's worst phrensies, marring hope,
Should mar not hope's fruition;
And I, on Cowper's grave should see
His rapture in a vision!

CRACOW.—The Emperor of Austria has not only resolved that the University of Cracow shall remain in existence, but that the education shall be more thoroughly grounded and general, and that a larger number of students shall be admitted. His Majesty has appointed Dr. Johann Schindler, Prebendary of Cracow, Curator of the said University.

From the Edinburgh Review.

AMERICAN COMMERCE AND STATISTICS.

The Progress of America, from the Discovery by Columbus to the year 1846. By John Macgregor, Secretary to the Board of Trade; author of *Commercial Statistics*, &c., &c. 2 vols. large 8vo. London: 1847.

[The following article, after a brief discussion of Free Trade, a subject to which, as the great organ of the whig party, it is of course committed, presents a very candid and inspiring view of our national resources and prospects, quite unusual of late in the British Journals. There are passages of genuine eloquence, as well as important truths, which the American reader will peruse with interest.—Ed.]

THESE volumes contain by far the most valuable store of facts which has ever been collected respecting the commercial and social history of the New Continent. It requires, indeed, some courage even to glance over the enormous mass of details, which these 3000 closely printed pages present to the eye. But a very brief examination dispels any doubt as to the serviceable and practical character of the work. Mr. Macgregor is so thoroughly conversant with the art of dealing with statistical figures, and long habit has rendered him such a master of arrangement, that an inquirer even moderately familiar with such studies will find himself easily enabled to turn to the particular pigeon-hole in which the materials he is in search of, are deposited. The first volume embraces a general sketch of the history of discovery in the New Continent; its more recent political annals; the separate history and geography of British America, Brazil, and Spanish America; and the statistics of the two latter countries, together with those of Hayti and the foreign West Indies. In the second volume, Mr. Macgregor returns to the statistics of the United States of North America; and this is by far the most complete part of the work, as the subject is more important, and the materials more trustworthy.

We do not understand on what principle the British dominions in America are left out, or rather treated of in part only; a sketch of their history and geography being given, while the statistics both of British North America and the West Indies are wholly omitted. Perhaps Mr. Macgregor was of opinion that these regions, forming part of the British empire, would be more properly included in compilations treating of our own domestic affairs. Perhaps he

intended at some future period to supply the omission. If otherwise, we cannot but regret it; not only on account of the peculiar interest which these parts of America possess for the British reader, but also because Mr. Macgregor is personally familiar with them. He illustrated their condition some years ago in his "British America," of which the statistical part is already antiquated, from the rapid changes which the subject matter has undergone.

"The enthusiasm," says Mr. Macgregor, "which accompanied me in my youth to the British settlements in America, was first inspired by the writings of Robertson, Charlevoix, and Raynal—by poring over Hakluyt and Purchas, and the more recent collections of voyages and travels; and an ambition, entertained on perusing with delight the travels of a near relation, the late Sir Alexander Mackenzie, to the Arctic shores, and afterwards across the broadest part of America to the Pacific. The more I study the progress of the European settlements in America, the more thoroughly am I convinced of an infallible truth, that the history of navigation and commerce is the history of civilization."

Te enthusiasm of this order, the history of American progress affords the most ample nourishment. The visions and speculations of the people of a new country are almost wholly of a material order. Wrestlers against nature, conquerors of the wilderness, their chief attention is concentrated on a struggle which, among inhabitants of the Old World like ourselves, is long ago over, and forgotten; and excites only the interest of romance. We have become settled in our present condition. There are many among us—nay, most of us, in some mood, have shared the feeling—who could be content to remain stationary, and to be neither more numerous, nor wealthier, nor more advanced in our command over nature, than we are at present, provided only the rest of the world could gain no advantage by slipping past us. Our cherished dreams are generally of other conquests and glories than these, and are not easily kindled by statistics; but statistics constitute the favorite excitement of the

imagination of most Americans, and of Mr. Macgregor no less. He evidently enjoys himself amidst the long array of figures, which prove the rapidity of past advance, and illustrate the laws of future development.

A very large part of his first volume, however, contains matter more attractive to ordinary readers, being composed of extracts and summaries of modern travels, after the fashion of Pinkerton and other compilers; and here Mr. Macgregor has drawn very largely on American stores with which we were previously unacquainted. This is particularly the case in relation to Mexico, the old "Internal Provinces," so long unvisited, but now opened by the commercial and military enterprise of the Anglo-Americans—California, Oregon, and the interior of Brazil. Many of the sources from which he has derived this part of his collections are almost inaccessible to English readers in general.

As to the Spanish-American republics, Mr. Macgregor appears to have been perplexed between the necessity of making his work as complete as possible, and the extremely worthless character of the materials with which in their case he has had to deal. We place very little reliance on his political arithmetic respecting these regions, which, feebly disclosed to us in the personal narratives of a few occasional visitors from Europe and the United States, are sinking, for the most part, back into the darkness which concealed them from the eyes of the civilized world during the century before their emancipation; and are left as it were aside in the rapid movement of the rest of Christendom. As to these, the statistician has to elicit his results from a multitude of old, ill-arranged, and contradictory authorities; and it is not altogether to be wondered at, if, with that propensity which certainly belongs to his class, and from which Mr. Macgregor is not wholly free—to prefer collecting to analysing—to fling down cart-loads of figures on the desk, and trust to chance for the arrangement—his tables are often not only inaccurate, but sometimes inconsistent in their details.* These

* E. g. Lima, at vol. i., p. 955, is made to contain 54,096 inhabitants, with an average of 2350 deaths annually. At p. 956 it is stated to have a population not exceeding 45,000, with 3500 interments in the year; a mortality at which even Mr. Chadwick would stand aghast. We are ashamed to notice such trifles in a work of this magnitude, but we might have multiplied instances; and the hint may direct attention in some future revision.

portions of the work, however, will be consulted more as matters of curiosity than utility; except the commercial returns from the various ports of South America, which appear to rest, for the most part, on better authority, and to be compiled with great labor from sources generally unattainable.

As matters of political interest, the chapters relating to the United States constitute the main value of the work. Mr. Macgregor is well known in this country as the laborious and steady champion of the cause of free-trade. He has had a share, and no trifling one, in directing the movement of the last few years. To many minds, his figures have brought stronger conviction than all the eloquence enlisted on the same side, both in and out of Parliament. And now that the battle is won (or nearly won) in his own country, there is no more glorious victory left to be achieved, than that which must ultimately be won, over the party prejudices and class-interests which still govern the commercial legislation of the great republic. That legislation may not be worse than what still prevails in many European countries; but it stands in more striking contrast with the character and the other institutions of a people so shrewd and far-sighted in all matters concerning their interests. Nor has it arisen, as in less enlightened States, from the successful intrigues, or the arbitrary exercise of power, of a protected class of monopolists. Nothing is more clear, to any one who has studied the history summed up in Mr. Macgregor's pages, than that the "American System" of protection arose from political and not from commercial motives. We are ourselves the fathers of it. It began in a desire of just, but impolitic retaliation on England. Once implanted in the State—according to the uniform history of such evil growths—it struck its roots too deeply in popular feeling to be eradicated, so long as the close balance of parties, and the difficulty of conducting the government, might render it an object with statesmen to bid for the votes of a protected class, strong in united self-interest rather than numbers.

In 1785, Mr. Adams, then the United States' minister at the court of St. James's, proposed to place the navigation and trade between the dominions of Great Britain and all the territories of the United States upon a basis of complete reciprocity. The proposal was not only rejected, but "he was given to understand that no other

would be entertained." Mr. Adams, accordingly, advised his countrymen (in a letter to the Foreign Secretary, Mr. Jay):—"You may depend upon it, the commerce of America will have no relief at present; nor, in my opinion, ever, until the United States shall have generally passed Navigation Acts. If this measure is not adopted, we shall be derided; and, the more we suffer, the more will our calamities be laughed at. My most earnest exhortations to the States, then, are, and ought to be, to lose no time in passing such acts."

Advice to adopt a measure of retaliation, so justly provoked, however questionable its real policy might be, could hardly fail of being received with favor. The difficulties which the then constitution of the United States interposed in the way of unity of commercial legislation, prevented Mr. Adams's suggestion from being acted on for a few years. But, in 1789, on the adoption of the new Federal constitution, Congress passed a navigation law, which has since led to reciprocity treaties between us and them. Unfortunately pursuing the same policy, they enacted in the same year their first tariff—innocent, indeed, in comparison with its successors, but the commencement of a series of legislation most mischievous to the people of both countries.

It is therefore but too true, as Mr. Macgregor shows, that "the American government, at the outset of its independent existence, would have agreed to commence and maintain an intercourse which would have enabled England to enjoy every possible advantage which could be derived from the United States, if they had remained colonies; and all those advantages, without either the perplexity or expense of governing them. The advances made with respect to such wise policy by the United States, were unhappily rejected." The first consequence of our selfish and sulky policy was a famine in the West Indies; of which Bryan Edwards gives the details with just indignation—the slaves, and poorer class of the free inhabitants, being deprived of their old supplies of food from the revolted colonies. The ultimate results were embargoes and restrictions; the almost civil war of 1812-15; the war of tariffs, which has continued ever since, though now happily one-sided only; and the crippling of our commerce with those who possess almost a monopoly of one arti-

cle of the first necessity to us, and great advantages in the production of others.

Once commenced and set on foot, the "American system" of protecting domestic manufactures was far too tempting a delusion—flattering the prejudices of many, harmonizing with the honest but mistaken theories of some, and serving the interests of an acute few—not to enlist on its side a large party, and become a great political bond of union. Mr. Hamilton, a great name in America—though we never could exactly ascertain the basis on which his reputation is founded—presented to Congress his elaborated "Report on Manufactures" in 1791: a species of essays, embodying the favorite principles of the protection theory. But the breaking up of old political parties which followed the French Revolution, and the subsequent war with England, adjourned the execution of his recommendations until the year 1816, when an avowedly protective tariff was for the first time established. It is a curious fact, that this bill and that of 1824 were carried *against* the will of the New England States. In 1816, "nearly two thirds of the New England members voted for a reduction on the proposed duties on cotton manufactures; while out of 43 members from New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania who voted on the question, nine only were in favor of it." In 1820, a very able speech indeed, in favor of free-trade, was delivered at Faneuil Hall. Neither Say nor Ricardo could have uttered sentiments more to the purpose; and the doctrines of these abstruse philosophers were clothed in plain, home-thrusting popular oratory, of the best order. "For his part," the orator declared, "he believed, that, however derided, the principle of leaving such things very much to their own course, in a country like ours, was the only true policy; and that we could no more improve the order, and habit, and composition of society, by an artificial balancing of trades and occupations, than we could improve the natural atmosphere, by means of the condensers and rarefiers of the chemists." The speaker was *Daniel Webster*. Since that time, unhappily, falsehood has made its converts as well as truth. But the orator was on the popular side; for principles of freedom as yet commanded a majority among those whom Webster then addressed. On the introduction of the tariff of 1824, the votes of the New England States were fifteen for, and twenty-three against it: while

those of the States of New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Kentucky, and Ohio, stood seventy-eight for, and only nine against. And in the discussions on the tariff of 1828, the same proportion still continued. While, therefore, that portion of the American people which alone possessed much manufacturing industry, and which has always evinced the greatest aptitude for commercial pursuits, continued hostile to restrictions which could by no possibility do good to any but themselves—while they, the only parties who could derive a share of profit from monopoly, continued to repudiate it—it was literally carried through by the votes of the farmers and planters of the Central States, whose predilection for the “American system” was simply suicidal!—a curious proof, among many others in the history of commercial legislation, how often mere ignorance, or mere party spirit, has done the mischief ordinarily attributed to self-interest.

Once started, however, in the cause of protection against their will, the New Englanders soon became converts to its doctrines; and no wonder. To them the benefit was immediate, at the expense of all their fellow-citizens; the loss contingent and ultimate only. We find, on analysing the tables of Mr. Macgregor, that the six States of New England, containing one-eighth of the population of the whole republic, produce two-thirds of its cotton fabrics, three-fifths of its woollens, nearly half its leathers, and other articles in almost the same proportion. The single State of Massachusetts owns one-sixth of the manufacturing capital of the nation. As far, therefore, as protection can confer benefit on the producers of the monopolized articles, they, and they alone, have reaped it. The remaining eighteen millions of the proudest and most irritable nation upon earth—men to whom a dollar paid by way of salary to a priest, or civil list to a king, appears an oppression to be resisted to the last drop of blood—are content to disburse for the benefit of their Yankee brethren, a tribute which, in all probability, would defray the civil expenditure of half a dozen small European monarchies—nay, they have pressed and compelled the modest and reluctant Yankees to accept it!

How much those worthy descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers have gained by the advantages thus forced upon them, we may by-and-by endeavor to estimate. In the

mean time, the burden has been usually borne by the tributary States with that stolid patience, or rather that exulting and self-applauding self-denial, with which large bodies of mankind are in the habit of offering up their contributions to the cunning few. But this has not been uniformly the case. In the year 1828–32, the Union was in greater danger of disruption than at any period before or since, from the nullification movement of South Carolina, in which Georgia, and even Virginia, very nearly participated. It cannot be wondered at that the Southern planters, amidst their exhausted fields and decaying ports,* and suffering severely under the competition of the newer soils of Louisiana and the Mississippi, felt aggrieved by the pressure of duties, which at once narrowed the market for their commodities, and increased their cost of production. The report of the Carolinian committee, to inquire into the power of the judicial government, declared “all legislation for the protection of domestic manufactures to be unconstitutional, as being in favor of a local interest, and that Congress had no power to legislate, except upon subjects of general interest”—a difficult proposition to answer on political principles, whatever reply American jurists may be able to make to it. The movement failed, however, as it deserved to fail, because, with an unfortunate perversity, the people of South Carolina chose to include in the same proscription, as unconstitutional, “all legislation for the purpose of meliorating the condition of the free colored and slave population of the United States,” mingling with one of the most righteous, the basest purpose for which men could band themselves together. Their opponents gave up the cause of the negroes, and preserved that of monopoly. The Carolinian demand was met by Mr. Clay’s “compromise bill,” which adroitly relieved from duty those articles only in which no American competing industry existed. But the “compromise” was again set aside by the prevailing party in 1842, when its minimum duties were about to come into operation, and a new and more stringent tariff enacted; carried rather by the spirit of party, says Mr. Macgregor, than by the influence of the manufacturers; in which we believe he is perfectly accurate. An attempt was

* The exports of South Carolina have remained stationary for the last thirty years. Charleston, its capital, is the only large American town of which the population diminished between 1830 and 1840.

made to reintroduce the "compromise" in 1844, but without success; the later modifications of 1846 hardly deserve notice; and America remains burdened with a system which would be ruinous to countries of less energy and resources, though in her case it may be rather inconvenient and absurd than seriously oppressive.

Taking a comprehensive view of the subject, we may say that the causes of American progress are so powerful and rapidly operative, that even the commercial measures of her government cannot materially retard it, as assuredly they have hitherto done nothing to promote it. With that perfect freedom of internal trade which prevails throughout the vast Republic—with those admirable inventions for facilitating and accelerating inter-communication of people, traffic, and thought, of which no country in the world (England herself not excepted) has availed herself so largely or so wisely in proportion to her means—a few vexatious restrictions, more or less, on foreign commerce, can scarcely affect the development of her social wealth with any vital injury.*

But there is quite enough of immediate loss—more than enough, unhappily, of substantial political injury—to avenge the cause of free-trade on its unreasoning enemies. The American citizen pays from 95 to 178 per cent. for his window glass, 75 to 150 per cent. on articles of manufactured iron; "embracing," says Mr. Macduffie, the Senator, "most of the tools and implements necessarily used on every farm and plantation in the country;" 133 per cent. on salt, 75 to 150 per cent. (by the help of deceitful modes of valuation) on the prints and calicoes "of which every female of the middle and lower classes is a consumer." In order that he may enjoy these and similar benefits without fear of interruption by the smuggler, he pays for "steam revenue cutters" to cruise among the islands and sand-bars which fringe the free Atlantic along his coast; and far larger sums towards the hopeless experiment of closing a

land frontier of 1200 miles against the Canadians. To maintain the same "American" cause, he has suffered the seeds of disunion, and of just but fatal antipathies, to grow up between those sections of his commonwealth, which, under the most favorable circumstances, and with the nicest endeavor to preserve the equipoise, it is most difficult to keep in harmony under the same government.

There is also another mode in which the tariff has given a secret but very serious blow to the stability of American institutions. The Whig party are the true Conservatives of America, and their influence in the long-run is the main check which exists on the tendency of its social system towards anarchy and dissolution. But the Whigs, by their fatal alliance with monopoly, have at once made themselves the enemies of large and really injured classes in their own country, and lost great part of their claim to the sympathy and encouragement of those in foreign nations, who were of old their natural allies. What effective counterpoise can be expected to the influence of ultra-democratic opinion, from a party pledged to a course of policy which, in the Old World, has in every instance hitherto ended by weakening and ultimately ruining its supporters? The Whigs may be assured, that their attachment to monopoly will break up their party at last, and with it, perhaps, the constitution of their country. So long as the American farmer chooses to feed himself and his cattle upon taxed salt, to work on his land with taxed iron, to dress his wife and daughters in taxed calicoes—not to preserve national honor, to plant the rapacious eagle on the towers of Cortes, or to humble the obstinate "Britisher"—

"Non ut superbas invideæ Carthaginiæ
Romanus arces ureret,
Intactus aut Britannus ut descenderet;
Sacra catenatus Viâ"—

but simply that the world may admire the "factory girls" of Lowell, and that a few Yankee speculators may get rich in the towns of New England, and a few scattered capitalists in and near the great cities of the rest of the Union—so long these statesmen may enjoy a poorly-acquired popularity; but the dispelling of that delusion will place them at the feet of their enemies, unless they extricate themselves beforehand from the false position which they now occupy.

* If the following details are to be depended upon, they are curious, as showing the effect of improved internal communications in renovating the trade and wealth of a city, which, had it not been for them, were in a course of partial deterioration. They are taken from the Comptroller of New York's Report, quoted by Mr. Macgregor at vol. ii., p. 217.

	Real & Personal Estate.		
	Inhabitants.	Dollars.	per head.
In 1816 N. Y. city had	95,000	82,000,000	862
In 1836 (E. Canal op'd)	166,000	101,000,000	609
In 1836	270,000	218,000,000	307

There has been, however, a different line of apology sometimes adopted for the American system of protection, which justly deserves to be considered and weighed by those who have not persuaded themselves into so completely one-sided a view of the subject, as to reject at once all protective regulations, without inquiry or discrimination. Admitting that all protection involves a sacrifice of national wealth, it has been argued, that some sacrifice may nevertheless be reasonably endured, in order to secure such a distribution of it as shall best suit national interests. It may be conceded, for the sake of argument—such is the language of those who employ the reasoning of which we speak—that the loss which the protection of American manufactures occasions to the scattered millions who raise the raw produce of the Republic, is greater than the gain to the manufacturers and operatives. But the chief weakness of America lies in the dispersion of her population. The tendency of her agricultural classes to spread and scatter themselves over an enormous extent of territory, prevents the rise of cities, the growth of habits of order and respect for law—the progress, in short, of civilization. There may therefore be good policy in fostering at their expense the industry of the older, more populous, more conservative portions of the republic; the influence of the wide unsettled West being already far too great, both on the balance of political power, and on the moral character of American Society.

These certainly are not the doctrines of Jefferson, who looked forward with alarm to the rise of American cities. But they may not the less deserve a fair investigation; and those who hold them will not be persuaded out of them by ordinary free-trade arguments. It happens, however, that they will not stand the test of figures. Mr. Macgregor's tables are not compiled with any view to meet this particular line of argument, of which he does not indeed take any notice;—the evidence which they furnish against it is therefore the more satisfactory. If we examine, in the first place, the progress of population in the five old New England States, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Vermont, Rhode Island, New Hampshire, which alone deserve the character of manufacturing districts, and where, if any where, the protecting system should operate in drawing together and concentrating greater numbers of inhabitants—we find the following results:—

	1820.	1840.
Massachusetts.	610,408	737,699
The other four States,	944,930	985,367

It appears, therefore, that while Massachusetts has undoubtedly made a considerable, though by no means a remarkable advance, the other manufacturing States, during the ten years in which the tariff was most operative, actually increased in population at a lower rate than average English counties. If we examine the table of exports, the deductions to be drawn from them are precisely similar. Comparing the years 1822 and 1842 (which appear to be fair average years) we find the results, in round numbers, to be, that Massachusetts exported, in 1822, to the value of four millions of dollars; in 1842, 6,700,000. The other four States, in 1822, 1,500,000; in 1842, only 1,400,000; in other words, they have remained stationary during the period in which, if there were any truth in the doctrines of the American system, they ought to have made the most decided progress; possessing, as they do, every facility for manufacturing purposes in a higher degree than any other part of America. Massachusetts alone has gained; and, without denying that protection may have given some stimulus to the cotton manufactures of Massachusetts, it would be a libel on the people of that energetic State, to believe that the real source of their high prosperity lies in the tribute which their monopoly draws from their brethren.

We apprehend, therefore, that this argument, the most plausible which we have met with in favor of the tariff, entirely fails. Protection has not girt the New England States with Mr. Wakefield's belt of iron;—it has not checked, in the slightest degree, the Westward movement and dispersion of their population;—it has had no effect whatever in determining the progress of society, or giving the much-desired principle of cohesion to the people or institutions of any part of America. It is, in short, as politically worthless as it is economically false; and Mr. Macgregor's is the only sound conclusion from the long and possibly tedious detail into which we have entered.

“If there be one course of policy more than another which we would advocate, to which we would devote our endeavors, in order to aid in obtaining the only certain guarantee of peace and of friendship between two great nations, who in language and race are one people—that course of policy is to establish the least possible re-

striction on the interchange of the commodities of the one country in the other—upon the arrival, remaining, and departure, of the ships and citizens of America, in every British port and place in the universe—of British ships and subjects in every port and place within the American regions. If ever the history of the world presented two States in a position and condition to do each other the utmost possible good, or the greatest possible evil, such are the actual positions, and actual conditions, of the United Kingdom and United States."

Would it, however, be desirable, supposing it were possible, to accelerate the progress of the United States towards fixity of population?—to counteract the tendency to dispersion, by promoting the growth of cities, the head-quarters of civilization, wealth, and order, the correctives, if such are to be found, of American ochlocracy? The truth is, that if this object be among the political requirements of America, canals and railways are already achieving it, with a rapidity which confounds all the estimates of statesmen and statisticians alike. Mr. Macgregor has quoted largely from a series of articles on the internal trade of the United States, by Mr. Scott, of Ohio; a speculator of the true American cast, indulging in views of future greatness sufficiently bold and comprehensive; but of whose prophecies some "per-centage" will no doubt be realized,—enough perhaps to secure for their author the credit of second-sight among the swarm of nations which will one day be assembled in the valley of the Mississippi. The following are some of his calculations on this subject:—In Massachusetts, from 1830 to 1840, more than half the increase of the population of the whole State took place in the nine principal towns (66,000 out of 128,000). In the same period, the increase in the whole State of New York was 27 per cent; in the fourteen largest towns, 64 1-2 per cent; in the State, exclusive of these towns, only 19 per cent; and yet in New York there are still whole counties of nearly unoccupied land. Pennsylvanian enterprise in the same period suffered materially from the "crash of her monetary system." But even in Pennsylvania the nine largest towns exhibited a gain of 39 1-4 per cent; the whole State, of only 21 3-4 per cent. In Ohio, the great agricultural State, the eighteen largest towns increased 138 per cent; the State only 62 per cent. The increase of the twenty largest towns of the United States, from New York to St. Louis, inclusive, was 55

per cent.; that of the whole country less than 34 per cent. If the slave-holding States were left out, the result of the calculation would be still more favorable to the towns.—(Vol. ii., p. 750.) The most ardent well-wisher for the concentration of American population could hardly desire more rapid results than these; and yet the impulse from which they proceed may be said to have scarcely begun its operation. America is fast becoming a country of great cities.

And, to pass from subjects of American interest to such as more nearly concern us in Europe: this last circumstance, the great and disproportionate growth of her town population, and the certainty that the ratio will continue to increase, is very important to be borne in mind, in considering the question of the future ability of the United States to supply our demand for articles of food. As to the idea, prevalent to a certain extent among ourselves, and trumpeted forth by the American press with its usual grandiloquence, that the existing surplus of the agricultural produce of the United States (on the breadth of cultivation existing in 1845 and 1846) was sufficient to fill up the deficit of an European famine, or even to make any great impression on our enormous need, had Providence continued the scarcity among us, or afflicted our grain harvest with blight in addition to our potatoes—never was anything more fallacious. Commercial exaggeration reached its height, in the recent anticipations of cereal imports from America. And since the adage, *omne ignotum pro magnifico*, is in no instance more true than in the matter of markets, it may be worth while to give, as briefly as we can, the results of Mr. Macgregor's statistics on this important subject (Book ii., c. 5). Mr. Macgregor, we must state, or rather his authorities, are answerable only for the figures; the calculations are our own.

Mr. Macgregor gives at vol. ii., p. 489, the following "estimate by Mr. Ellsworth," (he does not further describe his vouches) of the crops of the United States in 1844:—

	Bushels.
Wheat,	95,607,000
Indian Corn,	421,953,000
Oats,	172,247,000
Rye,	26,450,000
Buck Wheat,	9,071,000
Barley,	3,627,000
	<hr/>
	728,955,000

But as it should seem from other calculations (see vol. ii., p. 961), that the export of wheat in the same year (including flour) amounted to nearly 8,000,000 of bushels (and this was rather below the average), the total amount for home consumption and seed must be taken at 87,000,000 bushels: that is, about four and a half bushels per head, the whole population being taken at nineteen millions and a half. In the United Kingdom, in the same year, it is probable that about 160,000,000 bushels were required for consumption and seed: that is, more than six bushels per head. The Americans, therefore, profuse and even wasteful as they are in their subsistence, consume considerably less wheat per head than the inhabitants of the United Kingdom. This is perfectly conclusive as to the impossibility of their supplying any great or sudden European demand for wheat, unless there should take place some large increase in its cultivation. But this is by no means the whole of the case. Of the 95,607,000 bushels of wheat produced in the United States, nearly one half is raised west of the Alleghanies: chiefly in the rich plains of Ohio and Indiana, and even in the far north-western clearings of Michigan. These supplies will no doubt become available in seasons like that through which we have just passed. But the western farmer, in estimating how much he can raise with a profit, does not rest his practical calculations on exceptional demands, such as that of 1847. And to how great a height must prices rise in this country, before supplies raised a thousand miles beyond the Atlantic can compete not only with our own produce, but with that of Poland and Prussia!

The same remark applies to the quantity of Indian Corn which America has to send. Enormous as her production of this grain appears to be—about 20 bushels per head, according to Mr. Ellsworth's estimate—it is not, nor is likely to become, an article of regular consumption in Great Britain, and the populous countries of Western Europe. Scarcity alone creates a demand for it. The cultivator, therefore, cannot take this demand into his estimate: And it must be supplied, not from the stores of merchants, but from savings out of ordinary consumption: and these are slowly collected and slowly forwarded. When the demand is at the strongest, the supply will be short and the price enormous, as was the case for some weeks last spring in Ireland. But, by the time that the farmer has learned to

stint his pigs, and spare his waste, and the accumulated savings of some hundred thousand little households find their way to the Atlantic, prices have fallen, merchants are ruined, and farmers must be long-sighted indeed to keep themselves in readiness for a similar emergency, which may not recur for many years.

This is a subject at the present moment of so much interest, that we venture to subjoin a long extract from papers quoted by Mr. Macgregor (vol. ii., p. 493) from the *Philadelphia Commercial List* of 1842. It will be seen that the calculations vary in some slight degree from our own, but the conclusions are the same: of course they were compiled when no anticipation existed of European scarcity.

"It is very generally believed abroad, that wheat is of very general culture in our country, but such is not the fact. This table" (alluding to an elaborate one which we omit) "divides the States and territories into three districts. The first embraces the six New England States; the second, the States which may be called the 'Wheat District,' extending from latitude 35 deg. to 45 deg. north, and from longitude 5 deg. east to 15 deg. west of Washington; and the third, States south of latitude 35 degrees. The cultivation of wheat was commenced in the New England states at quite an early date after their first settlement, and with sufficient success to supply the wants of the colonists; but it could not be continued with profit when Pennsylvania was settled, and its lands (more congenial to wheat) subjected to the plough. Then the hardy and adventurous sons of the Puritans found it their interest to 'cultivate' the 'ocean,' and, by exchange of its productions, purchase flour and grain from the descendants of Penn. The efforts made since the Revolution, and by aid of bounties, even to within three or four years, to revive the cultivation of wheat in the eastern sections, have proved alike unsuccessful; and the agricultural pursuits of New England will, doubtless, in future be confined to the more suitable products of Indian corn and potatoes, with pasturage of cattle, and increased growth of wool, in parts more remote from the sea-board.

"With the States south of the wheat section, we have included North Carolina; for, although a great part of this State lies north of 35 deg., and wheat is cultivated towards its northern parts, the soil in general is better adapted to Indian corn, and the quantity cultivated is large.

"To the north of 45° north on this continent, the length and severity of the winters will prevent the cultivation of wheat to any material extent. This opinion will appear remarkable in England, when it is considered that the most southerly point of Great Britain is near north latitude 49°, and that the culture of wheat is successfully extended to north latitude 55°. But that island has an open

ocean to the north and west, and the North Sea to the east; whereas the American Continent, towards the north-west, is unbroken to the Polar Sea; and to the north, and towards the north-west, is indented with immense bays, covered by ice for nine months in the year.

"To the west, longitude 15° west of Washington, commence those extensive prairies extending to the Rocky Mountains, on which it is not likely the cultivation of wheat will be extended, nor any permanent settlement made, except along some of the water-courses, for years to come. The want of wood and water on those plains will stop the advance of civilization in that direction, and leave them to the buffalo and the Indian. How far it will be practicable to cover them with sheep, horses, and cattle, controlled by man, as on the steppes of the Banda Oriental, remains to be ascertained by experiment.

"The wheat section within 10 degrees of latitude, and 20 degrees of longitude, embraces about one-half the surface of the States, or one-fourth that of the States and territories, but within this there is abundance of untouched land of the finest quality awaiting the invasion of the cultivator. Nor can that be delayed; for the wants of a population constantly increasing both within and without this district, and not regarding foreign countries, demand a rapid increase in the growth of wheat. If our estimate is correct, that the United States and territories will number 22,000,000 inhabitants in 1850, the additional quantity to be raised in that year over 1840, to supply an increase of 5,000,000 consumers at home, and leave seed, &c., must be about 22,000,000 bushels, equal to the whole crop raised in 1800. To bring the cultivation up to this point, it becomes necessary that for ten years 130,000 acres of new land per annum should be put under wheat culture alone, and three times that quantity under culture, in corn, rye, oats, or in pasturage. To accomplish this will require that the labor of full one-third of the whole increase in population be directed to agricultural pursuits in this district.

"On reference to Table No. 8, it will be observed that we have stated the consumption of wheat to be at the average of three bushels and a half per head in the eastern district (New England States); four bushels and one twelfth per head in the wheat district, and two bushels per head in the southern, or cotton and sugar district. Those very low estimates will appear remarkable to England, where the consumption of wheat is estimated at six to eight bushels per head. It is easy, however, to account for this difference, which arises from the more general consumption in this country of Indian corn, rye, and buckwheat, for culinary purposes. In the eastern States, Indian corn and rye are generally used; and in parts more remote from the sea-coast, wheat bread is almost unknown. In the middle and western States, with the agricultural population in particular, more than half the bread is made of corn and rye meal; and buckwheat is also extensively used. In the southern and south-western States, corn becomes the leading article, and in some, rice is an important auxiliary; but to the colored population (full

one-half in those States) wheat is unknown. This will account for the very low estimate of two bushels per head which we have given for the consumption of wheat in the southern district.

"Throughout every part of the United States, Indian corn is raised. It is used both green and ripe, is easily prepared for food, and fully as nutritious as wheat. Its usual cost per bushel in the interior is about one-third that of wheat; and for human nutriment, one bushel of Indian corn is perhaps equal to one bushel and three-fourths of barley, or three bushels of oats. It is not therefore surprising, that the use of this invaluable grain should be so general, and that of oats and barley unknown—but for animals' food and the brewery.

"The population of Pennsylvania has not increased so rapidly as that of New York, and although her surplus of wheat is not, perhaps, so great as twenty or even thirty years back, it is still very considerable; but as little good land now remains unbroken in eastern Pennsylvania, and labor is fast seeking mining and manufacturing employments, this surplus will gradually diminish, and the time is not very remote when our metropolis will have to rely on the country beyond the Ohio for wheat bread. In all the old wheat districts in the States of Delaware, Maryland and Virginia, the land is so completely exhausted by continued cropping, that it must be abandoned for years, until restored to vigor by the recuperative powers of nature, or transferred to another population, better qualified to recover it by art and industry. In the upper section of those States, and towards the western parts of Maryland and Virginia, a different agricultural system prevails; and there the cultivation of wheat is still on the advance.

"If we make a natural line of the Mississippi to the confluence of the Ohio, and up this river to Pittsburg, and thence draw an imaginary line north to Lake Erie, and continue it round the northern and eastern frontiers of the United States it will be found that at this time the wheat raised in all this section of the United States, is about equal to what is consumed in it, and that the whole surplus shipped from the United States to foreign countries, including Canada, is in fact produced in the States and Territories north and west of the Ohio river. We have stated the whole export in 1840, to September 30, at 11,208,365 bushels, and the wheat and flour of the crop of 1839, which left those States, &c., for Canada, or came to the Atlantic cities by various outlets, the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, the canals and railroads of Maryland, Pennsylvania, and New York, was about equal to this quantity. . . . Now it is a striking fact, that this surplus, in fact the disposable surplus of the United States, is furnished by that section of our country the most remote from our Atlantic seaports, and with the aid of all the natural or artificial communications existing, it cannot reach those ports from the places of shipment, much less from the farmer's door, at a less charge per bushel than forty or fifty cents, freight, insurance, commission, and wastage included. . . . What, then, does the farmer in those States get for his wheat when the price in our Atlantic cities is one

dollar per bushel? *Is it not a matter of serious consideration, whether, with our rapidly increasing population, the consumption of wheat has not already approached too close to its production?* not leaving a sufficient margin to meet the contingency of a bad crop, which might make it necessary again to import from Europe; and under circumstances not so favorable to obtain supplies as those which existed in 1837 and 1838. It is evident, from the experience of the last fifty years, that the increase in the cultivation of wheat merely extends in proportion to the wants of the home population, not giving any increase in the surplus for export, unless in years of over-production, or when the home consumption is lessened by high prices arising from unusual demands for other countries."

But, secondly, although these observations apply only to the present, and although the possible amount of produce to be raised from such a breadth of fertile land as the Americans have only begun to furrow, must be left to imagination, yet those who anticipate a very rapid increase of exportable food would do well to bear in mind what has already been said of the disproportionate increase of their town population. The following speculations of Mr. Scott will appear extravagant only to those unaccustomed to American statistics. However large the figures may appear, they are suggested by the very reasonable assumption that the existing ratio of augmentation, in towns and rural districts respectively, will merely continue. According to English experience the disproportion ought to increase in favor of the towns; and it must also be remembered that towns-people are peculiarly a wheat and meat consuming class of the community.

"Of the 10,500,000 now inhabiting the Mississippi valley, little more than 500,000 live in towns: leaving about 10,000,000 employed in making farms out of the wilds, and producing human food and materials for manufactures. Even since the late period when these remarks were written, many of the interior towns have greatly increased in population. When, in 1890, we number 53,000,000, according to our estimate, *there will be but one-third of this number* (to wit 18,000,000) employed in agriculture and rural trades. Of the increase up to that time, being 42,500,000, 8,000,000 will go into rural occupations, and 34,500,000 into towns.

"Should we, yielding to the opinion of those who may believe that more than one-third of our people will be required for agriculture and rural trades, make the estimate on the supposition that one-half the population of our valley, forty-seven years hereafter, will live on farms, and in villages below the rank of towns, the amount will stand thus: 26,500,000, being the one-half of 53,000,-

000, will be the amount of the rural population: so that it must receive 16,000,000 in addition to the 10,000,000 it now has. The towns in the same time will have an increase of 26,000,000, in addition to the 500,000 now in them."—(Vol. ii., p. 751.)

In the next place, although this vast town population be as yet matter of anticipation only, yet the number of the people of America who must be set down as non-producers is very much greater than is usually imagined—so great as to make a most essential distinction between her and the grain-raising countries of the East of Europe, in which all the inhabitants, from noble to serf, with very few exceptions, are engaged in the cultivation of the soil. The emigrants form one division of this class. Every year sees a number of hungry mortals disembarked on the shores of the States, all, or nearly all, accustomed by the habits of the old country to the consumption of wheaten bread, of which, as we have seen, native Americans consume comparatively so little. All these additional mouths must be provided for out of the common stock; and they are amply and superabundantly provided for. During the first year in all cases, often during the second also, they can raise nothing for themselves.

There are few phenomena so striking to our eyes, or so suggestive of reflection among all the great social occurrences of this age, as the continuous emigration which takes place to the American continent. Few have fixed their eyes steadily upon it: few have estimated the depth, and width, and volume of the vast and regularly increasing flood of population, which pours, not from England only, but from all Western Europe, into that huge reservoir. Professor Tucker, in a memoir cited by Mr. Macgregor (vol. ii., p. 84), estimates the whole number of European emigrants to the States, from 1800 to 1840, at about a million persons. We suspect that the number is very greatly underrated; but whatever be the case as to the early part of the century, the increase since 1840 has been so prodigious as to render such calculations unimportant, except for historical purposes. The report of our Colonial Land and Emigration Office gives 82,239 as the number of British emigrants to the United States in 1846: being about 20,000 higher than that of any previous year. In the same year 42,439 went to our North American colonies; and it seems to be established that

the interchange of emigrations between Canada and the States pretty nearly balances itself. The next great source of foreign population is Germany, which, if Dr. Wappæus is to be believed (*Ueber Deutschen Auswanderung und Colonisation*) now sends her laborious sons to America from the banks of the Maine and Neckar, to the number of 60,000 annually. Add to these the miscellaneous emigrants of other countries; and last year's swarm from the old hive to North America, colonial and independent, cannot be estimated at much less than 200,000 persons. In the present year of scarcity the number will probably exceed 300,000. But to this influx must be added a still greater sum—that of the migratory population of America itself. We must remember how many thousands of her agricultural families are annually engaged, not as producers, but simply as pioneers: a number which no statistical returns will enable us to count, but of which some idea may be formed, from the circumstance that three or four thousand square miles are said to be reclaimed from the wilderness every year. And next must be taken into account the vast numbers whom America employs in her public works; the construction of railroads alone absorbing a quantity of labor which may be conjectured from the fact that 1600 miles had already been completed before 1837. All these different classes, like some vast standing army, form a burden on the land, and put in their joint claim to support from its produce, before a single vessel can carry the surplus to the shores of Europe.

There seems to be a growing disposition on the part of some classes of Americans to undervalue the advantages which they derive from the constant accession to their population from Europe, and to fence themselves with a kind of national feeling against the emigrants whom they receive.*

* It is most pleasing, however, to know, that these feelings have in no degree chilled the sympathy or arrested the active beneficence by which the Americans have so nobly distinguished themselves in relation to the recent sufferings of Ireland. In the city of New York, on the contrary, a government commission has been appointed, for the sole purpose of attending to the condition of the destitute emigrants, who are still landing by thousands on their shores—and which, we have reason to know, has proceeded in the exercise of its painful and onerous functions with the most exemplary humanity and unwearied diligence. We have now before us a letter from a leading member of this commission (a native American), dated in the middle of August, in which he says, "Out of the great number of sick and destitute which it has been the duty of our com-

Mr. Macgregor is but repeating language familiar to the "native" party when he says that "the inundation of human beings consists, generally, of an accession which diminishes far more than it adds to the morals of America." That some political inconvenience attends the exercise of the electoral franchise by so large a body of strangers, admitted at once to the freedom of the great democracy, is beyond dispute. The Irish form a compact body, acting under influences peculiar to themselves, and scarcely conceivable by the rest of mankind. The Germans hang equally together, and vote doggedly for the democratic "ticket," with a decided leaning towards repudiation, and other anarchical principles; and the new-comers, generally, are apt to take a hot and violent part in political movements, of which they have not learned to understand the real bearing. But these are annoyances, not substantial evils. The root of the mischief lies in the constitution itself; and were emigration to cease, party spirit among native Americans would produce similar results. As to morals, there is something ludicrous in the notion of our farmers and artisans corrupting the innocent citizens of their adopted country. Nor can we treat much more seriously the supposition that the influx of emigrants is preventing the American people from fusing into an uniform body, actuated by one national spirit. The cohesion of the miscellaneous inhabitants of the States depends on that very looseness of organization, and want of uniform spirit and character, which

mission to take charge of, *not one*, I am happy to say, *has been neglected*. The most distressing feature in the case is the number of orphan children thrown upon our hands. The story of these helpless little creatures is simple and uniform enough. They left home with their parents; and *the fever* killed them on the passage—or they have since died in the hospital! We are now trying to find some better place than the alms-house and hospital for these poor little things, where they may be *more tenderly nurtured, and properly educated*." This is above all praise: and when we add, that most of these gentlemen are actually denying themselves the recreation of their usual summer retreats, and remaining, apart from their families, in the unhealthy heats of the city, rather than hazard the neglect of these duties, we do think that they are entitled to be rewarded, not only by the grateful admiration, but by the prompt imitation of all other countries; and that the concluding exhortation of the letter from which we are citing should, from such a quarter, have the authority of a command—"Do urge, whomever it may concern, on your side of the water, *to insist* upon these poor people being better provided on their passage. They are so crowded, and so poorly fed, that they very frequently reach our shores in an absolutely dying state!"

such objectors deprecate. The bond holds fast, only because it is so slight and unoppressive. It would be difficult to point out where the American nation, properly so called, is to be found. The descendants of the Puritans form a people, and a great one; but they are not the nation. The English Puritans—the chief of men, whom it is the paltry fashion of this day to decry—divided their vast inheritance between them in the reign of Charles I. One body remained at home, and established the English constitution; one crossed the Atlantic, and founded the American republic—the two greatest achievements of modern times. According to the historian Mr. Bancroft, about 22,000 landed in New England before the assembling of the Long Parliament, and they received few accessions afterwards. The same author computes that their descendants have now increased to about four millions, including nearly half the population of New York and Ohio, but omitting those who are scattered over the other parts of the Republic, and may be said to have amalgamated with the remainder of its population. There is something also of the character of a distinct race, very different from the former, in the white inhabitants of the Southern Atlantic States. Another exists in the valleys of the Alleghanies, where the German blood prevails. All these, and many more loose and floating masses, if such they may be called, of population, are held together by the slightest possible political union. If the inhabitants of each canton or district grew up into a fixed compact body—if they were not cemented together, as it were, by immigration from without and intermigration among themselves—sectional interests would, in all probability, soon prevail, and the Union would fall in pieces. Grievances would accumulate, and Repealers would arise wherever the province was forced to give way to the community, were not the population itself, in most parts of the country, renewed too rapidly to admit of local sentiments growing to a head. And the succession of emigrants from Europe, while it keeps up that circulation which seems essential to the life of the American constitution, at the same time has some effect in keeping up a common feeling of kindred amidst these fluctuating multitudes. It appears, therefore, that the European strangers, besides fighting the battles of the Americans, manning their ships, and constructing their public works,

perform an important part in the political mechanism of their commonwealth.

Meanwhile, the great movement of European emigration itself offers to the mind's vision a spectacle of the same silent and sustained grandeur with which the eye is impressed in watching the everlasting flow of some deep and powerful river. It brings forcibly home to our imagination, that which the continual bustle of superficial politics is apt to make us forget, the force of the great under-currents which move society—influences so strong and uniform as to resemble the instincts of gregarious animals, and yet of which governments know little or nothing; which assemblies cannot control by their rhetoric, nor more powerful journalists arrest or quicken with their pens. The endless procession moves ever from East to West, without regard to the counsels, or prophecies, or speculations of statesmen—an exceeding great army, in which the masses, acting without concert or knowledge of each other, accomplish their purpose as effectually as if one will actuated the whole—

*"Ein lang' und breites Volksgewicht,
Der erste wusste vom letzten nicht."*

The last ten years have witnessed the putting in practice of very ingenious theories of colonization. We have, by dint of great efforts and extensive agitation, achieved the result of sending out as many as 30,000 emigrants by government aid in one year (1841); and it was thought, with great reason, a wonderful exertion, with which it has been found impossible to keep up since. Meanwhile, the unassisted, unnoticed emigration of every year trebles or quadruples that amount—so little can the laborious efforts of government keep pace with the gigantic operations of masses of men acting on private motives. Colonial affairs have excited for some time past an unusual degree of interest and stir on the surface of society. Much has been done towards rendering our settlements attractive to emigrants. Not only government, but powerful combinations of capitalists have been unsparing in their inducements and promises. Repeatedly has it been shown by economical argument, that the United States, on the other hand, condemned the emigrant to poverty by selling their land too cheap. Yet, if we look at the tables of emigration, we find that these noisy blasts and counterblasts had absolutely no effect whatever upon it. They neither affected its numbers nor its direc-

tion. Indeed, emigration to the United States has increased greatly in the last ten years, while that to our American colonies has, on the whole, fallen off, and was much greater in 1831, before Mr. Wakefield was heard of, or systematic colonization began to be preached, than it has ever been since. As the progress, so the quality of emigration, so to speak, has been always so steady as to show the permanent nature of the causes which produce it. Notwithstanding the supposed attachment of Englishmen to their own habits and political institutions, these ties seem as inefficacious to keep them on this side of the republican border, as the doctrines of political economy. For many years past, English emigrants to the New World have gone almost wholly to the States: of Irish, a considerable majority to Canada; while the Highland Scots retain an odd predilection for the fogs and rocks of the lower colonies, so resembling their own. Connexion, no doubt, is one main cause which perpetuates these hereditary tendencies of the great families of our fellow subjects: neighbor lends neighbor a helping hand to lift him across the Atlantic: families are transported piece by piece, like ready-made houses; the stone cries out of the wall, and the beam from the timber answers it: and the correspondence between districts at home and abroad, once formed, is continued through many generations. But there is more than this in the economy of the great movement—much, as we have said, of which governments and political reasoners know nothing. What do these multitudes care for theories of civil government? American politics have been as unpopular in this country for some years past as they were formerly popular: but emigration, as we have seen, has increased steadily all the while. What, indeed, are Church and State, and ancestral institutions to them, more than the baronial honors of the nobleman to the deer who break out of his overstocked park? what are slavery and repudiation, and all the black spots which European observation traces on the disk of that Western sun which lures them across the ocean? They seek the land of promise; and in nine cases out of ten, they find it a land of performance. America is at this day, more than ever, what it has been for centuries, a great providential blessing to an overpeopled Old World; the greater, because not indiscriminate: because it offers nothing except to the industrious and energetic—it is to the

brave man only that every soil is a native country.

Nor has it entered into the calculations of ordinary thinkers how essentially the peculiarities of American government and society are calculated to further this great design of Providence, by rendering the bounties of nature as open and as attractive as possible to the host of new-comers. We have had condemnation enough expended of late on American institutions; let us now look a little at the favorable side, not in respect of those democratic theories which for the moment have gone to sleep in this country, but as to actual every-day practice. The States might by this time have acquired a church and aristocracy of their own—or have fallen under a military monarchy—or have remained under English colonial dominion. And let it even be assumed that they would have enjoyed more of respectability and decency under either form of government—would they have been as attractive to the emigrant? If so, why is it that, notwithstanding all the obvious advantages of our colonies, almost the whole of the unassisted English and Lowland Scotch emigration across the Atlantic—that is, the emigration of the better provided and more thoughtful class—goes to the States instead of Canada? Again, the Southern provinces of Russia offer, to the German emigrant, equally vast tracts of unpeopled and fertile land, more manageable for purposes of settlement, on account of the absence of forests, equally healthy, and nearer at hand; and every possible inducement is held out by the Russian government to German colonists; they are fostered and cared for, by nobles and authorities, like exotic plants purchased at great cost. And yet, after sixty or seventy years of experiments, the German colonists in Russia, and their descendants, are said by Mr. Kohl not to exceed a quarter of a million, and appear to receive very few recruits. The hardy Swabians and Francophones prefer to cross the ocean and take their chance in America, where they are just as much strangers as in Russia; with this difference, that their adopted countrymen care not one straw for their success or discomfiture, and they are left to sink or swim. For every German subject whom the Czar acquires, Pennsylvania and Ohio gain nine or ten citizens.

It is idle to suppose that this marked preference on the part of the more substantial classes of emigrants, arises from exalt-

ed political theories, or exaggerated expectations of wealth. Were such the case, the bubble would have burst long ago. People go to America, because, in the long run, those who went before them have found it answer. Nor is its superior fertility of soil, or advantages of its climate, which have produced these results. They are owing, in the first place, to political institutions. Emigrants require neither patronage nor encouragement to flourish. They are not needed by the industrious man, if tolerably fortunate in his position: they can do nothing for him when located on ungrateful soil: and to the idle man they are simply injurious everywhere. Justice and freedom alone are necessary. Not the nicely-balanced and well-considered justice, administered by careful lawyers under venerable codes, which men enjoy in countries of older civilization; but rough, practical justice, administered by men who may not be always sagacious, or always incorruptible, but who understand his case, and are guided by usages which have grown up along with the outward circumstances to which they are applied. Not freedom, as understood by a political theorist, or a philosophical poet, or a wandering Arab: but simply the license to do as nearly as possible what a man pleases, provided he do not interfere with the rights of neighbors in similar circumstances with himself, or oppose those passions of the multitude with which his own generally coincide. Of all this he is certain from the moment he touches American soil. What has continental Europe to compare with this? What has even England, with all the ancient liberality of her institutions, cramped, as she inevitably is, by the necessity of maintaining existing orders of society in a struggling and restless position, and by the complex rights of property, which as necessarily arise in a space so densely crowded? Let us not deceive ourselves. The ultra-democratic career of America may be a warning to our statesmen. Her social and political deformities may be, and we rejoice that they are, fully appreciated by the educated classes of our community, and justly animadverted on by the ordinary guides of popular feeling. But, notwithstanding all this, America is still to the bulk of our population the land of requital and redress—the distant country in which oppressions cease, and poverty grows full-fed and bold, in which fortune opens her arms to the courageous, and the least adventurous looks

forward to the achievement of independence and contentment before he die.

The direction of the great current of emigration, both of new comers from Europe, and wanderers from the Eastern States, appears to undergo gradual changes, like everything else in that land of mutability. The desertion of the Eastern sea-board, wherever the population has not acquired some degree of cohesion by the growth of trade and towns, is said to go on as rapidly as ever; and although attempts have been made of late to re-people some abandoned lands, more years than the period of their brief cultivation must probably elapse, before they recover their fertility, and become once more attractive to emigrants. The great valley of the Ohio, to the north of that river whose left bank is blighted by slavery, is still the main recipient of emigration, as it has been for about thirty years. But already there are symptoms of a change of direction: it seems that of late years the current has set more decidedly towards the southern shore of the Canadian lakes; a region less magnificent in its vegetation, but further removed from slavery, possessing a healthier climate, and enjoying means of transit and commerce, to the production of which nature has contributed a larger share. Cleveland,* or Maumee, or Sandusky, or some other spot on the banks of Lake Erie, say the speculators, will be the great growing American city of the latter end of this century. Next in order comes a similar, but less favorably situated region, the States of the far North-West, Iowa and Wisconsin, already receiving a considerable proportion of the annual immigration.

Within these limits, assuredly magnificent enough, the principal future expansion of the white population of America is probably to take place: for the "Far West," however attractive to the imagination of Americans, is not the destined seat of a community resembling that which they have at present constructed. Nature, so lavish in her bounties to them, has nevertheless

* In 1842, "of the articles of flour, pork, bacon, lard, beef, whisky, corn, and wheat, New Orleans exported to the value of 4,446,969 dollars; Cleveland, 4,431,799." "If we suppose," adds Mr. Scott, "what cannot but be true, that all the other ports of the upper lakes sent eastward as much as Cleveland, we have the startling fact, that this lake country, but yesterday brought under our notice, already sends abroad more than twice the amount of human food that is shipped from the great exporting city of New Orleans, the once vaunted sole outlet of the Mississippi valley."

set them her own definite limits, which they will not profitably overstep. From a line drawn parallel with, and one or two hundred miles west of, the Mississippi, the prairie region extends uninterruptedly to the Rocky Mountains; and this region, though embracing many fertile tracts, is not in general adapted for the settlement of a great agricultural people. As the dense population of China is hemmed in to the north and west by the almost unpeopled territory of the Tartar nomades, or as that of ancient Mesopotamia and Egypt was closely girt by the Desert, so that a mere line separated the land cultivated like a garden from the solitude of the Arab; so likewise, though with somewhat less marked contrast, the populous Mississippi valley will border westward on the land of pasturage. It is true that nature has been bountiful to the Anglo-Americans, even in the character of their deserts. These are only reached gradually. Nature dies by slow successive changes, as the traveller passes from the banks of the great river to the Rocky Mountains. First comes the tract of scattered wood; then the uniform and level prairie; then the sandy waste; and even this is interspersed with remarkable spots of fertility, the "parks" and "pens" of the Western trappers and hunters. But, speaking generally, the character of extreme aridity prevails throughout the central belt of North America, from the region of snow to that of eternal sunshine. New Mexico, for example—just now the object of the fierce rapacity of a people possessing more fertile unoccupied land than any other upon earth—is but a narrow valley, in which rain rarely falls, kept in a productive state only by the greatest economy of water, under the Spanish system of irrigation. Its great Rio del Norte, which looks so imposing on the maps, is said to be seldom above knee-deep, in a course of fifteen hundred miles to the tide water. After the Rocky Mountains have been passed, the country to the westward, making due allowance for fertile intervals, appearing far more luxuriant to the eyes of tired travellers than sober reality warrants, seems to preserve the general aspect of barrenness. The great Columbia rolls a volume of sand and gravel through shattered mountains of volcanic rock; its waters are said to "have no fertilizing qualities, but to deteriorate and exhaust the land which they overflow." South of this river, and far beyond what is, or was recently, the Mexican frontier,

the face of the continent appears to exhibit a labyrinth of sierras and sandy or snowy deserts; including vast basins without an outlet for their waters; a configuration like that of the surface of the moon seen through a telescope. Captain Fremont's narrative of his desperate winter-march from the Columbia to the Bay of San Francisco, reads like that of a nightmare journey in a dream. But a very great part of this region is still unexplored. There are few things in recent travel more spirit-stirring than the same traveller's account of his arrival on the banks of the Great Salt Lake of the Eutawas, the Caspian of America, the subject of endless superstitious fables, both Spanish and English, but on which boat had never been launched before;—"He was the first that ever burst into that silent sea."*

But there is little reason to suppose that these mysterious recesses conceal anything more attractive than what is already known and visited by explorers. It is true that the shores of the Pacific, from the Columbia to the San Francisco, contain here and there magnificent tracts; regions which invite the wanderer from the East, over thousands of leagues, to bask under a softer climate, amidst a grander vegetation than even his own mother country can furnish. Nevertheless, we still retain the doubts expressed in a former Number, upon the settlement of the Oregon question, whether emigration *en masse* will be directed to that quarter from the eastward for a very long period to come, even should the Americans acquire California, as by this time they possibly have done. We read much of the colonization of Oregon in their newspapers: nevertheless, it seems that most of the few settlers as yet established in that quarter, are not regular farmers, but hunters and trappers, who have tired for a while of their wandering life, and taken up the axe and the spade with the usual readiness of their countrymen; but who are pretty sure to quit them again, so soon as the fit of civilization passes off. The caravans of emigrants which have reached it, have in many instances gone through extremities of privation and suffering. Miseries, such as Indian tribes flying from starvation out of their depopled hunting-grounds, or African clans from the *razzias* of civilized conquerors, have rarely endured, are voluntarily borne

* Captain Fremont, quoted by Mr. McGregor, vol. i., 577 and 624.

by wandering colonies of Anglo-Americans in the mere spirit of adventure. It is not long since a party of five women and two men arrived at an outpost in California: they were the survivors of sixteen, and had lived for weeks on the bodies of their dead companions. The party had been sent forward for assistance by a band of emigrants who had been surprised, with their families and cattle, by the snow in the Sierra, under which, no doubt, they lie buried. Our astonishment at the extraordinary energy, and no less extraordinary restlessness of character, by which these obstacles are overcome, may be taken as a measure of the enormous impediments which they offer to the advantageous extension of American empire to the Pacific.

The wide region west of the Mississippi will therefore present, in the course of years, the aspect of an immense pastoral country, resembling Australia and the States of La Plata in modern times. Such, at least, must be its general character, though diversified by the cultivated valleys of its great rivers. Among the many varieties of industry to which the versatility of American genius has been applied, the rearing of stock has hitherto been the least favorite. It is not a national pursuit. It is now chiefly confined to the unfavorable climate of New England and New York; and is perhaps the least forward branch of agriculture throughout the States. Although population has begun to spread over the prairies for the last twenty years, scarcely a beginning appears to have been made in the art of turning them to that purpose which they are so peculiarly calculated to serve. But the time must arrive when these plains shall become the greatest sheep and cattle farms of the world—swarming with domesticated animals, as they once swarmed with wild, before the hunters of the East had made a solitude of them, and introduced that interregnum of desolation which now prevails. The Indians, indeed, must first have disappeared, or be in some way reclaimed from their predatory habits; but the former catastrophe seems fast approaching. The addition of this new component part to the existing members of the great Republic may give rise to some curious political speculations. It should seem that this species of industry cannot be carried on—at least, it never has been—except by large proprietors of flocks and herds; and the pastoral form of society has ever partaken of the patriarchal. Even in the

wild republics of South America, the free Guacho lives in a sort of clannish dependence on the great proprietors. Nothing can be conceived more contrary to the habits and feelings of the Anglo-American race; and, should the present form of the Republic last so long, it will be curious to see how a polity, whose extreme elasticity already enables it to comprehend the traders and manufacturers of the East, the farmers of the North-west, and the sugar and cotton planters of the South, within the same voluntary association, will be affected by the introduction of an element so new, and so unlike anything at present included in its dominion.

But the great Federation has withstood trials quite as severe. While the combination of surrounding political circumstances seems to indicate that it is only on the threshold of its momentous destiny, there is a force and profusion of life in all its functions which bespeaks it equal to the occasion. Without apparent root in the soil, without any hold on traditional observance, such as ancient monarchies possess; without that strength in its executive, by which newer political bodies usually seek to supply their want of moral power; it has already withstood tempest after tempest, and outlived successive prophets of ruin. A mere handful of provinces, casually united in resistance to England, and on the point of falling to pieces when the necessity of resistance ceased, it acquired at that critical moment a new constitution, which knit the disjointed members firmly together. A second war, undertaken against the will of one-third of its component States, appeared to threaten it afresh with dissolution; it ended in strengthening the Union, through a new infusion of national spirit, and by rousing a common sentiment, which absorbed sectional jealousies and passions. Next came the consummation of the victory obtained by the democratic party in their long struggle with the federalists—a victory which seemed to threaten with speedy destruction the bond, which it had been the principle of the latter to vindicate and maintain. But Providence overruled this danger also to a contrary issue: for the State authorities, which could not long have endured the stricter yoke intended by the federalists, submitted easily to the modified control which the disciples of Jefferson vested in the central government. The nation overflowed across the bounding Alleghazies, and spread over the wide valley of

the Mississippi, and it was pronounced by friends, as well as enemies, that the extension of empire would inevitably lead to disruption. Contrary to all anticipation, this very extension has preserved the unity of the republic. The growing separation of North and South, divided in interest, and hostile in feeling, was prevented from coming into direct collision by the introduction of the new Western States. This third and powerful element kept the others together in compulsory harmony; and, in the same manner, every subsequent addition has tended to strengthen the fabric rather than to bring it down. The wider the dominion of the federation spreads, the greater the number of local interests and populations comprehended within its boundary, the less appears to be the probability that any particular local interest can threaten the general weal—that dissensions between particular sections are destined to endanger the security of the Union. It has stood the shocks of commercial distress, and the extravagance of commercial prosperity; it has not been enfeebled by the impulse given to party spirit under a long and idle peace; it seems to encounter no material danger from the questionable successes of a war of invasion and of conquest; for wars waged, like those of the Carthaginians, by hired armies and jealousy-controlled generals, are not very likely to produce a Cæsar or Napoleon. As far as human sagacity can foresee, the clouds which enveloped the birth of the confederacy have cleared away. There is no peculiar political danger now impending, which has not been incurred and surmounted already, and of which American statesmen cannot estimate the amount, and may not be expected to guard against the shock. Yet the changeful aspect of the times fills the mind of the calmest observer with misgivings; and, while he gazes with admiration and awe on the portentous fabric of American greatness, he shrinks from founding any confident speculations on its permanence. There is a secret enemy within, who noiselessly saps the strongest institutions. If the North American republic should fall to pieces in our day—and we believe that every friend to human happiness must now wish the catastrophe averted—it will probably be neither from conquest nor defeat, external prosperity nor adversity, but from moral weakness at home. The corruption of the administrative departments of a government is one of that

class of evils which are submissively endured for many years, until they appear to have become a part of the very constitution of society; but against which, sooner or later, public indignation suddenly rises, shattering to pieces the whole edifice in its impatience of the rotten materials. It is not for strangers to estimate the real amount and pressure of danger of this description on the institutions of a foreign country. They can but compare and balance the statements of native observers; and, in doing so, they are bound to make great allowances for the exaggerations both of honest patriots and disappointed partisans. Nor would we willingly give vent to the gloomy anticipations which must inevitably arise, were we to adapt too literally the descriptions given by Americans themselves, of the recent workings of some of the most important parts of their system. For the day, which shall see that vast dominion parcelled out between independent and jarring States, imitating, with ampler means and fiercer resolution, the mutual hatred of the wretched republics of Spanish descent—however that day may be invoked by oppressed neighbors and by political enemies—will retard, for generations to follow, the progress of America, which is the progress of the human race in its widest and freest field of action.

DESTRUCTION OF CHARTLEY-HALL, THE SEAT OF EARL FERREER.—Shortly after twelve o'clock on Tuesday morning, a fire broke out at the above seat, which (with the exception of the servants' apartments) has been reduced to a heap of ruins together with the furniture, library, and armory. The fire was first discovered by Mr. Leadbetter, the butler, who was awakened by hearing a sort of crackling noise, as if some persons were attempting to break into the mansion. He dressed himself as hastily as possible, and, upon going from his bedroom, he discovered that the house was on fire and that the flames were issuing from the drawing-room windows. Expresses were immediately sent off for the fire-engines from Uttoxeter and Stafford, and about three o'clock the Stafford engine, with Inspector Wollaston and assistants, arrived; but the fire had gained such an ascendancy that all that could be done was to save the servants' apartments, and it appeared that no engine was kept at Uttoxeter. So great was the heat of the fire, that, upon looking over the ruins, the swords from the armory were found blended together, and the books were one black mass. It is reported that the property is insured, but to what extent could not be ascertained. The mansion had lately been under repair, and the noble earl was expected there in about a fortnight from Staunton Harold.

From Fraser's Magazine.

HINTS UPON HISTORY.

HISTORY is an odd conglomeration of events, and cannot well be otherwise; so we must tolerate what is the very nature and essence of the commodity. The medley, to be sure, is a strange one. "That which dissatisfies me with history," says a French writer, "is, that all which I now see must be one day history." This, however, is not our source of dissatisfaction with the "Old Almanac," as it has been styled. An old almanac is a faithful record, and we would rather have a faithful chronology of events than a diffuse history, infected with a writer's partialities, or stuffed with errors which originate in the neglect of proper authorities. One writer of history is partial to royalty, and will qualify vices on a throne which he declares unpardonable in private life; but then his style is captivating, and anything will pass with a captivating style; with that, truth may be kept out of sight. There is the little examiner of France, M. Thiers, he prefers glory to all things—the bubble glory—and is the best administrator of consolation for national reverses that we ever met with. His countrymen having the worst of a battle, he comforts himself that if such or such a thing had been done, the reverse in the combat would have been on the other side. In his account of the battle of Trafalgar, for example, he speaks of two or three French vessels that would have carried ours by boarding, if a broadside from the English had not tumbled over the boarders at the critical moment. There was the rub! These are ingenuities, and possess some attraction of themselves, since nothing more invites a reader than an unlooked-for, unthought of, argument. If the sole aim of writing had been to get a "paper kingdom," we might excuse it; but, despite the reams of dishonored quires, we trust there are nobler ends in writing than *apud imperitum vulgus ob ventosæ nomen actis*.

Historical incredulity is very allowable in reading former history, because we cannot get at facts remote from our own time. One writer misrepresents and another distorts. One will stand up for his own side most peremptorily, like the Scotchwoman in 1745, who, hearing a neighbor exclaim, "God stand by the right, cried "God stand by Hamilton's regiment, right or wrong!"

There is nothing like partisanship; the Clarendons and Burnets of their time are models of that. It is lucky we may learn experience from that which is not strictly correct, and so hold partial writers as of some value, only because we can find so few that are otherwise.

Memoirs and letters are the legs of history; upon these stands the superstructure. The testimony of some events gets weak among living men. If unrecorded in print, and so to record from the very nature of things would, at the time they occurred, be impossible, they are soon forgotten, if ever made public at all, and in a new generation are not credited, if they militate against the feeling or predisposition of the existing hour. We chanced to mention, one day, the undoubted fact of the forgery of assignats in England, about fifty-four years ago, and the notable expedient of sending them into France to ruin the finances there during Mr. Pitt's administration; and we reminded the parties to whom our conversation was addressed, that at the very moment our government was busy hanging up men at the Old Bailey for forging one-pound notes. We were not credited, because the superior political morality of our own time would not permit such actions to be credited so near our own day. Independently of this, the passing of such forgeries anywhere, it is now known, would only injure innocent holders, and could not really affect the finances of a State, however deranged; in the times of which we spoke they did not know this. But because the integrity and knowledge of Sir Robert Peel or Lord John Russell are superior in this advanced age to those of statesmen in past days, the inference of ignorance is, that such deeds could not have occurred. We were once told, on mentioning the circumstance, that it was a tale of Cobbett's, because that writer had somewhere alluded to the circumstance; it was incredible. We were obliged to give chapter and verse in relation to that of which, of very few acquainted with the facts, we happened to be one. We may add, singular as it shall seem, that a principal agent in this affair is actually now living at a very advanced age, though most likely, as far as he is concerned, the secret will die with him. Now this is a

fact for history; history has it not. Yet the narrow escape of W—— was worthy of being placed upon record; "Bliffl and Black George" were nothing to it.

Bolsham called Junius a liar, and charged him with falsehood; almost every historian, too, has done something very like this upon the mere take-for-granted of his own mind. It was impossible that dukes and great men of that day could be guilty of many things which Junius charges upon them. Why impossible? because they were dukes! No other answer can be given. It appears from Horace Walpole's disclosures, that these charges were essentially true. Now, the mere opinion of an historian is no better than our own, unless he wrote what he saw. He must give us fact, and we shall be content to draw our own conclusions. We do not want the virtues nor vices of the world exaggerated; neither do we want palliatives. Let us be as if set on a high mountain, from thence beholding the tumults, chances, hopes, fears, depressions, and elevations of the past with indifference; we thus shall be better able to take lessons for the present time. Why, then, should we not have the truth, and nothing but the truth, as far as human fallibility will permit? But have historians given this? nay, have they extracted the truth even from memoirs?

There is Southey, one of the most credulous of mankind, who has been praised for his *Life of Nelson*, the style of which is admitted to be beautiful: he has been praised for history full of errors; for biography is history: while his *Peninsular War*, the Duke of Wellington said, would do as well for that as for any war—not better. Well, these have been lauded to the skies.

Taking up the *Life of Nelson* the other day, we find Southey, who had crossed the sea, and ought to have known what that element and its shores are, gravely recording that Dr. Clark, about three years after the battle of the Nile, found the remains of the slain on the shore of Aboukir Bay!*

* The mendacious, much-lauded Dr. Clark, in his *Travels*, gives an account of a magnificent entertainment which the Anglo-Indian army gave to that of Europe, when the former arrived in Egypt to co-operate in the conquest, under Abercromby. The Doctor, as an *eye-witness*, describes the gorgeous display of Eastern luxuries exhibited upon the occasion, startling the reader with the sudden revival of Oriental grandeur in the Anglo-English camp. What the real truth was the reader may see in the *Memoirs of Sir David Baird*, who laments that, from the non-arrival of their baggage, they had none of the

Had he asked himself how long, on a flat sandy shore any where, much less on that burning shore, bodies washed up would remain visible, he must have felt that he was recording what was not true—what could not be true hardly of a single bone of those who died in that "glorious victory." The writers of history must look to it in future, and not copy the marvels of wonder-writing travellers without reflection. We must not have strained inferences drawn from premises which could supply them to no other upon earth but their own exclusive understandings. Some, it is true, have extraordinary gifts in vision. A writer has spoken of one Ketellus, who had an "especial grace" to see devils and to talk with them!

Hume did not know the distance from Worcester to Shrewsbury; he would not rise and cross his study to seek a reference; yet where fact may be wanting in proof, we find no deficiency of partial inference and false coloring. A writer, it will be admitted, has often to combat his own party bias, and sometimes his own incredulity, when he casts his regard upon the ever-varying hues of men and things. The stream of time, in the space of a few short years, sweeps away shoals and abrades promontories, until no semblance of them remaining, their ever having had an existence becomes doubtful, without much pains-taking reference. We are seldom aware of the extent of change things undergo sometimes, in a space of time wholly irreconcilable in our own view with any but a long-protracted period. The events of the last fifty years have effected more extraordinary alterations in the world than the century and a half preceding had done; and these alterations are most of them within the reach of human memory. Yet, though thus proximate, they are forgotten by most of those who lived through them. Only a few of the living take notes of the events that have passed by them, as they themselves went jog-trot along the highway of life. They were too much occupied with their own cares or pleasures, and in old age have forgotten most of the remarkable events of their own time, because the records of their own selfishness supplanted those of a different character; they can always go back to incidents affecting themselves alone; for the mass of mankind, though neither commonest conveniences to offer for the accommodation of their friends; they were forced to stick candles upon hoops to light up the tables. Poor Bruce was censured for what he was not; Clark has never been censured for what he too truly was.

posed of individuals of sense nor even of strong passions, are uniformly interested. Hence works of genius and taste are secondary things in countries where the people do not find an interest, or something to be got by esteeming them; an abstract love for them belonging only to cultivated intellect and an extended mind. History would find a wonderful aid, if only two or three living men, contemporaries in public life, had noted, as they came upon the stage of humanity, all they saw or knew, as old Peppys has done—two or three only at a time, during the successive centuries from the Conqueror. We should then get at those virtues and crimes of men which partial historians gloss over, or could gain little knowledge of, or that have departed into oblivion. The changes have been so strange, and often so momentous in their nature, even within the scope of human memory—they are so antagonist in their character to what preceded them, and what preceded is so strange to the present generation, that in either case no one takes them in.

A few days ago we took up the papers of Nelson, which, with those of Wellington, are invaluable as historical documents, though different in their nature, the one giving a picture of the individual, the other relating only to public events. They are lasting monuments of the distinguished names they commemorate, a hundred times more worthy, and also more imperishable, than the brass castings—statues they can scarcely be called—with which, in our low state of art, commonplace minds imagine we confer the more lasting renown—the glorious and immortal memory! Admirable as guides for history, the memoirs of Nelson furnish an instance of those deductions to which allusion has been before made, and the circumstances attendant upon them having happened within human memory, admit of being established for ever, one way or another. We could have done it ourselves, from information equal to personal knowledge. There must surely be some living who could have done it from that very knowledge. Thus, for example, the editor of the work seems to think that the conduct of Lady Hamilton and Nelson was, at one time, guaranteed against equivocality by the fact of Sir William Hamilton's station in life. Now this is the sort of inference too frequently employed in history of every kind, and is that to which recourse should never be had but when demonstration is impossible. In the present

instance it is more than usually untenable, from the history of the parties. Before we can adopt an idea so contrary to the experience of all time, as well as to the knowledge of those acquainted with the world, we must admit, with the uneducated, that the place makes the man. It is true, that, in externals, we should be ashamed to act as people distinguished in life, people of rank and fashion, acted a few years ago. Our vices may be as great, but, at all events, we are properly ashamed to display them; we are grown more discreet in our great world; we cover ourselves in the sight of others with a mask of external morality: this is one step gained, at least. What individuals of rank, what peeresses or lady-commoners, would now attend public masquerades, where princes of the blood and their companions of easy virtue, and parasites of all sorts, mingled as well? Yet this continually occurred at the old Pantheon masquerades. The thing is perfectly incredible now. A British lady of rank would feel indignant were it supposed that she could be present at such a place; yet was the pride of rank as great then as it is now—perhaps morality was as prevalent; but it is no small advantage to see the desire prevail, in all ranks, of shunning, before the public at least, the appearance of evil. Still, no one would judge nowadays by a man's position in life of the quality of his moral feeling.

Fact is everything, surmise can only be admitted when tenable. We do not assent to such inferences. We know two individuals, one of whom has not long paid the debt of nature, who were well acquainted with all three—with Nelson, Sir William and Lady Hamilton; who had visited Sir William at Naples, and had entertained all three in England. We know one individual, yet living, an officer who was with Nelson ten years, and we were acquainted with three of his officers in the Victory. Again and again was Lady Hamilton's dupery of that great man talked over by them and us, always terminating in the admission that it was one of the most extraordinary cases of the power of woman on record. Lady Hamilton not only damaged the great seaman in the matter of morality, but her influence cast the only blot upon his fair fame as a British officer. Captain Foote's statement is substantially true. Nelson was a simple-minded man, who, from being incapable of deceit himself, did not easily credit it in another. He was a man of con-

finest knowledge out of his profession. He could not adapt his habits to matters of a common character in civil life. It will hardly be credited, but it is true; that one of our informants, above spoken of, one day took Nelson into his phaeton-and-four for a drive. The horses were lively, but perfectly well broken in. In a few minutes this great man became uneasy, and then, with evident marks of nervousness, requested that he might be set down, confessing his fears of being run away with, of which there was not the remotest danger; but the situation was novel to him—yet this was the hero of the Nile and Trafalgar; the brave chief who, in the midst of the bloody fight at Copenhagen, exulted at being in such a scene. It is not wonderful that the splendor of a court, and the arts of a cunning courtesan, should dupe one whose life had been passed on the great waters, where courage and plain dealing were customary virtues, and by whom the profligacy and corruption of civil life could neither be comprehended nor credited. Unaccustomed to a court he was dazzled by the attention paid to him, and by the flattery of the infamous Queen of Naples, as well as by the notice of the imbecile king, through Lady Hamilton's instrumentality. It was human weakness, a frailty of humanity. The fame of the conquering hero flattered the vanity of the self-assumed Cleopatra, who was at the same time playing her own ambitious game with the queen. Southey, in his wonted mode, skulks the affair of the Bay of Naples and all connected with it. He doubtless knew the truth, but he acted in the vulgar mode of evading it. It became such an historian to admit what could not be denied; to explain that great men had, under the unfortunate allotments of humanity, too often corresponding faults just as little men have theirs, quoting past examples. The professional merits of Nelson were so great, his patriotism so distinguished, his seal and courage so transcendent, his general humanity so often proved, and his single-mindedness so conspicuous, that jesuitism was unnecessary.

But to return to the memoirs and letters. The life of Lady Hamilton was a standing evidence against Sir William's position conferring upon him any very remarkable delicacy of feeling; he had lived too long among the most licentious people in the world to cherish any of those niceties in courtly intercourse, which his situation might be supposed to carry with it. He

had been equerry to George III., and went as ambassador to Naples in the year 1764, when he was only thirty-four years old. He remained in the same post for thirty-six years, for he was seventy when he returned to England in 1800. The immoral habits of the Neapolitan court must, therefore, have been familiar to him; and familiarity with immorality introduces its toleration. He was far from wanting ability; he studied the antiquities of Italy in a noble field for the purposes, and devoted a portion of his time to natural history. His collection of Etruscan vases is in the British Museum, and is considered fine and almost unique.

Sir William lost his first wife in 1782, at Naples, when he was in his fifty-second year. Her loss was equally injurious to society and to Sir William's conjugal fame afterwards. She was a most accomplished and exemplary lady. "She was like a mother to me," said our informant. "I was in Naples in my twentieth year. She advised me for my good, cautioned me against the base character of the courtiers, and even of the literary men and artists, who partook of the same vices. Placed amid the most corrupted society in Europe, she preserved a virtuous dignity, overawed the profligates with whom she came into contact, and possessed unbounded influence over her husband. Her virtues were strictly domestic; she received the numerous visitors at her husband's hotel with great grace, but was compelled to hear, and heard with disgust, the licentious conversation around her. Her husband's house was the rendezvous of artists, philosophers, and musicians, all tainted with the loose manners of the court in which they mingled, and holding language that no virtuous woman could tolerate in any other situation—there it was not regarded as of any moment. The king's only amusement was killing animals; he was a worn-out Bourbon, whose words and deeds partook equally of that exhaustion of mental power, or rather of that incurable imbecility, which marked the race in other countries."

At such a court a man like Sir William, though strictly attending to his diplomatic duties, and a lover of his country, becoming a widower, and, rapidly advancing towards the last age of life, was still an admirer of the sex. The second Lady Hamilton, a remarkably fine-grown woman, had been a servant-girl in Wales. She removed to London, where she lost her virtue. She

sat for some time as a female model to artists, and became the kept-mistress of a young man in the army, said to have been related to Sir William. Calling one day upon his relation, Sir William was greatly struck with her fine figure, and paid her much attention. He declared she was a perfect fac-simile of the antique, her form pure Grecian. In a little time, becoming enamored of her, he determined she should be "his Grecian," as he used to express it. At length she manœuvred so well, that Sir William, to secure her person, married her, and introduced her at the Neapolitan court. She possessed plain good sense, which Sir William cultivated; she was artful and ambitious, and having tasted of luxuries, to the possession of which she had unexpectedly been raised, she felt an ardent desire to enjoy them to the fullest extent. It does not seem that she added avarice to her other failings, for she sent over money to the humble family in Wales that had once befriended her—if we recollect rightly, at Brecon. She had picked up some ideas about art from the artists to whom she had sat, and this taste, also, Sir William cultivated. He introduced her at court, where she became a great favorite with the king and queen, and lost no means of exerting over them a considerable influence. For such a court it cannot be denied that her previous life and easy manners supereminently qualified her. She had great tact, and knew how to apply it to her own purposes. She cultivated, likewise, those superficial talents, and that smooth hypocrisy, which are the surest passports to court favor, and soon became an accomplished *intriguante* in the infamous Neapolitan society that hung about the government. The queen found her own counterpart in Lady Hamilton's morals, and the same affection for indulgences of all kinds which she felt herself; while Sir William employed his wife in worming out the secrets of the king and queen, and playing his political game where no other agent could have served him. The most secret correspondence of that stupid monarch thus became known to Sir William. Destitute of morality herself, Lady Hamilton was in a congenial atmosphere. No one gave her credit for observing her conjugal vows, where the observance of them was of no consequence in any sense, and where public opinion cast no shame upon the most dissolute actions. It is not easy to convey an idea to English society of the language, violating all decency, that was used in mixed society at evening parties. Stories were told with gesticulations that were indecent, or that involved the most unblushing licentiousness, and they were listened to with that attention, and greeted with that reception, which an innocent piece of humor would call up in England. Nelson became a visitant at the ambassador's; Lady Hamilton threw her spell around him. She took credit to herself for many of her husband's measures. She dazzled the straightforward sailor with the glitter of a court; she affected a secret passion for him at a moment, it is probable, when he knew nothing of her history—he most probably never did: his vanity was pleased; she played off upon him the queen's game of vengeance, by which the British flag was sullied: but this she did as a recommendation of herself to the court, while to Nelson she lamented its inexorable resolve. She wiped her eyes at the execution of the good Carraciolo, with an artful assumption of pity for the victim her influence alone had betrayed, betraying at the same time the fame of him she affected to love. Her art was consummate to ensure the conquest she had made—a conquest not less flattering to her ambition than pernicious to the object of it. She sat in Nelson's ship amid her triumph; with her husband on one hand, and Nelson on the other, and sometimes with Nelson between herself and Sir William. Her sorrow for the sacrifice of Carraciolo, and her end in attaining the sacrifice, were developed in her eager haste for the consummation of the scene. After seeing him hung, she sent twice to know when the brave old admiral would be cut down, that she might write to the queen, "that even the ashes of her majesty's enemy might be seen no more!" Lady Hamilton dishonored Nelson in order to keep up her own power over the queen, through the gratification of her love of revenge. She knew Nelson's attachment to his profession, and persuaded him that she had rendered services to the fleet which had been really rendered by her husband the ambassador. Nor was this enough; she persuaded him that she had a child by him, which was styled one of adoption, to conceal the truth, as she pretended, from her husband, in order to enchain still more strongly the heart of her dupe. That Nelson could believe such an imposition, shows the simplicity of his mind and the degree to which he was infatuated. The truth is, she never had a child in her life.

"How Nelson could be so deceived, so blind," said our informant, "is an extraordinary thing to me! He was a great man in, but not out of, his profession; for he had seen and known little out of it—nothing of the arts of the designing in social life."

In regard to Sir William Hamilton, a residence of nearly all his life at such a court as that of Naples was not calculated to render him over-scrutinizing into the conduct of his wife. He was at this time approaching seventy years old; nor was he, it is probable, so very regardful of his wife's every footstep as he would have been if younger and less habituated to the unbounded licentiousness around him. When he arrived in England, the intimacy between the lady and Nelson remained undiminished until Sir William died, in 1803. The subsequent time of Nelson in the world was short, and principally passed at sea; but their intimacy to the last is well-known.

"I saw her once," said our informant, speaking of Lady Hamilton, "when I thought any one, who knew nothing of her history and supposed her virtuous, might easily have been led captive by her. She was then a staid woman, with all that skill in her bearing—so much of good manner, acquired by the aid of her intercourse with a court—so much mistress of those little arts which captivate without being suspected as intended for captivation, that I never saw a woman conduct herself more majestically—not even Siddons. She had acquired a good stock of antiquarian knowledge from her husband, and was well acquainted with the histories of Greece and Rome, and with all of their knowledge of art that has descended to us; and she knew upon what occasion to display this knowledge. She was personifying a character at the time to which I refer. No heroine could have looked Cleopatra better. Her movements were classically correct, correct as if she had studied the figures on the walls of Heroulanum. She did everything but feel, for her life was spent in intriguing and acting."

Now, taking all these facts into account, it is surely not to be believed that the position of Sir William Hamilton, as the Editor of *Nelson's Despatches and Letters* would seem to intimate, could in any way make improbable the intrigue between Lady Hamilton and Nelson to the fullest extent that has been reported of it. We naturally

desire distinguished men to be as blameless as possible, because we would exalt those in virtue whom we admire for other superlative qualities; but we must surrender to the universal law of human imperfection, the desires that, however laudable, neither can in future nor ever have in past time been realized. History must portray naked fact, and the defects of its great characters must be equally displayed with their achievements. Such was the mode adopted by the ancients, who had no idea of concealing any part of the humanity of their heroes. But we will close this sophism in history with a characteristic trait of Nelson. The surgeon of his ship had given his mates a large bottle of ether to decant, cautioning them against suffering a light of any kind to approach near. He went upon deck, where Nelson was, and had not been there many minutes, when a sudden flame burst up the hatchway some feet above the deck. All were startled, except Nelson. Some of the men got into the chains, several jumped overboard. Nelson, looking at them angrily, no mark of alarm visible on his features,—and yet the sight was an awful and sudden one connected with the situation of all,—ordered an officer to go below and see what was the matter. The surgeon, who guessed at the cause, explained it, and the flame, so truly alarming as coming from below, was soon extinguished. But Nelson, scrutinizing the men who had been so affrighted, severely rebuked them; and, it was observed, would never afterwards suffer them to go with him in his barge, nor send them upon any service of trust or danger. He had a trick, if he was mentally agitated, of shaking the stump of his arm, or rather of striking it against his side, by which all on board his vessel knew he was puzzled. One day he kept his fleet off out of sight, and went with only three or four sail to peep into Toulon. On making the road he discovered the whole of the enemy's ships shaking out their sails, and ready to start after him. He moved off as fast as possible, but finding one of his ships a miserable sailer, he all at once slackened sail with his own vessel and brought up the rear; the French crowding sail to come out, and there being little chance of a successful resistance, he kept his eye upon them, and working his arm manfully, said to himself, "They shan't take us, I think they shan't take us!" "We are in for it now!" said one sailor to another, "see how old Bronté is working

his stump!" But this is travelling out of the record: who can help it on such a subject?

Biography is history; so is all that concerns manners, customs; in fact, a union of the picture which any given period of time presents, in all relating to social man. But history in general does not answer to this character. The histories, for example, of the reign of George III. give us only the politics of the period, when they ought to represent "the age and body of the time," so that it may come before us as it really appeared in all its striking and peculiar relations. A dry detail of political events, for a given period, does not convey any idea of social existence, of the fashions, the arts, the fluctuating usages of the same term. We therefore contend, that the scope of history should be enlarged. Hence it is that we have no conception of the changes which have happened within a few years, or what out-of-the-way sort of beings a part of existing society was half a century ago; how different were dress and equipage, how strong was superstition, how binding were religious and political bigotry, how much behind was society then in works of utility and comfort compared to ourselves. About the time that the French Revolution occurred there was a deplorable want of taste, a vapid, lifeless childishness of intellect, prevalent in the highest circles; and they were then considered, as a body, the best instructed. Until that gigantic convulsion, that political earthquake called the energies of Europe into existence, it is difficult to conceive the inanity of the best society and the unlearned content of the common mass. We will not boast of our more brilliant age beyond its deserts. We may, after all, have been lifted over the uprisen wave of time and be sinking on the leeward side of the majestic billow, but we are wonderfully elevated still above the dullness of that day. Let us take a few incidents from polished life at the epoch to which we allude; let us go to the court for our example. We recently conversed with an individual who was present at a brilliant party given by Queen Charlotte. The Princess Royal entangled her shoe in her dress while dancing at a birthnight ball. The incident became the subject of poetry—poetry so contemptible, that a schoolboy would now be ashamed of such vile doggerel, yet it was repeated by all the fashionables, set to music, and printed in the best

periodicals of the hour! One stanza will be enough to quote. The maids of honor are represented as surveying the accident in the third stanza:—

"The Vestal maids of honor,
Attentive to their duty,
All crowded close upon her.
The Prince surveyed their beauty,
Admired their zeal
For partner's heel,
But told them he conceived,
Though some false steps
Made demireps,
This soon might be retrieved.
Doodle, doodle do,
The Princess lost her shoe;
Her Highness hopp'd,
The fiddlers stopp'd,
Not knowing what to do?"

The general character of history—of what we conceive to be history, at least—robs the world of all those minute touches which are the life of the picture. We have seen Earl Grey, aristocratic in bearing, retiring and dignified in manners, looked up to in the House of Lords as a peer, and by the country as an able man and minister; yet it is within human memory that Mr. Grey, the same Earl Grey, and Mr. Windham, in the midst of the offscourings of society, attended these brutal exhibitions, boxing-matches, in the vicinity of London. Windham commended bull-fights and boxing-matches; so did many of the judges at a much later period, because without such exhibitions the courage of the people, forsooth, would die away; knives would be used in quarrels, and the French would beat us! Just so it is to reason upon any ground but right or wrong, justice or injustice. The basis of argument used by statesmen—policy, always exhibits its nakedness, in the end reacting upon the party using it much to his disadvantage. During the time this argument for supporting the popular courage was in vogue, our troops were continually beaten by the enemy; in one case the commander-in-chief swimming the half-frozen ditches in Holland to escape. The better taste of the time put down these barbarities. We have yet to learn that at Barrosa, Salamanca, Vittoria, or Waterloo, or even later, under the burning sun of India, British soldiers have quailed for lack of bull-fights and boxing matches at home. They have, instead, been victors since these barbarities were scouted by every well-educated individual, as they were too frequently van-

quished while such disgraceful exhibitions were in their vigor. Another trait of those times was the ferocity of public executions, nineteen hung at one session, twenty at another—all suspended together, some for the value of a few shillings. Until the reign of George III., juries had been reduced by the management of the lawyers and judges to little more than a formality—all that the Crown wished to condemn were condemned. By degrees, juries were again restored to their original purpose. But the barbarities of judicial proceedings still remained; women were burned almost alive for coining, down to a late period. They were only tied half-throttled to a stake, fagots were piled round them and immediately set on fire: this was for coining. History touches upon none of those traits of very late times; without such petty facts we can gain no knowledge of the state of society. The liberty of the press, for example (except when the popular mind was roused and the attention fixed on the question at issue, as in Woodfall's case, about jurors), was little more than nominal down to a very late date. Many can remember the time—for the heinousness of a libel in those days consisted in the view of the court in its being or not on the ministerial side—many can remember when old Mr. Walter, the grandfather of the present proprietor of *The Times*, was most cruelly treated for alleged libels—one was for stating that the Prince of Wales and Duke of York had incurred his majesty's disapprobation for their conduct in some trivial matter; he was fined 100*l.*, and had one year's imprisonment in addition to a sentence he was undergoing. He was fined 100*l.* besides for stating that it was understood the Duke of Clarence had returned home from his station without leave. At this very time, for some remarks upon the dissolute conduct of one of the princes, he was undergoing imprisonment for a year in Newgate, fined 50*l.*, sentenced to stand in the pillory once at Charing Cross, and to find security for good behavior for seven years: all this, be it observed, for no real injury to any one, and in utter disregard of the truth or falsehood of the charges. The punishment of the pillory was used down to a late period. The judges hated the freedom of the press, because in its discreet use it could still keep beyond their love of power and court-made law, and yet expose wrong and oppression in any quarter. It was seen at last, that the condem-

nation of men of education to punishments to which, in their distaste for the freedom of the press, they condemned only the refuse of society, recoiled upon themselves. The people pelted, often nearly killed, the parties who had, with the *vox populi, vox Dei*, committed a crime; but they cheered and encouraged the victim of overbearing justice, and too frequently pelted the unoffending officers whose duty it was to exercise the commands of their superiors. What a picture does the pillorying of De Foe give of his advance in knowledge and of his high merits, compared to those of his judges! and still more of a whole House of Commons—of the collective wisdom of the nation, that house of which De Foe, with admirable skill, was the advocate all the while. In our days all this system is exploded. The judges are high-minded men! disenthralled from court influence, and respected by the people. Juries do their duty uninfluenced by power. Are not these changes worthy of especial notice in history, beyond a mere passing sentence, that such and such things were better in the reign of William IV. or Victoria than of William III. and Queen Anne? Shall we have no credit for them? This is a cold notice of such great changes, of such an advance in everything beneficial as we see around us. Is not history then bound to supply some illustrations of such advances, some contrasts with the past in juxtaposition? Otherwise we have only, as in the present mode of writing history, an author's unsupported assertion. We repeat it, history must be improved by self-demonstration, to do our own day common justice. Look back to the time of Mr. Pitt, under the head of finance alone. If in society a man should say Pitt knew nothing of finance nor its principles, he would run the hazard of a flat contradiction. Yet Pitt knew no more of the matter than his times permitted, he was in no case in advance of his time; but of finance he really did know nothing. It was a science in his day only developed among a few philosophers, whose works were of that order that are only seen in far perspective, by the mind of genius, and were consequently looked upon in those days by statesmen like a distant star that the untutored will not credit to be a world. Peel is a financier as much before Pitt, as Herschel in astronomy was before Francis Moore, the astrologer. Is it not a worthy thing for history to record the progress of science that has made this difference be-

tween the times of Pitt and Peel? History, as now written, will only note a few great results. Unless it is known how the revenue is raised, we cannot mark improvement in the mode on which the merit of the change hinges. Pitt, for instance, wanted to raise 900,000*l.* in taxes. First, he laid a duty of 2*s.* on hats of mixed materials, and 6*d.* on those of felt. Then on ribands and gauzes a penny per dozen yards; 3*s.* per chaldron on inland coals; 10*s.* on saddle-horses; 10 per cent. on stained linens and calicoes; 1-2*d.* per lb. on candles; licenses from 50*l.* downwards to dealers in excisable commodities; 2*s.* 6*d.* a thousand on bricks and tiles; a third additional duty on paper; postage doubled; 5*s.* per week more on hackney-coaches. Could anything be more discouraging than introducing the excise into every dealer's home? He carried on duties continually; taxed lead, plate, and ale-dealers, servant-girls, shops, watches, &c. These producing comparatively small sums and costing great trouble, annoyance, and expense in collecting, he argued for encouraging commerce as a

means of national wealth, while his whole system of taxation—during peace, too—tended to do it injury. We need not contrast the system of the present time, but we argue that history ought to exhibit both, in order that we may estimate our loss and gain.

We must, therefore, amend history; suffer it to lie no longer under the implication of falsehood, or at least of that which constitutes the vice of a falsehood—the misapplication of it to some unworthy purpose through the partiality or carelessness of the historian. We might pursue the subject much further, but have not time. Let us have facts, particular not general, as of old, that we may measure progress. Let us have no false deductions, no idle palliations. Above all, give us truth; that same truth, the "naked and open daylight," says Bacon, "that doth not show the masks, and mummeries, and triumphs of the world half so stately and daintily as candlelights," but which, for the use of history, is our best guide: we repeat it, history must be new modelled; let some one undertake it in a more worthy mode.

From the North British Review.

ITALY IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

1. *Storia delle Compagnie di Ventura in Italia*; di ERCOLE RICOTTI. *The History of the Bands of Free Adventurers in Italy*. By HERCULES RICOTTI. 4 vols., 8vo. Turin, 1844—1846.

2. *Biografie dei Capitani Venturieri dell' Umbria*; da ARIODANTE FABRETTI. *The Lives of the Captains of the Free Companies in Central Italy*. By ARIODANTE FABRETTI. Post 8vo., 3 vols. Montepulciano, 1842—1846. (*Not complete.*)

HERE are two contemporaneous works devoted to the illustration of the same portion of Italy's mediæval history—welcome both, and welcome all! For may it not be deemed an indication that, where the harvest is so very large, the workmen must be far from few, when two are found disputing the tillage of the same spot in the common harvest-field? We hail the omen. Not that it is the first fact that has directed our attention to the change that the last few years have produced in this respect in Italy. Nor is this the first occasion on which we have called the attention of our readers to the circumstance. The truth is, that despite all that might be said of her still lamentable condition—despite the many and various

obstacles which render her progress apparently almost hopeless—Italy is progressing. Railways and steamboats have, with their beneficent and irresistible ties, bound her to the more civilized portions of Europe, and she cannot choose but be dragged forward in their wake. The signs and evidences of this progress, though still far less striking, perhaps, to an English or French observer than the more obvious tokens of her past lethargy and present comparative barbarism, are yet many and unmistakable enough to those who know her well. One of these is the daily increasing movement, life, and vital energy of her literature. It is true that the observer who should turn to the yearly volume of the "*Bibliografia Italiana*," published by Stella

of Milan, with a view to estimate from its list of every book printed in Italy the condition of Italian literature, would be forcibly struck with the extraordinary proportion of translations from the English, French, and German, to the entire mass. It is so remarkable as to constitute a confession of native poverty most humiliating to every worthy citizen of the various States of the Peninsula. But it is something that translations are called for. Where there are readers there will not long be wanting writers to supply their wants. "*Sint Mecanates non decrunt Marones.*" And the abundance of translations published in Italy is an evidence that a reading public—the only *Mecenas* that can call a healthy literature into existence—is beginning to grow up there. This is something. But it is more that the works selected for translation are, for the most part, such as to do credit to the demand of Italian readers. Moreover, the proportion of translations to original works is gradually decreasing. And despite the many grievous obstacles opposed to the activity of Italian intellect, there is enough to show that in every department of human knowledge thought is at least awake.

It is true that those who have formed their estimate of Italian literature from an acquaintance with it during its latest previous period of activity, may well object that the abundance of publication has been, in Italy at least, no evidence of awakened intellect. The remembrance of the lamentable mob of dilettanti sonneteers, academic inditers of epithalamic canzonets, spruce drawing-room poet-priestlings, and word-catching polemical commentators, may well excuse those who have looked into the Italian literature of some sixty years since, for regarding the fertility of the Italian press as no proof of its worth. But the very fact that such things were, joined to the consideration of the very different aspect of literature in the Peninsula at present, is a ground of satisfaction. The change which has been silently operated in the popular mind since that day must be immense. Effete senility has died, and vigorous youth has grown up in its stead—youth, active, hopeful, aspiring, growing, as youth should be; but at the same time imitative, frequently jejune, occasionally presumptuous, and not seldom mistaken, as youth must ever be.

The two works whose titles the reader has seen at the head of this article, will furnish us with an opportunity of pointing out one or two faults of an opposite nature to each

other, which beset the literature of Young Italy, while the subject of them furnishes a good specimen of the leading tendency of Italian mind at the present day, and will at the same time afford our readers some glimpses of a very interesting and amusing page of mediæval history.

It is the story of Italian warfare and adventure in that miraculous fifteenth century—those strange, pregnant, fateful, many-colored times;—almost as strange, pregnant, fateful, and many-colored as those of this our nineteenth century! But what a mad topsy-turvy world it was in those days! Not a merry world or good old times, as the cant goes—not at all. Very much otherwise. Most sick and sorry times—an exceedingly disagreeable and very uncomfortable world was it in the fifteenth century. Picturesque? Aye, truly, lady; and very pleasant—to read of, as stretched on a *chaise longue* in a comfortable drawing room—you, the mistress perhaps of a little suburban residence, enjoy a security, elegance, and comfort which might well excite the envy of the noble chatelaines of those "*good old times.*" Good-for-nothing times? Nay, not so either, fair reader. These poor old days with their unrighted wrongs, their struggling, their working, their striving, and their suffering, were good for much. Very good for the supply of brilliant materials for the motley kaleidoscope history-pictures of "*graphic*" historical romance writers. Good, also, it may be, for other purposes; and among them, for preparing the advent and the glory and the well-being of our highly-improved nineteenth century selves. Let us not then judge too severely that poor old dead century, though its story do lead us to scout, with infinite self-gratulation, the "*good old times*" theory. Let us remember our obligations to it, and bear in mind that we owe a similar duty to that five-and-twentieth century, in whose eyes we shall, it is to be hoped, seem as deserving of blame and pity.

In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries Italy was covered thickly with a vast number of communities—*Communi*. Some were fair cities, some thriving towns, some ambitious townlets. But all were *COMMUNI*. And it is easy to conceive all the value, force, and sweetness of the term in the ears of those who had just succeeded in withdrawing their necks from the yoke of their feudal tyrants. Healthy, vigorous, active, boisterous, high-spirited, noisy, un-

ruly, but withal promising youngsters were these youthful communities. Though growing too big and too strong for the power of their domestic oppressors, they were not altogether their own masters. They were placed under the tutelage, for the most part, of two pedagogues—the Emperor and the Pope; and two worse protectors or educators could not be found. At one moment abdicating their authority altogether—in the next suddenly resuming it with violence, passion, and tyranny; now quarrelling with each other—now again encouraging the quarrels of their pupils; they contrived to inflict on them all the apparently incompatible evils of improper interference and neglect. The result, as may easily be supposed, was not favorable to their character or well-being in any way.

Among other consequences of their position and circumstances, were perpetual never-ending quarrels among themselves. They were absolutely never at peace. Warfare became their chronic, and had got to be considered their normal state. Each statelet bitterly hated its neighbors, and thought that patriotism consisted in doing so. Each had also, to complicate its quarrels and render an interval of peace absolutely impossible, its internal discords—its two parties alternately conquering and conquered, alternately banished and banisher;—for these internal feuds were carried on by the Italian cities much on the principle of the school-boy's game called "prisoner's base." It is a continual ousting of the party in by the party out. And this ousting, it must be remembered, was a literal and corporeal ousting from house and home, goods and chattels, kith and kindred. The unsuccessful party, the "*fuoruscite*," who bear so large a part in the mediæval history of Italy, were turned adrift upon the world utterly destitute, and without other hope than that of being able by force of arms, and probably with the assistance of some neighboring hostile city, to re-enter their country, i. e. their city, and inflict a similar lot upon their opponents.

Thus there were constantly spread over the face of the country a vast number of reckless, desperate men, living how they could, and ready at any moment for any desperate venture, and dreading nothing but that general peace and tranquillity which would have rendered their lot absolutely hopeless beggary. The main and ultimate object of those "*fuoruscite*" was always of course to obtain their own return to their

homes—to the high places of their native cities, and to turn out the opposite party. But the mode and object of the warfare between one city and another was remarkable enough. To inflict injury on the enemy, and not to enrich or aggrandize themselves, was almost always the sole object. And the injury which they aimed at doing seems always to have stopped short of destruction, or complete conquest. To triumph over, to exult over, and insult the rival city—to humble its power and lower its pride—this seems to have been the end and aim of these perpetual wars. Indeed, had it been otherwise—had the vanquished been finally and completely conquered and brought under the power of the conqueror, the state of things which we have attempted to describe could not have lasted as it did. But no war ever so disabled the vanquished party as to prevent their being perfectly ready to begin the contest again the next spring. The idea of so conquering a city as to take possession of it, and permanently add it to the dominions of the conqueror, was the product of a later period.

And it is strange, at first sight, that amid such a state of things, amid such frequent destruction of the fruits of human labor, and such universal insecurity of life and property, the arts of peace did not perish—that on the contrary they grew and flourished. But it is not the only instance "where grew the arts of war and peace" side by side. And the extent to which such a phenomenon is possible, is a most striking proof of the invincible elasticity and energy of a *free* people. The most disorderly movement, the most undisciplined confusion, may retard the progress of civilization, but will not paralyse it. It is the absence of all movement, the stagnation of despotism which can alone prevail to produce such a lethargy of mind as shall wholly contravene the great universal law of progress. Absence of movement alone indicates absence of life. And decay follows moral as well as physical death. So civilization gradually advanced among these turbulent and warlike communes, and brought wealth and luxury in its train.

Such was the state of things in Italy during the thirteenth century. The commencement of the fourteenth saw an important and pernicious change. The imperial arms, which ever from time to time crossed the Alps and descended into Italy like the periodical overflow of some disastrous torrent, had brought into the peninsula a

number of soldiers of fortune, and had on retiring left them there, the noxious and unwholesome deposit of the subsiding waters. These men were ready to lend their swords to any of the parties in any of the thousand quarrels ever rife throughout the country, and thus hired foreign soldiers began to appear among the citizen-ranks of the Communes. War was no longer the same thing; and the result which very rapidly followed was, that the quarrels of the cities among themselves, or their defence against either Pope, Emperor, or their own "faoursite," was committed entirely to the hands of mercenaries;—for the good citizens soon found that fighting with these professional soldiers was a very different thing from fighting with their countrymen of the next city. They would "have seen them damned, ere they would fight with them an' they had known they had been so cunning of fence." But the difference was great in various ways. Not only were the citizens, warlike and used to handle weapons as they were, very unequally matched against the practised skill and hardihood of professional soldiers, but they not unreasonably began to consider that the wager of life against life was by no means fair-play between themselves and the mercenaries. "Shall the life of a man who has wife and children, house and home, goods and chattels," reasoned the worthy burghers, "be staked against that of a reckless adventurer, who sells his at the rate of ten florins a month?" Then, again, in these feuds of city against city, it was never the object of the conqueror to kill, but to take as many prisoners as possible, with the view of exacting a ransom for each—which, where citizens fought against citizens, and the prisoners taken were men of substance, was always paid—and well paid. "But, what to do with the unprofitable carcase of a foreign man-at-arms," argued the citizens; "what is he worth when one *has* caught him? His horse and arms are all he has in the world. He is good for nothing. Out on such unprofitable fighting!"

So the employment of mercenaries rapidly became universal. Each wealthy Commune—and they were all more or less so—found it far more expedient, when threatened by the mercenaries in the pay of its enemies, to hire other adventurers to oppose them, than to take the field themselves. A complete revolution in the warfare of Italy was thus effected in a very short space of time. And when it is borne in mind that

the further a nation is from civilization the more completely does its military condition express its entire condition, as Signor Ricotti well remarks in his introduction (vol. i., p. xviii.), it will be readily conceived how important a revolution it was. This change may be considered to have been consummated about the end of the thirteenth century, and the dynasty of the "Venturieri" to have continued to the close of the fifteenth—dynasty it may indeed be termed advisedly, for the country was from the Alps to Calabria entirely in their hands. This period of two centuries may, however, be divided into two nearly equal portions, during the first of which the adventurer companies were for the most part foreigners, both men and leaders, and during the second chiefly Italians.

To these two centuries, then, the history of the "Free Companies"—"Venturieri"—"Compagnie di Ventura"—"Free Lances"—or by whatever other names they are designated, is confined. But Signor Ricotti takes a wider range, for the reasons stated in the following extract, which we cite at length, not only as containing the plan of the work, but as affording a good specimen of a style of writing on which we wish to offer a few remarks:—

"In Italy," says he, "the Free Companies were for two centuries, the sole military force of the country. In fact, at the very moment, as it were, of their appearance, the Communal governments began to decay, the city military forces became extinct, and vast dominions were erected on the ruins caused by partisan zeal. Now it is very clear that long before this palpable result could have been entirely produced, a certain time must have elapsed, during which faint beginnings only of the Companies were visible, and the decline of the Communes was scarcely sensible. And to that period must the researches of those go back, who would discover the part really due to the mercenary bands in the revolution then produced. Thus in the earliest beginnings of the Companies must be sought the solution of that most important problem—the cause of the decline of the Italian Communes. . . . And so also with regard to the decadence of the Free Companies. For in truth an institution which has for two centuries ruled the destinies of a vast country, and has thrust its influence into the inmost recesses of the public and private life of its citizens, cannot vanish in a moment suddenly. As its causes are manifold and of long date, so also are its consequences. It was necessary, then, in the very threshold of this part of our labors, to fix the exact epoch of the downfall of the Companies; and we have placed it at the time of the restoration of the national militia. This fixed, two modes of treating the subject presented themselves—in-

much as some of the traces left by the Companies were, as it were, material, and concerned only the art and practice of war; while others of them were far more subtle, and concerned mankind and the nation. The first made themselves felt in Europe up to the establishment of the system of conscription prevailing at the present day, and are felt even yet wherever the conscription has not banished all the other methods of forming an army. And we shall investigate these traces in an examination of the armies formed by levy, which succeeded to the Free Companies; and of the Swiss and German paid troops; and of the engineers and bombardiers, whose habit it was to pass from one service to another for hire; and, lastly, in the explanation of many military customs and practices. The other series of researches leads us to investigate the effects produced generally by the Free Companies on the destinies of Italy, on the nature of her governments, on the lot, the happiness, the private and public moral character of her inhabitants. Such researches are, in truth, difficult; inasmuch as no one fact, but only a large accumulation of facts, can suffice for their investigation, and the historian must frequently be unable to adduce to the reader any more satisfactory ground for his assertions than his own convictions.

"Now the field of our researches being thus enlarged, they are led naturally to embrace the general events of Italian warfare for a period of twelve centuries—that is, from the fall of the Roman empire to the institution of modern armies. The history of the Free Companies forms the central and principal portion of our work. The military events which took place from the invasion of the Lombards to the fall of the Communes, form the introduction, and the military institutions which arose after the disappearance of the Companies constitute the conclusion.

"Now, military history may be studied either with regard to its principles of art, or with reference to its institutions. In an artistic point of view, the military story of the Middle Ages must seem sterile to whoever considers the vast difference between the means of warfare used in those days, and those of the present time. And such they really are for us. But, with reference to their institutions, on the contrary, they are worthy of our most serious consideration."

Such is the plan of Signor Ricotti's work, and such his notion of the manner in which the subject should be treated. And he has produced a very creditable, a very useful, and an extremely readable book—one far more so to the general reader than might perhaps be anticipated from the style of our extract, which may possibly be thought to threaten a seasoning of military pedantry, the most intolerable of all professional pedantries whatever. But the sort of rather stilted enunciation of simple matters, perceptible in the passage we have quoted, arises from a different source,

which it is worth while to point out, as the traces of its influence are not peculiar to the work of Signor Ricotti, but may be observed very generally tinging a large portion of the literature of Italy of the present day. We allude to a sort of would-be philosophical style, with which those who read much of Italy's present literature will not fail to have been struck. "*E proprio di*" is a favorite exordium of Signor Ricotti. "It is the property of . . ." dogs to bite, or of cats to scratch, &c., &c., as the case may be. And continually some axiom not more profound than these follows these saw-announcing words. This, together with a tendency to verbiage, a great love for laying down divisions often where the subject-matter requires none, and a frequent attempt to draw moral generalizations from facts too isolated, too few, and too unimportant to furnish the means of establishing any truth worth enunciating, gives to too many of the productions of modern Italian authors a certain jejune and puerility of tone. Their philosophizing has too often an air of much ado about nothing, which makes one feel as if he were reading a schoolboy's thesis.

And in truth, the phrase we have just written points at once to the rationale of the matter. Are not the thinkers of Italy—*la jeune Italie*—in the position and condition of schoolboys? Can they be expected to come forth, Minerva-like, full grown and mature thinkers—original, creative, full of matter such as is grown in the long-cultivated intellectual soil of more fortunate countries? Youth is imitative, uncreative—necessarily so. And how very young, let it be remembered, is modern Italy in the career of intellect! And this same intellectual product, the weakness of which we have been remarking—this moral philosophy, this knowledge of man, is of all the fruits of mental cultivation the slowest of growth, and the hardest to rear in a new soil. And think what the soil is *still*! How shall a nation produce moral philosophers where thought is still repressed by obstacles of every kind? How recently have we proud Englishmen and Frenchmen achieved the liberty of thought necessary to the strong and healthy growth of moral speculation! *Have we yet wholly achieved it?*

Would it be our wish, then, to repress and extinguish these premature attempts of the nascent thought of Young Italy? Far, very far from it! As soon should we

caution a man never to go into the water till he could swim. It is true Young Italy is apt to venture into the water out of her depth. But that too is in her case excusable—nay, desirable, necessary. Though her truths, therefore, be often truisms, her reasoning jejune, and her conclusions trite, we welcome the effort. We remember that it was not so when Machiavelli wrote, and we rest assured that it will not be so when the sons of the generation now rising shall hold the pen.

In the meantime, despite what we have said, Signor Ricotti has written a good and conscientious, and—what in these days is more to the purpose still—an amusing book.

The work of Signor Fabretti is one of very different pretensions, and its merits and faults will require much fewer words to state them sufficiently. "It is," he tells us—and begs the reader to remember the fact—"written for the people," and for the people of the author's own portion of Italy. "The people," he says, "require for their instruction histories and examples taken, not from the records of foreign nations, but from those of their own country, and, if possible, from that district with which they are more immediately acquainted. The powerful interest of locality will thus be brought to bear on their minds. Besides," as he says, "universal heroes are rare—local ones abundant."

The remark is one worthy of attention. But we do not feel quite certain that it is desirable to foster to excess the spirit of locality, always powerful over the minds of those whose lot in life tends to circumscribe their power of locomotion, and with it their sympathies and opinions. We doubt much whether a system which should lead the Hampshire peasant to admire and feel proud of his Hampshire worthies, while his Kentish neighbor's sympathies were as exclusively bespoken in favor of the heroes of Kent, would tend to the advancement of real civilization. It seems to us that catholicity of admiration and sympathy is almost the one thing needful in the political education of the masses. What but the want of this has hitherto kept us back? What but the inordinate spirit of locality has been the rock on which the destinies of Italy have suffered shipwreck, and is to the present day the most insuperable obstacle to her improvement?

Signor Fabretti, however, thinking differently, has presented to his fellow-citizens

of Perugia and its district the lives of the Umbrian Captains of the Companies, as objects of their patriotic sympathy and admiration. Now it may be doubted whether it be more pernicious for a people to admire nothing or to admire amiss. The necessity and beneficial influences of hero-worship have been well taught us by Mr. Carlyle. But if the hero be a mock hero; if the object set up for admiration be worthy only of abhorrence, what sort of education are we preparing for the people? And military greatness, even at the best, is the last that a nation should be taught to reverence. The deeds of great fighters, even in the best of causes, are not the right materials for furnishing the popular mind and imagination. Slowly and with much trouble is the world, now in this nineteenth century, beginning to understand that bloodshed and devastation are *not* glorious or anywise desirable—that the destruction of mankind, however successfully achieved, does *not* entitle the destroyer to the gratitude and admiration of his fellows. The trade of war, with its mischievous and disastrous pride, pomp, and circumstance, is now at length gradually tending to assume its just place in the opinion of mankind. What must we then think of the wisdom of recommending to the popular admiration professional fighters, whose warfare was divested of every circumstance which can ever render it even pardonable—hired ruffians, whose *greatness* is to be measured solely by the greatness of the misery and mischief they occasioned!

Hear Signor Fabretti's own account of these *great* men. It is true that he is speaking, in the passage we are about to quote, of the *foreign* Free Captains—and he attempts to draw a distinction between the general character of these and that of the Italian leaders of Free Companies; but the distinction is in no wise borne out by history—not even by its testimony as brought forward in Signor Fabretti's own pages. It will be observed, that in the last words of the following passage he admits that his remarks are not applicable to his own heroes:—

"It appears clear," he says, "that the foreign bands and captains were a race of men who sold themselves to the best bidder, and who when sold forthwith turned their thoughts to foul play, and calculated the profits of treason. They were men who fought for a cause almost unknown to them, against opponents of whom they were equally ignorant—men who, having no interest in

the fertile tillage they trampled, contaminated a soil especially favored by nature. They destroyed precious monuments, ravaged the country, consumed the best part of the public money, and revelled in the beauty of the daughters of Italy. They were men who made a loathsome mixture of religion and ferocity, of honor and baseness; professing Christianity, but paying no respect to its altars, and frequently turning their arms against the defenceless. But if happily they remained awhile unhired by any master, and invaded some city or province of Italy on their own account—then, indeed, better were it for that city to have heard doom of extermination pronounced against it!

"And from these foul stains, to tell the truth, the Italian Free Captains also were not always free."

To which we must add, that we do not find from the pages of either of the works before us, that the Italian mercenaries were in *any respect* better than those from beyond the Alps.

And these are the men whom Signor Fabretti calls "heroes," and proposes as "examples" to the people of his native province! But in truth, Signor Fabretti sometimes expresses opinions which argue him far more a congenial historian of mediæval and dit captains, than a judicious instructor of his contemporary fellow-citizens. A robber foray into an unoffending district, perpetrated on no other ground or pretext, and for no other purpose than that of pillage, is praised (vol. i., p. 122) as "*an economical means of paying the troops.*"

We might cite sundry other sentiments of like nature, which might have probably been deemed very instructive reading in the late Mr. Fagin's seminary on Saffron-hill, but hardly calculated, we should have thought, for forming the youthful mind in any other meridian. But, enough of Signor Fabretti's faults and shortcomings. His book has been laboriously elaborated from original sources, and contains much information that we should have gladly sought in his pages, had it not chanced that a contemporary writer has produced a decidedly superior work on the same subject. Many particulars the curious student of mediæval history may no doubt find there, which Signor Ricotti's more general work does not supply; but we think that the merits of the Piedmontese author are too decidedly superior to those of his Perugian contemporary to give the latter much chance of finding his way across the Alps.

And now, before quitting the subject, we must introduce our readers more spe-

cially to some one of these adventurer captains, who may serve them as a specimen of the class. One will suffice for the purpose—for their careers, their aims, objects, and means of attaining them, are very similar, and their history, it must be admitted, is inferior as a book of amusement to our English "*Lives of the Highwaymen.*" Shall we select the Englishman John Hawkwood, styled variously by the old chroniclers, "*Aughut,*" or "*Acuto,*" as they either endeavored to express the original sound, or more judiciously abandoning the vain attempt, Italianized it into the latter appellation. Sir John Hawkwood, whose portrait on horseback, the size of life, may still be seen on the western wall of the Duomo at Florence, in the service of which state the principal part of his later years was spent—that "*dux cautissimus et peritissimus,*" as the inscription thereunder calls him, who, when once, much against his will, he was leading an idle life at his villa near Florence, and a poor friar wandering that way saluted him with a "*God send you peace,*" replied with a torrent of imprecations, and when the terrified monk asked what he had done to anger him, answered that he had imprecated on him the *curse of peace*. Shall it be this worthy warrior? No! he was an Englishman. And we must take an Italian, inasmuch as our authors insinuate that their own native ruffians were of a milder character; though in truth the life and adventures of Sir John Hawkwood would be found to combine as much that is striking and characteristic, with as little that is base and revolting, as those of the best of his class.

The career of Musio Attendolo, who, from his headstrong violence, was nicknamed Sforza, is remarkable enough. He was a peasant of the Romagna, and was laboring in the fields, when a band of Free Lances chanced to pass that way. They asked him some question, and pleased with his answer, his manner, and appearance, proposed to him to join them. The young peasant hesitated, and to decide his wavering threw his mattock up into the branches of a tree, determining that if it remained there he would remain at home, but if it fell from the tree he would accept the proposal. The mattock fell through the boughs to the earth. Musio secretly took a horse from his father's stable, joined the band of adventurers, and . . . founded one of the most powerful families and historical names of Italy.

We might make the reader shudder by more than one anecdote of the career of the ferocious and coldly cruel Facino Cane, the name of whose widow, Beatrice di Tenda, is familiar to our ears as household words.

But we prefer to all these Braccio Fortebracci da Montone, as a specimen of the soldier of fortune of those days—a desperate ruffian, as fearlessly brave and as skilful a general as any of his compeers, and in other respects neither better nor worse than the generality of them. His life is written at length by Signor Fabretti, who deems him a first-rate hero; and a considerable space is devoted to his achievements in the pages of the more philosophical Signor Ricotti.

Braccio Fortebracci was born on the 1st of July, 1368, at Perugia. His family possessed the castle of Montone, in the immediate neighborhood of that town, and Braccio was therefore noble, differing in that respect from his contemporary and early friend, though later enemy and rival, Sforza. In the year 1393, one of those sudden revolutions so frequent in the history of the mediæval cities of Italy, took place in Perugia, and the nobles were driven into exile by a sudden rising of the people. Not only were they thrust forth from the town, but were “*tutti snidati dai loro castelli*,” as their historian with a graphic metaphor phrases it—“*unnnested* from their castles,” throughout the territory of the city. Thus the lord of Montone, possessor overnight of castle, lands, wealth, and power, has to go forth one fine morning a beggar and a vagabond—not without a blow for it, however, for he went badly wounded in the foot and in the hand. But there was nothing strange or striking in this in those “good old times.” Position, property, life, were all so perpetually insecure, that the instability of human things was practically enforced on men’s minds in a manner infinitely more convincing than the sermons of securely-beneficed divines to their law-protected audiences. Men who truly *felt* in earnest that their lives and all that they had were exposed to hourly risk, encountered that risk with less dismay, and naturally met the loss of either life or goods with more equanimity than those can be expected to do who live in habits of well-founded security. In point of fact, a man who lost life or property in those days, lost in reality less than he who undergoes a similar deprivation in our

times. Any actuary of an insurance office will confirm the truth of the assertion. Signor Ricotti applies a similar consideration to the blood-stained severity of the mediæval laws. The law which took a man’s life from him, took less than a similar law takes now. Thus the same unchanged penal enactment becomes gradually more and more severe as the progress of civilization and the advance of science renders man’s life more and more secure—an additional argument for the mitigation of criminal codes, of which we believe Signor Ricotti may claim to be the originator.

Well! our friend Braccio “has the world before him where to choose,” he and his brother nobles, landless, houseless, homeless, without much present prospect of return to their native walls; for the popular party are so furious against them, that they profess themselves more ready, if need be, to submit to the domination of a foreign king—viz. him of Naples—than to re-admit their own nobles. This determination Signor Fabretti, in recording it, calls a shamelessly disgraceful sentiment—forgetting, it should seem, that so great a horror of the old patrician rule must probably have been produced by recollections of what that rule had been in its day of ascendancy.

Meantime, however, the outcast patrician is not entirely destitute. He has his horse and his sword, with which, and a stout heart, he wanders forth, fully determined to “open his oyster—the world.” He first joins the band of Alberico da Barbiano, who, by a hireling sword, had carved his own way to fortune, having become Grand Constable of the kingdom of Naples. In the ranks of his army he meets and becomes the friend of Sforza, afterwards his great rival. He does not, however, continue long under the banners of Barbiano, though he had attracted his commander’s favorable notice; but hearing of the confusion and anarchy in which the quarrels of the Orsini and Colonnese, and the expulsion of Innocent VII. had involved Rome, he hies him thither, and takes service with Mostarda da Forlì, a captain in the service of the Pope. But on the second day of his new service his new patron is killed, and Braccio has once more the world before him. Of the debris, however, of Mostarda’s company, he contrives to persuade seven troopers to follow his fortunes, and acknowledge him as their leader; and with

these he proposes to present himself before the Pope, then at Viterbo, and offer him the services of himself and his little band. But neither in this scheme does fortune smile on him; for an accidental fire at Foligno destroyed his arms, clothing, horses—everything, in short, that should have been the foundation of his future greatness.

Once more utterly destitute, he obtains from the charity of the good people of Foligno—who were probably not particularly anxious for his further stay among them—a horse and arms, and thus equipped once more joins his old captain Barbiano. The constable, not forgetful of his former opinion of his prowess, receives him well, and gives him the command of twelve horsemen. These are soon increased to five-and-twenty. Opportunities occur, on which he manifests much military skill and fertility of resource. He rises in favor; and when Barbiano sends a portion of his band to the assistance of Francesco Carrara, lord of Padua, who is at war with Venice, he gives the command of it to our friend Braccio, conjointly with the other captains. Of course, they soon quarrel. Braccio's colleagues calumniate him to the general, and obtained from him an order for his death. This is about to be executed the following night by surprising him in his tent; but Barbiano's wife, who has heard the order for his death given, and who thinks it a thousand pities that so "proper a man" should die a dog's death by the hand of assassins, herself contrives to warn him of his danger, just in time for him to be up and off with his immediate followers before the arrival of his executioners at his tent.

He then takes service with the Pope in the Romagna, and shortly afterwards we find him exacting 4000 florins from the town of Imola, as the price of not burning their harvests and besieging their walls. With this money he collects a larger band, and begins—so brave and glorious is he—to be a terror and a scourge to all around him. His "holy father" the Pope sets him on to worry the revolted city of Bologna, which does not like the holy father's government. He takes the Pope's cash, and flies at the throat of the rebels to such good purpose, that the city give him 80,000 florins to let them alone, which also he pouches and retires. And now the little city of Rocca Contratta, situated about half-way between Ancona

and Perugia, being in the agonies of a life-and-death struggle with its own tyrants, and finding matters going hard with it, sends to the prosperous Braccio to offer him the lordship of their town, if only he will drive from their walls the Marquis of Fermo. The fortunate *condottiero* does not wait to be asked a second time. Such acquisition of some fixed and permanent lordship, some "local habitation" and settlement, was ever the first grand step towards ulterior greatness in the lives of these soldiers of fortune. Those generous and bountiful old gentlemen, the Popes, always had on hand a variety of duchies, principalities, and counties, which they were ready to bestow in return for the many little services they were continually in need of from the "secular arm," on those whose strong hand could make the gift available; and thus many of these worthies were provided for.

Braccio's title, however, to the lordship of Rocca Contratta, was unquestionably a comparatively legitimate one. And the position of his new principality was peculiarly convenient to him, as it was situated at no great distance from his native Perugia—Perugia which had driven him an exile from its walls. Of course, the first and great wish of all "fuorusciti" was always to return to their "country," as every Italian in those days called their native city—to recover the position they had lost. Love for their city, and hatred for the opposition party who had thrust them forth, alike stimulated them to constant attempts to regain by force that which force had deprived them of. But when the exile found himself in the position which Braccio now held—lord of a neighboring town, and at the head of a powerful troop of disciplined soldiers—his ambition was likely to aspire to something more than this. And the grand object of Braccio henceforward was to become lord of Perugia.

And he succeeded in doing so, but not easily—not at the first or at the second attempt—not till after torrents of blood had been shed, and infinite suffering endured by the besieged citizens. Nor did the "Condottiero" accomplish his purpose without loss. The citizens fought with desperate bravery; and once even after getting within the walls, the soldiers were driven back with considerable slaughter. At last, however, the troopers got possession of the town, and the citizens were finally mastered, all opposition was put down, and

the vagrant "condottiero" found himself despotic ruler of his native city.

Yet though all the circumstances which had first made Braccio a vagabond "free lance" and soldier of fortune, had now ceased, he did not by any means feel inclined to quit the vocation. Adventure, license, and plunder once tasted, had become too palatable to be abandoned.

Fresh offers came on the part of princes and potentates. High biddings are made for the efficacious assistance of the celebrated Braccio, and his well-trained army of brother-adventurers. Unhappy Naples is being disputed by two rival powers. A Frenchman and a Spaniard are fighting for their *right* (!) to the throne of Southern Italy. Fine times and rare doings for Braccio, and such as he! So he makes the best terms he can, higgles a while, drives a hard bargain with king Ladislaus, and marches off for cash and glory—and gathers abundance of both. Then, for the sake of variety, and in order that his value may be duly appreciated, he changes sides occasionally—fights against his former masters, and gets more cash and more glory.

Sforza, of whom we have spoken, has grown to be his principal rival and opponent. He is hired on the other side in these Neapolitan wars, and much good fighting takes place without either of the "delirious" potentates being much the worse, however much "plectuntur Achivi." At last Sforza gets drowned one day in trying to ford the river Pescara, at the siege of Aquila. But he leaves a young Sforza, a chip of the tough old block, to keep up the game. Which he does nothing loath; till one day our friend Braccio, being elated by success into forgetfulness of his usual prudence, risks a battle under unfavorable circumstances, and gets, in the mêlée of defeat, a knock on his hard head, which brings him down. Carried into the enemies' tents, he survives three days, during which he constantly refuses either to speak or take food. Nor will he suffer the surgeons to tend his wound.

Thus died Braccio Fortebracci da Montone, lord of Perugia, the most celebrated slaughterer and destroyer of his day. We do not find that the death of Braccio made much difference in the condition of Italy. For, indeed, as long as mankind were willing to allow such deeds to lead to such results, it was likely that the race of "heroes" should be abundant. Old Martin the Pope, however, was exceedingly

delighted to hear of his death. For indeed those Free Captains, though the Popes constantly made use of them, were perpetually vexing their holy hearts out. How could a poor Pope, with all his paraphernalia of cursing tools, manage fellows who believed in nothing but cold steel, and cared not a rush for bell, book, or candle? Our dear Braccio, especially, had for a long time been a thorn in Pope Martin's side. Among other offences, he had on more than one occasion sworn that he would make the Pope say a hundred masses for a penny!—a depreciation of himself and his wares never to be forgotten or forgiven. So that, as has been said, Martin was overjoyed at the news of his death. By dying he came within Martin's power and jurisdiction; and it made the old man feel so piously grateful to Heaven that he gave thanks, and did all he could, in the way of processions and so forth, for three whole days. Then he got his body and flung it into a ditch outside the walls of Rome. And after that he slept more peaceably and was more happy in his mind—we hope.

Such were in their lives and in their deaths these "Venturieri"—adventurers—"Condottieri"—hirelings—or "Free Lances" as they were called in England; who may be said to have had Italy entirely in their hands for more than a century. This fact alone is sufficient to justify the appearance of such a work—that of Signor Ricotti; which, in conclusion, we recommend not only to such of our readers as may take an interest in tales of military adventure and vicissitude, but also to those who would understand the history of warfare, and comprehend the steps by which the modern system of armies has grown up, and the circumstances which led to its gradual formation and adoption.

THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.—The month of October, 1847, is near at hand, the period named by Captain Sir John Franklin when the intelligence might be expected relative to the officers and crews of the *Erebus* and *Terror*, steam screw-propeller vessels, employed in the Arctic Expedition; and captains of vessels may now expect to meet with some of the hermetically sealed tin tubes, containing accounts of the vessels, written in six different languages, which were to be thrown overboard at certain periods, in the hope that some of them might be picked up by vessels navigating the North Seas. —*Liverpool Albion*.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THORWALDSEN, THE SCULPTOR.

BY H. C. ANDERSEN.—TRANSLATED BY C. BECKWITH.

A RICH scroll in the history of art is unfolded and read: Thorwaldsen has lived; his life was a triumphal procession; fortune and victory accompanied him; men have in him acknowledged and paid homage to art.

It was in Copenhagen, on the 19th of November, 1770, that a carver of figures for ships' heads, by name Gottskalk Thorwaldsen, was presented by his wife, Karen Grönlund, the daughter of a clergyman in Jutland, with a son, who at his baptism received the name of Bertel Albert.

The father had come from Iceland, and lived in poor circumstances. They dwelt in *Lille Grønnegade* (Little Green Street), not far from the academy of arts. The moon has often peeped into their poor room: she has told us about it in "A Picture-book without Pictures."

"The father and mother slept, but their little son did not sleep; where the flowered cotton bed-curtains moved I saw the child peep out. I thought at first that he looked at the Bornholm clock, for it was finely painted with red and green, and there was a cuckoo on the top; it had heavy leaden weights, and the pendulum with its shining brass plate went to and fro with a tick! tick! But it was not that he looked at; no, it was his mother's spinning-wheel, which stood directly under the clock; this was the dearest piece of furniture in the whole house for the boy; but he dared not touch it, for if he did he got a rap over the fingers. Whilst his mother spun, he would sit for hours together looking at the burring spindle and the revolving wheel, and then he had his own thoughts. Oh! if he only durst spin that wheel! His father and mother slept; he looked at them, he looked at the wheel, and then by degrees a little naked foot was stuck out of the bed, and then another naked foot; then there came two small legs, and, with a jump, he stood on the floor. He turned round once more, to see if his parents slept; yes, they did; and so he went softly, quite softly, only in his little shirt, up to the wheel, and began to spin. The cord flew off, and the wheel then ran much quicker. His mother awoke at the same moment; the curtains

moved; she looked out, and thought of the brownie, or another little spectral being. 'Have mercy on us!' said she, and in her fear she struck her husband in the side; he opened his eyes, rubbed them with his hands, and looked at the busy little fellow. 'It is Bertel, woman,' said he."

What the moon relates we see here as the first picture in Thorwaldsen's life's-gallery; for it is a reflection of the reality. Thorwaldsen has himself, when in familiar conversation at Nosoe, told the author almost word for word what he in his "Picture-book" lets the moon say. It was one of his earliest remembrances, how he, in his little short shirt, sat in the moonlight and spun his mother's wheel, whilst she, dear soul, took him for a little spectre.

A few years ago, there still lived an old ship-carpenter, who remembered the little, light-haired, blue-eyed boy, that came to his father in the carving-house at the dock-yard; he was to learn his father's trade; and, as the latter felt how bad it was not to be able to draw, the boy, then eleven years of age, was sent to the drawing school at the academy of arts, where he made rapid progress. Two years afterwards, Bertel, or Albert, as we shall in future call him, was of great assistance to his father; nay, he even improved his work.

See the hovering ships on the wharfs! The Dannebrog* waves, the workmen sit in a circle under the shade at their frugal breakfasts; but foremost stands the principal figure in this picture: it is a boy who cuts with a bold hand the life-like features in the wooden image for the beak-head of the vessel. It is the ship's guardian-spirit; and, as the first image from the hand of Albert Thorwaldsen, it shall wander out into the wide world. The eternally swelling sea should baptize it with its waters, and hang its wreaths of wet plants around it.

Our next picture advances a step forward. Unobserved amongst the other boys, he has now frequented the academy's school for six years already, where, always taciturn and silent, he stood by his drawing-board.

* The Danish national flag.

His answer was "yes" or "no," a nod or a shake of the head; but mildness shone from his features, and good nature was in every expression. The picture shows us Albert as a candidate for confirmation. He is now seventeen years of age—not a very young age to ratify his baptismal compact; his place at the dean's house is the last among the poor boys, for his knowledge is not sufficient to place him higher. There had just at that time been an account in the newspapers that the pupil, Thorwaldsen, had gained the academy's smaller medal for a bas-relief representing "a Cupid reposing." "Is it your brother that has gained the medal?" inquired the dean.

"It is myself," said Albert; and the clergyman looked kindly on him, placed him first among all the boys, and from that time always called him Monsieur Thorwaldsen. Oh! how deeply did that "Monsieur" then sound in his mind, as he has often said since! it sounded far more powerfully than any title that kings could give him; he never afterwards forgot it.

In a small house in Aabeuraas—the street where Holberg lets his poor poets dwell—lived Albert Thorwaldsen with his parents, and divided his time between the study of art and assisting his father. The Academy's lesser gold medal was then the prize to be obtained for sculpture. Our artist was now twenty years of age; his friends knew his abilities better than himself, and they compelled him to enter on the task. The subject proposed was, "Heliodorus driven out of the temple."

We are now in Charlottenburgh;* but the little chamber in which Thorwaldsen lately sat to make his sketch is empty, and he, chased by the demons of fear and distrust, hastens down the narrow back-stairs with the intention not to return. Nothing is accidental in the life of a great genius; an apparent insignificance is a God's guiding finger. Thorwaldsen was to complete his task. Who is it that stops him on the dark stairs? One of the professors just comes that way, speaks to him, questions, admonishes him. He returns, and in four hours the sketch is finished, and the gold medal won. This was on the 15th of August, 1791.

Count Ditlew de Reventlow,† minister of State, saw the young artist's work, and became his protector; he placed his

* An old palace now used as the academy of art.

† Father of the present Danish ambassador in London.

own name at the head of a subscription that enabled Thorwaldsen to devote his time to the study of his art. Two years afterwards the large gold medal was to be contended for at the academy, the successful candidate thereby gaining the right to a travelling *stipendium*. Thorwaldsen was again the first; but before he entered on his travels, it was deemed necessary to extend that knowledge which an indifferent education at school had left him in want of. He read, studied, and the academy gave him its support; acknowledgment smiled on him, a greater and more spiritual sphere lay open to him.

We will now fix our eyes on an object which at that time was dear to him: we find it at his feet in those lively evening scenes, where he, in merry company with such men as Rahbeck and Steffens, sits a silent spectator; we find it in the corner behind the great stove chamber at home which contrasts strangely with the appearance of the well dressed men who come to visit him. We see it, but bound with a cord, behind the door of the amateur company's theatre, where Thorwaldsen retires after delivering the two reptiles he has to make in the "Barber of Seville;"—it is his dear dog. It just belongs to this time, it belongs to his life's triumphal procession; he has loved it, he has remembered it in many a work; it was his faithful companion, his dear comrade. All his friends will have one of its whelps, for once when one of Albert's creditors became too violent, it flew with fury at the severe dun. Thorwaldsen has made it immortal in marble; yet he has not done so with his first love,—that which otherwise transforms itself into an imperishable Daphne leaf in a poet's breast.

We know a chapter in that history. It was in the spring of 1796 that Thorwaldsen intended to commence his wanderings in the world by passing over the Alps to Rome; but he fell ill, and after his recovery was depressed in mind. War was then raging in Germany; and his friends advised him to go by the royal frigate, *Thetis*, which was just about to sail for the Mediterranean. He had then a betrothed bride: he took an honest, open-hearted farewell of her, and said, "Now that I am going on my travels, you shall not be bound to me. If you keep true to me, and I to you, until we meet again some years hence, then we will be united." They separated,—and they met again many, many years after—

wards, shortly before his death, she as a widow, he as Europe's eternally young artist. When Thorwaldsen's corpse was borne through the streets of Copenhagen with royal magnificence; when the streets were filled with thousands of spectators in mourning; there sat an old woman, of the class of citizens, at an open window;—it was she. The first farewell was here called to mind by the last. The first farewell—yes, that was a festal day! The cannons sounded a farewell from the frigate *Thetis*.

See how the sails sweep before the wind; the water foams in the wake of the ship as it passes the wood-grown coast, and the towers of Copenhagen disappear in the distance. Albert stands by the prow; the waves dash against the image of *Thetis*, that which he himself once carved with life-like features. He looks forward; he has now begun his Argonautic expedition, in search of art's golden fleece in Colchis-Rome. But at home, in the little parlor in Aabeuraas, there stands the inconsolable mother lamenting her lost son, whom she shall see no more,—no more press to her heart. One of Albert's dearest friends is also there; he has brought her a little box of ducats from the departed traveller; but she shakes her head, and cries aloud: "I want nothing in this world but my child, who will now perish in the wild ocean!" And she takes her boy's old black silk waistcoat from the closet, imprints a thousand kisses on it, and sheds many heavy tears for Albert, her beloved Albert.*

A whole year passes; towards the end of February, 1797, we stand on the *Malo* at Naples. The packet from Palermo arrives, and with it Turks, Greeks, Maltese, and people of all nations; amongst them is a pale, sickly Scandinavian: he assists the porter to carry his own luggage, shakes his head at the other's garrulity, for he does not understand the language! Of what use is it that the sun shines so warm and bright on all around—there is no sunshine in his mind; it is sickly, it is depressed by homesickness. Thus has Albert Thorwaldsen at length entered Italy's continent, after having been cast about like an Ulysses. The frigate *Thetis* was obliged to cruise in the North Sea, to guard the Norwegian coasts against English privateers; it was in September that it first passed through the British Channel, and arrived in October at Algiers, where the plague had broken out;

* The *Thetis* sailed from Copenhagen on the 20th of May, 1796.

then followed the long quarantine at Malta—then a tour to Tripoli, in order to quell the disturbance that had arisen with respect to Danish vessels; and, whilst the captain was on shore there, the ship was driven, by a storm, from its moorings, and carried out again to sea, when it had to undergo a fresh quarantine at Malta; after which it was found to be in such a state that it was obliged to be keel-hauled. Thorwaldsen, therefore, left his countrymen at Malta, from which place he went in an open boat to Palermo, whence it was that the packet now brought him to Naples.

Not a single fellow-countryman did he meet here. The language he did not understand. Anxious and discouraged he wandered about the harbor the whole of the following day, to see if there were not amongst the many foreign flags, the white cross on a red ground; but no, there was not one Danish vessel. Had there been one there, he would then have returned to Denmark. Sick at heart, he burst into tears. The old Neapolitan woman with whom he lodged for a few days saw him weep, and thought:—"It is certainly love that depresses him,—love,—love for one in his cold barbarian land!" and she wept too, and thought, perhaps, of her own first love; for the rose-bush can be fresh and green with youth within, although it is harvest-time, and it stands leafless without, yet bearing its buds.

"What has that voyage led to? Why does that womanly imp come back?" These were the words with which he would have been greeted at home; and this he felt in that struggling moment. A sort of shamefulness struck deep in his soft mind, and with this feeling he hastened to take a place with a *vetturino* for Rome, where he arrived on the 8th of March, 1797,—a day that was afterwards celebrated by his friends in Copenhagen as his birthday, before they knew the day on which he was born; the 8th of March was the day on which Thorwaldsen was born in Rome for his immortal art.

A portrait-figure stands now before us; it is that of a Dane, the learned and severe Zoega, to whom the young artist is specially recommended,—but who only sees in him a common talent; whose words are only those of censure, and whose eye sees only a servile imitation of the antique in his works. Strictly honest in his judgment, according to his own ideas, is this man, who should be Thorwaldsen's guide.

We let three years glide away after the arrival of Thorwaldsen, and ask Zoega what he now says of Albert, or, as the Italians call him, Alberto, and the severe man shakes his head, and says: "There is much to blame, little to be satisfied with, and diligent he is not!" Yet he was diligent in a high degree; but genius is foreign to a foreign mind. "The snow had just then thawed from my eyes," he has himself often repeated. The drawings of the Danish painter, Carstens, formed one of those spiritual books that shed its holy baptism over that growing genius. The little *atelier* looked like a battle-field, for round about were broken statues. Genius formed them often in the midnight hours; despondency over their faults broke them in the day.

The three years, for which he had received a *stipendium*, were as if they had flown away, and as yet he had produced nothing. The time for his return drew nigh. One work, however, he must complete, that it might not, with justice, be said in Denmark, "Thorwaldsen has quite wasted his time in Rome." Doubting his genius just when it embraced him most affectionately; not expecting a victory, whilst he already stood on its open road, he modelled "Jason who has gained the golden fleece." It was this that Thorwaldsen would have gained in the kingdom of arts, and which he now thought he must resign. The figure stood there in clay,—many eyes looked on it, and—he broke it to pieces!

It was in April, 1801, that his return home was fixed, in company with Zoega. It was put off until the autumn. During this time "Jason" occupied all his thoughts. A new, a larger figure of the hero was formed,—an immortal work; but it had not then been announced to the world, nor understood by it. "Here is something more than common!" was said by many. Even the man to whom all paid homage, the illustrious Canova, started and exclaimed:—"Quest' opera di quel giovane Danese e fatta in uno stilo nuovo e grandioso!" Zoega smiled. "It is bravely done!" said he. The Danish songstress, Frederika Brunn, was then in Rome, and sang enthusiastically about Thorwaldsen's "Jason." She assisted the artist so, that he was enabled to get this figure cast in plaster; he himself had no more money than was sufficient for his expenses home.

The last glass of wine had been already drunk as a farewell, the boxes packed, and the *vetturino's* carriage was before the door.

at day-break; the boxes were fastened behind. Then came a fellow-traveller—the sculptor Hagemann, who was returning to his native city, Berlin. His passport was not ready. Their departure must be put off until the next day; and Thorwaldsen promised, although the *vetturino* complained and abused him, to remain so long. He stayed to win an immortal name on earth, and cast a lustre over Denmark.

The British bombs have demolished the towers of Copenhagen; the British have robbed us Danes of our fleet; but in our just indignation and bitterness thereat, we will remember that it was an Englishman who rescued for us, and our land's greatness—thee, Albert Thorwaldsen! An Englishman it was, who, by the will of Providence, raised for us more than towers and spires; who cast more honor and glory around the nation's name, than all the ships of the land, with flag and cannon, could thunder forth,—it was an Englishman, Thomas Hope, Esq.

In the little *studio* which the artist was about to leave, stood Hope, before the uncovered "Jason." It was a life's moment in Thorwaldsen's, and, consequently, in the history of art. The rich stranger had been conducted there by a hired guide; for Canova had said that "Jason" was a work in a new and gigantic style.

Thorwaldsen demanded only six hundred zechins for the completion of his work in marble. Hope immediately offered him eight hundred. His career of fame now began. This was the year 1803.

"Jason" was finished twenty-five years afterwards, and then first sent to the noble Briton; but in these twenty-five years other master-pieces were created, and Thorwaldsen's name inscribed amongst the immortals.

He was one of Fortune's favorites, yet still often sick at heart. The sun of Naples had not the power to cheer him; but friendship and careful nursing were able to do so, and these he found with Baron Schubarth, the Danish ambassador in Tuscany; with him at his beautiful villa, Montenero, near Leghorn, health came into his blood, and peace into his mind. The summer life at that place is still reflected in his bas-reliefs, "Summer" and "Autumn."

Princes and artists here associated with him affectionately. On all sides were heard the sounds of acknowledgment and admiration. "The Muses' dance on Helicon" then sprang forth in marble. He formed "Amor and Psyche." This group stood

complete at the palace, when a storm came on; the lightning fell, and broke all the other figures except "Amor and Psyche." It was a sign from heaven that he was its favorite. Heaven with its lightning spared a work of Thorwaldsen's; the ocean itself in its anger afterwards spared his "Venus with the apple." This beautiful statue sprang forth from the froth of the sea, saved, and well preserved, after the sorrowful news of the vessel's having sunk on its passage to England. The news of Thorwaldsen's fame reached Denmark, and awakened joy and interest. He was elected member of the royal academy of arts; orders for the palace and the town-hall were sent to him. Beautiful statues came from his hand at this time. New works of art and fresh orders followed. Years rolled on.

Norway was then united with Denmark. In 1811 a quarry of white marble was discovered there, and our present king, then Prince Christian, wrote to Thorwaldsen, who expressed his desire and longing to return; but the many works he had on hand still bound him for a time to the city of the Pope.

There was a bustle and noise in Rome. An emperor's palace was to be erected on the Quirinal mountain. Artists and artisans were in full activity, for everything was to be ready in May, 1812, to receive Napoleon. There were several rooms, where, on the top part of the four walls of each, stood an open place for bas-reliefs. No one thought of Thorwaldsen's assistance; for he was going home to the north. The time approached for the completion of the work. The architect, Stern, who had the management of the whole, came by accident to sit beside Thorwaldsen in the academy of St. Luca, and there made to him a proposal to deliver a frieze in plaster for the rooms sixty feet in length; but it must be finished in three months. Thorwaldsen promised it, kept his word, and delivered a masterpiece,—"Alexander's triumphal entry." The report about it went through all countries: in Denmark it rose to enthusiasm. Sums of money were collected to obtain it in marble, and the Danish government gave an order for it.

Thorwaldsen still remained in Rome. New works were produced. We will dwell on two since the year 1815. Weeks and months had run on without his having done anything. He went about in an inexplicable state of melancholy. Early one summer

morning, after a sleepless night, he sat down before the wooden trough, laid the wet clay over it, and in a moment he formed his celebrated bas-relief "Night." During the work the dark mists in his mind vanished; it was day there—the clear, sunlit day—a confident peace that afterwards always greeted him as victor. He had just completed this bas-relief when one of his Danish friends entered, and found him glad and happy, playing with a large cat, and his dear dog Teverino. The same day came the plaster-modeller, to cast it in gypsum, when Thorwaldsen was already busied with his accompanying bas-relief of "Day," and said, "Stay a little while; then we can have them both cast at the same time." Thus these two immortal works were begun and completed in one day.

On the 14th of July, 1819, at four o'clock in the morning, he left Rome, in company with Count Rantzau of Breitenburg, and the historical painter, Lund. Passing through Sleswick, Als, and Funen, Thorwaldsen arrived at Copenhagen on the 3d of October, after an absence of twenty-three years.

It was not his parents' lot to see him. His mother could not press her beloved Albert to her heart, nor hear of the homage paid to him,—hear the exultations that his arrival at home awakened. They had both died long before; but from heaven they looked down on him,—from heaven they had followed him on his earthly life's triumphal progress. A mother's tears on earth and prayers in heaven are blessings!

In all the Italian and German towns through which he passed he was met by high and low with demonstrations of honor, and many an enthusiastic young artist hastened to that town whither he knew that Thorwaldsen would come. At one of the last stages, near Stutgard, a wanderer came and stopped by the carriage in which Thorwaldsen sat. He begged to be allowed to ride; he got permission, and when on the way narrated that he had come on foot a great distance, and that he was going to Stutgard in order to see the great artist Thorwaldsen, who was expected there. Thorwaldsen made himself known. It was one of the greatest moments in the stranger's life. Love and homage had made his journey home a victorious procession. His arrival in Copenhagen was not less so.

See, how they crowded around him, old and young, the first men in the land! A

hearty pressure of the hand, and a kiss on the mouth is Thorwaldsen's good day. All worldly honors and elevations to rank did not corrupt his even mind, his straightforward manner. A suite of rooms is assigned to him at Charlottenborg. His eye wanders about, amongst the many that surround him, in search of one of his elder friends. He sees none but the old porter, who stands modestly by the door, in his red frock. He remembers this old man from the days of his youth. He flies into his arms, and presses a heartfelt kiss on his lips.

Feast succeeds feast in honor of Thorwaldsen. The most brilliant, however, was that given by the students of the university, and held at the royal shooting-gallery. Oehlenschläger made the first speech; at the close of which the poet called on the sculptor to remember the old gods of the north, and to present to the world at least one. Songs were sung, cannons fired, toasts drunk, and also one for Thorwaldsen's "*Graces*" in the "*health to all Danish girls.*"

He soon began to long for work. An *atelier* was arranged, and all flocked to see him in activity. To the most of the Copenhageners his was a new art. A handsome lady, who saw him one day modelling with his fingers on the soft clay, said quite *saively*,

"You do not, surely, do that work yourself, professor, when you are in Rome?"

"I assure you," he replied good-humorously, "that this is just the most important part!"

About a year afterwards he again left Copenhagen. It is a pitch-dark night, and the sea is calm. An open-decked boat lies still some miles from the coast of Laaland. The seals whine from the banks. The sailor sits listening at the stern, uncertain what he shall do. The surface of the water is suddenly ruffled; a storm is at hand; it approaches on whistling wings, and the waves toss the light boat. It is death here near that terrible coast; but death only mows down the foam of the high waves with his scythe. Thorwaldsen is in the boat; his mission in the kingdom of arts, on earth, is not ended. At daybreak a pilot comes to their aid, and they reach Rostock.

Through Berlin, Dresden, Warsaw,* and

* Thorwaldsen received several orders for different works in Warsaw. The Emperor Alexander was there just at that time, and sat to the artist for his bust.

Vienna, he now goes to old Rome, his second home. In every place are greeting and homage. The Emperor Alexander and the Emperor Francis receive the artist with marks of distinction. The whole journey forms a new addition of triumphs in his life's wanderings.

Again he stood in his airy Roman *atelier*; the roses blooming in the open window; the yellow oranges shining in the warm sun. There he stood creating anew; immortal works spring forth from under his chisel. "Christ and the twelve Apostles,"* "St. John"† and the surrounding group were formed; and Copernicus sat there, in strength and greatness.

On the last day of Lent, in 1823, the bells rang, pistols and guns cracked everywhere. Thorwaldsen's landlady had a little son. After their meal on Good Friday the boy begged him to lend him his pistols, and they went together to fetch them from the bedchamber where they had hung, from the time he returned from his journey. Thorwaldsen takes the one down, and tries it at the open window. The boy has in the meantime seized the other. It goes off; Thorwaldsen falls. The boy sees blood, and screams out. But the ball lay spent within his clothes; for the charge had not been strong enough to cause a mortal wound. The blood only streams from two wounded fingers. His preservation filled the common people in Rome with the belief that he was specially protected by the Madonna.

But here, as always, the heavenly powers watched over him. It is dark night; it is still in Rome's streets, and still in Thorwaldsen's house. A couple of well armed fellows sneak about there. They pick the lock of the door; they sit down on the stone stairs within, and wait for him; for he is out, and they know that he will return late and alone. The landlady and her little son, together with a young foreign artist, are the only other occupants of the house, and their rooms are in the top story. The assassins sit still. The key is turned in the door. They listen. No, it is not Thorwaldsen, it is the young artist who comes home. He springs lightly up the stairs past the lurking murderers. They do not heed him; and yet his hand has touched

* The figures of Christ and the twelve Apostles in marble, are in Frue Kirke (Our Lady's Church), Copenhagen.

† John preaching in the wilderness, and the surrounding group of sixteen figures in burnt clay, surmount the entrance to Frue Kirke

one of their heads in his hasty flight upstairs. He knows that some one is sitting there, and knows they are waiting for Thorwaldsen, who always goes that way to his chamber. Astonished at seeing a light through the key-hole, he opens the door, and Thorwaldsen is at home. There is an entrance to the house from the next street, and through that door he has come this evening, being obliged to do so, having lost the key of the usual entrance door—and he is saved.

"The heavenly powers watch over him," repeated the Roman populace. They even saw the holy father pay him a visit. They saw him extend his hand to him that he might not kneel on taking leave. The Lutheran Thorwaldsen was commissioned to make a monument for the Catholic Pope Pius the Seventh.

Aloft on the tribune stands the daughter of inspiration, the improvisatrice, Rossa Taddei. The assembled multitude listen to the words pouring from her lips, and send forth acclamations of praise. The theme proposed to her is, "*I progressi della scultura.*" Her eye wanders over the assembled listeners, and discovers Alberto; him to whom Denmark gave birth. In her song's flight she points him out, and thus so far forgets the earthly, that she, in the city of the Pope, names Alberto "*figlio di Dio.*"

"The king and the poet shall wander together," says the song; David's harp and the king's crown stand near to each other. In Rome's streets, arm-in-arm, wander King Louis of Bavaria and the poet in marble, Albert Thorwaldsen; a devoted friendship was formed between these two. The latter always spoke of the king of Bavaria in warm and faithful terms.

Though forty years resident in Rome, rich and independent, he lived and worked with the thought of once more returning home to Denmark, there to rest himself; unaccustomed to the great comforts of other rich artists in Rome, he lived a bachelor life. Was his heart then no longer open to love since his first departure from Copenhagen? A thousand beautiful Cupids in marble will tell us how warmly that heart beat. Love belongs to life's mysteries.

We know that Thorwaldsen has left a daughter in Rome, whose birth he has acknowledged; * we also know that more

than one female of quality would willingly have given her hand to the great artist. The year before his first return to Denmark he lay ill at Naples, and was nursed by an English lady who felt the most ardent affection for him; and, from the feeling of gratitude which was awakened in him, he immediately consented to their union. When he had recovered, and afterwards returned to Rome, this promise preyed on his mind; he felt that he was not now formed to be a husband, acknowledged that gratitude was not love, and that they were not suited for each other; after a long combat with himself, he wrote and informed her of his determination. Thorwaldsen was never married.

The following trait is as characteristic of his heart as of his whole personality. One day whilst in Rome there came a poor countryman to him, an artisan who had long been ill; he came to say farewell, and to thank him for the money that he and others of his countrymen had subscribed together, with which he was to reach home.

"But you will not walk the whole way?" said Thorwaldsen.

"I am obliged to do so," replied the man.

"But you are still too weak to walk!—you cannot bear the fatigue, nor must you do it?" said he.

The man assured him of the necessity of doing so.

Thorwaldsen went and opened a drawer, took out a handful of *scudi* and gave them to him, saying, "See, now you will ride the whole way!"

The man thanked him, but assured him that his gift would not be more than sufficient to carry him to Florence.

"Well!" said Thorwaldsen, clapping him on the shoulder, as he went a second time to the drawer and took out another handful—the man was grateful in the highest degree, and was going—"Now you can ride the whole way home and be comfortable on the way," said he, as he followed the man to the door.

"I am very glad!" said the man. "God bless you for it! but to ride the whole way requires a little capital."

"Well, then, tell me how great that must be?" he asked and looked earnestly at him.

The man in a modest manner named the requisite sum, and Thorwaldsen went and sited her father in Copenhagen; where she became a widow; she now lives in Rome.

* She was married in 1832 to the Danish chamberlain, Poulsen, and the year after gave birth to a son, who was christened Albert Thorwaldsen Ludevig; in 1842 she, together with her husband and child, vi-

third time to the drawer, counted out the sum, accompanied him to the door, pressed his hand and repeated, "But now you will ride, for you have not strength to walk!"

Our artist did not belong to the class of great talkers; it was only in a small circle that he could be brought to say anything, but then it was always with humor and gaiety. A few energetic exclamations of his are preserved. A well-known sculptor expressing himself one day with much self-feeling, entered into a dispute with Thorwaldsen, and set his own works over the latter's. "You may bind my hands behind me," said Thorwaldsen, "and I will bite the marble out with my teeth better than you can carve it."

Thorwaldsen possessed specimens in plaster of all his works; these, together with the rich marble statues and bas-reliefs which he had collected of his own accord,

without orders, and the number of paintings that he every year bought of young artists, formed a treasure that he wished to have in his proper home, Copenhagen. Therefore, when the Danish government sent vessels of war to the Mediterranean, in order to fetch the works that were ready for the palace or the church, he always sent a number of his own things with them. Denmark was to inherit these treasures of art; and, in order to see them collected in a place worthy of them, a zeal was awakened in the nation to build a museum for their reception. A committee of his Danish admirers and friends sent out a requisition to the people, that every one might give their mite; many a poor servant-girl and many a peasant gave theirs, so that a good sum was soon collected.* Frederick the Sixth gave the ground for the building, and the erection thereof was committed to the architect Bidesbol.

From the Eclectic Review.

PLEASURES OF BOTANY AND GARDENING.

1. *The Vegetable Kingdom; or, the Structure, Classification, and Uses of Plants, Illustrated upon the Natural System.* By John Lindley, Ph. D., F. R. S., & L. S. With upwards of Five Hundred Illustrations. London: Bradbury & Evans. 1846.
2. *School Botany.* By Dr. Lindley. 1846.
3. *The Gardener's Chronicle, and Agricultural Gazette.* The Horticultural part edited by Professor Lindley. Published weekly.

WHEN the sacred records declare that "the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden, and there he put the man whom he had formed," they promulgate a law of the human condition, by which, in a greater or less degree, it must always be controlled. Even if we should concede that the record is a *myth*, and not a description of a real transaction, the result is the same. It is an expression of the Divine will, that man, in every age, shall depend on the fruits of the ground for his support. This law was not abrogated on the expulsion of our first parents from the scenes of their innocence, although it received some alteration in its bearings. Toil now took the lead, and exacted its penalties with inflexible rigor; while pleasure, which had formerly been the ruling power, became the handmaid of industrious exertions. The delicate line of Milton thus becomes allusive to a state of things which has never since existed—

"Flowers of all hue, and *without thorn* the rose;"

for, although physically, the roses of Eden doubtless had thorns, their growth was not associated with cares which the love of flowers might lighten or dispel. A merciful Providence has left us the rose, and we thank him for it, although it flourishes among thorns.

"God made the country, but man made the town." When this latter process took place, and the growing necessities of men caused them to live in cities, and cultivate the arts of commerce, the native attachments of their hearts still developed themselves, and they embraced every opportunity of gratifying their tastes for the beautiful scenes and productions of nature. It is to the building of towns, probably, that horticulture owes its existence as a science, introduced and matured for the purpose of compensating for the loss of the operations

* Thorwaldsen himself gave 25,000 rix-dollars (£3,000) towards its erection, which, together with the collected sums, amounted to 100,000 rix-dollars.

of the field on a large scale. It is even now proverbial, that farmers are seldom good gardeners, and the reason is evident. The yearning after nature is amply indulged in the case of a man who rises with the lark, sees daily "hedge-row beauties numberless," and is acquainted from infancy with the wild Flora of the fields and woods. The breath of morn is sweet to him, and he is satisfied with inhaling it; and his spirit has no need to rest on the parterre, nor luxuriate in the green-house. But the child of toil is differently situated. Blue skies and green meadows enamelled with "daisies pied, and violets blue," must, in his case, be sighed after in vain; and, to make the best of his condition, he imitates nature in miniature. The objects of his solicitude receive a degree of attention which nature always rewards with exuberant gratitude; and, what is wanting in extent and magnificence, is made up by symmetry and compactness. Thus floriculture was nurtured and matured, although, when found out, it soon extended its benefits to those whose exigencies did not drive them to discover it, from the greenhouses and hotbeds of suburban villas to the princely conservatories of Chatsworth.*

There are three great principles which present themselves in high relief when we contemplate the grand picture of Nature, inviting the beholder to solace himself in the midst of the abundance provided for him, and compelling him to exertion, if he would obtain the prizes presented to his view. The first is, *the attractiveness of natural*

* The great conservatory at Chatsworth, erected and furnished at enormous expense by the present Duke of Devonshire, may be called one of the wonders of the world. Its arched roof, formed of plate glass, is seventy feet high, and a road runs through it, allowing of carriages passing one another. A writer in the "Gardener's Chronicle" (p. 51, 1842) thus refers to it: "But the great conservatory itself—how shall I describe it? Its outward aspect has something of the sublime and supernatural, well fitted to sustain those feelings of wonder and veneration with which all sincere worshippers of the Lady Flora approach her mystic precincts. No travel-tired Mussulman at the sacred postern of Mecca—no Christian pilgrim at the foot of the holy sepulchre—not Mr. Beckford in view of St. Peter's, nor Capt. Harris gazing on three hundred wild elephants in Southern Africa—not Bruce at the source of the Nile, nor Lander at the termination of the Niger—no, nor even

"———' Paris at the top
Of Ida panted stronger,'

than did the writer of these notes when the portals of the mighty plant-house of Chatsworth were thrown open to receive him."

productions. For the mere support of the animal economy, the eye need not be pleased nor the taste gratified; yet both these objects are attained to a most bountiful extent by the productions of the vegetable world. If beauty were always allied to obvious utility, the case would lead to this conclusion; but to make the argument stronger, it is often thrown around productions which appear to have no important bearing on animal life, so that while the cereal tribes, so essential to man, have an appearance of humble rusticity, others, unused for food, display gorgeous and matchless charms of color and form. Take, for example, the cactaceæ and the orchidaceæ so beautifully illustrated by Dr. Lindley in the volume at the head of this article. What wondrous loveliness do they exhibit, even in this country, so far removed from their own sunny *habitats*, and yet how comparatively useless are they as articles of food for man or beast! Of the orchids Dr. Lindley says, "It often happens that those productions of nature which charm the eye with their beauty, and delight the senses with their perfume, have the least relation to the wants of mankind, while the most powerful virtues, or most deadly poisons, are hidden beneath a mean and insignificant exterior; thus orchids, beyond their beauty, can scarcely be said to be of known utility, with a few exceptions."* (p. 180.) In reference to fruits, the same effort to win attention and please the fancy is manifest, and no one can look upon a fruitful and well-trained peach-tree in the month of September, without feeling that it appeals to his intellectual nature, and in the silent eloquence of a divinely adapted instrument calls for his thoughtfulness and gratitude.

The second great principle is, *the necessity of culture* in order to secure the advantages which a bountiful Providence is willing, on that condition, to confer. Auriculas, indeed, grow on the Alps, and orchids in the recesses of forests, without asking for the aid of man; but the question is not whether Nature is beautiful without culture, but whether man, without it, can secure that which is necessary for his comfortable existence. Even in countries which

* The value of orchids in this country is manifested by the prices they fetch at sales. Messrs. Stevens sold a lot at the Auction Mart in London on Wednesday, the 25th of February, and the sum realized was £466 for 142 plants. These had just arrived from their native places, and the purchasers had to run the risk of failure in accustoming them to the climate and treatment of Great Britain.

throw forth spontaneously those productions which man welcomes as luxuries, the skilful hand is necessary to secure the crops demanded by commerce, as in the case of tea in China, the sugar-cane in the West Indies, and rice on the continent of India. But this spontaneous abundance is peculiar to certain regions, and we, in northern latitudes, can expect Nature's comforts and luxuries only as a return for expense, and toil, and exertion. Here, again, an appeal is made to intelligence, and our mental powers are manifestly called upon to be "fellow-workers together with God." The faculties must be put forth to make stubborn materials pliant; to counteract the differences and varieties of climate; and to ward off innumerable impending dangers. The thoughtless citizen, ignorant of the sources of the wealth of nations, may laugh at the zeal evinced by the members of agricultural societies; but he should remember, that these associations are founded in the knowledge of the fact, that brute force never was sufficient to compel the clods to yield a bountiful produce, and that now, more than ever, a high intellectual husbandry can alone follow the leading of Divine Providence, and promote man's physical well-being. This principle runs through all the various stages of vegetable culture, from a few pots in the window of a dwelling-house to the costly conservatory; from the cabbage-ground of the peasant to the largest farm. It is much more clear that Nature abhors idleness than it is that she abhors a vacuum, and she takes infinite pains to engrave this truth upon the tablets of our memory, "The hand of the diligent maketh rich."

The *third* principle which commands attention in that department of the laboratory of nature devoted to vegetable life is, *the almost creative power which is granted to the exercise of human skill*; a principle well worthy our thankful and reverential regard, and the consideration of which opens up a wide field for thought. That man is able to *create* in other spheres of mental operations is well known; as when he carves an exquisite statue from the rugged marble, or arranges scattered words and phrases into an enchanting poem. But it was not suspected till lately, that while vegetable life can only be called into existence by the Divine Artificer, it is allowed to his servant, man, to turn that life into new channels, and to impress upon it forms of beauty unknown and unseen before. Cultivation will

do much in altering the size and other characters of flowers, but it is by hybridizing that art achieves its most exalted triumphs in this department of nature. That this observation may be understood by those of our readers to whom such topics are new, we will take two illustrations, which must be familiar to all of them—the pansy and the dahlia. In their indigenous growth, these plants are of a very humble and undistinguished character; the former being a native of many parts of the world, and a general favorite as a wild flower from its sweet simplicity; the latter, a native of the sandy plains of Mexico, whence it was brought by Baron Humboldt, in 1798, although, at that time, producing flowers which a cottager would now refuse to cultivate. Both these have become universal favorites; and immense sums have been spent and realized by those who have brought new varieties into the market. By judicious crossing the distinct varieties, and by careful cultivation, these flowers have attained a perfection almost inconceivable by those who have not studied the subject. The dahlias, pansies, and pelargoniums, now found in most gardens, are, to a great extent, works of art, such as the face of heaven would probably never have looked upon, had not man applied his ingenuity to their production. How boundless is the prospect thus presented to the human race in this compartment of nature! As long as man is willing to luxuriate in the midst of flowers, and to spend time and money in their cultivation, new varieties will still reward his care, and a perfection may be attained which is not now anticipated. In all these improvements, nature provides that nothing in bad taste shall be developed, and circumscribes man's power by her own refined laws. *Ars est celare artem*; and nothing savoring of the workshop will ever be seen in these products of combined skill.

Enough has been said to lead to the conclusion, that man is called to be an agriculturist and a gardener; in the first place, by his corporeal necessities; and, in the second place, by the alluring, though silent accents of natural things, which invite his skill and reward his efforts. In the unsophisticated season of childhood, the ear is tenderly susceptible of that eloquence; and the posy culled in the field or the garden, seems to hold sweet communion with the eyes and the heart of the infant worshipper. From the shrine of Flora, man goes, in after life, to the altars of Mammon; and, in

the engrossing pursuits of business, is found sometimes to utter the degrading maxim, that the finest production of the garden is a cauliflower. But such an insensibility to the charms of natural things is an exception, and not the rule. In narrow alleys and crowded streets; in the workshop of the artisan, and the balcony of the wealthy, flowers assert their dominion over the human heart, and tell us, that man, in the elements of his being, was intended for such pursuits. No one can visit London, either in its centre or its suburbs, without feeling convinced that, with an increasing population, floral tastes bear an equal if not an increased ratio of progress. The shops of florists and seedsmen are multiplied; nurseries extend over cultivated acres; and publications devoted to gardening and botany are too numerous to allow us even to catalogue them. This is, we think, a propitious sign of the times; for, while nature is allowed to be heard, although it may be only in the utterance of an admired bouquet, there is hope for man.

We are thus led to the consideration of the *moral* aspect of the pursuits of which we are speaking, and for which such great facilities are now afforded. A general observation may be made without fear of contradiction, that the love of natural objects must exert a refining influence on its possessor. That literature, under ordinary restraints does this, is admitted by all; but the literature contained in the characters impressed by the Divine hand on trees and flowers, is of a higher nature than that which is ordinarily found in books. How can it be otherwise than beneficial for us to follow a guidance so unmistakable as that to which allusion has just been made; a guidance in which beauty and intelligence, and conscious responsibility, combine their efforts to lead us to exertion in the magnificent scenes which surround us! We do not mean to assert that the cultivation of vegetable life must, in all cases, refine and make happy those who engage in it; far from it. Man may (and in many cases unfortunately does), earn his bread by the sweat of his brow in a toil so severe that the iron enters into his soul, and the blue firmament witnesses not his contented smiles, but his tears! The man who is bound to the soil by the tyranny of his fellow-man, or by the heavy shackles of poverty, must loathe that labor which wastes his energies, gives his body a premature decrepitude, and allows him no moments to

contemplate calmly the smallest flower. Of such it cannot be said—

"O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint
Agricolas! quibus ipsa, procul discordibus armis,
Fundit humo facilem victum justissima tellus."

They know their lot too well, and are convinced by dire experience that it is a bitter one.

If the benign influences of nature fall not on the slave, nor the free victims of ill-requited toil, they refuse also to descend on him who is a florist for purposes of pecuniary profit alone, and estimates tulips, and carnations, and rosés, by what they fetch in the market. We allude to this, because it is to be feared that the competitions of flower-shows are too often stimulated by the prizes offered to the successful exhibitor, and that the genuine lover of nature is not always the officiating priest in the floral temple. The adventitious and fashionable modes of cultivation adopted by some amateurs are as much opposed to genuine taste and natural beauty as their *motives* are contrasted with those of the real admirers of gardening and flowers. One man will disfigure his entire domains by the shades and other devices contrived to *get up* his dahlias for the show; another will *dress* a pink or a carnation until it assumes an uniformity in the disposition of its petals which nature rarely patronizes. In proportion as the motive has been sordid, the disappointment when the prize has been refused, is severe. The man who has grown a flower for the pleasure that employment gave him, may wish he had succeeded in eclipsing his competitors; but if he is himself thrown into the shade, he is still repaid for all his care. But the mere gamester, if not rewarded with a prize, has lost the only thing which gave a stimulus to his energies.

The devotion to botany and gardening which we plead for as a pursuit beneficial in all its influences, lies between the extremes of hard labor and mercenary skill; the *type* of which may be seen in Cowper the poet, whose delightful descriptions are the lively and exact reflections of his own experience. We admire the skill in numbers, which could so poetically describe the formation of a hot-bed, that "stercoraceous heap;" and, in a few well-tuned lines, could, with so much technical correctness, lay down the rules for cucumber growing. But the psychologist will admire yet more the beneficial influence exerted

by his pursuits on the mind of the poet. His morbidly sensitive spirit appears to gain a robustness, as his frame glows with manual labor; dark thoughts are driven away while tending flowers in the garden and the greenhouse; and the resources of a hidden and higher nature are poured forth in the meditations of a philosophic morality. We might quote here, but the "Task" is in every house. One sentiment alone we must insert, showing that Cowper regarded his gardening labors as *intellectual*:—

—"Strength may wield the ponderous spade,
May turn the clod, and wheel the compost home,
But elegance, chief grace the garden shows,
And most attractive, is the fair result
Of thought, the creature of a polished mind."

To many, the advantages possessed by Cowper are denied, but thousands who have them, never properly employ them. As it is more the *taste* for gardening for which we plead, than an extensive sphere for its operations, there are few persons to whom our remarks will not apply; and while it is undoubtedly preferable to go forth and cultivate the ground, until health glows in the veins, and contentment beams in the eye, many of the ends of these pursuits may be secured if we possess only a window of a sitting room, and a few exotics to grace it.

While Cowper is fresh in the memory as a poet of gardening, it is only just to notice some others who have thrown the charms of song around this homely subject, and by so doing, have helped to raise it to its proper position as a science. Our Thomson is scarcely a gardener, but his descriptions of rural occupations are fascinating, although they want the conviction of personal experience which those of Cowper convey. Darwin, in his "Loves of the Plants," displays much devotion to his theme, and an extensive acquaintance with the science of Botany, as understood in his day, and he has also some well-modulated lines. But his love of *finery* in writing mars all, and prevents his being popular. The most complete poem on these subjects is the Georgics of Virgil, when read in the original language, for the translation of Dryden loses much of the spirit of the great bard. In agricultural schools it is to be hoped all the classical pupils will be made familiar with this elegant production, for two reasons. The first regards the

style, which confers on an humble theme the taste and refinement it is so well capable of receiving, and so richly deserves; the second respects the real information the poem conveys, not to be despised in these latter ages of artificial manures and steam-ploughs. Virgil also utters some fine sentiments, although he is more sparing of them than Cowper; as when he says, in reference to the *science* of cultivation—

"Felix, qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,
Atque metus omnes et inexorabile fatum
Subiecit pedibus."

In speaking of the moral influences of rural pursuits, it is impossible not to refer to that large class of Englishmen called agricultural laborers, whom many circumstances have tended to depress, and whose state of mind and heart it has become the fashion to depreciate. The peculiar position of landed property in this country, has entailed on the laborer the curse of low wages, by the adjuncts of which his heart has been vitiated and his spirits broken. In estimating the benefits of a moral character arising from tilling the ground, and constantly associating with the scenes of nature, we must not confound the precious with the vile, nor treat accidental qualities as necessary evils. If the *res angusta domi* does not interfere, we maintain that no happier class of men can be found than the peasants of this land; and we maintain, further, that their happiness depends in a great degree on the rural nature of their pursuits. Who will compare the crowded denizens of manufacturing districts, with the inhabitants of villages and hamlets, with the least hope of proving that the former are best situated for happiness? Man must be degraded indeed, if the glorious and beautiful truths of the book of nature daily uttered in his ears (dull of hearing though he be) have not some effect on the training of his mind and heart.

The possession of a garden, with a disposition to cultivate it, and its non-possession, with a tendency to undervalue such an appendage to a cottage, constitute a broad line of separation between two great classes of the poor. It is impossible to look at the humblest dwelling with a few plants in the window, and a tidy well-cultivated garden in front, without feeling a conviction that its inhabitants must be more contented and happy than their neighbors, whose plots are neglected; and whose

rooms are guiltless of green leaves and flowers. We are not disposed to run into the absurd error of thinking that such tastes are always associated with purity—far from it. But we can affirm, from a long and close acquaintance with the habits of the poor, that a raised state of moral feeling is both the cause and the effect of a love of Nature. The productions we cultivate have a strong charm, and secure the attention with extraordinary power. If, therefore, a working-man has a garden at home, and loves to cultivate it, he will desert the public-house for that spot of quiet and cheering occupation. Domestic misery is in this way often prevented, and children are trained to find pleasure in a harmless and elevating pursuit.

"*Interea dulces pendent circum ocula nati;
Casta pudicitiam servat domus.*"—(Geor. ii.,
523.)

The influence of horticultural pursuits on the middle classes is highly beneficial, although a closer examination and analysis is necessary to trace the modes of its operation on the morals and happiness of this large body of men. That the taste for gardening and flowers is extending in this department of society there can be no question, as the fact is indicated by many unequivocal signs. The *literature* of gardening is, to a large extent, fostered by the middle classes, in the form of magazines, newspapers, and separate volumes, devoted to the various operations of the art. The shops of seedsmen and florists tell the same tale, both by their number, and by the greater attractions they now offer to the passer-by. In our boyish days, the shop of the seedsman was a very lugubrious affair, containing, indeed, the elements of future beauty and usefulness in the shape of sacks, and bags, and boxes, but displaying no taste to catch the eye and win the patronage of the street-walker. The case is now materially altered, for few of the principal streets of London, and other large cities, are destitute of a flower shop. Here the beauties of the season are often displayed. Hyacinths and camellias in the spring, and pelargoniums and carnations in summer, tempt the suburban citizen retiring to his villa, or the ladies, whose husbands, living in the city, can allow them only the balcony and the drawing-room for their gardening operations. But the strongest proof of the increase of this taste in the middle classes is furnished by the decorated windows and pretty

gardens which abound in the suburbs, and even in the heart of our towns. The influence exerted by this admiration of natural beauties, is opposed to sordidness and low habits. Home is rendered more delightful, and the mind, which, if always fixed on business and tied to the counting-house, would expire of atrophy, receives fresh pabulum for meditation and thoughtfulness by watching the growth of a plant or a flower.

It is among the middle classes that the *florists par excellence* abound, who patronize what are called florists' flowers, and attain to an extraordinary degree of skill in their culture. It is necessary to inform the uninitiated in these mysteries, that by florists' flowers a particular class of productions is meant, although its boundaries are not defined with any scientific precision. The nearest approach to a definition is that which describes florists' flowers as those which sport into varieties when submitted to cultivation. As this is true of most plants to a greater or less extent, the definition is not correct; and it may be sufficient to remark, that florists' flowers are those favorites of amateurs which fashion, or intrinsic beauty, or ease of cultivation, have brought into notice. Auriculas, polyanthus, tulips, ranunculuses, carnations, and pinks, were the principal florists' flowers a few years back, but many others are now included in the list. Some of these, as the auricula and the polyanthus, may be well grown in the most disadvantageous circumstances, and the silkweavers of Spitalfields, and the mechanics of Lancashire, have been renowned for their cultivation. As any back-yard admitting a little sun and air may be made available for the production of exquisite specimens of floral beauty, it is in this department that thousands excel who have no convenience for larger operations. In proportion as the attention is concentrated on a few objects, they become more intensely admired, and florists' flowers have often received almost passionate fondness. It is said that a genuine amateur would rather take a blanket off his bed than allow his pets to be injured by the cold. It will readily be imagined, that this pursuit may easily overstep the bounds of prudence, and occupy more than a reasonable amount of time and thoughtfulness; but in the midst of occasional excesses, there is something pleasing in the fact, that occupations so innocent and tranquil furnish so many with amusement and delight.

If we ascend to the wealthy and aristocratic circles of our countrymen, we find floriculture occupying a conspicuous place among the items of their expenditure, and, apparently, exercising considerable influence over their mental habits. We say *apparently*, not because we doubt the fact, but because it is less susceptible of proof in their case, than in that of the classes before-mentioned. It is not a *sine qua non* of respectability for a man of the lower or middle ranks of society to have a well-ordered garden; but it is so with the wealthy and the highborn. With them it is indispensable to have the luxuries of vegetable life, and, by consequence, the means of producing them; and there can be no question that some wealthy persons spend many hundreds a year on their gardens without a genuine taste for flowers. Fashion demands the sacrifice, and it is made as a matter of course. In labor alone, the garden of a country-gentleman will cost, on a very moderate scale, £150 a year, and often double or treble that sum. To these expenses must be added the cost of new productions; artificial heat; rent of land, and repairs, etc.; so that £1,000 per annum is often spent on the horticultural adjuncts of an establishment. All this way, in some cases, be unconnected with an appreciation of natural beauties, but in most instances the taste and the expense incurred go hand-in-hand. Many noblemen and private gentlemen find great pleasure in rural pursuits, and engage in them scientifically. At the head of the former class must be placed the Duke of Devonshire, the great and zealous patron of the Horticultural Society of London. One advantage to society at large is obvious, resulting from these tastes in the aristocracy—they necessarily bring their possessors into contact with their humbler fellow-subjects, and teach them daily the important truth that Nature knows no aristocracy of intellect or talent.

We now pass to the consideration of one aspect of our theme, which will be more didactic than descriptive, and will contemplate more the enforcement of a duty than the statement of a fact; we mean, the desirableness of the study of botany and gardening to men of literary tastes and studious habits. From some inexplicable, or, certainly, insufficient cause, an unnatural divorce is often found to exist between the labor of the wits and of the hands, as though the two were incompatible in one

person, or each had an abhorrence of the other. *Physiologically*, it is clear the two should be united, if a healthy development of body and mind is desired, *mens sana in corpore sano*. Why genius, and wit, and eloquence should be necessarily associated with an unhealthy condition of body, cannot *naturally* be shown. That they often are so, is the result of a breach of nature's laws, which have imperatively demanded, in all ages, the performance of corporeal labor as the price to be paid for the benefits of a vigorous and healthy development. The modern estimate of the capacities of genius is different in this respect from that of the ancients, whose wise and great men appear to have cultivated the bodily powers as well as those of the mind. Homer was a sturdy wanderer, uttering his sweet notes from a frame hardened by exposure to the weather, and inured to the hardships of travel. Cincinnatus could handle the plough. Demosthenes overcame natural imperfections by great corporeal exertions. Caesar could be luxurious at times, but he was a great classical writer; and the reader of his Commentaries is often at a loss which most to admire, his clear head and masculine understanding, or his capacity for physical toil. We do not remember, in all the compass of ancient literature, profane or sacred, a reference to those topics which modern geniuses have consecrated to their service; such as "the soul being too acute for the body;" "energies wasted by watching the midnight oil;" "a frame unfitted by genius for manly and robust exercises," etc. The sooner all this is expunged from our current language and literature the better. Fine mental endowments and correct tastes are surely more to be admired when set in a chasing of a muscular and vigorous body, than when associated with attenuated features, quick pulse, and an eye of ominous lustre. We beg to express a firm conviction, that a return to nature's laws is imperatively demanded of all men of learning and genius, and that the prospects of the human mind will be brightest when we recognise the claims of the inferior but inseparable casket in which it is lodged.

Perhaps there are no professional men, whose pursuits are of an intellectual character, who would be more benefited by an attention to botany and gardening than Christian ministers. This class, indeed, has acquired renown by the successful pursuit of horticulture, from the earlier efforts

of the recluses of the convent to the more scientific labors of our own Henslow and Herbert. A large proportion of divines of all denominations are favorably situated for such pursuits, either by the ease of their worldly circumstances, or their living in rural districts; their parsonages having generally attached to them some portion of garden ground. That every public and private duty may be conscientiously attended to simultaneously with such operations, is attested by numerous examples, and cannot be reasonably doubted. But it is well known that very many ministers are excluded from any extensive acquaintances with such matters, partly by their situation in large towns and cities, and partly by the numerous engagements which the modern character of the religious world lays upon them. Yet these are the very persons who most need the enlivening influences of floral pursuits, and who would receive from them the largest amount of benefit. A country pastor may never handle the spade, nor tie up a flower; but, whether conscious of it or not, he is moulded and fashioned by the scenes of nature around him, and daily assimilates to himself the healthy nutriment so abundantly provided. But in London, or similar localities, a pastor occupies a different position; is surrounded by contrasted influences; and is, therefore, bound to seek voluntarily that which his sphere of life does not place at his feet—*bound*, we mean, if he has a due regard to his physical well-being, and to the buoyancy and right adjustment of his mind.

How eminently suggestive are all the works of the great Creator! and how easily does the mind draw to itself the stores of wisdom and knowledge furnished by the books of Nature and Providence! If it is supposed that a man of ordinary abilities loses time by a moderate attention to horticulture, or any other physical science, a fatal mistake is committed, which should be rectified at once. The social principle operates in the region of intellect as well as everywhere else, and it is not good for a mental faculty to pursue its investigations alone. Error appears to love the haunts of a man of one book—*homo unius libri*—although that book may be the revealed Word of God. To some minds, the claim to lofty piety appears to be sustained if its supposed possessor despises all literature but that which is sacred; and eschews all knowledge but that which is revealed. But past experience and observation have dis-

closed the fact, that a one-sided application of the faculties has never had the blessing of heaven. It is in the midst of the meeting and blending rays of light from all the quarters whence their Creator darts them, that truth loves to dwell; and in that irradiated sphere she must be sought.

The Christian minister must in every case be the pioneer, and not the follower, of the crowd. The moment he finds himself urged onwards by a pressure from without, he must be prepared either to confess his past sluggishness, or, feeling that his own opinions and practice are correct, to make a dignified and active resistance. Hence, if an exhibition of weakness and dangerous concessions are to be avoided, he must habitually frequent an eminence from which the real state of things may be viewed, and the wisest courses discerned. In large cities he has to do with many whose idolatry is wealth, and whose dangerous disease is inordinate worldly excitement. Unhappy is the condition of both the teacher and the taught, if the former dwells in an atmosphere which prevents him from seeing the common danger, and sounding an alarm! If he is also unduly excited; if public meetings, and numerous engagements on committees; if much company; or even if an excess of pastoral duties, cause him to live in a crowd, and deny him time for calm reflection, he will not be likely to see the excitement of his flock. An association with the fowls of the air and the lilies of the field—quiet musings among the grand, yet silent operations of nature, will place him in a proper position. He will learn, in such circumstances, that man's life—his happiness—consisteth not in the abundance which he possesses; and he will come as a freeman of nature to tell his people, in words of authority enforced by the genuine dictates of his own heart, that a *state of mind*, and not outward circumstance, constitutes happiness. Of course, these great lessons will be learned most advantageously among natural things; but if this is denied, books should supply the place. Every student of divinity should be a naturalist either in theory or practice, and, if possible, in both.

But it is time to say something specific respecting the works placed at the head of this article, although all we have advanced is in perfect accordance with their spirit and intention. "The Gardener's Chronicle and Agricultural Gazette" is, as its title imports, a weekly register of matters concerning the gardener and the farmer; it abounds

in notices of natural history, and may be recommended as an interesting and unexceptionable family journal. The "School Botany" will attract by the beauty of its illustrations, and if used in our seminaries, cannot fail of being highly beneficial to the young, and of drawing them on to a more scientific admiration of the works of nature in after life. The principal work, however, is the "Vegetable Kingdom," the mature product of the long studies of Dr. Lindley; a distinguished monument of his patient industry, general scholarship, and scientific attainments. We will allow the professor to introduce his own work in the following extracts from his preface.

"Its object is to give a concise view of the state of systematical botany at the present day, to show the relation or supposed relation of one group of plants to another, to explain their geographical distribution, and to point out the various uses to which the species are applied in different countries. The names of all known genera, with their synonyms, are given under each natural order, the numbers of the genera and species are in every case computed from what seems to be the best authority, and complete indices of the multitudes of names embodied in the work are added, so as to enable a botanist to know immediately under what natural order a given genus is stationed, or what are the uses to which any species has been applied. Finally, the work is copiously illustrated by wood and glyphographic cuts, and for the convenience of students an artificial analysis of the system is placed at the end.

We need scarcely intimate to our readers that Dr. Lindley's work advocates a *natural system* of botany, and not the artificial one of Linnæus. On the merits of the natural system he thus speaks:—

"The natural system of botany being founded on these principles, that all points of resemblance between the various parts, properties, and qualities of plants shall be taken into consideration; that thence an arrangement shall be deduced in which plants must be placed next each other which have the greatest degree of similarity in those respects; and that consequently the quality of an imperfectly known plant may be judged of by that of another which is well known, it must be obvious that such a method possesses great superiority over artificial systems, like that of Linnæus, in which there is no combination of ideas, but which are mere collections of isolated facts, having no distinct relation to each other. The advantages of the natural system, in applying botany to useful purposes, are immense, especially to medical men, who depend so much upon the vegetable kingdom for their remedial agents. A knowledge of the properties of one plant enables the practitioner to judge scientifically of the qualities of other plants naturally al-

lied to it; and therefore, the physician acquainted with the natural system of botany, may direct his inquiries, when on foreign stations, not empirically, but on fixed principles, into the qualities of the medicinal plants which have been provided in every region for the alleviation of the maladies peculiar to it. He is thus enabled to read the hidden characters with which nature labels all the hosts of species that spring from her teeming bosom. Every one of these bears inscribed upon it the uses to which it may be applied, the dangers to be apprehended from it, or the virtues with which it has been endowed. The language in which they are written is not indeed human; it is in the living hieroglyphics of the Almighty which the skill of man is permitted to inspect. The key to their meaning lies enveloped in the folds of the natural system, and is to be found in no other place."

This volume is beautifully printed, and the contents will afford much interest to the casual reader. It will form a useful appendage to any library.

THE OUTCRY FOR SANATORY REFORM.—In a vast metropolitan concentration of human life like ours, in which occurs a whole sixth part of all the waste of health and life in the three united kingdoms, and in which, from amongst 2,000,000 people, nearly 50,000 die every year,—900 every week,—one every tenth minute,—the mere destruction of 10,000 of these every year,—200 every week,—one every hour, by means of municipal poison alone, insidiously administered along with the air which the doomed ones breathe, may, by comparison, seem to be a matter of minor import; yet, if we estimate the value of a single life at the amount of the popular outcry created by the scarcely more deliberate, though more designed, destruction of that one life by domestic poison, what a mighty and eternal outcry ought to rend the welkin and the walls of every city, town, and village in the empire, till an end be for ever put to this now too well recognised and wholesale system of manslaughter!

THE HUSKISSON STATUE.—The visit of Sir Robert Peel to Liverpool was appropriately chosen for the elevation to its pedestal, in front of the Custom-house, of a bronze statue of Huskisson, the great expounder of the true principles of commercial legislation. The statue, which is of light bronze, was cast in Holland, from a statue executed in Rome, by Gibson, and is a present from Mrs. Huskisson to the town on which the deeply lamented deceased reflected so much lustre as its representative. It is eight feet four inches in height, and, although not of solid metal, weighs 18 cwt. The position is dignified and imposing, and the drapery is arranged with grace and freedom. The pedestal is of granite, and bears, in plain, bronze letters, the simple but sufficient inscription, "William Huskisson." He holds a document rolled up, in the right hand, which rests upon the thigh. The head considerably reclines, and the figure appears looking down upon the spectators.—*Liverpool Albion*.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

A SKETCH OF DOMESTIC LIFE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ZSCHOKKE.

CHAP. I.—THE FATHER'S RETURN.

ONE golden evening in June, 1832, a travelling carriage was rolling along the high-road which led to the pleasant valley of Koran. Within the coach sat, with folded arms, a strong and powerfully built man of sixty, but fresh-looking as if scarcely fifty years had passed over him. He was simply clad in black, with a hunting cap drawn over his forehead. Danielis was the traveller's name: he was an elder of the church, and was returning from a tour which he usually took every summer, either for health or recreation. The country lay before him bathed in the purple glow of sunset; meadows, woods, and villages, mingled together in undulating luxuriance; but Danielis hardly noticed it. His heart was with the scenes he had just quitted; his thoughts hovered over the bare table-lands of the Suabian Alps, or the ruins of the Abbey Kirtchan; and memory conjured up the pleasant conversations he had held in the shady walks of Rippolstan with dear and intimate friends.

Quickly the images of the past melted into thoughts of the present; and his mind turned to those dearest to him, their interests and welfare. He beheld at a short distance, opposite the town of Koran, his modest but happy dwelling. It was built in the Italian style on the slope of a wooded hill. As the carriage drove on, he saw the gigantic willow, planted beside a little stream which bounded his garden; its wide branches stretched over to the opposite meadow, and the pendent stems waved in the evening breeze. Then the poplars by the fountain, and the dove-cot,—his children's delight,—rose before the father's eyes.

He stood up in the carriage, with emotions more of anxiety than pleasure. His eyes wandered right and left, as if asking every passer by, "Is all well in that house?" Though far from being superstitious, Danielis sometimes allowed his imagination to play him tricks, for which his reason reproached him. He tried to divine from the countenances of the casual passengers who recognised him the welfare of those beloved ones whom he had left behind.

The Elder might well dread any interruption to his felicity. His family, numerous as it was, formed one of those happy households so seldom seen. Riches were not the cause of their happiness; for, possessing but a moderate fortune, they lived as economically as a mechanic or husbandman's family, and yet had more at their command than many a nobleman. The simplicity, piety, and high principle which Danielis had inculcated in each member of his family, his own fatherly kindness, and the tender love of his wife, the best of mothers, combined to render all the household truly happy.

"Most men," said Danielis once, in a letter to a friend, a portion of which we quote to display the character of a man whom his neighbors considered as rather eccentric,—*"most men lead an unreal life, because they live only for appearances. In the world there is an equal portion of joy and sorrow; and I would as little part with the one as with the other. Both contribute to beautify existence; both incite us to improvement. Our happiness or misery depends not on chance; for the unseen hand of God, which men call fate, brings neither bliss nor woe but to work out a good end towards us. Riches, power, and honor, are often blessings only in appearance; yet how great sacrifices will men make to obtain them! He who, having been prosperous, is satisfied with an easy competence, and devotes the rest to do good to others; and he who, poor himself, is yet a helping angel to those poorer still; these two depend not on the smile or frown of Fortune. Happiness and peace are theirs. The world obtains no evil influence over them, they are righteous instruments in the hand of God."*

But now let us return to him who thus wrote. The coach stopped at the entrance-gate which led by a side path to the home of Danielis. Joyous sounds from well-known voices arose throughout the garden. A merry troop rushed to meet the father; first the elder children, and after them the merry little ones. Scarcely had he embraced them all, when his loving wife Anna threw herself into his arms, and he fondly

kissed her clear open brow, on which forty-five years had not imprinted a single wrinkle. Near her stood Joseph, the eldest son, with his young wife, whom he had lately married. Then came Else, the favorite of the family, a village girl who had been taken into the household. She carried in her arms her young charge, the little Christian, of four years old, who was struggling to reach his father. The happy parent entered his home in the midst of a body-guard more faithful, loving, and devoted than ever surrounded a king.

CHAP. II.—IMPORTANT COMMUNICATIONS.

In a few days, the first excitement of joy being over, everything in the house of the Elder returned to its usual routine, which was so simple, and free alike from display and annoyance, that no habitation within many miles could vie with it. This quiet uniformity was one source of happiness; the history of a day was the history of a year. Before the dwellers in the neighborhood had shaken off their slumbers, every one in the house of Danielis was up and busy; the father among his books and papers in an upper chamber, or instructing his elder children; the mother in the lower part of the house, superintending her domestics, or teaching the younger branches of the family.

After the morning, which was spent in a cloister-like silence, all assembled round the table to a very simple meal. From that moment merry laughter, noise, and jesting, were heard throughout the house, and resounded in the garden, the meadow, and even to the neighboring heights, while the parents in summer-time sat in the garden conversing with friends and relatives. At evening time the children raised their voices in united song, which rang through the stillness of the country all around, and was repeated by the woodland echoes. This uniform life was seldom broken.

One morning as Danielis was seated at the writing-table of the study, Mother Anna entered the room with serious looks. Before she uttered a word, the expression of her face announced to her husband that she had something important to disclose.

"What is the matter, my dear wife?" asked he, laying down his pen.

"You see it now," she said, in a tone that foreboded ill; "you see it now, I was quite right."

"When were you ever wrong?" replied

the husband, smiling. "But in what particular thing are you right now?"

"In what I have feared so long, and what you would not believe. Our Jacob and Else have fallen in love with each other, and, I doubt not, are secretly betrothed, or will be soon."

"Secretly betrothed!" repeated Danielis, much astonished; and, though yet doubting the fact, unable to conceal the uneasiness it caused him.

To explain this affair, our readers should be acquainted that "our Jacob" was one of the eldest sons of this worthy couple; he was a young man of twenty, and a curate in the town of Zollingen.

"How and from whom have you learnt this?" asked Danielis, after a momentary silence.

"By mere chance. I went into Else's apartment, and found on the ground an open letter in Jacob's handwriting. Fancying it was one of his, which I had dropped by accident, I took it up and read the contents. It was full of exhortations to piety and obedience to us; and then came a confession of the most tender love for Else herself."

As his wife spoke, the countenance of the Elder softened; because perhaps he had gained much self-command in the course of a life of trial, or perhaps from the confidence he had in his son's pure and manly character. "And Else?" asked he.

"She came into the room, and saw the letter in my hand with apparent indifference. When I advised her in future to be more careful of her papers, and not to leave them about, she colored deeply, and looked anxious. But when I inquired into the particulars, she confessed all with innocent frankness, though with much timidity; and it was easy to perceive that she saw nothing wrong in the affair. 'Jacob had always been so kind to her—she owed him so much—it was no wonder that every one loved Jacob, for he deserved it.' I really doubt whether the girl is even aware of the nature of his affection for her."

A smile passed over the Elder's face. "And Mother Anna—what did she say to all this?"

"I did not reproach her, I could not;—and besides it would only have blown an insignificant spark into a flame. I advised her not to say a word about this circumstance, as it might do her harm. Else knows nothing of the world; she is as inexperienced as it is possible for a girl of sixteen to be;

and the more a young maiden is talked about, the more is her fair fame sullied. I told her not to answer Jacob's letter, and promised to reply to it myself."

"Wisely said and wisely done," exclaimed Danielis. "By this means, you keep Else's secret, and we gain time for the future. A word of motherly warning does much. Let there be no secrets between us and our children. I can easily forgive the impetuous boy. Else is lovely and good, enough to set on fire a heart and imagination like our Jacob's."

"Yes, she is certainly pretty," answered the mother; "rather too delicate looking, but modest and humble; and she has made the most of the little education she has received. Let us watch both the young people. Jacob cannot and must not think of marriage yet. It will be some time before he obtains a living, and love affairs like this are soon forgotten."

"Hum! not always, dear child," added Danielis, with a cheerful, meaning smile. "Think of ourselves! Each of my children, like myself, shall be at liberty to make his own choice as soon as he is capable of so doing. In such matters, parents should neither command nor forbid."

"You are quite right, my dear husband; but it is their duty to advise. 'Love,' says the proverb, 'blinds'—"

"True," interrupted the Elder; and pressing his wife's hand, with an affectionate smile, he added, "but you cannot deny that in my case love made me see the clearer. And Else, though inferior in birth, seems one of those rare beings who can not only confer true happiness on a good husband, but even improve a bad one,—praise which I would not bestow on many of our high-born belles."

"I quite agree with you; and I would receive Else as my daughter without any scruple as to her person or mind. But appearances—gossip; think, my dear husband—on one side a clergyman, son of an elder of the church, on the other a village girl!"

Danielis interrupted her, somewhat irritated in his manner, "What! shall we adopt the folly of Cousin Maultasch as our rule of life? Never! Whether princess or beggar, a woman bears no rank in society but what she borrows from her husband. In the eyes of men, peeresses and peasants are alike, while equal in virtue and beauty. They see the woman only, whether clothed in silk or in homespun cotton. This is the

sempstress's creation, not God's. Woman is worthy of love for herself; for her loveliness, the gift of nature; for her talent, acquired by education; for her virtuous qualities; rank and wealth are not essential to her. Therefore it is no marvel that a peasant girl became empress of Russia, nor that a queen left the throne for the arms of a soldier. Now, my dear wife, let us drop the subject; only let us watch the conduct of Jacob and Else."

CHAP. III.—THE MOTHER'S LETTER.

After this conversation it was in vain for the Elder to try to resume his occupation when his wife had left the apartment. An event like the preceding is one of deep moment to one to whom domestic ties are dear and holy. Danielis paced the study, gazing abstractly on the "regiment of his dead," as he was wont to entitle the books arranged along the walls, in different bindings, according to the subjects on which they treated. Then the Elder fixed his eyes on the portraits of friends whom death had taken from him—treasures which he loved to have above his desk, in his daily sight. But vain were all his attempts to divert his mind from the one engrossing topic. What he had said to his wife was what he really felt. But he had not expressed all his mind, which, if spoken, would have been this:—

"The boy is wrong to think of a wife before he is able to support her. He is wrong, if he seeks to gratify his feelings, and by stealing her affections to destroy the peace of a poor and innocent maiden. He is wrong to be wanting in confidence to his parents. This last, however, I can excuse, for there are two things which are usually closely concealed, and which shun all witnesses but God;—first love and heartfelt religion. No, I will not blame the young man. Did I not do the same in my own youth?"

While these thoughts passed through the Elder's mind, Mother Anne wrote her opinion to her son in the following manner:—

"Chance, my dear Jacob," wrote she, "has thrown into my hands a letter to Else from you. Its contents have not surprised me; but I am grieved that you should have placed yourself and this excellent girl in a painful situation. I spoke immediately to Else; and even if I had not loved her before, she would have gained my affection by her rational, modest, and simple-minded conduct on this occasion. The result of

our conversation proves to me that she does not fully understand your letter, and is not aware of the seriousness of your intentions. She has allowed me to answer you, for in her simplicity, she knows not whether she prefers you to another, and therefore does not write to you herself, but deposes me to do so. The best answer I can give is to repeat, word for word, our conversation.

" 'Else,' said I, 'I know Jacob well. He is good—excellent; but so full of impulse that he is frequently led away by his feelings, and a reaction then quickly takes place. I love you too well to suffer you to become the sacrifice of his impetuosity. But I shall not require you to refuse his hand should his affection stand the test of time; especially if you feel for him that love which is necessary to resign yourself and your fate unto a husband, to bear calmly all the changes and trials of life, and to find your own happiness in that of your husband and in his love. Should time enable Jacob to provide for a wife, and he then should ask your hand, you shall be welcomed as a much-loved daughter. That time may be very near or very distant. Jacob was certainly in the wrong to write you this letter, and I think you are wise in not answering it. Behave as though he had not written; continue good, modest, and industrious; I will instruct you in every domestic occupation, and you must cultivate your mind, so as to accommodate yourself to every situation in life.'

" Thus, dear Jacob, did I speak to Else. Your father agrees with me in all, and we expect from your filial affection that your conduct towards this young girl will be extremely prudent, though kind. If you wish to become worthy of respect, respect yourself; and to this end, keep a guard over your own heart. Farewell. With most heartfelt love,

" YOUR MOTHER."

CHAP. IV.—EXPLANATIONS.

To make our good Jacob appear less faulty, we now communicate to the reader the origin of his love, and also many circumstances which had contributed to its growth, of which even his parents were not aware.

One day he went with a young companion to take a stroll through the fields. Conversing cheerfully, and allowing their minds to wander in the charming regions of ideal fancy, the two young men contrived to lose

their way. Fortunately, a good angel appeared, to save them from perplexity; a beautiful girl, in the garb of a peasant. Our lost travellers hastened towards the lovely apparition, who seemed more charming still when she gave them a clue to retrace their path. After repeated thanks they took leave of her, saying to themselves that such an angel might well allure poor souls from one labyrinth into another. However, such was not the case now, and the two friends soon forgot their adventure.

The neighboring village of Waldensen was under the pastoral care of Jacob; its inhabitants attended the church in the town on Sundays, and Jacob in the week gave instruction to the young people of both sexes, fitting them to join in the communion. Among the village girls was the heroine of the labyrinth. Her name was Else, and she was the daughter of a sawyer in middling circumstances. Jacob's instruction was given, not only as a duty, but with an earnest zeal which elevated the minds of his young pupils. He was no common priest; he supported schools, was an active friend to the needy and suffering, and besides, as a preacher, he spoke from the fulness of his own heart to the hearts of his hearers.

The attention which Else gave, her talents, and pure religious feeling, interested her teacher deeply. Even after his instructions were ended, Jacob took a lively interest in the welfare of his youthful flock. It was his custom to visit the parents, and give good advice, and assistance on various occasions. Thus when the sawyer of Waldensen determined to place his daughter at a school, at some distance, to study French, needlework, and other feminine accomplishments, the young curate procured her introductions to respectable families in the neighborhood. Jacob was not like many of his clerical brethren, who, when they have strewed the seed, as is the duty of their calling, care nothing for its future growth.

About a year after this, Jacob saw Else among his congregation. She had returned home, a beautiful and blooming young woman. Her appearance delighted him; he seemed raised above all earthly things. He had never before preached so well. Else fixed her eyes on the young preacher with devotion. He, her teacher and benefactor, appeared a being sent to bless the world, for whom all must feel love and veneration. Jacob was much alarmed, when, a few days after, he heard of the

sawyer's intention to send his daughter to be maid at an inn. The young clergyman begged him to desist, and pointed out the rudeness to which Elsie might be exposed, at such a place, the resort of idle travellers, dissolute soldiers, loiterers, and adventurers. Jacob used every effort to place his young pupil in some respectable family. At last, an attendant and first instructress being wanted for the Elder's youngest children, Mother Anna assented to the earnest wishes of her son, and thus Elsie became an inmate in the family of Danielis.

CHAP. V.—MASTERS AND SERVANTS.

Her new situation was indeed a blessing to the young girl; for in the Elder's patriarchal household all the domestics, high and low, were treated with attentive kindness. They were regarded as part of the family, they shared every joy and sorrow, and were encouraged in all good by Danielis and his excellent wife. No complaints of unworthy and idle domestics were ever heard in this family. It was a frequent saying of the Elder, that if a wife is worthless, it is often the husband's fault; if children grow up ill, it is the parents' fault; and if the servants are bad, it is the fault of the master and mistress, especially if the latter is incessantly scolding and reproving, or lowers herself by vulgar familiarity. The Elder's wife did not think it beneath her dignity to interest her servants in the proceedings of the family, to instruct in domestic affairs, and in all that might be useful and improving to their minds. Also, when, in the evening, Danielis told his children of the riches and products of the earth, and the wonders it contains, related adventures of travellers, or showed the heavenly bodies through his telescope, some of the household were always present. Elsie, in particular, never failed to attend earnestly to all she heard, and was never missing from the circle when she had disposed of her young charges.

The neighbors of Danielis thought all these proceedings very ridiculous, even dangerous. One cousin Maultasch, who paid frequent visits to the Elder's family, and wished to rule everything, was quite indignant. She was an excellent specimen of a certain class; a stout, fidgety dame, by no means a bad woman in reality; affable, fond of society and of talking much; always trying hard to have the last

word. Her hawk's eye discovered at a glance the slightest irregularity in any one's dress, and penetrated into every corner in any house she entered. In youth, her affections had been generally bestowed; in age, she atoned for this,—by going assiduously to church, and by displaying her active piety at the tea-tables of her acquaintance, in sharp-tongued, malicious observations upon every one she knew. One day, the good dame surprised her cousin in the act of explaining to his domestic circle, by means of an electrical machine, the aurora borealis, the cause of storms, and the use of lightning conductors. Elsie, as well as the children, was attentively taking notes.

"Is it possible?" cried she, as soon as she was alone with Danielis,—and we quote the conversation, as it expresses the public opinion of the Elder's conduct,—"is it possible?" exclaimed she, clasping her hands in amazement. "What can you be going to make of Elsie—a female professor? I beg, my dear cousin, that you will consider what you are doing."

"I have considered," answered Danielis; "as this young girl belongs to my household, I wish to make her as good and intelligent a creature as God has willed her to be."

"But, cousin, with your permission, are you not carrying matters too far? When we engage a domestic, we want no science and learning beyond what is their duty, and we give them maintenance and wages, as—"

"Mules, oxen, and asses," quietly observed the old man.

"Let me speak!" exclaimed cousin Maultasch, in some ill-humor. "To give the common people knowledge which they can never use, is encouraging an obscurity of ideas, of which they have already too much. Really, my good cousin, this is strange; as if there were not schools enough to teach poor people all that they need to know."

"Yes! there are schools where children are taught reading, writing, and arithmetic, and are left in the grossest ignorance concerning every-day occurrences: yes! of even what is most necessary for their future life. What are girls taught of the aims and management of domestic life?—what instruction does the village lad gain in husbandry? The workman leaves school ignorant of the commonest knowledge of nature; the mechanic is totally unacquainted with the powers and qualities of bodies on

which his labor is to be bestowed. From this cause arises the helplessness of the people, and the increasing poverty of the lower classes."

"Cousin, that is no concern of ours; it is the business of the government to remedy such things."

"No;—it is our concern; for we also belong to the people; and the improvement of the people must spring from themselves. Government have other things to attend to. Each man should try to improve those in his immediate circle."

"Cousin Danielis, I really am not able to understand you."

"There is the misfortune. Well, we will turn to another subject,—the state of religion among the people,—mankind are educated in outside devotion; they go to church, hear sermons, learn prayers; and yet few of those who consider themselves Christians ever really know God."

Frau Maultasch opened her eyes wide, exclaiming, "Good heavens! you cannot mean that we are heathens in spite of our churches and schools?"

"Very nearly so, I fear. Our youth know the forms of religion, but not the Christianity of the heart. I lead my children and my household, not only to the church built of stone, but to a temple formed by the Almighty's hand, where he shows himself through his works in all nature; in the infinity of suns and revolving stars, between which our earth hovers like a grain of sand; in the great world of animalculæ, among which we breathe; in the mysterious government of the wonderful powers of nature. See, my good cousin, this is God's temple, to which I guide my children,—where they learn to become pious and sincere Christians."

Cousin Maultasch shook her head. The conversation lasted some time; but these fragments are sufficient to give an idea of it.

CHAP. VI.—ANOTHER VISIT.

The mother's tender and earnest letter made a deep impression on her son. She had said to him exactly what he, as a teacher and friend, would have said to another under like circumstances; and Jacob was conscientious enough to demand from himself what he would have required from another,—obedience to the dictates of reason and duty.

Our daily experience proves how much

easier it is for a clergyman to shine in the pulpit, than to be always true and faithful in his intercourse with mankind, and just and honest in his own heart. Jacob would have blushed to become an actor in the priestly garb: he used strong efforts to command his passions and feelings. He could not banish from his soul the beloved image; but when it rose up before him in all its beauty, he fixed his mind on some engrossing subject, which diverted his thoughts, in a measure, from his love. He denied himself the pleasure of frequent visits to his home; and when occasionally he allowed himself that gratification, it was only for a short space; he never spoke to Else, and scarcely ventured a glance towards her. She, on her part, seemed to look calmly at his coming or going, and tried neither to meet nor avoid him. But the mother, with a woman's delicate perception, thought she could trace a faint glow on Else's fair cheek when, by any chance, she and Jacob met. The anxiety of the parents ceased by degrees, as they witnessed the prudent conduct of their son, and they fancied they had made the affair of too much moment.

The threatened outbreak of war, in consequence of the Revolution of 1830 in Paris, excited and alarmed every one. Italy, Belgium, and Poland, were in a disturbed state, striving against their rulers, who, proud of their restoration to power, mistook the spirit and the just desires of the people which they professed to govern.

These stirring times made Danielis, like most others, an eager newspaper reader; but he often threw the Gazette aside, disgusted at its servile party spirit. One day he stepped to the open window of his room, which looked out on a smooth lawn, surrounded by gay flower-beds; his eyes wandered over fields, meadows, the river, and through the neighboring town, as though he sought to calm his mind, now ruffled by thoughts of the malignant barbarity of his fellow-creatures.

"One could almost imagine," said the Elder, giving utterance to his thoughts aloud, "that this beautiful world was destined as a place of correction for fallen spirits."

"Not for all! not for all!" answered a gentle female voice. It was Else, who was in the garden with little Christian, chasing him in play up and down the gravel walk, as if seeming anxious to take from the

laughing child his basket of flowers which he had gathered for his brothers.

"She is right," thought Danielis, looking down at the playfellows with silent pleasure. "Not for all! Your innocent souls have heaven only around them. Oh! forsake not your God." And, pursuing his reflections, he added, "Why do we love our children so tenderly? Is it only through a blind impulse of nature? No! it must be something higher. It is because we feel their innocent bliss, which we have in a great measure lost; it is because we know how much purer they are than ourselves."

Else knelt down before the little one, played with him, and held fast his tiny hands, while she sang a baby-song, "*Ainsi jout, jout, jout, les petites Marionnettes.*" The fair-haired Christian jumped up and down, in imitation of his pet playthings, and then threw himself, laughing, upon Else, who kissed him fondly, and carried him away in her arms. The young girl's movements were full of grace. Her rustic dress, far from disfiguring her slender form, heightened its beauty. The dark, violet-colored jacket, fitting close to the figure, the scarlet-bound petticoat, scarcely covering the delicate ankles and small feet; the black velvet neck-band, with silver spangles, setting off the exquisite whiteness of her graceful throat; all exhibited Else's beauty as much as the richest attire could have done. Her dark eyes, glistening with playful mirth; her cheeks and lips glowing with health; her hair falling in thick curls over her snowy forehead, made diamonds and pearls useless.

"The boy has not bad taste," said the old man, as he thought of his son. "Even the caprices of Fortune show the infinite wisdom of the Creator. In the lowest of mankind we sometimes perceive the greatest intelligence,—a Socrates, a Phocion, a Cincinnatus, a Franklin, or a Washington Irving, often stands unknown with his brilliant talents behind the plough or the loom, while mediocre spirits rule at the head of the government, the army, and the church. So also we find among women many who, fitted by nature to be princesses, live in obscurity: while others, whom she has treated like a cruel step-mother, move in the highest ranks. Yes, indeed," mused the Elder, "the boy has not chosen ill; strange that he should so lightly have given up his fancy."

A noise behind him interrupted his me-

ditations, and in a moment Danielis was embraced by the son who was uppermost in his thoughts.

"What brings you here so unexpectedly, my dear Jacob?" asked the father, after the first welcome, with an anxious expression of feature.

"An affair very near my heart, dear father; and a most important one. I want your advice and consent," answered the young man earnestly.

"An affair of the heart—an important one," repeated the Elder, scarcely able to conceal a smile; "I know it already; I understand you."

"No, father, you do not understand me,—it is impossible you could," Jacob eagerly said, coloring deeply the while. "But are you at leisure? May I lay the whole matter before you?"

"Let me hear it, my dear son; I am quite curious to know what it is."

CHAP. VII.—CHRISTIAN FEELINGS.

"You know as well as I do the unsettled state of the neighboring country," said the young clergyman, after a pause, as he leaned against his father's writing-desk. "The consequences are, lawlessness, bloodshed, and the destruction of all civil and domestic rights, under the guise of liberty and justice."

"I know—I know," answered Danielis. "But go on; why this strange introduction to the matter on which you are about to speak?"

Jacob continued, "The worst of all appears to me to be the want of religious and moral feeling. The machine of state is soon put right; but social virtues are not so easily restored. For months there has been no public worship; the clergy have fled, or been driven away for their political opinions, and the schools are empty."

"I almost fancy you wish to become a missionary to the disturbed districts; is it really so?"

"Yes," answered Jacob. A request has been sent to me in the name of several parishes; they wish me to try to restore the worship of God. Children are unbaptized, marriage rites not celebrated, the sick and the dying in vain long for religious consolation, and the services of the church are quite neglected. My own lot, in the midst of civil war and dissensions, will be most unsafe. Not even one parish, not a

regular stipend is secured to me, the whole country is so unsettled."

"And what answer did you give?"

"That I would do nothing without your advice."

"And that advice, my dear son, is that you should not quit your own country, to which your services are due."

"But, father, is not the whole world our country, created by the hand of God? Is not every one our neighbor whom we are commanded to love as ourselves?"

"Right, my dear child; but I imagined that the neighborhood of your parents, the opportunities you enjoy of association with the friends of your youth, would bind you to your home with links of iron; and that even an affair of the heart would make it difficult for you to tear yourself away, and risk your life and happiness in a foreign land."

As the Elder said this, Jacob cast down his eyes; conscious what his father alluded to, he hesitatingly replied, "Yes, very difficult; but the greater the sacrifice, the more acceptable is it in the eyes of God."

"You have well said," answered Daniel, to whom the blushes and hesitation of his son revealed the secret of the young man's heart, and one cause of his departure. After a long pause, the Elder, to give a fresh turn to the conversation, continued:—

"But, my son, reflect a little; you are still so young; here you have everything necessary for the improvement of your mind; the judgment of enlightened persons must have a favorable influence on your preaching; and the duties of the pulpit are the most important functions of a clergyman. It is a difficult office. Eloquence is not alone a gift of nature, but requires study. I fear that in the country, among rude, ignorant people, you will neglect this and become an every-day preacher, who performs his duties mechanically, and thinks only of his own advantage."

"Dear father, he who is not inspired by his divine calling will receive inspiration from neither town nor village. It seems to me that not less art and study are required to elevate to holy things the mind of a peasant than that of a dweller in towns."

"That may be true, Jacob. But are you indifferent to leaving your present circle, where you can do so much good, for an unknown and circumscribed district?"

"That does not alarm me. Man's activity and goodness depend not on the ex-

tent of his sphere of action. His own will, strength, and deeds, create the region of his operation."

The assenting nod of the Elder seemed to approve of his son's opinions, but he added: "Although there are two sides to every subject, pray bear in mind, that, to do much good, it is needful to think of one's self and one's circumstances. Independence is a necessity to a man whose wishes tend to universal benevolence. He who is needy, and requires help himself, can do little to aid others, and only builds castles in the air. Even Archimedes required a firm support for his feet before he engaged to raise the earth with his lever; and a moderate independence and good position in society, whether earned by our exertions or the result of our calling, alone give us this support."

The expression of the young man's face showed that he did not quite comprehend his father's observations, or thought them unsuitable to the subject. He replied in an absent manner, "Undoubtedly."

"Well," continued the Elder, "you are at present in an enviable situation, with good prospects for the future. In a few years, you will have a profitable living, which will secure you from want for life. Poverty is the bitterest of all cares, because the most contemptible, and yet the most pressing of our sufferings. When you have left your parish, as you desire, to devote yourself to the service of others, you will soon be forgotten, and on your return those who have not quitted the service of your church will be preferred to you. I allow the pressing need of our revolutionary neighbors; they want honest and active pastors; but from their own unsettled state, they cannot secure to you either a provision for life or even daily bread. Consider well, my dear boy, and when you take a loving partner for life, as you most likely will, think how you are to support her."

The countenance of Jacob became crimson, but his was not the blush of shame, but was the glow of inspiration. Earthly love might have mingled with his feelings, but it soon subsided, and religious enthusiasm alone remained. He raised his eyes to heaven, then walked up to his father, and seizing his two hands said, in a tone of voice which seemed to crave forgiveness for the warmth of his language:

"Dear father, I know you well, your love and your principles. If one of the apostles had come to his Heavenly Master, as

I have come to you, would he have received the like answer?"

The Elder was silent. He looked for some time at his son with much surprise, and then said with deep kindness and affection,

"If this is your way of thinking, my dear Jacob, I can have nothing to say against it. Go, fulfil your duty as your conscience bids you; God will be with you. Even should your Christian feeling lead you into earthly sorrow, it will ensure you a glorious resurrection and a throne in heaven. Go, my son, and may God bless you."

The father pressed his son to his breast with emotion, and the moistened eyes of the young man showed how deeply he felt.

CHAP. VIII.—SELF-DENIAL.

The mother consented to Jacob's departure, though with a heavy heart. She felt much for poor Else, who, in various ways, heard many words which informed her of Jacob's resolves, although it was never openly discussed. The news seemed to fall like a sentence of death upon her quiet and silent happiness. She could not oppose her lover's departure, and even had she dared, she would have died rather than have betrayed feelings which she could scarcely understand herself. She carefully avoided a meeting with Jacob, towards whom her whole being felt attracted by the unseen influence of love. If obliged to address him in his parents' presence, she spoke calmly, and yet she felt as though her soul was longing to pour itself out in affectionate words. And when by chance her eyes turned upon him, their expression was one of complaint and gentle reproach, to which he answered by looks of love, consolation, and hope.

But what the young lovers succeeded in concealing from every one else, almost from each other, did not escape the penetration of Mother Anna, and she felt the secret sorrow of Jacob and Else, even more than her own. One day when alone with her son, she said to him,

"Your departure grieves me much, my dear boy. I feel that I shall seldom see you; the path of danger you have chosen, and the sacrifice you make of home, of your living, and of your prospects, contribute to my sadness; but I trust in God. I confess to you, that for one reason only do I rejoice at your plan,—it may restore peace to Else and to you. Your presence is destructive to her quiet; and her welfare, as

well as yours, lies near my heart. For this cause and no other, I can bear you wandering in a strange land. Else is little more than a child; her affection is a dream, from which you must not awaken her, if you love her truly. Go, my child, be wise and happy. To persist in wishes we cannot gratify, is wrong. Go, and God be with you! Forget everything except yourself, and the reward of your own good conscience."

Jacob looked fondly at his mother, and took her hand in his, as he replied, "Dear mother, you cannot be serious. Must I forget my mother, my father, and Else? No, I must first forget myself. While memory endures, you three will be there enshrined. But calm your uneasiness. Because I love innocence and holiness, I must love this dear girl, who is so pure from all guile. Whether she will ever be my wife, I know not; but she will occupy my thoughts during my whole life. Do not think me a coward who can lose his reason in a Werther fever. I love with open eyes; therefore, the happiness of this noble girl is dearer than my own. If a worthier than I were to offer his hand, and he could make Else happier than myself, I would lead her to him, though with a bleeding heart."

The mother embraced her son with tender love. At last the parting hour arrived. Parents, brothers, and sisters, uttered a tender farewell, whispering hope and courage. But Else stood at the door of the house, timid and shrinking from view. Jacob extended his hand as he passed her,—their eyes met; his, full of love, made a tender and mute appeal: the answer was a tear. Else fled away to her own room, while the young pastor hastened through the garden to the highroad.

Jacob now entered on the path he had chosen, in the midst of confusion and party strife. He visited his father's house at very rare intervals; but his letters gave proof of an energetic spirit, which rose above all trouble. He had chosen for his head-quarters a little village, from whence he diverged, and performed his clerical duties to the desolate community. On Sundays he preached three or four times a day, sometimes at one place, sometimes at another; a conveyance being in waiting to convey him to the different churches. During the week the young preacher walked cheerfully from village to village, giving good advice, praying with the dying, celebrating marriages, and re-establishing schools. Denying himself every comfort,

his home was a deserted, half-empty house, barely furnished, but provided with arms against any surprise. His daily intercourse was with a wild, ignorant people; he even accompanied them to battle to give aid, spiritual and temporal, to the wounded.

Yet all these privations could not drive the young man from the path in which he trod without fanaticism, though with all the zeal of a fanatic, and in which he persevered without hope of reward, exposed to the taunts and reproaches of his acquaintance. Even Danielis did not escape censure from those who think that in providing for their children comfortably and well without consulting the will of God, they have fulfilled their highest duty. The Elder was not affected by their reprehensions, nor hurt by their offensive expressions and forebodings of ill. "Be it so," he would say to his wife: "the unjust reproaches of man bring the favor of God. What my son is now doing, was done by the noblest of men in olden times; and though their meed was death, from the barbarity of the age in which they lived, yet now they are revered as martyrs and saints. Let our Jacob pursue his path as a messenger of peace and an apostle of the Gospel, following in the rear of his predecessors, the benefactors of mankind."

CHAP. IX.—THE FESTIVE MEETING.

A year passed away,—a year rich in blossoms and harvests—like every other that we welcome so warmly, and so coldly see depart. Nature's creating hand, as if wearied with daily toil, sought repose on its wintry bed; and the snow-flakes fell like dreams upon its resting place, while the hoarfrost melted by the pale sun-beams, was dissolved from the branches of the trees.

Christmas, the pleasantest of the domestic feasts in the Elder's family, drew near. All the household were busy preparing their gifts in secret. Such hiding and seeking, such counselling and guessing, such jests and whispers, were never seen or heard, as the memorable day approached. On Christmas-eve every one delivered his or her gifts to the parents, to be deposited on the table under the mysterious folds of a white cloth. All then left the room, that the presents so carefully concealed might be duly arranged by the father and mother.

The night seemed interminable to the impatient members of the family. Before

dawn, the father lighted the numerous wax-lights on all the tables, and in the branches of the Christmas tree, and then went in search of the eager troop, who were assembled in Else's chamber. Full of expectation, they walked in couples to the festive hall, where they gave vent to their pleasure, surprise, and admiration, in loud and joyous acclamations. Jacob, alone, was absent. Every one missed him, wished for him, and pitied him for being so far away from the happy scene. All spoke of him, all felt their own pleasure diminished, since it could not be shared with him. Else, alone, was silent; but a deeper sorrow than even theirs oppressed her heart, and she would willingly have given vent to her feelings in tears. He whom she loved more and more each day, as she appreciated his self-devotion, he was not there; his place was vacant,—there was no gift for him.

But a few hours passed, and the regret of all was changed into gladness. A letter came from Jacob announcing his return home that evening. A friend had undertaken his duties, and with a mind free from care, he was coming home to fulfil his heart's dearest wish. "He could not," he said, "relinquish the pleasure of celebrating with the beloved household a day which had ever been to him the most solemn and the most esteemed in all the days of the year."

"But for heaven's sake," exclaimed Mother Anna, as soon as she was alone with her husband, and free from the noisy mirth of the family; "how can we make this a happy day to dear Jacob! We have no festive gift for him. Advise me what to do. I can offer him sweetmeats; but what a trifle—what a poor acknowledgment of the joy his return gives us,—his safe return this dreary winter weather! Or would you place some money among my sweets? he may want it, poor fellow."

Danielis shook his head, as he answered, "Money! that is dry nourishment for heart and spirit, though useful for corporeal wants and necessities. Let us think of a nobler gift; he deserves it! He has made a sacrifice to the highest of duties, and has resigned the most easy and pleasant life, one that all would desire, for a gloomy existence, surrounded by troubles and dangers. He may sink under it. No one, except God and his own conscience, can reward him as he merits; but let us now gratify the strongest of his earthly wishes. Come, I have a happy thought."

He whispered something to his wife with a smile.

Mother Anna at first looked at him doubtfully, as if quite alarmed; but the expression of her features soon changed, and her face beamed with a joy which lighted up her whole countenance.

"It is a charming idea," exclaimed she; "but how shall we gain time? for evening will quickly be here, and great preparations will be needful. Where shall I find flowers? and an invitation must be sent to all our relatives. As to the feast, there will be plenty of good things, for I am always prepared on a day like this. Then, the goldsmith;—I must go into the town myself. No! I can send. But there is no time to be lost; evening is at hand. Go, my dear husband; and do your part."

Mother Anna set to work so eagerly that she put all the house in motion; but no one could guess the reason of these extraordinary preparations. One messenger was sent to the town; another to the wood; a third to invite the guests; a fourth to the goldsmith and the jeweller.

And when evening came, and the happy Jacob arrived, and had embraced his parents, brothers, and sisters, all was prepared to make the holy day a most happy one for him.

Much time was spent, as may be well imagined, in questions, answers, caresses, and rejoicings over the newly arrived guest. At length the father made his way through the joyful family group, and raised his voice above the rest for silence. He took Jacob's hand, and said:—

"To business, my children, to business! before we sit down to supper. Our young missionary has not left his post to-day in vain. He expects his Christmas gift. Ah! poor Jacob, you were too late to share with the others. But it would grieve your mother's heart to leave you uncared for at this happy time. Come, mother, lead the way into your drawing room and we will follow. Now, young people, after us;" cried the father, smiling merrily at his flock.

No sooner said than done. The family entered Mother Anna's saloon, which was gaily lighted up. At one end of the room, near a sofa, stood a table adorned with confectionery of all sorts. To this table the father and mother led their son. Both watched his looks, smiling, and enjoying his surprise. Jacob embraced them both, exclaiming:—

"How affectionate, how good you are to me!"

"Affectionate, certainly," repeated the Elder; "but good?—no, Jacob. This table, so trifling a gift, contradicts your assertion. However, I can, should you wish it, add something to these nothings. It is a jewel which many will covet, and yet many will reproach you for taking it. Reflect before accepting it, for if you do so, you must keep it for ever. It is not mine, yet I can give it to you. It cost me nothing, yet it will cause you much expense, which expense may increase yearly. It delights all who look upon it, and I confess it charms me by something magical in its form and color. But in a few years the gold frame will tarnish, and then the worth or the worthlessness of the jewel will be discovered. Dear Jacob, look not so astounded, even though I speak in riddles. This jewel is itself an enigma to which time alone can give you a clue. Yet, I feel certain, that the more anxiety it costs to obtain, the greater happiness will it bestow on you. But why say more? Come, my son, see it with your own eyes, and then decide."

While the Elder thus spoke, the whole family stood around him in a circle, listening with much curiosity. Danielis opened the door of an adjoining room, and exclaimed, "Follow me!"

There, beneath the flower-garlands and ivy branches which adorned the chamber, more beautiful in her simple white robe than if glittering with jewels,—sat Else; her head bowed down, and her hands clasped in deep anxiety. The whole household looked on amazed; then followed a deep silence. Jacob stood as though petrified with wonder; but joy and ecstasy flashed from his eyes. He stretched forth his arms to his beloved; Else rose, trembling, and sank fainting with happiness upon his faithful breast.

The father and mother looked on with joyful tears, and the rest soon found their tongues in affectionate congratulations to the young lovers, who threw themselves into their parents' arms.

Scarcely a year from this joyful betrothal, the marriage of Jacob and Else was celebrated. The Elder and his wife live their own young days over again in witnessing this happy union; and every coming year adds to the bliss of the pastor and his beloved Else.



From Howitt's Journal.

(GO TO THE FIELDS.

BY J. A. LANGFORD.

If thou art sorrowful and sad,
And thought no comfort yields;
Go leave the busy, bustling world,
And ramble in the fields,
Blessed Nature will have sympathy
Both with thy sufferings and thee.

Have friends proved false; doth fortune frown;
And poverty depress?
Ne'er, ne'er with unavailing grief,
Increase thy wretchedness.
Go to the fields, and Nature will
With pleasant thoughts thy bosom fill.

If thou have placed thy youthful trust
Upon some maiden's love,
And she, regardless of her troth,
Should false and faithless prove,
Ne'er mope nor pine. In pleasures holy,
Drive away thy melancholy.

If thou have seen thy cherished hopes
Like bubbles burst to air,
Ne'er let thy manly courage sink
In cowardly despair.
Go list the lark's ethereal lay,
'Twill soothe thy gloomy thoughts away.

Kind Nature solace offers all;
Gives joy in storm or calm;
For every pain a pleasure has;
For every wound a balm.
A mightier physician she
For heart-ills than philosophy

Go to the fields, and Nature woo,
No matter what thy mood;
The light heart will be lighter made,
The sorrowful imbued
With joyous thoughts. The simplest flower
Has o'er the soul a magic power.

Alone, communing with thyself,
Or with congenial friends;
If joy expands thy soaring soul,
Or woe thy bosom rends,
Go to the fields, and thou wilt find
Thy woe subdued, thy joy refined.

A VISION.

BY W. J. LINTON.

Only the Beautiful is real:
All things whereof our life is full,
All mysteries that life enwreathes,
Birth, life, and death,
All that we dread or darkly feel,—
All are but shadows; and the Beautiful
Alone is real.

Nothing but Love is true:
Earth's many lies, whirl'd upon Time's swift
wheel,
Shift and repeat their state;
Birth, life, and death,
And all that they bequeath
Of hope or memory, thus do alternate
Continually:
Love doth anneal,
Doth beautifully imbue,
The wine-cups of the archetypal Fate.

Love, Truth, and Beauty—all are one:
If life may expiate
The wilderings of its dimness, death be known
But as the mighty ever-living gate
Into the Beautiful;—All things flow on
Into one Heart, into one Melody,
Eternally.

SPIRIT SOLACE.

BY THOMAS WADE.

Perpetual moanings from the troubled sea
Of human thought, and wail from the vex'd wind
Of mortal feeling fill our life's wide air:
Yet, let thereof the breather not despair;
For wind and wave obey a high decree,
Which we perceive not in this transit blind
From body unto soul. Oh! the clear calm
Of that wild ocean, and its sunlit splendors,
And even the rainbows of its tempests fierce,
Beget a tranquil spirit-trance, which renders
Its terrors dreadless: and the flower-fed balm
Of that mind, lulled to zephyrs, doth so pierce
The immortal sense with an odorous hope,
That earth seems verged on heaven, and all hea-
ven's portals ope.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

THE DUMB GIRL.

BY ANNE A. FREMONT.

Oh! for the harshest sound
To break this weary silence, and to be
Like the glad ones around,
So prodigal of speech, and full of glee—
I am too sad my hair with flowers to dress,
Nor can the mute one sing of happiness.

And when some childish grief
Cometh to cloud their brow, or wet their cheek,
Ah, me! its stay how brief,
For they in list'ning ears the cause can speak;
Each word is breathed more touching than the last,
And when the tale is done, the woe is past.

But must I hide mine deep
In the recesses of my own sad heart,
For I can only weep.
And when they ask what I can ne'er impart,
How weak, how impotent, seems look or sign!
Ah! even words were vain for grief like mine.

But there is one, the best,
The sweetest, gentlest, most beloved of all;
For me she'll leave the rest,
And oh! how gladly seem her words to fall,
Though all unanswered by the silent lute,
Whose chords are broken, and the sweet voice
mute:

And with a skill, love-taught,
Will read my feelings on my varying cheek,
Unlock each sealed thought
And give it utterance: if these lips could speak,
Oh, my sweet sister! every word should be
A heartfelt blessing, and breathed forth for thee!

THE TRUEST FRIEND.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

There is a friend, a secret friend,
In every trial, every grief,
To cheer, to counsel, and defend,—
Of all we ever had the chief!—
A friend, who watching from above,
Whene'er in Error's path we trod,
Still sought us with reproving love;
That friend, that secret friend, is God!

There is a friend, a faithful friend,
In every chance and change of fate,
Whose boundless love doth solace send,
When other friendships come too late!
A friend, that when the world deceives,
And wearily we onward plod,
Still comforts every heart that grieves;
That true, that faithful friend, is God!

How blest the years of life might flow,
In one unchanged, unshaken trust;
If man this truth would only know,
And love his Maker, and be just!
Yea, there's a friend, a constant friend,
Who ne'er forsakes the lowliest sod,
But in each need, His hand doth lend;
That friend, that truest friend, is God!

REALIZATION OF A DREAM.

"I thought he loved, and blushed to think
A maiden's heart should feel
A hope, a trust, a joy which yet
She could not but conceal.

"I thought he loved; the anxious eye,
Upraised in doubt to mine,
Spoke in a language which the heart
Can easily divine!

"I thought he loved: it was not once
Our eager glances met;
But times too many to recount,
Too happy to forget!

"Oh! blissful thought! oh! daylike dream!
It seemed the dawning bright
Of hope beyond anxiety,
Of a day without a night!

"And moments passed, and happy hour
In silence glided by;
And I felt the magic of his voice,
And the lightning of his eye:

"But oh! when sorrow on me fell,
And tears from hope were wrung,
I felt the living tenderness
That trembled on his tongue!

"I felt he loved! few words were spoken
In that eventful hour,
For faith and truth live in the eyes,
And silence hath its power!

"And then no more a maiden's blush
My own fond heart reproved,
For I could only think of joy
When I only felt he loved!"

"JUDGE NOT."

BY MRS. VALENTINE BARTHOLOMEW.

Scorn not the poet's wildest lay,
But rather think your own eyes dim;
The light of inspiration may
Seem faint to you but bright to mine.

How can you tell but some great plan
May in his high-wrought fancies lie,
To benefit his fellow-man,
And teach him how to live—not die!

Think your own judgment may be weak
Your heart not trained to comprehend
The earnest truth which others seek,
To make themselves the world's best friend,

Fling not your taunts upon the schemes
Of those who labor for your good;
Reject not that which idle seems,
Because by you not understood.

From *Fraser's Magazine*.

THE CHARM OF FRIENDSHIP.

Sweet comes a calm to weary mariners,
Who long have struggled with the ocean wave's
Tempestuous fury—toss'd on billows high,
'Mid lightning flash, and thunder's deaf'ning peal.

Some wild excitement—hope—or stern despair,
Endured by turns, for days; each passing hour
To them a day, and every day—a year.
All hope resigned their home again to see,
Where a fond mother, sister, wife, doth weep
Through the long night, and for their safety pray
As steals through lattice pane the taper's lonely ray.

How sweet to these the morning calm! but far
More sweet, methinks, to one who, crushed by woes
And by the crowd, which in prosperity
Had fawned and flattered, left to weep alone,
To find one gen'rous, faithful friend, whose soul,
Scorning the world's harsh taunts, will gladly share
His sadden'd friendship,—spurn with bold disdain
The open charge or secret slander, calm
His troubled soul, and be the world to him.

Such to Orestes was his Pylades;
Such to a Damon, Pythias. One friend
Thus found will sweeten ev'ry bitter cup
Misfortune holds in store; will teach our minds
To love the world our selfishness had cursed,
And lead us back in quiet peace to Him
Who bade us "Love our neighbor as ourself."

MEMORY.

I am an old man—very old
My hair is thin and grey;
My hand shakes like an autumn leaf,
That wild winds toss all day.
Beneath the pent-house of my brows,
My dim and watery eyes
Gleam like faint lights within a pile,
Which half in ruin lies.

O'er happy childhood's sports and plays,
Youth's friendship, and youth's love,
I oftentimes brood in memory,
As o'er its nest the dove.
In fancy through the fields I stray,
And by the river wide;
And see a once beloved face
Still smiling at my side

I sit in the old parlor nook,
And she sits near me there;
We read from the same book—my cheek
Touching her chestnut hair.
I have grown old—oh, very old!
But she is ever young,
As when through moonlit alleys green
We walked, and talked, and sung.

She is unchanged—I see her now
As in that last, last view,
When by the garden gate we took
A smiling short adieu.
Oh Death, thou hast a charmed touch,
Though cruel 'tis and cold;
Embalmed by thee in memory,
Love never can grow old.

INFANCY.

BY MARY LEMAN GILLIES.

How beautiful is infancy!
The bud upon the tree,
With all its young leaves folded yet,
Is not so sweet to me.
How day, like a young mother, looks
Upon the lovely thing;
And from its couch, at her approach,
How rosy sleep takes wing.

Oh! this makes morning's toilette-hour
So beautiful to see;
Her rising wakens all young things—
The babe, the bird, the bee.
The infant sunbeams, from the clouds
That curtain their blue bed,
Peep forth, like little ones that fear
Lest darkness be not fled;
Till morn assures them, and they wave
Their saffron wings, and take
The rapture of their rosy flight
O'er lee and lawn and lake,
Gladd'ning the glowing butterflies
That float about like flowers,
And the bee abroad on busy wing
To seek the budding bowers,
And breezes up-sprung from the sea
And hurrying o'er the hills,
Brushing the bright dew as they pass,
And rippling all the rills.
But infancy—sweet infancy!—
Thou'rt sweeter than all these—
Than bird, or bee, or butterfly,
Or bower, or beam, or breeze:
Far sweeter is thy bloomy cheek,
Thine eyes all bland and bright,
Thy mouth the rosy cell of sound,
With thy budding teeth all white;
Thy joyous sports, thy jocund glee,
Thy gushes of glad mirth,
The clapping of thy rosy hands,
Thou merriest thing on earth!
Thou gift of heaven—thou promise-plant—
On earth, in air, or sea,
There's nothing half so priceless, or
So beautiful to me.

PRINCIPLE AND OPINION.

Principle and Opinion!—of the last
I deem but lightly: 'tis a thing of change;
Holds not the earnest man, or holds not fast;
But which he holds, subjected to the range
Of thought and time and chance. A man can
yield
Opinion, hide it, quit it, or defer.
Not so with Principle: he anchors there;
It is his lever; it hath power to wield
His life, to make him ever minister
To its behests; it is his soul, his life;
And whether it shall bring him peace or strife
Is wide o' the mark; it is his sword, his shield,
His dominant chord.—They are thus different;
That Principle is fate, Opinion accident.



THE BIRTHPLACE OF CANOVA.—At sunset I found myself on the summit of a crest of rocks; it was the last of the Alps. At my feet stretched Venetia, immense and dazzling by its light and its vast extent. I had emerged from the mountains, but towards what point of my course? Between the plain and the peak from which I gazed, stretched a fine oval valley, protected on one side by the sides of the Alps; on the other, raised on a terrace above the plain, and sheltered from the sea winds by a rampart of green hills. Directly beneath me was a village, planted on the declivity in picturesque disorder. This poor hamlet is crowned with a vast and beautiful temple of marble, quite new, of dazzling whiteness, and seated with a proud air on the top of the hill. I do not know what was the exact idea personified, that this monument at the time struck me with. It seemed to have the air of contemplating Italy, spread before it like a map, and from that point commanding it.

A workman who was quarrying in the marble of the same hill, told me that that church, of Pagan form, was the work of Canova, and that the village of Possagno, seated at its foot, was the birthplace of this great sculptor of modern times. "Canova was the son of an old quarryman," added the mountaineer; "he was originally a poor laborer like myself."

How often has Canova seated himself on that rock, where he himself reared a temple to his own memory! What looks has he cast on that Italy which has decreed him so many trophies! on that world over which he has exercised the peaceful royalty of his genius, by the side of the terrible royalty of Napoleon! Did he desire—did he hope for his glory? When he had cut out and cleared away a part of this rock, did he know that from that hand, accustomed to rude work, should proceed all the gods of Olympus, and all the kings of the earth? Could he divine this new race of sovereigns who were to come to light and seek immortality from his chisel? When he had the eyes of the youth, and perhaps of the lover, for the beautiful mountain girls of his valley, could he imagine such a thing as the Princess Borghese in nature's own dress before him?

The valley of Possagno has the form of a cradle; it seems made for the birthplace of the man who issued from it. It is worthy of having served as such for a genius; and one can conceive the sublimity of intelligence unfolding itself with ease in a country so beautiful and under a sky so pure. The clearness of the streams, the warmth of the sun, the strength of

the vegetation, the beauty of the human form in this part of the Alps, and the magnificence of the far-off views which the valley commands from all parts, seem made expressly to nourish the loftiest faculties of the soul, and to excite the most noble ambitions. This kind of terrestrial Paradise, where intellectual youth can bloom with all its spring sap about it; this immense horizon, which seems to appeal to the present, and to summon up thoughts of the future; are not these the two chief conditions for the fulfilment of a beautiful destiny?

The life of Canova was fertile and generous as the sun which shone over his birthplace. Sincere and simple as a true mountaineer, he always regarded with a tender affection the village and the poor cot in which he was born. He had it very modestly embellished, and he went to rest there in the autumn of his annual labors. He then delighted himself with designing the Herculean forms of the peasants, and the truly Grecian heads of the girls. The villagers of Possagno say, with pride, that the chief models of the rich collection of the works of Canova have come from their valley. It is enough to pass through it, to detect there at each step the type of the cold beauty which characterizes the statuary of the empire. The chief attraction of these mountain girls—and precisely that which the marble cannot reproduce—is their freshness of color and transparency of skin. It is to these that can be applied, without exaggeration, the eternal metaphor of lilies and roses. Their eyes have an exceeding clearness, and an uncertain shade, at once green and blue, which is peculiar to the stone called aquamarine. Canova particularly loved the delicious softness of their fair hair, abundant and heavy. He painted them himself, before copying them, and disposed of their tresses according to the various forms of the Grecian statue.

The girls have generally an expression of sweetness and *naïveté*, which, reproduced with finer lineaments and more delicate forms, have been able to inspire Canova with the delicious head of Psyche. The men have the colossal head, the prominent forehead, hair thick and fair—eyes large, lively, and bold—the face short and square; nothing thoughtful nor delicate in the physiognomy, but with a frankness and boldness which recall the expression of the antique statues.

The Temple of Canova is an exact copy of the Pantheon of Rome. It is of beautiful white marble, traversed by red and rose-colored veins, but soft and already mouldering by the frost. Canova, with a philanthropic aim, had erected this church with

the view of attracting a concourse of strangers and travellers to Possagno, and thus procuring some additional trade and income to the inhabitants of the mountain. He intended to make it a kind of museum of his works. The body of the church was to be surrounded by sacred subjects, the product of his chisel, and the galleries were to be devoted partly to the reception of profane subjects. He died before he was able to accomplish his purpose, leaving considerable sums behind for the completion of the work. But although his own brother, the Bishop Canova, was charged with the superintendence of the building, a sordid economy or a monstrous bad faith has presided over the execution of the last wishes of the sculptor. Excepting the fabric of marble, on which there was no further time to speculate, his executors have most sordidly attended to the necessity of filling it. In place of the twelve colossal marble statues which were to occupy the dozen niches of the cupola, there are erected twelve grotesque giants, which an able painter has ironically designed, it is said, to revenge himself on the sordid shuffling of the directors of the undertaking. Very little of the sculpture of Canova adorns the interior of the monument. Some bas-reliefs of small size, but of a most pure and elegant design, are incrustured round the chapel. You have seen them at the Academy of the Fine Arts at Venice, and regarded them with admiration. You have seen there, also, the group of Christ in the tomb, which certainly embodies the coldest of Canova's ideas. The bronze of this group is in the Temple of Possagno, as also the tomb which contains the mortal remains of the sculptor; it is a Greek sarcophagus, very simple, and very beautiful, executed after his own designs.

Another group of Christ in his shroud, painted in oil, decorates the high altar. Canova, the most modest of sculptors, had pretensions to being a painter.* He passed many years in retouching this picture, happily the sole child of his old age, and which, through affection for his virtues and respect for his glory, his heirs ought sacredly to preserve amongst them and enshrine in their tenderest regards.—*George Sand.*

PICKWICK, BOZ, AND OTHER MATTER.—“In the course of the last dozen years,” says Mr. Dickens, in the preface to the new edition of his works, “I have seen various accounts of the origin of these *Pickwick Papers*, which have, at all events, possessed for me the charm of perfect novelty. As I may infer, from the occasional appearance of such histories, that my readers have an interest in the matter, I will relate how they came into existence. I was a young man of three-and-twenty, when the present publishers, attracted by some pieces I was at that time writing in the *Morning Chronicle* newspaper (of which one series had lately been collected and published, in two volumes, illustrated by my esteemed friend, Mr. George Cruikshank), waited upon me to propose a something that should be published in shilling numbers; then only known to me, or, I believe, to anybody else, by a dim recollection of certain interminable novels in that form, which used, some five-and-twenty years ago, to be carried about the country by pedlars, and over some of which I remember to have shed innumerable tears before I served my apprenticeship to life.

When I opened my door in Furnival's Inn to the managing partner who represented the firm, I recognised in him the person from whose hands I had bought, two or three years previously, and whom I had never seen before or since, the first copy of the magazine in which my first effusion—dropped stealthily one evening at twilight, with fear and

trembling, in a dark letter-box, in a dark office, up a dark court in Fleet-st.—appeared in all the glory of print; on which occasion, by-the-by—how well I recollect it!—I walked down to Westminster Hall, and turned into it for half an hour, because my eyes were so dimmed with joy and pride that they could not bear the street, and were not fit to be seen there. I told my visitor of the coincidence, which we both hailed as a good omen, and so fell to business. The idea propounded to me was, that the monthly something should be made a vehicle for certain plates to be executed by Mr. Seymour, and there was a notion, either on the part of that admirable humorous artist, or of my visitor (I forget which), that a “Nimrod Club,” the members of which were to go out shooting, fishing, and so forth, and getting themselves into difficulties through their want of dexterity, would be the best means of introducing these.

I objected, on consideration, that, although born and partly bred in the country, I was no great sportsman, except in regard of all kinds of locomotion; that the idea was not novel, and had been already much used; that it would be infinitely better for the plates to arise naturally out of the text; and that I should like to take my own way, with a freer range of English scenes and people, and was afraid I should ultimately do so in any case, whatever course I might prescribe to myself at starting. My views being deferred to, I thought of Mr. Pickwick, and wrote the first number, from the proof-sheets of which Mr. Seymour made his drawing of the Club, and that happy portrait of its founder, by which he is always recognised, and which may be said to have made him a reality. I connected Mr. Pickwick with a Club, because of the original suggestion, and I put in Mr. Winkle expressly for the use of Mr. Seymour.

We started with a number of 24 pages instead of 32, and four illustrations in lieu of a couple. Mr. Seymour's sudden and lamented death before a second number was published, brought about a quick decision upon a point already in agitation; the number became one of 32 pages, with 2 illustrations, and remained so to the end. My friends told me it was a low, cheap form of publication, by which I should ruin all my rising hopes; and how right my friends turned out to be everybody now knows. “Boz,” my signature in the *Morning Chronicle*, appended to the monthly cover of this book, and retained long afterwards, was the nickname of my pet child, a younger brother, whom I had dubbed Moses, in honor of the Vicar of Wakefield, which being facetiously pronounced through the nose, became Boses, and being shortened, became Boz. “Boz” was a familiar household word to me long before I was an author, and so I came to adopt it.”

LITERARY PROVISION.—Mr. Albany Fonblanque is to succeed Mr. Porter in the Statistical department of the Board of Trade. The whole liberal party will feel grateful to Ministers for this recognition of services to which that party is so deeply indebted. It would not be easy to name any single agency through which liberal principles have been so successfully recommended to the educated classes as they have been through the writings of Mr. Fonblanque. Nor is this so much the effect of that exquisite style which will place his collected writings amongst the classics of our language, as it is owing to the unswerving consistency, the integrity, and manliness which have characterized the career of the conductor of *The Examiner*. We heartily join in thanking Lord John Russell for this acknowledgment, inadequate though we may think it, to one to whom we all owe so much.—*Morning Chronicle.*

AFFECTATION.—Amongst the whole number of Rochefoucauld's "Maximes," there is none more constantly verified by what we see in every-day life than this one—"On n'est jamais si ridicule par les qualités que l'on a que par celles que l'on affecte d'avoir."—"People are never so ridiculous in consequence of qualities they really possess, as of those which they affect to have." If a thorough conviction of the truth of this maxim could by any means be impressed on every one to whom it is applicable, it would go a good way towards revolutionizing the manners of half the population. But those to whom it is most applicable, are precisely those unthinking persons on whom all reasoning would be utterly wasted. There are, however, a very large number who have sense enough to see the truth, if they can only be induced to pay attention to it, and whose tendency to affected habits would be easily checked, if they could be made to see them in the same light as others do. Of the motives which regulate our ordinary life, there is none greater than the desire of our neighbor's respect, or fear of his ridicule. Wounded vanity or diminished self-respect is the bitterest and most unforgiving enemy you can raise up. A man may know that you hate him, and yet become your friend afterwards; but if he knows that you despise him, he is, and will be, your enemy for life. Now, of all the defects and infirmities under which a person labors from natural causes, or others over which he has had no control, there is none which brings the person into contempt. Sometimes, it is true, children and others may laugh at some of those mistakes or accidents occasioned by these things—as, for instance, at a deaf person's making an irrelevant answer to a question, &c.; but this is unaccompanied by the slightest particle of disrespect. But if the individual having these imperfections endeavors foolishly to conceal them, they become forthwith objects of ridicule. Now, nobody would attempt this concealment, unless he imagined that he was gaining in respect by it; whereas the natural imperfections would never have raised a sneer, whilst the attempts at hiding them are just what people laugh at. But the great mass of the affected have no such excuse as the desire to cover over natural defects. These are generally purely gratuitous attempts to make one's-self look very grand, or very handsome, or very wise: whilst every bystander is exclaiming, "What an ass that fellow is making of himself!" It is really astonishing how quickly everything like showing off is detected. Insolent and vulgar people take a wicked pleasure in mortifying all such affected persons to their faces (and really sometimes they deserve it); whilst better-mannered spectators are quietly laughing "in their sleeve." Let us take a few examples in illustration. Perhaps one of the most frequent, though trifling causes of people making themselves ridiculous, is dress. Now, I have often thought it a great pity that the poorer classes (especially) cannot be convinced that they look every bit as "respectable" in their everyday working clothes (if clean), as if dressed out in the gaudiest Sunday finery. And it is precisely their overdoing it on Sundays that marks out their want of good taste. There is something *disgraced* in the appearance of a number of masons or carpenters, &c., going to their work, which cannot have a stronger contrast than in the tawdry finery—rings, gilt chains, pins, and nobody can tell what rubbish besides—with which the conceited shopman decks himself on Sundays, looking, nevertheless, stiff and ill at ease. The grand characteristic of gracefulness is to be quiet, easy, and natural. How many ladies are there in

Great Britain who can *walk* gracefully? The reason of there being so few who do so, is, that they are not accustomed to it; it is not *natural* to them. Now, all the dancing-masters in existence can never make them do that gracefully which is not acquired naturally. Let them become as much *accustomed* to walking as the signoras of Spain, and they will do it as gracefully.

Again, take the tone of voice and accent as an example. If anything will sicken and disgust a man, it is the affected, mincing way in which some people choose to talk. It is perfectly nauseous. If those young jackanapes, who screw their words into all manner of diabolical shapes, could only feel how perfectly disgusting they were, it might induce them to drop it. With many it soon becomes such a confirmed habit, that they cannot again be taught to talk in a plain, straightforward, manly way. In the lower order of ladies' boarding-schools, and indeed too much everywhere, the same sickening mincing tone is often found. Some specimens I have heard, which make me feel sick even to think of them. Do, pray, good people, talk in your natural tone, if you don't wish to be utterly ridiculous and contemptible; for there is nothing which more inevitably marks a coxcomb and a fool than this same sentimental mealy-mouthedness. They fancy that it is "aristocratic!" I have not the entrée at Devonshire House myself, but I would refer the men to the Houses of Lords and Commons, and the ladies to our Queen, believing in neither will they find any precedent for their fooleries. All travellers amongst the native Indians of America remark the gracefulness and dignity which characterize their actions. There is no reason why ours should not be the same. Only be natural, and you avoid most of what is *ungraceful*; and by being content with your own natural character and appearance, you will certainly escape that contemptuous ridicule which invariably falls on every species of Affectation.—*Chambers's Journal*.

THE DULCE AND THE UTILE.—When Sir John Carr was in Glasgow, about the year 1807, he was asked by the magistrates to give his advice concerning the inscription to be placed on Nelson's monument, then just completed. The travelling knight recommended this brief record—"Glasgow to Nelson." "True," said one of the bailies, "and as there is the town of Nelson near us, we might add, 'Glasgow to Nelson ix. miles,' so that the column might serve both for a milestone and a monument."

THE WARS BETWEEN ENGLAND AND FRANCE.—The following table relative to the wars between England and France, and the periods of their duration, since the war which commenced in 1116 and lasted two years, will be read with interest:—

1141	lasted 1 year.	1557	lasted 2 years
1161	" 25 "	1562	" 2 "
1201	" 15 "	1627	" 2 "
1224	" 19 "	1666	" 1 "
1294	" 5 "	1689	" 10 "
1339	" 21 "	1702	" 11 "
1368	" 52 "	1744	" 11 "
1423	" 49 "	1756	" 7 "
1494	" 1 month.	1778	" 5 "
1512	" 2 years.	1793	" 9 "
1521	" 6 "	1803	" 11 "
1549	" 1 "		

Hence it appears, that in the space of 713 years war has been carried on between England and France for the period of 263 years.

A COTTAGER'S DAUGHTER MARCHIONESS OF EXETER.—Sarah Hoggins was the second wife of Henry, afterwards Earl and Marquis of Exeter, to whom she was married October 3, 1791; she died January 18, 1797, aged 94 years. The Earl died in 1804. This amiable woman, whose virtues gave a lustre to the title of Countess of Exeter, and who died lamented by all who knew her, has something so uncommonly interesting in the history of her life, that a detailed sketch cannot but be acceptable to every reader of sensibility. When the Earl was a minor, he married a lady from whom he was afterwards divorced. After the separation had taken place, the Earl (his uncle) advised him to retire into the country for some time, and pass as a private gentleman. Mr. Cecil accordingly bent his course into a remote part of Shropshire; and fixing his residence at an inn in a small village, he amused himself there for some months, passing by the name of Jones. He took a dislike to this situation, and sought out a farm-house where he might board and lodge.

Several families refused to receive him, but at length he found a situation which answered his purpose; and in consideration of his liberal offers, and the knowledge of his possessing money, a farmer fitted him up rooms for his accommodation. Here he continued to reside for about two years; but time hanging heavy on his hands, he purchased some land, on which he built himself a house. The farmer, at whose house Mr. Cecil resided, had a daughter, about 17 years of age, whose rustic beauties threw at an infinite distance all that he had ever beheld in the circle of fashion. Although placed in an humble sphere, Mr. Cecil perceived that her beauty would adorn, and her virtue shed a lustre on the most elevated station. He therefore frankly told the cottagers that he was desirous of marrying their daughter, and the celebration of their nuptials was accordingly consummated. Shortly afterwards, the news arrived of his uncle's death, when he found it necessary to repair to town. Mr. Cecil (now Earl of Exeter), taking his wife with him, set out on his journey, and called at the seats of several noblemen, at which places, to the great astonishment of his wife (now of course a Countess), he was welcomed in the most friendly manner. At length they arrived at Burghley, where they were welcomed with acclamations of joy. As soon as he had settled his affairs, the Earl of Exeter returned to Shropshire, discovered his rank to his wife's father and mother, put them into the house he had built there, and settled on them an income of 700*l.* per annum. He afterwards took the Countess with him to London, introduced her to the fashionable world, where she was respected, admired, and adored, until it pleased the Great Disposer of events to call her spirit to a more lasting region of happiness.

PRIZE ESSAY ON HYDROPHOBIA.—A non-professional gentleman has offered a fifty-pound prize for the best essay on hydrophobia, as it affects the human subject, its causes, pathology, prevention, and treatment. The competition open to all writers. The judges, Professors Christison, Simpson, and Miller, of the Edinburgh University. The essays to be lodged with Mr. Blair Wilson, Secretary to the University of Edinburgh, on or before the 1st of May, 1849. Considering the importance of this subject, and the difficulties attending its study, we suggest that the medical boards of London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Dublin, should jointly contribute 150*l.* more, making the prize 200*l.* The subject might then receive the attention which its peculiar and serious nature merits.—*People's Journal.*

SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.—The earliest quarto editions of the plays of Shakspeare, wherein the title-pages are given exactly as they stand, and in the form in which they are printed in the original editions. It has generally been said that there are 20 quarto editions of plays by Shakspeare, printed anterior to the folio of 1623; but the fact is that, exclusive of "The Taming of the Shrew," the title-page of the quarto edition of which bears date in 1631, there are only seventeen quartos. Steevens, in 1766, to make up the number, added the two parts of "The Troublesome Reign of King John," 1611, which nobody in modern times has imputed to Shakspeare, although "Written by W. Sh." was inserted fraudulently on the title-page by the old printer: he also reprinted among his "Twenty Quartos" the two parts of the "Contention between the two Houses of Lancaster and York;" but he strangely omitted "Pericles," which had much more than an equal claim to the distinction. The undoubted plays of Shakspeare, which came from the press in quarto before 1623, were the following, and our list is made out according to the dates of publication:

Romeo and Juliet - 1597	Merchant of Venice 1600
Richard the Second 1597	Henry the Fifth - 1600
Richard the Third 1597	Titus Andronicus 1600
Henry the Fourth,	Merry Wives of
part 1 - - - - 1598	Windsor - - - - 1602
Love's Labors Lost 1598	Hamlet - - - - 1603
Much Ado about	King Lear - - - - 1608
Nothing - - - - 1600	Troilus and Cressida - - - - 1609
Midsummer Night's	Pericles - - - - 1609
Dream - - - - 1600	Othello - - - - 1622
Henry the Fourth,	
part 2 - - - - 1600	

Thus it will be seen at once how irregularly Shakspeare's dramas came from the press, viz. three in 1597, two in 1598, six in 1600, one in 1602, and another in 1603, one in 1608, two in 1609, and one in 1622. Why six separate productions were crowded into 1600, while in various years none at all appeared, is matter of curious and interesting speculation: five of these six were printed from good manuscripts, whether derived from the theatre or from any other source, while the sixth was indisputably surreptitious, and never could have been authorized by anybody.—*Mr. Collier, in the Shakspeare Society papers.*

HEATHENISH CHRISTIAN NAMES.—It is not a good thing to be Tom'd or Bob'd, Jack'd or Jim'd, Sam'd or Ben'd, Natty'd or Batty'd, Neddy'd or Teddy'd, Will'd or Bill'd, Dick'd or Nick'd, Joe'd or Jerry'd, as you go through the world. And yet it is worse to have a Christian name, that for its oddity shall be in everybody's mouth when you are spoken of, as if it were pinned upon your back, or labelled upon your forehead—Quintin Dick for example, which would have been still more unlucky if Mr. Dick had happened to have a cast in his eye. "The Report on Parochial Registration" contains a singular example of the inconvenience which may arise from giving a child an uncouth Christian name. A gentleman called Anketil Gray had occasion for a certificate of his baptism: it was known at what church he had been baptized, but on searching the register there, no such name could be found: some mistake was presumed, therefore, not in the entry, but in the recollection of the parties, and many other registers were examined without success. At length the first register was again recurred to, and then, upon a closer investigation, they found him entered as Miss Ann Kettle Gray.—*The Doctor.*

THE VOCATIVE OF "CAT."—The Archbishop of Dublin, who knows as well as any one how "*desipere in loco*," teased by some grammarian, challenged his tormentor to decline the commonest noun—"cat," for example. The pedant contemptuously proceeded—

"Nominative—a cat, or the cat.
Genitive—of a cat, or &c.
Dative—to or for a cat, or &c.
Accusative—a cat, or &c.
Vocative—O cat!"

"Wrong," interrupted the Archbishop: "*pass* is the vocative of cat all through the United Kingdom, and wherever else the Teutonic dialects are spoken."

REVIVAL OF THE EARLDOM OF STRAFFORD.—The revival of the Earldom of Strafford, by the elevation of General Lord Strafford to that title, is a revival which takes place for the third time. The first occurred in the reign of Charles II., who restored the title to the son of the great Earl of Strafford, sacrificed by Charles I. to the popular hatred. The second revival of the title was made by Queen Anne, who conferred it on a male relative of the same family; and the third takes place under Queen Victoria, by whom it is now conferred on the brother of the late member for Middlesex, and may, doubtless in some measure, be regarded as a tribute to the memory of that most consistent public man, who, during the course of a life spent in his country's political service, upheld firmly, under good and evil report, those principles of civil and religious liberty of which his family have ever been the staunch and undeviating adherents.—*Globe*.

CAMPBELL'S LIVES OF THE LORD CHANCELLORS.—Lord Campbell has just completed the two concluding volumes of his "Lives of the Lord Chancellors of England,"—containing those of Lords Loughborough, Erskine, and Eldon. The whole of Lord Loughborough's papers and correspondence have been submitted to his lordship by the present Earl of Rosslyn, his representative; the Earl of Auckland has lent a large collection of letters from Lord Loughborough to his father, and the present Viscount Melville a curious collection respecting Catholic Emancipation in 1801. For the life of Lord Erskine, his lordship has obtained "an exquisitely beautiful letter, written by him when he was a boy, at St. Andrew's, about to become a soldier or a sailor," and all the note-books compiled by him when he was a student of law, when he was at the bar, and when he was Chancellor. Nor will the Life of Eldon be found without its attractions—Sir Robert Peel having placed at the discretion of his lordship all the letters which passed between him and Lord Eldon, from the time of Sir Robert's appointment to the office of Secretary of State for the Home Department, in 1823. These letters were either withheld from Mr. Twiss, or, perhaps, never applied for.—*Athenæum*.

AN ANALYSIS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS FOR THE YEAR 1846.—2 marquesses, 6 earls, 23 viscounts, 32 lords, 34 right honorables, 60 honorables, 60 baronets, 10 knights, 7 lord lieutenants, 109 deputy and vice-lieutenants, 2 lieutenant-generals, 7 major-generals, 26 colonels, 24 lieutenant-colonels, 7 majors, 5 admirals, 50 captains in army and navy, 12 lieutenants, 7 cornets, 75 barristers and advocates, 4 solicitors, 53 magistrates, 23 bankers, 27 East and West India proprietors, 84 placemen, 101 patrons of Church livings, having 232 livings between them.—*People's Almanac*.

CAMELS IN AUSTRALIA.—A correspondent of the (Sydney) *Australian Journal* recommends strongly the extensive introduction of the camel from India, which, having been successfully imported into the Mauritius, might doubtless be brought safe to Port Essington (or to Swan River), and thence be generally introduced. The best camel (he says) as a beast of burden is that of the Marwarre breed, purchasable in India at 60 to 100 rupees, 6*l.* to 10*l.*, and, being a browsing rather than a grazing animal, is easily sustained by leaves or young branches gathered by itself *en route*, or brought to it by a careful driver, who can easily manage three of these animals. They travel in single file, the nose of one being attached by a rope through the cartilage to the crupper of another, carrying 400*lb.* if very moderately laden, up to 700*lb.* or 800*lb.* upon emergency, and averaging 2½ miles an hour. So that, for the purpose of an expedition or a long journey in Australia, a band of six camels would carry 1,600*lb.* of provision and kit, and 800*lb.* of water in muskets or skin bottles. Like the horse, the camel breeds annually, produces one at a birth, and seems just adapted to perform good services in journeying through the most sandy and scrubby wastes of Australia.—*South Australian Register*.

FINANCES OF RUSSIA.—The finances of Russia are very considerably and rapidly on the increase, and the revenue is at this time certainly above 500,000,000*fr.* The duty on brandy is the chief source; this amounted in 1844 to about 128,000,000 of paper rubles. The revenue of the Customs is the second item, and since 1840 has amounted to above 100,000,000 of paper rubles; the poll tax produces about 80,000,000; the contributions imposed on the cultivation of grain, 30,000,000 to 40,000,000; that imposed upon commerce, 20,000,000 to 25,000,000. The Post Office returns in 1843 were 3,174,963 silver rubles, and the actual revenue may be calculated at about 1,000,000*fr.* The patents yield from 3,000,000 to 4,000,000, and timber the same. The mines belonging to the Crown, and the duties imposed upon the washing of gold in the mines belonging to private persons, give from 15,000,000 to 20,000,000. To these sources of public revenue must be added that of the ground rents, the monopoly of tobacco, and of playing cards, the tax upon salt, upon the Crown manufactures, &c.—*Dutch Paper*.

LAST COMPLIMENT TO JENNY LIND.—Jenny Lind has left us; but ere she had half crossed the Channel, an English mermaid rose ahead of the ship; the paddles were stopped, and the Syren begged of the Swede to accept as a slight memorial, her comb and mirror. Jenny, of course, received the gifts with her usual sweetness. She then begged the Syren to sing a song; but the mermaid, shaking her head—as much as to say, "Since you've been heard, it's all up with mermaids,"—with a bubbling sigh dived to the bottom of the deep.

A GENOESSE RAPHAEL.—The painting by Raphael, known by the name of the "Virgin of Loretto," of which there are numerous copies, though the original has long been believed to have been lost or destroyed, has been at last found at Genoa, by the Marquis de Spinola, Grand Chamberlain, and President of the Albertine Academy. The distinguished connoisseur, instead of converting this precious discovery to enrich his own collection, has offered it to the King of Sardinia, who at once decided upon making the acquisition. All the artists of Turin have examined it, and pronounce it to be authentic.



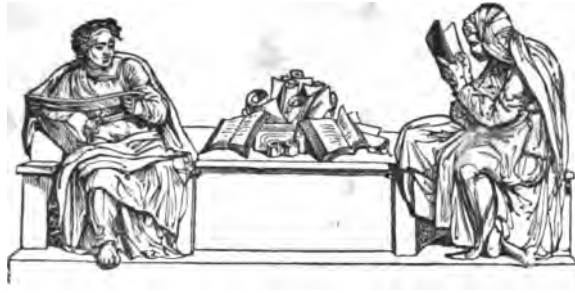
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Vol. XIII. No. II. 10



THE
E C L E C T I C M A G A Z I N E
 OF
 FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

FEBRUARY, 1848.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

EMERSON.

THE genius of America seems hitherto disposed to manifest itself rather in works of reason and reflection than in those displays of poetic fervor which are usually looked for in a nascent literature. And a little consideration would lead us, probably, to expect this. America presents itself upon the scene, enters into the drama of the world, at a time when the minds of men are generally awakened and excited to topics of grave and practical importance. It is not a great poem that mankind now want or look for; they rather demand a great work, or works, on human society, on the momentous problems which our social progress, as well as our social difficulties, alike give rise to. If on a new literature a peculiar mission could be imposed, such would probably be the task assigned to it.

The energetic and ceaseless industry of the people of America, the stern and serious character of the founders of New England, the tendency which democracy must necessarily encourage to reason much and boldly on the interests of the community,—would all lead us to the same anticipation; so far as any anticipation can be warranted, regarding the erratic course and capricious development of literary genius.

The first contribution, we believe, our libraries received from America, was the half theological, half metaphysical Treatise on the Will, by Jonathan Edwards. This follower of Calvin is understood to have

stated the gloomy and repulsive doctrines of master with an unrivalled force of logic. Such is the reputation which *Edwards on the Will* enjoys; and we are contented to speak from reputation. The doctrine of necessity, even when intelligently applied to the circle of human thoughts and passions, is not the most inviting tenet of philosophy. It is quickly learned, and what little fruit it yields is soon gathered. But when combined with the theological dogma, wrung from texts of scripture, of predestination; when the law of necessity, supposed to regulate the temper and affairs of the human being in this little life, is converted into a divine sentence of condemnation to a future and eternal fate—it then becomes one of the most odious and irrational of tenets that ever obscured the reason or clouded the piety of mankind. We confess, therefore, that we are satisfied with re-echoing the traditional reputation of Jonathan Edwards, without earning, by perusal of his work, the right to pronounce upon its justice.

The first contribution, also, which America made to the amount of our knowledge, was of a scientific character, and, moreover, the most anti-poetical imaginable. As such, at least, it must be described by those who are accustomed to think that a peculiar mystery attached to one phenomenon of nature more than another, is essentially poetic. Several poets, our Campbell

amongst the number, have complained that the laws of optics have disenchanted the rainbow; but the analysis of Newton is poetry itself compared to that instance of the daring and levelling spirit of science which Franklin exhibited, when he proved the lightning to be plain electricity; took the bolts of Jupiter, analyzed them, bottled them in Leyden jars, and experimented on them as with the sparks of his own electrical machine.

As the first efforts of American genius were in the paths of grave and searching inquiry, so, too, at this present moment, if we were called upon to point out amongst the works of our trans-Atlantic brethren, our compatriots still in language, the one which above all others, displayed the undoubted marks of original genius,—it would be a prose work, and one of a philosophical character we should single out;—we should point to the writings of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

The Americans are frequently heard to lament the absence of nationality in their literature. Perhaps no people are the first to perceive their own character reflected in the writings of one of their countrymen; this nationality is much more open to the observation of a foreigner. We are quite sure that no French or German critic could read the speculations of Emerson, without tracing in them the spirit of the nation to which this writer belongs. The new democracy of the New World is apparent, he would say, in the philosophy of one who yet is no democrat, and, in the ordinary sense of the word, no politician. For what is the prevailing spirit of his writings? Self-reliance, and the determination to see in the man of to-day, in his own, and in his neighbor's mind, the elements of all greatness. Whatever the most exalted characters of history, whatever the most opulent of literatures, has displayed or revealed, of action or of thought,—the germ of all lies within yourself. This is his frequent text. What does he say of history? "I have no expectation that any man will read history aright, who thinks that what was done in a remote age, by men whose names have resounded far, has any deeper sense than what he is doing to-day." He is, as he describes himself, "an endless seeker of truth, with no past at his back." He delights to raise the individual existing mind to the level, if not above the level, of all that has been thought or enacted. He will not endure the imposing claims of

antiquity, of great nations, or of great names. "It is remarkable," he says, "that involuntarily we always read as superior beings. Universal history, the poets, the romancers, do not, in their stateliest pictures, in the sacerdotal, the imperial palaces, in the triumphs of will or of genius, anywhere make us feel that we intrude, that this is for our betters, but rather is it true that in their grandest strokes, there we feel most at home. *All that Shakspeare says of the king, yonder slip of a boy that reads in the corner, feels to be true of himself.*"

Neither do the names of foreign cities, any more than of ancient nations, overawe or oppress him. Of travelling, he says, "I have no churlish objection to the circumnavigation of the globe, for the purposes of art, of study, and benevolence, so that the man is first domesticated, or does not go abroad with the hope of finding somewhat greater than he knows. He who travels to be amused, or to get somewhat which he does not carry, travels away from himself, and grows old, even in youth, among old things. In Thebes, in Palmyra, his will and mind have become old and dilapidated as they. He carries ruins to ruins. Travelling is a fool's paradise. We owe to our first journeys the discovery that place is nothing. At home I dream that at Naples, at Rome, I can be intoxicated with beauty, and lose my sadness. I pack my trunk, embrace my friends, embark on the sea, and at last wake up in Naples, and there beside me is the stern fact, the sad self, unrelenting, identical, that I fled from. I seek the Vatican and the palaces. I affect to be intoxicated with sights and suggestions, but I am not intoxicated. My giant goes with me wherever I go."

In a still higher strain he writes, "There is one mind common to all individual men. Every man is an inlet to the same, and to all of the same. He that is once admitted to the right of reason is made a freeman of the whole estate. What Plato has thought he may think; what a saint has felt he may feel; what at any time has befallen any man he can understand. Who hath access to this universal mind, is a party to all that is or can be done, for this is the only and sovereign agent." This passage is taken from the commencement of the *Essay on History*, and the *Essay* entitled "Nature," opens with a similar sentiment. He disclaims the retrospective spirit of our age that would "put the living generation into masquerade out of the faded wardrobe

of the past." He will not see through the eyes of others, "Why should not we also," he demands, "enjoy an original relation to the universe? Why should not we have a poetry and philosophy of insight, and not of tradition, and a religion by revelation to us, and not the history of theirs? The sun shines to-day also? Let us demand our own works, and laws, and worship."

In the Essay on Self-reliance—a title which might over-ride a great portion of his writings—he says: "Our reading is mendicant and sycophantic in history, our imagination makes fools of us, plays us false. Kingdom and lordship, power and estate, are a gaudier vocabulary than private John and Edward in a small house and common day's work: but the things of life are the same to both: the sum total of both is the same. Why all this deference to Alfred, and Scanderberg, and Gustavus? Suppose they were virtuous: *did they wear out virtue?*" And in a more sublime mood he proceeds: "Whenever a mind is simple, and receives a divine wisdom, then old things pass away,—means, teachers, texts, temples fall. Whence, then, this worship of the past? The centuries are conspirators against the sanity and majesty of the soul.

Man is timid and apologetic. He is no longer upright. He dares not say 'I think,' 'I am,' but quotes some saint or sage. He is ashamed before the blade of grass or the blowing rose. These roses under my window make no reference to former roses, or to better ones; they are for what they are; they exist with God to-day. There is no time to them. There is simply the rose,—perfect in every moment of its existence. But man postpones or remembers; he does not live in the present, but with reverted eye laments the past, or, heedless of the riches that surround him, stands on tiptoe to foresee the future. He cannot be happy and strong, until he, too, lives with nature in the present, above time."

Surely these quotations alone—which we have made with the additional motive of introducing at once to our readers the happier style and manner of the American philosopher—would bear out the French or German critic in their views of the nationality of this author. The spirit of the New World, and of a self-confident democracy, could not be more faithfully translated into the language of a high and abstract philosophy than it is here. We say that an air blowing from prairie and forest, and the

new Western World, is felt in the tone and spirit of Emerson's writings; we do not intend to intimate that the opinions expressed in them are at all times such as might be anticipated from an American. Far from it. Mr. Emerson regards the world from a peculiar point of view, that of an idealistic philosophy. Moreover, he is one of those wilful, capricious, though powerful thinkers, whose opinions it would not be very easy to anticipate, who balk all prediction, who defy angury.

For instance, a foreigner might naturally expect to find in the speculations of a New England philosopher, certain sanguine and enthusiastic views of the future condition of society. He will not find them here. Our idealist levels the past to the present, but he levels the future to the present also. If with him all that is old is new, so also all that is new is old. It is still the one great universal mind—like the great ocean—ebbing, flowing, in tempest now, and now in calm. He will not join in the shout that sees a new sun rising on the world. For ourselves (albeit little given to the too sanguine mood), we have more hope here than our author has expressed. We by no means subscribe to the following sentence. The measure of truth it expresses—and so well expresses—bears but a small proportion to the whole truth. "All men plume themselves on the improvement of society, and no man improves. Society never advances. It recedes as fast on one side as it gains on the other. It undergoes continual changes: it is barbarous, it is civilized, it is christianized, it is rich it is scientific; but this change is not amelioration. For everything that is given, something is taken. Society acquires new arts and loses old instincts. What a contrast between the well clad, reading, writing, thinking American, with a watch, a pencil, and a bill of exchange in his pocket, and the naked New Zealander, whose property is a club, a spear, a mat, and an undivided twentieth of a shed to sleep under. But compare the health of the two men, and you shall see that his aboriginal strength the white man has lost. If the traveller tell us truly, strike the savage with a broad axe, and in a day or two the flesh shall unite and heal as if you struck the blow into soft pitch, and the same blow shall send the white to his grave. The civilized man has built a coach, but has lost the use of his feet. He is supported on crutches, but loses so much support of muscle. He has got a fine Geneva watch, but he has lost

the skill to tell the hour by the sun. A Greenwich nautical almanac he has, and so being sure of the information when he wants it, the man in the street does not know a star in the sky. The solstice he does not observe; the equinox he knows as little; and the whole bright calendar of the year is without a dial in his mind. His notebooks impair his memory; his libraries overload his wit; the insurance office increases the number of accidents; it may be a question whether machinery does not encumber; whether we have not lost by refinement some energy, by a Christianity (entrenched in establishments and forms) some vigor of wild virtue. *For every Stoic was a Stoic; but in Christendom where is the Christian?"*

A French critic has designated Emerson the American Montaigne, struck, we presume, by his independence of manner, and a certain egotism which when accompanied by genius is as attractive, as it is ludicrous without that accompaniment. An English reader will be occasionally reminded of the manner of Sir Thomas Brown, author of the "*Religio Medici*." Like Sir Thomas, he sometimes startles us by a *curiosity* of reflection fitted to suggest and kindle thought, although to a dry logician it may seem a mere futility, or the idle play of imagination. Of course this similarity is to be traced only in single and detached passages; but we think we could select several quotations from the American writer which should pass off as choice morsels of Sir Thomas Brown, with one who was familiar with the strain of thought of the old Englishman, but whose memory was not of that formidable exactness as to render vain all attempt at imposition. Take the following for an instance:—"I hold our actual knowledge very cheap. Hear the rats in the wall, see the lizard on the fence, the fungus under foot, the lichen on the log. What do I know sympathetically, morally, of either of these worlds of life? As long as the Caucasian man—perhaps longer—these creatures have kept their council beside him, and there is no record of any word or sign that has passed from the one to the other. . . . I am ashamed to see what a shallow village tale our so-called history is. How many times we must say Rome, and Paris, and Constantinople. What does Rome know of rat or lizard? What are Olympiads and Consulates to these neighboring systems of being?"

Or this:—"Why should we make it a point to disparage that man we are, and that form of being assigned to us? A good man is contented. I love and honor Epaminondas, but I do not wish to be Epaminondas. I hold it more just to love the world of this hour, than the world of his hour. Nor can you, if I am true, excite me to the least uneasiness by saying 'he acted and thou sittest still.' I see action to be good, when the need is, and sitting still to be also good. Epaminondas, if he was the man I take him for, would have sat still with joy, and peace, if his lot had been mine. Heaven is large, and affords space for all modes of love and fortitude. Why should we be busy-bodies, and super-serviceable? Action and inaction are alike to the true. . . . Besides, why should we be cowed by the name of action? 'Tis a trick of the senses,—no more. We know that the ancestor of every action is a thought. The rich mind lies in the sun and sleeps, and is Nature. To think is to act."

Or, if one were to put down the name of Sir Thomas Brown as the author of such a sentence as the following, are there many who would detect the cheat? "I like the silent church, before the service begins, better than any preaching. How far off, how cool, how chaste the persons look, begirt each one with a precinct or sanctuary; so let us always sit. Why should we assume the faults of our friend, or wife, or father, or child, because they sit around our hearth, or are said to have the same blood?"

But Emerson is too original a mind to be either a Montaigne or a Sir Thomas Brown. He lives, too, in quite another age, and moves in a higher region of philosophy than either of them. The utmost that can be said is, that he is of the same class of independent, original thinkers, somewhat wayward and fitful, who present no system, or none that is distinctly and logically set forth, but cast before us many isolated truths expressed in vivid, spontaneous eloquence.

This class of writers may be described as one whose members, though not deficient in the love of *truth*, are still more conspicuous for their love of *thought*. They crave intellectual excitement; they have a genuine, inexhaustible ardor of reflection. They are not writers of systems, for patience would fail them to traverse the more arid parts of their subject, or those where they have nothing new, nothing of their own to put forth. The task of sitting and arrang-

ing materials that have passed a thousand times through the hands of others, does not accord with their temperament. Neither are they fond of retracing their own steps, and renewing, from the same starting place, the same inquiry. They are off to fresh pastures. They care not to be ruffling the leaves of the old manuscript, revising, qualifying, expunging. They would rather brave all sorts of contradictions and *go on*, satisfied that to an ingenious reader their thoughts will ultimately wear a true and faithful aspect. They will not be hampered by their own utterances more than by other men's—"If you would be a man" says Emerson, "speak what you think to-day in words as hard as cannon-balls, and to-morrow speak what to-morrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradict everything you said to-day." These headstrong sages, full of noble caprice, of lofty humors, often pour forth in their wild profusion a strange mixture of great truths and petty conceits—noble principles and paradoxes no better than conundrums. As we have said, they are lovers pre-eminently of thought. Full of the chase, they will sometimes run down the most paltry game with unmitigated ardor. Such writers are not so wise as their best wisdom, nor so foolish as their folly. When certain of the ancient sages who were in the habit of guessing boldly at the open riddle of nature, made, amidst twenty absurd conjectures, one that has proved to be correct, we do not therefore give them the credit of a scientific discovery. One of these wise men of antiquity said that the sea was a great fish; he asserted also that the moon was an opaque body, and considerably larger than she appears to be. He was right about the moon; he was wrong about the fish; but as he speculated on both subjects in the same hap-hazard style, we give him very little more credit in the one case than the other. Perhaps his theory, which transformed the sea into a fish, was that on which he prided himself most. Something of the same kind, though very different in degree, takes place in our judgment upon certain moral speculators. When a man of exuberant thought utters in the fervor or the fever of his mind what *comes first*, his fragments of wisdom seem as little to belong to him as his fragments of folly. The reader picks up, and carries off what best pleases him, as if there were no owner there, as if it were treasure-trove, and he was entitled to it as first finder.

He foregoes the accustomed habit of connecting his writer with the assemblage of thoughts presented to him as their sole proprietor for the time being: "he cries halves," as Charles Lamb has said on some similar occasion, in whatever he pounces on.

The task of the critic on a writer of this class, becomes more than usually ungracious and irksome. He meets with a work abounding with traits of genius, and conspicuous also for its faults and imperfections. As a reader only, he gives himself up to the pleasure which the former of these inspire. Why should he disturb that pleasure by counting up the blemishes and errors? He sees, but passes rapidly over them; on the nobler passages he dwells, and to them alone he returns. But, as critic, he cannot resign himself entirely to this mood; or rather, after having resigned himself to it, after having enjoyed that only true perusal of a book in which we forget all but the truth we can extract from it, he must rouse himself to another and very different act of attention; he must note defects and blemishes, and caution against errors, and qualify his admiration by a recurrence to those very portions of the work which he before purposely hurried over.

We take up such a book as these *Essays* of Emerson. We are charmed with many delightful passages of racy eloquence, of original thought, of profound, or of *naïve* reflection. What if there are barren pages? What if sometimes there is a thick entangled underwood through which there is no penetrating? We are patient. We can endure the one, and for the other obstacle, in military phrase, we can *turn* it. The page is movable. We are not bound, like the boa-constrictor, to swallow all or none. Meanwhile, in all conscience, there is sufficient for one feast. There is excellence enough to occupy one's utmost attention; there is beauty to be carried away, and truth to be appropriated. What more, from a single book, can any one reasonably desire? But if the task of criticism be imposed upon us, we must, nevertheless, sacrifice this easy and complacent mood,—this merely receptive disposition; we must re-examine; we must cavil and object; we must question of obscurity why it should stand there darkening the road; we must refuse admittance to mere paradox; we must expose the trifling conceit or fanciful analogy that would erect itself into high places, and assume the air of novel and profound truth.

Some portion of this less agreeable duty we will at once perform, that we may afterwards the more freely and heartily devote ourselves to the more pleasant task of calling attention to the works of a man of genius,—for we suspect that Emerson is not known in this country as he deserves to be. With some who have heard his name coupled with that of Carlyle, he passes for a sort of echo or double of the English writer. A more independent and original thinker can nowhere in this age be found. This praise must, at all events, be awarded him. And even in America—which has not the reputation of generally overlooking, or underrating, the merits of her own children—we understand that the reputation of Emerson is by no means what it ought to be; and many critics there who are dissatisfied with merely imitative talent, and demand a man of genius *of their own*, are not aware that he stands there amongst them.

When we accuse Mr. Emerson of obscurity, it is not obscurity of style that we mean. His style often rises—as our readers have had already opportunities of judging—into a vivid, terse, and graphic eloquence, agreeably tinged at times with a poetic coloring; and although he occasionally adopts certain inversions which are not customary in modern prose, he never lays himself open to the charge of being difficult or unintelligible. But there is an obscurity of thought—in the very matter of his writings—produced first by a vein of mysticism which runs throughout his works, and, secondly, by a manner he sometimes has of sweeping together into one paragraph a number of unsorted ideas, but scantily related to each other—bringing up his drag-net with all manner of fish in it, and depositing it then and there before us.

Mysticism is a word often so vaguely and rashly applied, that we feel bound to explain the sense in which we use it. It is not because Mr. Emerson is an idealist in his philosophy—what we are in the habit, in the present day, of describing as the German school of metaphysics, though he does not appear to have drawn his tenets from the Germans, and more frequently quotes the name of Plato than that of Kant or Hegel—it is not for this we pronounce him to be a mystic. Berkeley was no mystic. In support of this philosophy reasons may be adduced which appeal to the faculties, and are open to the examination of all

men. We do not pronounce idealism to be mystical, but we pronounce him to be a mystic who upholds this, or any other philosophy, upon grounds of conviction not open to all rational men; whose convictions, in short, rest upon some profound intuition, some deep and peculiar source of knowledge, to which the great multitude of mankind are utter strangers.

A man shall be an idealist, and welcome; we can discuss the matter with him, we can follow his reasonings, and if we cannot sustain ourselves in that nicely-balanced aerial position he has assumed, poised above the earth on a needle's point of faith, we can at least apprehend how the more subtle metaphysician has contrived to accomplish the feat. But the moment a man proclaims himself in the possession of any truth whatever, by an intuition of which we, and other men, find no traces in our own mind, then it is that we must, of force, abandon him to the sole enjoyment of an illumination we do not share, and which he cannot impart. We call him mystical, and he calls us blind, or sense-beclouded. We assume that he pretends to see where there is no vision, and no visual organ; he retorts that it is we, and the gross vulgar, who have lost, or never attained, the high faculty of vision which he possesses. Whether it is Plato or Swedenborg, Pagan or Christian, who lays claim to this occult and oracular wisdom, we must proclaim it a delusion. It is in vain to tell us that these men may be the *élite* of humanity, that they are thus signally favored because they have more successfully cultivated their minds both intellectually and morally, and purified them for the reception of a closer communion with the divine and all-sustaining and interpenetrating intelligence, than is vouchsafed to the rest of mankind. We, who have nothing but our eyesight and our reason, we of the multitude who are not thus favored, can at all events, learn nothing *from them*. Whether above or beside human reason, they are equally remote from intellectual communion. We do not recognise their reason as reason, nor their truth as truth; and we call them mystics, to express this unapproachable nature of their minds, this hopeless severance from intercommunion of thought, from even so much of contact as is requisite for the hostilities of controversy. These wisest of mankind are in the same predicament as the maddest of mankind; both believe that they are the only perfectly sane, and

that all the rest of the world have lost their reason. The rest of the world hold the opposite opinion, and we are not aware that in either case there is any appeal but to the authority of numbers, to which, of course, neither the lunatic nor the mystic will submit.

We have frequent intimations in Mr. Emerson's writings of this high intuitive source of truth. Take the following passage in the *Essay on Self-reliance* :—

"And now at last the highest truth on this subject remains unsaid, probably cannot be said; for all that we say is the far off remembering of the intuition. The thought by which I can now nearest approach to say it, is this. When good is near you, when you have life in yourself, it is not by any known or appointed way; you shall not discern the foot-prints of any other; you shall not see the face of man; you shall not hear any name; the way, the thought, the good, shall be wholly strange and new; it shall exclude all other being. You take the way from man, not to man. All persons that ever existed are its fugitive ministers. There shall be no fear in it. Fear and hope are alike beneath it. It asks nothing. There is somewhat low even in hope. *We are then in vision.* There is nothing that can be called gratitude, nor properly, joy. The soul is raised over passion. *It seeth identity and eternal causation. It is a perceiving that Truth and Right are.* Hence it becomes a tranquillity out of the knowing that all things go well. Vast spaces of nature—the Atlantic Ocean—the South Sea—vast intervals of time—years—centuries—are of no account. This, which I think and feel, underlays that former state of life and circumstances as it does underlie my present, and will always all circumstances, and what is called life, and what is called death."

Whenever a man begins by telling us that he cannot find language to express his meaning we may be pretty sure that he has no intelligible meaning to express; and Mr. Emerson, in the above passage, fully bears out this general observation. "I cannot," he says in another place, "I cannot, nor can any man, speak precisely of things so sublime, but it seems to me, the wit of man, his strength, his grace, his tendency, his art, is the grace and the presence of God. It is beyond explanation. When all is said and done, the rapt saint is found the only logician. Not exhortation, not argument, becomes our lips, but psalms of joy and praise. But not of adulation; we are too nearly related in the deep of the mind to that we honor. It is God in us which checks the language of petition by a grander thought. In the bottom of the heart it is said 'I am, and by me, O child! this

fair body and world of thine stands and grows. I am: all things are mine: and all mine are thine.'"

If we can gather anything from this language, it must imply that the individual mind is *conscious* of being a part, an emanation of the Divine mind—is conscious of this union or identity—the pretension to which species of consciousness is, in our apprehension, pure mysticism.

But we shall not weary our readers by seeking further proofs of this charge of mysticism; for what can be more wearisome than to have a number of unintelligible passages brought together from different and remote parts of an author's works. We pass to that other cause of obscurity we have hinted at,—the agglomerations of a multitude of unrelated, or half-related, ideas. Sometimes a whole paragraph, and a long one too, is made up of separate fragments of thought or fancy, good or amusing, it may be, in themselves, but connected by the slightest and most flimsy thread imaginable. Glittering insects and flies of all sorts, caught and held together in a spider's web, present as much appearance of unity as some of these paragraphs we allude to.

For an example, we will turn to the first essay in the series, that on History. It is, perhaps, the most striking of the whole, and one which has a more distinct aim and purport than most of them, and yet the reader is fairly bewildered at times by the incongruous assemblage of thoughts presented to him. It is the drift of the essay to show, that the varied and voluminous record of history is still but the development and expansion of the individual being man, as he existed yesterday, as he exists to-day. "A man," he says, "is the whole encyclopædia of facts. The creation of a thousand forests is in one acorn, and Egypt, Greece, Rome, Gaul, Britain, America, lie folded already in the first man. Epoch after epoch, camp, kingdom, empire, republic, democracy, are merely the application of his manifold spirit to the manifold world." This idea is explained, illustrated, amplified, and very often in a novel and ingenious manner. To exemplify the necessity we feel to recognise *ourselves* in the past, he says,—"*All inquiry into antiquity, all curiosity respecting the pyramids, the excavated cities, Stonehenge, the Ohio circles, Mexico, Memphis, is the desire to do away this wild, savage, and preposterous There or Then, and introduce in its*

place the Here and the Now. It is to banish the *Not me*, and supply the *Me*, it is to abolish difference and restore unity. Belzoni digs and measures in the mummy-pits and pyramids of Thebes, until he can see the end of the difference between the monstrous work and himself. When he has satisfied himself, in general and in detail, that it was made by such a person as himself, so armed and so motivated, and to ends to which he himself, in given circumstances, should also have worked, the problem is then solved, his thought lives along the whole line of temples and sphinxes and catacombs, passes through them all like a creative soul, with satisfaction, and they live again to the mind, or are *now*."

This is good, but by and by he begins to intercalate all sorts of vagrant fantasies, as thus:—

"Civil history, *natural history*, the history of art, and the history of literature,—all must be explained from individual history, or must remain words. There is nothing but is related to us, nothing that does not interest us,—kingdom, college, *tree*, *horse*, or iron shoe, the roots of all things are in man. It is in the soul that architecture exists. Santa Croce and the dome of St. Peter's are lame copies after a divine model. Strasburg cathedral is a material counterpart of the soul of Erwin of Steinbach. The true poem is the poet's mind, the true ship is the ship-builder," and so forth. It would be waste of time and words to ask how "tree and horse," in the same sense as kingdom and college, can be said to have "their roots in man;" or whether, when it is said that "Strasburg cathedral is the material counterpart of the soul of Erwin of Steinbach," this can possibly mean anything else than the undoubted fact, that the architect thought and designed before he built.

This subject of architecture comes sadly in the way of the author, and of the reader too, whom it succeeds in thoroughly mystifying. "The Gothic cathedral is a blossoming in stone, subdued by the insatiable demand of harmony in man, the mountain of granite blooms into an eternal flower, with the lightness and delicate finish, as well as the aerial proportions and perspective of vegetable beauty. *In like manner*, all public facts are to be individualized, all private facts are to be generalized. Then at once history becomes fluid and true, and biography deep and sublime."

The fables of Pagan mythology next

cross his path, and these lead to another medley of thoughts. "These beautiful fables of the Greeks," he says, "being proper creations of the imagination, and not of the fancy, are universal verities." And well they may be, whether of the fancy or the imagination (and the great distinction here marked out between the two, we do not profess to comprehend), if each mind, in every age, is at liberty to interpret them as it pleases, and with the same unrestrained license that our author takes. But how can he find here an instance of the *present man* being written out in history, when the old history or fable is perpetually to receive new interpretations, as it is handed down from generation to generation—interpretations which assuredly were never dreamt of by the original inventor?

"Apollo kept the flocks of Admetus, said the poets. Every man is a divinity in disguise, a god playing the fool. It seems as heaven had sent its insane angels into our world as to an asylum, and here they will break out into their native music, and utter at intervals the words they have heard in heaven; then the mad fit returns, and they mepe and wallow like dogs." Whether witty or wise, such interpretations have manifestly nothing to do with the fable as it exists in history, as part of the history of the human mind.

"The transmigration of souls: that too is no fable; I would it were. But men and women are only half human. Every animal of the barn-yard, the field and the forest, of the earth and of the waters that are under the earth, has contrived to get a footing, and to leave the print of its features and form in some one or other of these upright, heaven-facing speakers." Very good; only, if poets and wits are to set themselves to the task, we should like to know what fable there is in the world, whether the product of imagination or fancy, which might not be shown to abound in eternal verities.

Travelling on a little farther, we meet with the following paragraph, some parts of which are to be made intelligible by putting ourselves in the point of view of the idealistic philosopher; but the whole together, by reason of the incongruity of its parts, produces no other effect than that of mere and painful bewilderment,—

"A man is a bundle of relations, a knot of roots, whose flower and fruitage is the world. All his faculties refer to natures out of him. All his

faculties predict the world he is to inhabit, as the fins of the fish foreshow that water exists, or the wings of an eagle in the egg, presuppose a medium like air. Insulate and you destroy him. He cannot live without a world. Put Napoleon in an island prison, let his faculties find no men to act on, no Alps to climb, no stake to play for, and he would beat the air and appear stupid. Transport him to large countries, dense population, complex interests and antagonist power, and you shall see that the man Napoleon, bounded, that is by such a profile and outline, is not the virtual Napoleon. This is but Talbot's shadow;

'His substance is not here:
For what you see is but the smallest part,
And least proportion of humanity;
But were the whole frame here,
It is of such a spacious, lofty pitch,
Your roof were not sufficient to contain it.'

Columbus needs a planet to shape his course upon. Newton and Laplace need myriads of ages and thick-strewn celestial areas. One may say, a gravitating solar system is already prophesied in the nature of Newton's mind. Not less does the brain of Davy and Gay-Lussac, from childhood exploring always the affinities and repulsions of particles, anticipate the laws of organization. Does not the eye of the human embryo predict the light? the ear of Handel predict the witchcraft of harmonic sound? Do not the constructive fingers of Watt, Fulton, Whittemore, and Arkwright, predict the fusible, hard, and temperable texture of metals, the properties of stone, water, and wood? the lovely attributes of the maiden child predict the refinements and decorations of civil society! Here, also, we are reminded of the action of man on man. A mind might ponder its thoughts for ages, and not gain so much self-knowledge as the passion of love shall teach it in a day. Who knows himself before he has been thrilled with indignation at an outrage, or has heard an eloquent tongue or has shared the throb of thousands in a national exultation and alarm? No man can antedate his experience, or guess what faculty or feeling a new object shall unlock, any more than he can draw to-day, the face of a person whom he shall see to-morrow for the first time."

And the essay concludes by presenting its leading idea in this distorted and exaggerated shape:—

"Thus, in all ways does the soul concentrate and reproduce its treasures for each pupil, each new-born man. He, too, shall pass through the whole cycle of experience. He shall collect into a focus the rays of nature. History no longer shall be a dull book. It shall walk incarnate in every just and wise man. You shall not tell me by languages and titles a catalogue of the volumes you have read. You shall make me feel what periods you have lived. A man shall be the Temple of Fame. He shall walk as the poets have described that goddess, in a robe painted all over with wonderful events and experiences;—

his own form and features by that exalted intelligence shall be that variegated vest. I shall find in him the Foreworld; in his childhood the age of gold; the apples of knowledge; the Argonautic expedition; the calling of Abraham; the building of the temple; the advent of Christ; dark ages; the revival of letters; the Reformation; the discovery of new lands; the opening of new sciences, and new regions in man. He shall be the priest of Pan, and bring with him into humble cottages the blessing of the morning stars, and all the recorded benefits of heaven and earth."

We regret to say that instances of this painful obscurity, of this outrageous and fantastical style of writing, it would not be difficult to multiply, were it either necessary or desirable. We have quoted sufficient to justify even harsher terms of censure than we have chosen to deal in; sufficient to warn our readers who may be induced, from the favorable quotations we have made, and shall continue to make, to turn to the works of this author, that it is not all gold they will find there, that the sun does not always shine upon his page, that a great proportion of his writings may be little suited to their taste.

That which forms the great and inextinguishable charm of those writings is the fine moral temper they display, the noble ardor, the high ethical tone they everywhere manifest and sustain, and especially that lofty independence of his intellect, that freedom of his reason which the man who aspires after true cultivation should watch over and preserve with the utmost jealousy. Addressing the Divinity students of Cambridge, U. S., he says,—

"Let me admonish you first of all, to go alone: to refuse the good models, even those most sacred in the imagination of men, and dare to love God without mediator or veil. Friends enough you will find, who will hold up to your emulation Wesleys and Oberlins, saints and prophets. Thank God for these good men, but say, "I also am a man." Imitation cannot go above its model. The imitator dooms himself to hopeless mediocrity. The inventor did it because it was natural to him; and so in him it has a charm. In the imitator, something else is natural, and he bereaves himself of his own beauty, to come short of another man's. . . .

"Let us not aim at common degrees of merit. Can we not leave to such as love it the virtue that glitters for the commendation of society, and ourselves pierce the deep solitudes of absolute ability and worth? We easily come up to the standard of goodness in society. Society's praise can be cheaply secured, and almost all men are content with those easy merits; but the instant effect of conversing with God, will be to put them away. There are sublime merits; persons who are not

actors, not speakers, but influences; persons too great for fame, for display; who disdain eloquence; to whom all we call art and artist seems too nearly allied to show and by-ends, to the exaggeration of the finite and selfish, and loss of the universal. The orators, the poets, the commanders, encroach on us only, as fair women do, by our allowance and homage. Slight them by pre-occupation of mind,—slight them, as you can well afford to do, by high and universal aims, and they instantly feel that you have right, and that it is in lower places that they must shine. They also feel your right; for they, with you, are open to the influx of the all-knowing spirit, which annihilates before its broad noon the little shades and gradations of intelligence in the compositions we call wiser and wisest.

"In such high communion, let us study the grand strokes of rectitude; a bold benevolence, and independence of friends, so that not the unjust wishes of those who love us shall impair our freedom; but we shall resist, for truth's sake, the freest flow of kindness, and appeal to sympathies far in advance. And, what is the highest form in which we know this beautiful element?—a certain solidity of merit that has nothing to do with opinion, and which is so essentially and manifestly virtue, that it is taken for granted that the right, the brave, the generous step will be taken by it, and nobody thinks of commending it. You would compliment a coxcomb doing a good act, but you would not praise an angel. The silence that accepts merits as the most natural thing in the world, is the highest applause."

Nothing but the necessity to husband our space prevents us from quoting other passages of the same noble strain.

There is an *Essay on Love* which has highly pleased us, and from which we wish to make some extracts. To a man of genius the old subjects are always new. The romance and enthusiasm of the passion is here quite freshly and vividly portrayed, while the great moral end of that charming exaggeration which every lover makes of the beauty and excellence of his mistress, is finely pointed out. There is both poetry and philosophy in the essay—as our readers shall judge for themselves from the following extracts. We do not always mark the omissions we make for the sake of economy of space, nor always cite the passages in the order they appear in the essay.

"What fastens attention, in the intercourse of life, like any passage betraying affection between two parties? Perhaps we never saw them before, and never shall meet them again. But we see them exchange a glance, or betray a deep emotion, and we are no longer strangers. We understand them and take the warmest interest in the development of the romance. *All mankind love a lover.* The earliest demonstrations of complacency and

kindness are nature's most winning pictures. It is the dawn of civility and grace in the coarse and rustic. The rude village boy teases the girls about the school-house door;—but to-day he comes running into the entry, and meets one fair child arranging her satchel: he holds her books to help her, and instantly it seems to him as if she removed herself from him infinitely, and was a sacred precinct. Among the throng of girls he runs rudely enough, but one alone distances him; and these two little neighbors that were so close just now, have learned to respect each other's personality."

As is ever the case when men describe what is, or might be an exquisite happiness, there steals a melancholy over the description; and our author makes it a primary condition.

"That we must leave a too close and lingering adherence to the actual, to facts, and study the sentiment as it appeared in *hope*, and not *history*. Let any man go back to those delicious relations which make the beauty of his life, which have given him sincerest instruction and nourishment, he will shrink, and shrink. Alas! I know not why, but infinite compunctions imbitter in mature life all the remembrances of budding sentiment, and cover every beloved name. Everything is beautiful seen from the point of the intellect, or as truth. But all is sour, as seen from experience. It is strange how painful is the actual world,—the painful kingdom of time and space. There dwell care, canker, and fear. With thought, with the ideal, is immortal hilarity, the rose of joy. Round it all the muses sing. But with names and persons and the partial interests of to-day and yesterday, is grief.

"But be our experience in particulars what it may, no man ever forgot the visitations of that power to his heart and brain which created all things new; which was the dawn in him of music, poetry, and art; which made the face of nature radiant with purple light, the morning and the night varied enchantments; when a single tone of one voice could make the heart beat, and the most trivial circumstance associated with one form, is put in the amber of memory; *when we became all eye when one was present, and all memory when one was gone*; when the youth becomes a watcher of windows, and studious of a glove, a veil, a ribbon, or the wheels of a carriage; when no place is too solitary, and none too silent for him who has richer company and sweeter conversation in his new thoughts, than any old friends, though best and purest, can give him; when all business seemed an impertinence, and all the men and women running to and from the streets mere pictures.

"For, though the celestial rapture falling out of heaven, seizes only upon those of tender age, and although a beauty, overpowering all analysis or comparison, and putting us quite beside ourselves, we can seldom see after thirty years, yet the remembrance of these visions outlast all other re-

membrances, and is a wreath of flowers on the oldest brows."

And on this matter of beauty, how ingenious and full of feeling are the following reflections:—

"Wonderful is its charm. It seems sufficient to itself. The lover cannot paint his maiden to his fancy poor and solitary. Like a tree in flower, so much soft, budding, informing loveliness, is society for itself, and she teaches his eye why Beauty was ever painted with Loves and Graces attending her steps. Her existence makes the world rich. Though she extrudes all other persons from his attention as cheap and unworthy, yet she indemnifies him by carrying out her own being into somewhat impersonal; so that the maiden stands to him for a representation of all select things and virtues. For that reason the lover sees never personal resemblances in his mistress to her kindred or to others. His friends find in her a likeness to her mother or her sisters, or to persons not of her blood. The lover sees no resemblance except to summer evenings and diamond mornings, to rain-bows and the song of birds.

"Beauty is ever that divine thing the ancients esteemed it. It is, they said, the flowering of virtue. Who can analyze the nameless charm which glances from one and another face and form? We are touched with emotions of tenderness and complacency, but we cannot find whereat this emotion, this wandering gleam points. It is destroyed for the imagination by any attempt to refer it to organization. Nor does it point to any relations of friendship or love that society knows or has, but, as it seems to me, to a quite other and unattainable sphere, to relations of transcendent delicacy and sweetness, a true faerie land; to what roses and violets hint and foreshadow. We cannot get at beauty. Its nature is like opaline doves' neck lustrous, hovering and evanescent. Herein it resembles the most excellent things, which all have this rainbow character, defying all attempts at appropriation and use. What else did Jean Paul Richter signify when he said to music, 'Away! away! thou speakest to me of things which in all my endless life I have found not, and shall not find.' The same fact may be observed in every work of the plastic arts. The statue is then beautiful, when it begins to be incomprehensible, when it is passing out of criticism, and can no longer be defined by compass and measuring wand, but demands an active imagination to go with it, and to say what it is in the act of doing. The god or hero of the sculptor is always represented in a transition from that which is representable to the sense to that which is not. Then first it ceases to be a stone.

"So must it be with personal beauty which love worships. Then first is it charming and itself when it dissatisfies us with any end; when it becomes a story without an end; when it suggests gleams and visions, and not earthly satisfactions; when it seems

'Too bright and good
For human nature's daily food;'

when it makes the beholder feel his unworthiness; when he cannot feel his right to it, though he were Cæsar; he cannot feel more right to it, than to the firmament and the splendors of a sunset."

But this dream of love is but one scene in the play; and our author concludes his essay by pointing out what is, or should be, the denouement of the drama.

"Meantime, as life wears on, it proves a game of permutation and combination of all possible positions of the parties to extort all the resources of each, and acquaint each with the whole strength and weakness of the other. For, it is the nature and end of this relation, that they should represent the human race to each other.

"At last they discover that all which at first drew them together,—those once sacred features, that magical play of charms, was deciduous, had a prospective end, like the scaffolding by which the house was built; and the purification of the intellect and the heart, from year to year, is the real marriage foreseen and prepared from the first, add wholly above their consciousness. Looking at these aims with which two persons, a man and a woman, so variously and correlatively gifted, are shut up in one house to spend in the nuptial society forty or fifty years, I do not wonder at the emphasis with which the heart prophesies this crisis from early infancy—at the profuse beauty with which the instincts deck the nuptial bower, and nature and intellect and art emulate each other in the gifts and the melody they bring to the epithalamium. Thus are we put in training for a love which knows not sex, nor person, nor partiality, but which seeketh virtue and wisdom everywhere, to the end of increasing virtue and wisdom."

If there is some of the ideal in this account given of love and matrimony, there is, nevertheless, a noble truth in it. And surely in proportion as the sentiment of love is refined and spiritualized, so also ought the moral culture, to which it is subservient, to be pure and elevated.

The longest essay in the collection, and that which approaches nearest to the more formidable character of a treatise, is that entitled "Nature." This exhibits, so to speak, the practical point of view of an idealist. The idealist has denied the substantial, independent existence of a material world, but he does not deny the existence of a phenomenal world. The Divine Nature reveals itself in the twofold form of finite mind and this phenomenal world. Thus, we believe, we may express the general creed of these philosophers, though it is a very delicate matter to act as interpreter to this class of thinkers: they are rarely satisfied with any expressions of their own, and are not likely to be con-

tented with those of any other person. This phenomenal world has for its final cause the development and education of the finite mind. It follows, therefore, that all which a realist could say of the utility of nature can be advanced also by the idealist. He has his practical point of view, and can discourse, as Mr. Emerson does here, on the various "uses" of nature, which, he says, "admit of being thrown into the following classes:—commodity, beauty, language, and discipline."

We have not the least intention of proceeding further with an analysis of this essay; as we have already intimated the value of Mr. Emerson's writings appears to us to consist in the beauty and truthfulness of individual passages, not at all in his system, or any prolonged train of reasoning he may adopt. It is impossible to read this production without being delighted and arrested by a number of these individual passages sparkling with thought or fancy; it would be equally impossible to gather from it as a whole, any thing satisfactory or complete.

On the beauty of nature he is always eloquent; he is evidently one who intensely feels it. "Every day, the sun; and, after sunset, night and the stars. Ever the winds blow, ever the grass grows." The shows of heaven and earth are with him a portion of daily life. "In the woods is perpetual youth." "We talk," he says in another place, "with accomplished persons who appear to be strangers in nature. The cloud, the tree, the turf, the bird, are not theirs, have nothing of them; the world is only their lodging and table." No such stranger is our poet philosopher. "Crossing a bare common, in twilight, under a clouded sky, without having in my thoughts any occurrence of special good fortune, I have enjoyed a perfect exhilaration. Almost I fear to think how glad I am."

The only quotation we shall make from the essay on "Nature," shall be one where he treats of this subject—

"A nobler want of man is served by nature,—namely, the love of beauty. Such is the constitution of all things, or such the plastic power of the human eye, that the primary form, as the sky, the mountain, the trees, the animal, give us a delight in and for themselves: a pleasure arising from outline, color, motion, and grouping. And as the eye is the best composer, so light is the first of painters. There is no object so foul that intense light will not make beautiful. And the stimulus it affords to the sense, and a sort of in-

finitude which it hath, like space and time, will make all matter gay. But besides this general grace diffused over nature, almost all the individual forms are agreeable to the eye, as is proved by our endless imitations of some of them; as the acorn, the grape, the pine-cone, the wheat-ear, the egg, the wings and forms of most birds, the lion's claw, the serpent, the butterfly, sea-shells, flames, clouds, buds, leaves, and the forms of many trees, as the palm.

"The influence of the forms and actions in nature is so needful to man that, in its lowest functions, it seems to lie on the confines of Commodity and Beauty. To the body and mind which have been cramped by noxious work or company, nature is medicinal and restores their tone. The tradesman, the attorney, comes out of the din and craft of the street, and sees the sky and the woods, and is a man again. In their eternal calm he finds himself. The health of the eye seems to demand a horizon. We are never tired so long as we can see far enough.

"But in other hours nature satisfies the soul purely by its loveliness, and without any mixture of corporeal benefit. I have seen the spectacle of morning from the hill-top over against my house, from day-break to sunrise, with emotions which an angel might share. The long slender bars of cloud float like fishes in the sea of crimson light. From the earth, as a shore, I look out into that silent sea. I seem to partake its rapid transformations; the active enchantment reaches my dust, and I dilate and conspire with the morning wind. How does nature deify us with a few and cheap elements! Give me health and a day, and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous. The dawn is my Assyria, the sunset and moonrise my Paphos, and unimaginable realms of faerie."

Mr. Emerson has published a volume of poems, and it has been generally admitted that he has not succeeded in verse. But there are touches of charming poetry in his prose. This discrepancy, which is not unfrequently met with, must result, we presume, from an inaptitude to employ the forms of verse, so that the style, instead of being invigorated, and polished, and concentrated by the necessary attention to line and metre, becomes denaturalized, constrained, crude, and unequal. We have looked through this volume of poems, but we should certainly not be adding to the reputation of the author by drawing attention to it. If we wished to find instances of the poetry of Emerson, we should still seek for them in his prose essays. Thus he says:—

"In this pleasing contrite wood-life which God allows me, let me record, day by day, my honest thought, without prospect or retrospect, and I cannot doubt it will be found symmetrical, though I mean it not and see it not. *The swallow over my window should*

interweave that thread or straw he carries in his bill into my web also."

"Our moods," he says, "do not believe in each other. To-day I am full of thoughts; but yesterday I saw a dreary vacuity in this direction in which now I see so much; and a month hence, I doubt not, I shall wonder who he was that wrote so many continuous pages. Alas for this infirm faith, this will not strenuous, this vast ebb of a vast flow! *I am God in nature—I am a weed by the wall!*"

"A lady," he writes on another occasion, "with whom I was riding in the forest, said to me that the woods always seemed to her *to wait*, as if the genii who inhabit them suspended their deeds until the wayfarer has passed onward. This is precisely the thought which poetry has celebrated in the dance of the fairies which breaks off on the approach of human feet." The lady had a true poetic feeling. And the following thought is illustrated by a very happy image:

"In man, we still trace the rudiments or hints of all that we esteem badges of servitude in the lower races, yet in him they enhance his nobleness and grace; as lo in *Æschylus*, transformed to a cow, offends the imagination, but how changed when as *Isis* in Egypt she meets *Jove*, a beautiful woman, with nothing of the metamorphosis left but the lunar horns, as the splendid ornament of her brows!"

In his philosophy, we have seen that Mr. Emerson is an idealist, something, too, of a pantheist. In theology, we have heard him described as a Unitarian; but although the Unitarians of America differ more widely from each other, and from the standard of orthodoxy, than the same denomination of men in this country, we presume there is no body of Unitarians with whom our philosopher would fraternize, or who would receive him amongst their ranks. His Christianity appears rather to be of that description which certain of the Germans, one section of the Hegelians, for instance, have found reconcilable with their Pantheistic philosophy. It is well for him that he writes in a tolerant age, that he did not make his appearance a generation too soon; the pilgrim fathers would certainly have burnt him at the stake; he would have died the death of Giordano Bruno. And we believe—if the spirit of his writings be any test of the spirit of the man—that he would have suffered as a martyr, rather than have foregone the freedom and the truthfulness of his thought. His essays are replete with passages such as

this:—"God offers to every mind its choice between truth and repose. Take which you please—you can never have both. Between these, as a pendulum, man oscillates ever. He in whom the love of repose predominates, will accept the first creed, the first philosophy, the first political party he meets,—most likely his father's. He gets rest, commodity, and reputation; but he shuts the door of truth. He in whom the love of truth predominates, will keep himself aloof from all moorings and afloat. He will abstain from dogmatism, and recognise all the opposite negations, between which, as walls, his being is swung. He submits to the inconvenience of suspense and imperfect opinion, but he is a candidate for truth, as the other is not, and he respects the highest law of his being."

We gather from what little has reached us of his biography, that he has in fact sacrificed somewhat of the commodity of this life, to this "higher law of its being." In a work which has just fallen into our hands, entitled "*The Prose Writers of America; with a Survey of the Intellectual History, Condition, and Prospects of the Country, by Rufus Wilmot Griswold*," we find the following scanty account of Emerson: "He is the son of a Unitarian clergyman of Boston, and in 1821, when about seventeen years of age, was graduated at Harvard University. Having turned his attention to theology, he was ordained minister of one of the congregations of his native city, but embracing soon after some peculiar views in regard to the forms of worship, he abandoned his profession, and retiring to the quiet village of Concord, after the manner of an Arabian prophet, gave himself up to 'thinking,' preparatory to his appearance as a revelator." Which meagre narrative, not very happily told, leads us to infer that the recluse of Concord has lived up to the high spirit of his own teaching.

It is remarkable that Mr. Griswold, in the prefatory essay which he entitles *The Intellectual History, Condition, and Prospects of the Country*, although he has introduced a host of writers of all grades, some of whom will be heard of in England for the first time, never once mentions the name of Emerson! Yet, up to this moment, America has not given to the world anything which, in point of original genius, is comparable to his writings. That she has a thousand minds better built up, whose more equal culture and whose more sober opinions one might prefer to have,—this is not

the question—but in that highest department of reflective genius, where the power is given to impart new insights into truth, or make old truths look new, he stands hitherto unrivalled in his country; he has no equal and no second.

Very popular he perhaps never may become; but we figure to ourselves that, a century hence, he will be recognised as one of those old favorite writers whom the more thoughtful spirits read, not so much as teachers, but as noble-minded companions and friends, whose aberrations have been long ago conceded and forgiven. Men will read him then, not for his philosophy,—they will not care two straws for his idealism or his pantheism: they will know that they are there, and there they will leave them—but they will read him for those genuine confessions of one spirit to another, that are often breathed in his writings; for those lofty sentiments to which all hearts respond; for those truths which make their way through all systems, and in all ages.

A ROMAN RELIC.—A Roman sword blade, in a beautiful state of preservation, has been dug up at the gas station, Bath. It is of brass, the metal beautifully tempered to almost the fineness of steel, and bears evidence of having been richly plated with gold. It is about sixteen inches in length, and, save one indentation of the edge, caused by the implement of the workman who turned it up, is as perfect, from hilt to point, as when it first left the hands of the artificer. It is in the possession of Mr. John Harris, of Southgate-street, who, we believe, intends to transmit it to the Archaeological Society.

MONASTIC INSTITUTION IN GLASGOW.—Another monastic educational institution is to be founded in Glasgow. One of the "merchant princes," Mr. Alexander Hermitage, has left nearly £60,000 to endow a hospital for the "education, clothing, and, if necessary, the support of poor children of both sexes" in the city. By all means, let really poor children have tuition, clothes and food for nothing, but let there be no estrangement from the parental roof—especially let there be no more taking of children from homes already comfortable, in order that competent but penurious parents may shift a natural burden from their own proper shoulders, and so, at the sacrifice of independence and of their children's affection, bring about the eleemosynary up-bringing of their own flesh and blood.—*Daily News*.

THE PROGRESS OF LIVERPOOL.—A Liverpool paper has published the following statistics of the growth of the commerce of Liverpool. The population in 1831 was 205,964; in 1846 it had nearly doubled, being 358,655. The revenue produced by the corporation property was 45,968*l*.; in 1847, it was 59,336*l*. The town dues were in 1831, 49,338*l*.; in 1847 they were nearly double, the amount being

97,219*l*. The dock revenue, in 1831, was 183,455*l*., and, although the rates were reduced 38½ per cent. in 1836, they produced this year, 244,435*l*. In 1831 we had 111 acres of water space in our docks; we have now 180 acres, with 14 miles of lineal quay space. The shipping of the port was, in 1831, 12,537 vessels; it is now, 20,889 vessels. The tonnage of the port was, in 1831, 1,592,436 tons, and in 1847, 3,351,539. The cotton imported was, in 1831, 793,463 bales, and in 1846, 1,134,081 bales. Yet with all this wealth, the home of misery and disease—the most unhealthy town of the kingdom—its gentlemen only averaging 35 years of life, its tradesmen only 23, its artisans only 15! The average of mortality in all England being only 1 to 45—in Liverpool, 1 to 29; having thousands of cellars whose squalid inmates appear the victims of famine and pestilence. Truly, thou art rich in bank notes and cotton bales, but

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay!"

THE ELECTRIC CLOCK.—This invention is said to be the nearest approach yet made to the long-talked-of "perpetual motion." The inventor states that a solid three-foot cube of zinc, and a corresponding surface of copper, placed deep in the ground some distance apart, and joined by a strong wire, well insulated and protected from moisture, would institute a source of electricity which would move the pendulum through several hundred years. It is said that these clocks may be moved simultaneously throughout the whole country where wires are laid down for the purpose, so that Greenwich time may be everywhere kept. This would be effected by having a pendulum set in motion by the electric current, which, once regulated, would by a number of wires, set in motion any number of clocks, and thus each dial would present an exact fac simile of every other dial connected with the apparatus. These clocks will work for years without attention, and may be made of any dimensions. At the Telegraph Company's office are two clocks which have been working upwards of seven months, and not varied half a second during the whole time!

By the telegraph two clocks, being two hundred miles apart, can be compared as accurately as if they were in adjoining rooms. The time required for the electric fluid to travel a distance of 450 miles is so small a fraction of a second, that it is imperceptible.

CURIOUS LIST OF VESSELS.—The shipping (says Sir Harris Nicolas) of this period, consisted of ships, cogs, galleys, barges, crayers, flutes, or fluyes, baling-gers, pinnaces, shutes, doggers, hulks, lynes, keels, segboats, fishing-boats, hook-boats, liques, lighters, pickards, lodeships, vissiers, and *buses*, but the two latter are rarely mentioned after the middle of the fourteenth century.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.—The correspondent of the London Daily News writes: "The Edinburgh Review has now only a nominal connexion with Edinburgh. On the insolvency of Messrs. Constable and Co., in 1826, it became the property of Messrs. Longman and Co.; and on the death, in the beginning of the present year, of Mr. Macvey Napier, the editorship was transferred to England; and in future the printing is to go thither also. The new editor is understood to be Dr. Empson, professor of law in Hartford College, and son-in-law of Lord Jeffrey.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE ELOQUENCE OF THE CAMP—NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

THE sayings of soldiers, and those related to them, have been memorable in all ages.

A Lacedemonian mother, addressing her son going to battle, said—"Return living with your shield, or dead upon it."

Xerxes, menacing Leonidas with the overwhelming numbers of his army, said—"Our arrows will obscure the sun." "Well," replied the Spartan, "we shall fight all the better in the shade."

Commanders have been remarkable for the ready tact of their improvisations. Cæsar stumbled and fell on landing in Africa. He instantly affected to kiss the soil, and exclaimed—"Africa! I embrace thee."

When Dessaix received his death-wound at Marengo, his last words were—"Go and assure the First Consul that my only regret in leaving life is, that I have not done enough to be remembered by posterity."

A drummer, one of whose arms was carried away by a cannon-ball at the moment he received an order to beat the "charge," exclaimed—"I have still one hand left," and beat with the remaining hand.

On catching the first sight of the Mamelukes, drawn up in order of battle on the banks of the Nile, in view of the pyramids, Bonaparte, riding before the ranks, cried—"Soldiers! from the summits of yonder pyramids forty generations are watching you."

To a troop of artillery which had failed in their duty, he said—"This flag that you have basely deserted shall be placed in the Temple of Mars, covered with crape—your corps is disbanded."

On hearing the first gun of the enemy at Friedland, he exclaimed—"Soldiers! it is an auspicious day. It is the anniversary of Marengo."

The fourth regiment of the line on one occasion lost its eagle—"What have you done with your eagle?" asked Napoleon. "A regiment that loses its eagle has lost all. Yes, but I see two standards that you have taken. 'Tis well," concluded he, with a smile—"you shall have another eagle."

He presented Moreau, on one occasion, with a magnificent pair of pistols as a *cadeau*. "I intended," said he, "to have got the names of your victories engraved upon them, but there was not room for them."

A sentinel who allowed General Joubert to enter Napoleon's tent without giving the password was brought before him—"Go," said he—"the man who forced the Tyrol may well force a sentinel."

A general officer, not eminently distinguished, once solicited a marshal's baton—"It is not I that make marshals," said he—"it is victories."

On the field of Austerlitz, a young Russian officer, taken prisoner, was brought before him—"Sire," said the young man, "let me be shot! I have suffered my guns to be taken."—"Young man," said he, "be consoled! Those who are conquered by my soldiers, may still have titles to glory."

When the Duke of Montebello, to whom he was tenderly attached, received a mortal wound from a cannon-ball, Napoleon, then in the meridian of his imperial glory, rushed to the litter on which the dying hero was stretched, and embracing him, and bedewing his forehead with his tears, uttered these untranslatable words—"Lannes! me reconnais-tu?—c'est Bonaparte! c'est ton ami!"

In the Russian campaign he spirited on his troops by the assurance—"Soldiers! Russia is impelled by Fate! Let its destiny be accomplished!"

On the morning of the battle of Moscow, the sun rose with uncommon splendor in an unclouded firmament—"Behold!" exclaimed Napoleon to his soldiers, "it is the sun of Austerlitz."

It will be recollected that the battle of Austerlitz was commenced at sunrise, and that on that occasion the sun rose with extraordinary splendor.

At Montereau the guns of a battery near his staff were ineffective, owing to having been ill-pointed. Napoleon dismounted from his charger, and pointed them with his own hands, never losing the skill he acquired as an artillery officer. The grenadiers of his guard did not conceal their terror at seeing the cannon-balls of the enemy falling around him—"Have no fears for me," he observed, "the ball destined to kill me has not yet been cast."

In his celebrated march from Frejus to Paris, on his return from Elba, one of the regiments at Grenoble hesitated before de-

claiming for him. He, with a remarkable instinct, leaped from his horse, and unbuttoning the breast of the grey surtout he usually wore, laid bare his breast—"If there be an individual among you," said he, "who would desire to kill his general—his emperor—let him fire."

It was, however, in his harangues to the soldiers, delivered on the spur of the moment, and inspired by the exigency of the occasion, and by the circumstances with which he found himself surrounded, that his peculiar excellence as an orator was developed. The same instinct of improvisation which prompted so many of his strategical evolutions, was manifested in his language and sentiments. At an age, and in the practice of a profession, in which the resources of the orator are not usually available or even accessible, he evinced a fertility, a suppleness, and a finesse, which bordered on the marvellous, and which, with an audience not highly informed, might easily pass for inspiration. What language it were best to use, what conduct it were best to pursue, and what character it were best to assume on each occasion which presented itself, he appeared to know, instantaneously and instinctively, without consideration, and without apparent effort of judgment. He gained this knowledge from no teacher, for he never had a mentor; he gained it not from experience, for he had not years. He had it as a gift. It was a natural instinct. While he captured the pontifical cities, and sent the treasures of art of the Vatican to Paris, he was profoundly reverential to the Pope. Seeking an interview with the Archduke Charles, the lieutenant of artillery sprung from the people met the descendant of the Cæsars with all the pride of an equal, and all the elevated courtesy of a high-born chevalier. He enforced discipline, honored the arts and sciences, protected religion and property, and respected age and sex. In the city he sacked, he put sentinels at the church doors to prevent the desecration of the altar. To set the example of respect for divine things, he commanded his marshals with their staffs to attend mass. He managed opinion, and turned popular prejudice to the purposes of power. In Egypt, he would wear the turban and quote the Koran. His genius for administration was no way inferior to his genius for conquest. He could not brook a superior, even when his rank and position were subordinate.

In his first Italian campaign, as the gene-

ral of the Directory, he treated, not in the name of the Directory, but in the name of Bonaparte. He was not merely commander-in-chief of the army—he was its master; and the army felt this, and the republican tacitly acknowledged it. The oldest generals quailed under the eagle eye of this youth of five-and-twenty.

His eloquence of the field has no example in ancient or modern times. His words are not the words of a mortal. They are the announcements of an oracle. It is not to the enemies that are opposed to him that he speaks, nor do his words refer to the country he invades. He addresses Europe, and speaks of the world. If he designates the army he leads, it is *THE GRAND ARMY*! If he refers to the nation he represents, it is *THE GREAT NATION*! He blots empires from the map with the dash of his pen, and dots down new kingdoms with the hilt of his sword. He pronounces the fate of dynasties amidst thunder and lightning. His voice is the voice of destiny!

To reproduce his highly figurative language, after the fever of universal enthusiasm, in the midst of which it was uttered, has cooled down, is hazardous. It may seem to border on the ridiculous. Sublimity itself, when the hearer is not excited to the proper pitch, does so. At present, after thirty years and upwards of a general peace, the very generation which felt the enthusiasm of victory has nearly passed away, and another has grown up, all whose aspirations have been directed to far different objects. Other wants, other wishes, other ideas, other sentiments—nay, even other prejudices—have grown up. In the days Napoleon's splendor, military renown was all in all. The revolution had swept away all political and almost all geographical landmarks. An undefined future presented itself to all minds. The marvellous achievements of the French army itself, led by a boy on the plains, illustrated in other days by Roman glory, heated all imaginations to a point which enabled them to admire what may seem to border on bombast in the present prevalence of the intellectual over the imaginative, and of the practical over the poetical.

Let the reader, then, try to transport himself back to the exciting scenes amidst which Napoleon acted and spoke.

At six-and-twenty he superseded Scherer in the command of the army of Italy, surrounded with disasters, oppressed with despair, and utterly destitute of every pro-

vision necessary for the well-being of the soldier. He fell upon the enemy with all the confidence of victory which would have been inspired by superior numbers, discipline, and equipment. In a fortnight the whole aspect of things was changed; and here was his first address to the army:

"Soldiers!—You have, in fifteen days, gained six victories, taken twenty-one standards, fifty pieces of cannon, several fortresses, made fifteen hundred prisoners, and killed or wounded more than ten thousand men! You have equalled the conquerors of Holland and the Rhine. Destitute of all necessities, you have supplied all your wants. Without cannon, you have gained battles—without bridges, you have crossed rivers!—without shoes, you have made forced marches!—without brandy, and often without bread, you have bivouacked! Republican phalanxes, soldiers of Liberty, alone could have survived what you have suffered! Thanks to you, soldiers!—your grateful country has reason to expect great things of you! You have still battles to fight, towns to take, rivers to pass. Is there one among you whose courage is relaxed? Is there one who would prefer to return to the barren summits of the Appenines and the Alps, to endure patiently the insults of these soldier-slaves?"

"No!—there is none such among the victors of Montenotte, of Millesimo, of Dego, and of Mondovi!"

"My friends, I promise you this glorious conquest; but be the liberators, and not the scourges of the people you subdue!"

Such addresses acted on the army with electrical effect. Bonaparte had only to walk over northern Italy, passing from triumph to triumph in that immortal campaign with a facility and rapidity which resembled the shifting views of a phantasmagoria. He entered Milan, and there, to swell and stimulate his legions, he again addressed them:

"You have descended from the summits of the Alps like a cataract. Piedmont is delivered. Milan is your own. Your banners wave over the fertile plains of Lombardy. You have passed the Po, the Tessino, the Adda—those vaunted bulwarks of Italy. Your fathers, your mothers, your wives, your sisters, your betrothed, will exult in your triumphs, and will be proud to claim you as their own. Yes, soldiers, you have done much, but much more is still to be accomplished. Will you leave it in the power of posterity to say that in Lombardy you have found a Capua? Let us go on! We have still forced marches to make, enemies to subdue, laurels to gather, and insults to avenge.

"To re-establish the capitol, and re-erect the statues of its heroes; to awake the Roman people, sunk under the torpor of ages of bondage;—behold what remains to be done! After accom-

plishing this, you will return to your hearths; and your fellow-citizens, when they behold you pass them, will point at you and say—*He was a soldier of the army of Italy!*"

Such language was never before addressed to a French army. It excited the soldiers even to delirium. They would have followed him to the ends of the earth. Nor was such an event foreign to his thoughts. The army no longer obeyed—it was devoted. It was not led by a mortal commander—it followed a demigod.

When he sailed from the shores of France, on the celebrated expedition to Egypt, the destination of the fleet was confided to none but himself. Its course was directed first to Malta, which, as is well known, submitted without resistance. When lying off its harbor, Bonaparte thus addressed the splendid army which floated around him:—

"Soldiers!—You are a wing of the army of England. You have made war on mountain and plain, and have made sieges. It still remains for you to make maritime war. The legions of Rome, which you have sometimes imitated, but not yet equalled, warred with Carthage by turns on the sea and on the plains of Zama. Victory never abandoned them, because they were brave in combat, patient under fatigue, obedient to their commanders, and firm against their foes. But soldiers! Europe has its eyes upon you; you have great destinies to fulfil, battles to wage, and fatigues to suffer."

When the men from the mast tops discovered the towers of Alexandria, Bonaparte first announced to them the destination of the expedition:

"Frenchmen!—You are going to attempt conquests, the effects of which on the civilization and commerce of the world are incalculable. Behold the first city we are about to attack. It was built by Alexander."

As he advanced through Egypt he soon perceived that he was among a people who were fanatical, ignorant, and vindictive, who distrusted the Christians, but who still more profoundly detested the insults, exactions, pride, and tyranny of the Mamelukes. To flatter their prejudices and confirm their hatred, he addressed them in a proclamation conceived in their own Oriental style:

"Cadis, Sheiks, Imans, Charbadgys, they will say to you that I have come to destroy your religion! Believe them not. Tell them that I come to restore your rights, and to punish your usurp-

ers, and that I, much more than the Mamelukes, respect God, his prophet, and the Koran!

"Tell it to the people that all men are equal before God. Say that wisdom, talents, and virtue, alone constitute the difference between man and man.

"Is there on your land a fine farm?—it belongs to the Mamelukes. Is there anywhere a beautiful slave, a fine horse, a splendid house?—they all belong to the Mamelukes. If Egypt be really their farm, let them show what grant God has given them of it. But God is just and merciful towards his people. All Egyptians have equal rights. Let the most wise, the most enlightened, and the most virtuous rule, and the people will be happy.

"There were in former days among you great cities, great canals, and vast trade. What has destroyed all these, if it be not the cupidity, the injustice, and the tyranny of the Mamelukes?

"Cadis, Sheiks, Imams, Charbadgys, tell it to the people that we also are true Mussulmans. Was it not we that subdued the Pope, who exhorted nations to war on the Mussulmans? Are we not also friends of the Grand Signor?

"Thrice happy those who shall be on our side!—happy those who shall be neuter: they will have time to be acquainted with us, and to join with us.

"But wo, wo to those who shall take arms for the Mamelukes, and who shall combat against us! For them there will be no hope! They shall perish!"

After quelling the revolt at Cairo, he availed himself of the terror and superstition of the Egyptians to present himself to them as a superior being, as a messenger of God, and the inevitable instrument of Fate:

"Sheiks, Ulemas, Worshippers of Mahomet, tell the people that those who have been my enemies shall have no refuge in this world nor in the next! Is there a man among them so blind as not to see Fate itself directing my movements?

"Tell the people that since the world was a world, it has been written, that after having destroyed the enemies of Islamism—after having beaten down their crosses, I should come from the depths of the west, to fulfil the task which has been committed to me. Show the people that in the holy volume of the Koran, in more than twenty places, what happens has been foretold, and what will happen is likewise written."

"I can call each of you to account for the most hidden thoughts of your heart; for I know all, even the things you have not whispered to another. But a day will come when all the world will plainly see that I am conducted by orders from above, and that no efforts can prevail against me."

When Charlatanism was the weapon most effective, he there scrupled not to wield it for the attainment of his ends.

After the 18th Brumaire, surrounded by his brilliant staff, he apostrophized the Di-

rectory with the haughty tone of a master who demands an account of his servants, and as though he were already absolute sovereign of France:

"What have you done with that France which I left you surrounded with such splendor? I left you peace—I return and find war. I left you the millions of Italy—I return and find spoliation and misery! What have you done with the hundred thousand brave French, my companions in arms, in glory, and in toil? THEY ARE DEAD!"

Bonaparte was remarkable for contemptuously breaking through the traditions of military practice. Thus, on the eve of the battle of Austerlitz, he adopted the startling and unusual course of disclosing the plan of his campaign to the private soldiers of his army:—

"The Russians," said he, "want to turn my right, and they will present to me their flank. Soldiers, I will myself direct all your battalions; depend upon me to keep myself far from the fire, so long as, with your accustomed bravery, you bring disorder and confusion into the enemy's ranks; but, if victory were for one moment uncertain, you would see me in the foremost ranks, to expose myself to their attack. There will be the honor of the French infantry—the first infantry in the world. This victory will terminate your campaign, and then the peace we shall make will be worthy of France, of you, and of me!"

What grandeur, combined with what pride, we find in these last words!

His speech after the battle is also a *chef-d'œuvre* of military eloquence. He declares his contentment with his soldiers—he walks through their ranks—he reminds them who they have conquered, what they have done, and what will be said of them; but not one word does he utter of their chiefs. The emperor and the soldiers—France for a perspective—peace for a reward—and glory for a recollection! What a commencement, and what a termination!—

"Soldiers! I am content with you; you have covered your eagles with immortal glory. An army of one hundred thousand men, commanded by the emperors of Russia and of Austria, have been, in less than four hours, cut to pieces and dispersed; whoever has escaped your sword has been drowned in the lakes. Forty stand of colors—the standards of the imperial guard of Russia—one hundred and twenty pieces of cannon, twenty generals, and more than thirty thousand prisoners are the results of this day, for ever celebrated. That infantry, so much boasted of, and in numbers so superior to you, could not resist your shock, and henceforth you have no longer any rivals to fear.

"Soldiers! when the French people placed upon my head the imperial crown, I entrusted myself to you; I relied upon you to maintain it in the high splendor and glory, which alone can give it value in my eyes. Soldiers! I will soon bring you back to France; there you will be the object of my most tender solicitude. It will be sufficient for you to say, '*I was at the battle of Austerlitz*,' in order that your countrymen may answer, '*Voilà un brave!*'"

On the anniversary of this battle, he used to recapitulate with pleasure the accumulated spoils that fell into the hands of the French, and he used to inflame their ardor against the Prussians by the recollection of those victories; thus, on the morning of another fight, he apostrophized his soldiers in the following manner:—"Those," pointing to the enemy, "and yourselves, are you not still the soldiers of Austerlitz!" This was the stroke of a master.

"Soldiers! it is to-day one year, this very hour, that you were on the memorable field of Austerlitz. The Russian battalions fled terrified; their allies were destroyed; their strong places, their capitals, their magazines, their arsenals, two hundred and eighty standards, seven hundred pieces of cannon, five grand fortified places, were in your power. The Oder, the Warta, the deserts of Poland, the bad weather, nothing has stopped you. All have fled at your approach. The French eagle soars over the Vistula; the brave and unfortunate Poles imagine that they see again the legions of Sobieski.

"Soldiers! we will not lay down our arms until a general peace has restored to our commerce its liberty and its colonies. We have, on the Elbe and the Oder, recovered Pondicherry our Indian establishment, the Cape of Good Hope, and the Spanish colonies. Who shall give to the Russians the hope to resist destiny? These and yourselves. Are we not the soldiers of Austerlitz?"

He commenced the Prussian campaign by a speech that burned and flashed like lightning itself—

"Soldiers! I am in the midst of you. You are the vanguard of a great people. You must not return to France unless you return under triumphal arches. What! shall it be said you have braved the seasons, the deep, the deserts, conquered Europe, several times coalesced against you, carried your glory from the East to the West, only to return to your country like fugitives, and to hear it said that the French eagle had taken flight, terrified at the aspect of the Prussian armies? Let us advance, then; and since our moderation has not awakened them from their astonishing intoxication, let them learn that if it is easy to obtain any increase of power from the friendship of a great people, its enmity is more terrible than the tempests of the ocean."

On the eve of his celebrated entry into Berlin, he excited the pride of his troops by placing before them the rapidity of their march, and the grandeur of their triumphs:—

"The forests, the defiles of Franconia, the Saale, and the Elbe, which your fathers had not traversed in seven years, you have traversed in seven days, and in this interval you have fought four fights and one pitched battle. You have sent the renown of your victories before you to Potsdam and to Berlin. You have made sixty thousand prisoners, taken sixty-five standards, six hundred pieces of cannon, three fortresses, and more than twenty generals; and yet nearly one-half of you still lament not having fired a shot. All the provinces of the Prussian monarchy, as far as the banks of the Oder, will be in your power."

It is true, and it will occur to every mind, that a large part of the force of this eloquence of the camp in the case of Bonaparte, depended on the astounding character of the facts which he had the power of repeating. Even now, after these miracles of military prowess have been repeated in as many versions by an hundred contemporary historians in every living language, we cannot read these simple references to them without being overwhelmed with amazement. The narrative of them borders often on the impossible, and forcibly impresses us with the justness of the adage, that truth is often more wonderful than fiction, and that the historian has often to record that from which the novelist would shrink.

At Eylau, he thus honored the memory of his brave warriors who had fallen:—

"You have marched against the enemy, and you have pursued him, your swords in his reins, over a space of eighty leagues. You have taken from him sixty-five pieces of cannon, sixteen standards, and killed, wounded, or captured, more than forty-five thousand men. Our *braves* who have remained on the field of battle, have died a glorious death. Theirs is the death of true soldiers."

At Friedland, he again apostrophized his army:—

"In ten days you have taken one hundred and twenty pieces of cannon, seven standards, killed, wounded, or captured sixty thousand Russian prisoners; taken from the enemy all its hospitals, all its magazines, all its ambulances, the fortress of Königsberg, the three hundred vessels that were in the port, laden with every species of munitions, and one hundred and sixty thousand muskets, that England had sent to arm our enemies. From the banks of the Vistula you have passed to those of

the Niemen, with the rapidity of the eagle. You celebrated at Austerlitz the anniversary of my coronation; you have this year celebrated here the anniversary of Marengo. Soldiers of the grand army of France, you have been worthy of yourselves and of me!"

In 1809, when prepared to punish Austria for her treachery, he again adopted the bold and unexpected course of confiding to the army his great designs. He mingled amongst the soldiers, and made them share the spirit of his vengeance; he never allowed himself to be separated from them, and made *his cause their cause*. What a military *elan* there is in the following speech!—

"Soldiers! I was surrounded by you when the sovereign of Austria came to my bivouac in Moravia; you heard him implore my clemency, and swear eternal friendship for me, his victor in three campaigns. Austria owed everything to our generosity; three times has she perjured herself. Our past successes are a sure guarantee of the victories that await us; forward, then, and let the enemy acknowledge its conqueror in our very aspect."

It was with a like ardor he animated the army sent to Naples against the English. His speech appeared to move with the *pas de charge*:—

"Soldiers! march; throw yourselves upon them in a torrent, if these feeble battalions of the tyrant of the deep will even await your approach. Do not wait to inform me that the sanctity of treaties has been vindicated, and that the *manes* of my brave soldiers, murdered in the ports of Sicily, on their return from Egypt, after having escaped all the perils of the deep, the deserts, and of a hundred fights, have at last been appeased!"

It was also to beat down the power of his implacable and eternal enemy, that he harangued the army of Germany, on his return, and that he opened before its view the conquest of Spain:—

"Soldiers! after having triumphed on the Danube and the Vistula, you have traversed Germany by forced marches—I order you now to traverse France without a moment's repose. Soldiers! I have need of you. The hideous presence of the leopard defiles the peninsula of Spain and Portugal; let it fly terrified at your look. Carry your victorious eagles even to the columns of Hercules; there, also, you have treachery to revenge. Soldiers! you have surpassed the renown of modern armies, but have you equalled the glories of the legions of Rome, who, in the same campaign, triumphed on the Rhine and on the Euphrates, in Assyria and on the Tagus?"

Let us now pass to the penultimate act

of this gorgeous drama. Behold! the scene is the court of Fontainebleau. Listen to his solemn *adieux* to the faithful remains of his army—to those soldiers who could not bring themselves voluntarily to separate from their general, and who were weeping around him. Antiquity affords no scene at once so heart-rending and so solemn:—

"Soldiers! I make you my *adieux*. For twenty years, that we have been together, I have been content with you! I have always found you on the road to glory. All the powers of Europe are armed against me alone; some of my generals have betrayed their duty and France. France has deserved other destinies. With you and the other *braves* who have remained faithful to me I could have maintained a civil war, but France would have been unhappy. Be faithful to your new king—be obedient to your new chiefs—and do not abandon your dear country. Do not lament my fate. I shall be happy so long as I know that you also are happy. I might have died. If I have consented to live, it is still to your glory. I will write the great deeds that you have done. I cannot embrace you all, but I embrace your general. Come, *General Petit*, let me press you to my heart. Bring me that Eagle, and let me embrace it also. Ah! dear Eagle, may this kiss which I give you be remembered by posterity. Adieu, my children. My prayers will always accompany you. Preserve my memory!"

He departed, and in the island of Elba he organized that expedition, the mere narrative of which seems almost fabulous.

He had not yet set foot on the shores of France, when already, from the deck of that frail skiff "which bore Cæsar and his fortunes," he gave to the winds and the waves his celebrated proclamation. He evoked before the eyes of his soldiers the images of a hundred fights, and sent his eagles before him, as the harbingers of his triumphant return:—

"Soldiers! in my exile I heard your voice. We have not been conquered, but betrayed. We must forget that we have been the masters of nations, but we must not allow others to mingle themselves in our affairs. Who shall pretend to be master in our country? Resume those eagles that you had at Ulm, at Austerlitz, at Jena, at Montmirail. The veterans of the army of the Sambre and the Meuse, of the Rhine, of Italy, of Egypt, of the west, of the grand army, are humiliated. Come, place yourselves under the flag of your chief. Victory will march at the *pas de charge*. The eagle, with the national flag shall fly from steeple to steeple, until she lights on the towers of Notre Dame!"

On the morrow of his arrival at the Tuil-

leries, and amidst the astonishment which followed that night of enthusiasm and intoxication, he called his old guard around his flag, and presented it to his brave companions of the island of Elba :—

“Soldiers! behold the officers of the battalion who have accompanied me in misfortune. They are all my friends—they were dear to my heart: wherever I saw them, they represented to me the different regiments of the army. Among these six hundred veteran companions were men of all the regiments. All reminded me of those great days, the memory of which is so dear to me—for all were covered with honorable wounds, received in those memorable battles. In loving them I loved you all. Soldiers of the French army! they bring you back those eagles, which will serve you as a rallying point. In giving them to the Guard, I give them to the whole army. Treason and unhappy circumstances have covered them for a time with mourning; but, thanks to the French people and to you, they re-appear, resplendent with all their former glory. Swear that they shall be found always wherever the interests of the country shall call them. Let the traitors and those who invade our territory never be able to stand before their looks.”

Some days afterwards, at the assembly in the Champs de Mars, he speaks not of the glory of the battles, nor of the devotion of the soldiers, but, being in the presence of the people and of the legislative bodies, he extols the grand principle of the national sovereignty :—

“Emperor, consul, soldier—I hold all from the people. In prosperity, in adversity, on the battlefield, at the council-board, on the throne, in exile, France has ever been the only and constant object of my thoughts and of my actions. Like that king of Athens, I sacrificed myself for my people, in the hope of seeing realized the promise given, to preserve for France its national integrity, its honor, and its repose.”

On the meeting of the Chambers, he addressed them, conjuring them to forget their quarrels in the face of the imminent danger of the nation :—

“Let us not imitate the example of the lower empire, which, pursued on all sides by barbarians, exposed itself to the laughter of posterity, by occupying itself with paltry dissensions at the moment when the battering ram struck on the walls of the city. It is in difficult times that great nations, like great men, develop all the energy of their characters.”

Falling unexpectedly amongst the army, he recalled to its recollection that it ought not to allow itself to be alarmed by the

great numbers of its enemies; that it had atrocious insults to avenge; that surrounding nations were impatient to shake off the yoke, and to combat the same enemies :—

“These, and ourselves—are we no longer the same men. Soldiers! at Jena, against these same Prussians, now so arrogant, you were one against two, and, at Montmirail, you were one against three. Let those among you who have been prisoners with the English tell you the tale of their prison-ships, and of the frightful evils that they have suffered.

“The Saxons, the Belgians, the Hanoverians, the soldiers of the Confederation of the Rhine, groan at being obliged to lend their arms to princes who are hostile to justice and the people’s rights.”

And when all was finished—when the lightning of Waterloo had struck him, how touching were his last words to his army :—

“Soldiers!” said he, “I will follow your steps, although absent. It was the country you served in obeying me; and if I have had any share in your affections, I owe it to my ardent love for France—our common mother. Soldiers! some few efforts more, and the coalition will be dissolved. Napoleon will be grateful to you for the blows you are going to give.”

From on board the *Bellerophon*, anchored in British waters, he addressed the following letter to the Prince Regent :—

“YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS.—Overcome by the factions which divide my country, and by the hostility of the great powers of Europe, I have terminated my political career, and I come, like Themistocles of old, to sit down at the hearth of the British people. I place myself under the protection of their laws, which I claim from your Royal Highness, as the most powerful, the most constant, and the most generous of my enemies.”

At St. Helena, his imagination retraced his past life, reverted to Egypt and the East, and the brilliant recollections of his youth.

“I should have done better,” said he, striking his forehead, “not to have quitted Egypt. Arabia waited for a hero. With the French in reserve, and the Arabians and Egyptians as auxiliaries, I should have rendered myself master of India, and should now have been Emperor of all the East.”

Dwelling still on this grand idea, he used to say

“St. Jean d’Acre taken, the French army would have flown to Damascus and Aleppo, and, in the twinkling of an eye, would have been on the Euphrates. The Christians of Syria, the Druses, the

Armenians, would have joined it. The population was about to be shaken. I should have reached Constantinople and India; and I should have changed the face of the world."

"Then as if liberty, fairer than the empire of the world, had shed on him a new light, he exclaimed

"The great and noble truths of the French revolution will endure for ever. We have covered them with so much lustre, associated them with such monuments and such prodigies—we have washed away their first stains with waves of glory. They are immortal; issuing from the tribune, cemented by the blood of battles, adorned with the laurels of victory, saluted with the acclamations of the people and of nations, sanctioned by treaties, they can never retrograde. They live in Great Britain, they are resplendent in America, they are nationalized in France. Behold the tripod from which will issue the light of the world!"

Images of war floated continually before his imagination during the maladies which preceded his death.

"Go, my friends," he used to say, "and revisit your families; as for me, I shall see again my brave companions in the elysium of futurity. Yes! Kleber, Dessaix, Bessières, Duroc, Ney, Murat, Massena, Berthier, all will come to meet me. When they see me, they will be wild with enthusiasm and glory; we shall talk of our wars with the Scipios, the Hannibals, the Cæsars, the Fredericks, unless," added he, with a smile, "the people there below should be afraid to see so many warriors together."

In an excess of delirium, which occurred during his illness, he imagined that he was at the head of the army of Italy, and that he heard the drums beating. He exclaimed,

"Steingel, Dessaix, Massena, away, away, run—to the charge!—they are ours!"

Pondering on his melancholy situation on the rock of St. Helena, he used to soliloquize—

"Another Prometheus, I am nailed to a rock, where a vulture devours me. Yes! I had robbed fire from heaven to give it to France! the fire has returned to its source, and behold me here! The love of glory is like that bridge which Satan threw over chaos to pass from hell to paradise: glory joins the past to the future, from which it is separated by an immense abyss. Nothing remains for my son save my name."

The concluding words of his testament were marked by his usual eloquence.

"I desire," said he, "that my ashes may repose on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the people whom I have so much loved."

But let us now endeavor to dispel the illusions created by the sublimity of his genius, and to look at Napoleon as he will be viewed by the wisdom of posterity.

As a statesman, he had at once too much genius and too much ambition to lay down the supreme power, and to reign under any master whatever, be it parliament, people, or king.

As a warrior, he fell from the throne, not for having refused to re-establish legitimacy, not for having smothered liberty, but as a consequence of conquest. He was not, and he could not be, either a Monk or a Washington, for the simplest of all reasons, that he was a Napoleon.

He reigned as reign all the powers of this world, by the force of his principle; he perished, as perish all powers of this world, by the violence and the abuse of his principle.

Greater than Alexander, Charlemagne, Peter, or Frederick, he, like them, has imprinted his name on an age; like them, he was a legislator; like them, he established an empire; and his memory, which is universal, lives under the tent of the Arab, and crosses, with the canoes of the Indian, the far waters of Oceania. The people of France, who forget so soon, have retained nothing of that revolution, which disturbed the world, except his name. The soldiers, in their discourses of the bivouac, speak of no other captain; and when they pass through our cities, direct their eyes to no other image.

When the people accomplished the revolution of July, the flag, all soiled with dust, which was unfurled by the soldier-artisans—the chiefs of the insurrection—was the flag surmounted by the French eagle—it was the flag of Austerlitz, of Jena, and of Wagram, and not that of Jemappes or Fleurus; it was the flag that was unfurled in the squares of Lisbon, of Vienna, of Berlin, at Rome, at Moscow, and not that which floated over the federation of the Champs de Mars. It was the flag riddled by the bullets of Waterloo; it was the flag which the emperor embraced at Fontainebleau, when he bade adieu to his old guard; it was the flag which had shaded his expiring brow at St. Helena—it was, in one word—the FLAG OF NAPOLEON.

He—this man—had dispelled the popu-

lar illusion which attached itself to the blood of kings—sovereignty, majesty, and power. He raised the people in their own esteem, by showing to them kings, descended from kings, at the foot of a king who had sprung from the people. He so overwhelmed hereditary monarchs, by placing them in *juxtaposition* with himself—he so oppressed them with his own greatness, that, in taking them one by one, all these kings and all these emperors, and bringing them beside himself, that they were scarcely perceivable, so small and obscure did they become by the comparison with this Colossus.

But let us listen to what the severe voice of history will pronounce against him :

He dethroned the sovereignty of the people. The emperor of the French republic, he became a despot—he threw the weight of his sword into the scales of the law—he incarcerated individual liberty in his state prisons—he stifled the liberty of the press, by the gags of the censorship—he violated trial by jury—he trampled under his feet the tribunals, the legislative bodies, and the senate—he depopulated

the work-shops and the fields—he engrafted on the army a new *noblesse*, which soon became more insupportable than the ancient one, because it had neither the same antiquity nor the same prestige; he levied arbitrary taxes—he desired that in the whole empire there should be but one voice—*his voice*; and but one law, *his will*. The capital, the cities, the armies, the fleets, the palaces, the museums, the magistrates, the citizens, became *his* capital, *his* cities, *his* armies, *his* fleets, *his* palaces, *his* museums, *his* magistrates, and *his* subjects. He drew the nation out to conflict and to battle, where we have nothing left remarkable save the insolence of our victories, our corpses, and our gold. In fine, after having besieged the forts of Cadiz—after having in his hands the keys of Lisbon, of Madrid, of Vienna, of Berlin, of Naples, and of Rome—after having made the pavement of Moscow tremble under the wheels of his artillery, he left France less great than he found her—bleeding with her wounds, dismantled of her fortresses, naked, impoverished, and humiliated.

From Tait's Magazine.

FEMALE AUTHORS.—No. III.—Mrs. SHELLEY.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN.

MUCH as we hear of Schools of Authors, there has, properly speaking, been but one in British Literature—at least, within this century. There was never, for example, any such thing as a Lake school. A school supposes certain conditions and circumstances which are not to be found among the poets referred to. It supposes, first of all, a common master. Now, the Lake poets had no common master, either among themselves or others. They owed allegiance neither to Shakspeare, nor Milton, nor Wordsworth. Each stood near, but each stood alone, like the stars composing one of the constellations. A school, again, implies a common creed. But we have no evidence, external or internal that, though the poetical diction of the Lakers bore a certain resemblance, that their poetical creed was identical. Indeed, we are yet to learn that Southey had, of any depth or definitude, a poetical creed at all. A

school, again, supposes a similar mode of training. But how different the erratic education of Coleridge, from the slow, solemn, silent degrees by which, without noise of hammer or edge-tool, arose, like the ancient temple, the majestic structure of Wordsworth's mind! A school, besides, implies such strong and striking resemblances as shall serve to overpower the specific differences between the writers who compose it. But we are mistaken if the dissimilarities between Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey be not as great as the points in which they agree. Take, for example, the one quality of speculative intellect. That, in the mind of Coleridge, was restless, discontented, and daring—in Wordsworth, still, collected, brooding perpetually over narrow but profound depths—in Southey, almost totally quiescent. The term Lake School, in short, applied at first in derision, has been retained, principally because it is

convenient—nay, suggests a pleasing image, and gives both the public and the critics “glimpses, that do make them less forlorn,” of the blue peaks of Helvellyn and Skiddaw, and of the blue waters of Derwent and Windermere.

The Cockney school was, if possible, a misnomer more absurd—striving, as it did, in vain to include, within one term, three spirits so essentially distinct as Hazlitt, Keats, and Leigh Hunt—the first a stern metaphysician, who had fallen into a hopeless passion for poetry; the second, the purest specimen of the ideal—a ball of beautiful foam, “cut off from the water,” and not adopted by the air; the third, a fine tricky medium between the poet and the wit, half a sylph and half an Ariel, now hovering round a lady’s curl, and now stirring the fiery tresses of the Sun—a fairy fluctuating link, connecting Pope with Shelley. We need not be at pains to cut out into little stars the Blackwood constellation, or dwell on the differences between a Wilson, a Lockhart, and a James Hogg.

One school, however, there has appeared within the last fifty years, answering to all the characteristics we have enumerated, namely, the Godwin school, who, by a common master—the old man eloquent himself—a common philosophical as well as poetical belief, common training, that of warfare with society, and many specific resemblances in manner and style, are proclaimed to be one. This cluster includes the names of William Godwin, Mary Wollstonecroft, Brockden Brown of America, Shelley, and Mrs. Shelley.

Old Godwin scarcely got justice in this Magazine from Mr. De Quincey. Slow, cumbrous, elephantine as he was, there was always a fine spirit animating his most lumpish movements. He was never contemptible—often common-place, indeed, but often great. There was much in him of the German cast of mind—the same painful and plodding diligence, added to high imaginative qualities. His great merit at the time—and his great error, as it proved afterwards—lay in wedding a partial philosophic system with the universal truth of fiction. Hence the element which made the public drunk with his merits at first rendered them oblivious afterwards. So dangerous it is to connect fiction (the finer alias of truth) with any dogma or mythus less perishable than the theogony of Homer, or the Catholicism of Cervantes. After all, what was the theory of Godwin, but the

masque of Christianity? Cloaking the leading principle of our religion, its disinterested benevolence, under a copy of the features of Helvetius and Volney, he went a mumming with it in the train of the philosophers of the Revolution. But when he approached the domain of actual life and of the human affections, the ugly disguise dropped, and his fictions we hesitate not to characterize as among the noblest illustrations of the Sermon on the Mount. But to the public they seemed the reiterations of exploded and dangerous errors—such a load of prejudice and prepossession had been suspended to their author’s skirts. And now, the excitement of danger and disgust having passed away from his theories, interest in the works which propounded them has also subsided. “Caleb Williams,” once characterized by Hannah More as a cunning and popular preparation of the poison which the Political Justice had contained in a cruder form, and thereby branded as dangerous, is now forgotten, we suspect, by all but a very select class of circulating library readers. “St. Leon,” “Fleetwood,” “Mandeville,” and “Cloudeley,” with all their varied merits, never attracted attention, except through the reflex interest and terror excited by their author’s former works. Thus political excitement has been at once a raising and a ruining influence to the writings of a great English author—ruining, we mean, at present—for the shade of neglect has yet to be created which can permanently conceal their sterling and imperishable worth. After the majority of the writings of Dickens have perished—after one-half of Bulwer’s, and one-fourth of Scott’s novels have been forgotten—shall many reflective spirits be found following the fugitive steps of Caleb Williams, or standing by the grave of Marguerite de Damville, or of Bethlem Gabor, as they do well to be angry even unto death. If sincerity, simplicity, depth of thought, purity of sentiment, and power of genius can secure immortality to any productions, it is to the fictions of Godwin.

Mary Wollstonecroft—since we saw her countenance prefixed to her husband’s Memoir—a face so sweet, so spiritual, so far withdrawn from earthly thoughts, steeped in an enthusiasm so genuine—we have ceased to wonder at the passionate attachment of Southey, Fuseli, and Godwin to the gifted being who bore it. It is the most feminine countenance we ever saw in picture. The “Rights of Women” seem in it melted

down into one deliquium of love. Fuseli once, when asked if he believed in the immortality of the soul, replied in language rather too rough to be quoted verbatim, "I don't know if *you* have a soul, but I am sure that *I* have." We are certain that he believed in the existence of at least one other immortal spirit—that of the owner of the still, serene, and rapt countenance on which he hopelessly doted. It is curious that on the first meeting of Godwin and his future wife, they "interdespised"—they recoiled from each other, like two enemies suddenly meeting on the street, and it required much after-intercourse to reconcile them, and ultimately to create that passion which led to their union.

Mary Wollstonecroft shone most in conversation. From this to composition she seemed to descend as from a throne. Coleridge describes her meeting and extinguishing some of Godwin's objections to her arguments with a light, easy, playful air. Her fan was a very falchion in debate. Her works—"History of the French Revolution," "Wanderer of Norway," "Rights of Women," &c.—have all perished. Her own career was chequered and unhappy—her end was premature—she died in childhood of Mrs. Shelley (like the sun going down to reveal the evening star); but her name shall live as that of a deep majestic and high-souled woman—the Madame Roland of England—and who could, as well as she, have paused on her way to the scaffold, and wished for a pen to "record the strange thoughts that were arising in her mind." Peace to her ashes! How consoling to think that those who in life were restless and unhappy, sleep the sleep of death as soundly as others—nay, seem to sleep more soundly—to be hushed by a softer lullaby, and surrounded by a profounder peace, than the ordinary tenants of the grave. Yes, sweeter, deeper, and longer is the repose of the *truant* child, after his day of wandering is over, and the night of his rest is come.

Another "Wanderer o'er Eternity" was Brockden Brown, the Godwin of America. And worse for him, he was a wanderer, not from, but among men. For Cain of old, it was a relief to go forth from his species into the virgin empty earth. The builders of the Tower of Babel must have rejoiced as they saw the summit of their abortive building sinking down in the level plain; they fled from it as a stony silent satire on their baffled ambition, and as a memorial of the confusion of their speech—it scourged them

forth into the wilderness, where they found peace and oblivion. A self-exiled Byron or Landor is rather to be envied; for though "how can your wanderer escape from his own shadow?" yet it is much if that shadow sweep forests and cataracts, fall large at morning or evening upon Alps and Apennines, or swell into the Demon of the Brocken. In this case misery takes a prouder, loftier shape, and mounts a burning throne. But a man like Brockden Brown, forced to carry his incommunicable sorrow into the press and thick of human society, nay, to coin it into the means of procuring daily bread, he is the true hero, even though he should fall in the struggle. To carry one's misery to market, and sell it to the highest bidder, what a necessity for a proud and sensitive spirit! Assuredly, Brown was a brave struggler, if not a successful one. Amid poverty, neglect, non-appreciation, hard labor, and the thousand *maisons* of the crude country which America then was, he retained his integrity; he wrote on at what Godwin calls his "story books;" he sought inspiration from his own gloomy woods and silent fields; and his works appear, amid what are called "standard novels," like tall wind-swept American pines amid shrubbery and brush-wood. His name, after his untimely death (at the age of thirty-nine), was returned upon his ungrateful country—from Britain, where his writings first attained eminent distinction, while even yet Americans, generally, prefer the adventure and bustle of Cooper to the stern Dante-like simplicity, the philosophical spirit, and the harrowing and ghost-like interest Brown.

Of Shelley, having spoken so often, what more can we say? He seems to us as though the most beautiful of beings had been struck blind. Mr. De Quincey, in unconscious plagiarism from another, compares him to a "lunatic angel." But perhaps his disease might be better denominated blindness. It was not because he saw falsely, but, as if seeing and delaying to worship the glory of Christ and his religion, that delay was punished by a swift and sudden darkness. Imagine the Apollo Belvedere, animated and fleshed, all his dream-like loveliness of form retained, but his eyes remaining shut! Thus blind and beautiful stood Shelley on his pedestal, or went wandering, an inspired sleep-walker, among his fellows, who, alas, not seeing his melancholy plight, struck and spurned, instead

of gently and soothingly trying to lead him into the right path. We still think, notwithstanding Mr. De Quincey's eloquent strictures in reply, that if pity and kind-hearted expostulation had been employed, they might have had the effect, if not of weaning him from his errors, at least of modifying his expressions and feelings—if not of opening his eyes, at least of rendering him more patient and hopeful under his eclipse. What but a partial clouding of his mind could have prompted such a question as he asked upon the following occasion? Haydon, the painter, met him once at a large dinner party in London. During the course of the entertainment, a thin, cracked, shrieking voice was heard from the one end of the table, "you don't believe, do you, Mr. Haydon, in that execrable thing, Christianity?" The voice was poor Shelley's, who could not be at rest with any new acquaintance till he ascertained his impressions on that one topic.

Poets, perhaps all men, best understand themselves. Thus no word so true has been spoken of Shelley, as where he says of himself, that "an adamantine veil was built up between his mind and heart." His intellect led him in one direction—the true impulses of his heart in another. The one was with Spinoza—the other with John. The controversy raged between them like fire, and even at death was not decided. We rejoice, in contrast with the brutal treatment he met with while living, to notice the tenderness which the most evangelical periodicals (witness the present number of the *North British Review*), extend to the memory of this most sincere, spiritual, and unearthly of modern men. It is to us a proud reflection, that for at least seventeen years our opinion of him has remained unaltered.

It is not at all to be wondered at, that two such spirits as Shelley and Mary Godwin, when they met, should become instantly attached. On his own doctrine of a state of pre-existence, we might say that the marriage had been determined long before, while yet the souls were waiting in the great antenatal antechamber! They met at last like two drops of water—like two flames of fire—like two beautiful clouds which have crossed the moon, the sky and all its stars, to hold their midnight assignation over a favorite and lonely river. Mary Godwin was an enthusiast from her childhood. She passed, by her own account, part of her youth at Broughty Ferry, in

sweet and sinless reverie, among its cliffs. The place is, to us, familiar. It possesses some fine features—a bold promontory crowned with an ancient castle jutting far out into the Tay, which here broadens into an arm of the ocean—a beach, in part smooth with sand, and in part paved with pebbles—cottages lying artlessly along the shore, clean, as if washed by the near sea—sandy hillocks rising behind—and westward, the river, like an inland lake, stretching around Dundee, with its fine harbor and its surmounting Law, which, in its turn, is surmounted by the far blue shapes of the gigantic Stuicknachroan and Benvoirlich. Did the bay of Spezzia ever suggest to Mrs. Shelley's mind the features of the Scottish scene? That scene, seen so often, seldom fails to bring before us her image—the child, and soon to be the bride, of genius. Was she ever, like Mirza, overheard in her soliloquies, and did she bear the shame, accordingly, in blushes which still rekindle at the recollection? Did the rude fishermen of the place deem her wondrous wise, or did they deem her mad, with her wandering eye, her rapt and gleaming countenance, her light step moving to the music of her maiden meditation? The smooth sand retains no trace of her young feet—to the present race she is altogether unknown; but we have more than once seen the man, and the lover of genius, turn round and look at the spot, with warmer interest, and with brightening eye, as we told them that she had been there.

We have spoken of Mrs. Shelley's similarity in genius to her husband—we by no means think her his equal. She has not his subtlety, swiftness, wealth of imagination, and is never caught up (like Ezekiel by his lock of hair) into the same rushing whirlwind of inspiration. She has much, however, of his imaginative and of his speculative qualities—her tendency, like his, is to the romantic, the ethereal, and the terrible. The tie detaining her, as well as him, to the earth, is slender—her protest against society is his, copied out in a fine female hand—her style is carefully and successfully modelled upon his—she bears, in brief, to him, the resemblance which Laone did to Laon, which Astarte did to Manfred. Perhaps, indeed, intercourse with a being so peculiar, that those who came in contact with, either withdrew from him in hatred, or fell into the current of his being, vanquished and enthralled, has somewhat affected the originality, and narrowed the extent of her own genius. In-

dian widows used to fling themselves upon the funeral pyre of their husbands: she has thrown upon that of hers her mode of thought, her mould of style, her creed, her heart, her all. Her admiration of Shelley was, and is, an idolatry. Can we wonder at it? Separated from him in the prime of life, with all his faculties in the finest bloom of promise, with peace beginning to build in the crevices of his torn heart, and with fame hovering ere it stooped upon his head—separated, too, in circumstances so sudden and cruel—can we be astonished that from the wounds of love came forth the blood of worship and sacrifice? Wordsworth speaks of himself as feeling for

"The Old Sea some reverential fear."

But in the mind of "Mary" there must lurk a feeling of a still stronger kind toward that element which *he*, next to herself, had of all things most passionately loved—which he trusted as a parent—to which he exposed himself, defenceless (he could not swim, he could only soar)—which he had sung in many a strain of matchless sweetness, but which betrayed and destroyed him—how can she, without horror, hear the boom of its waves, or look without a shudder, either at its stormy or at its smiling countenance? What a picture she presents to our imagination, running with dishevelled hair, along the sea shore, questioning all she met if they could tell her of her husband—nay, shrieking out the dreadful question to the surges, which, like a dumb murderer, had done the deed but could not utter the confession!

Mrs. Shelley's genius, though true and powerful, is monotonous and circumscribed—more so than even her father's—and, in this point, presents a strong contrast to her husband's, which could run along every note of the gamut—be witty or wild, satirical or sentimental, didactic or dramatic, epic or lyrical, as it pleased him. She has no wit, nor humor—little dramatic talent. Strong clear description of the gloomier scenes of nature, or the darker passions of the mind, or of those supernatural objects which her fancy, except in her first work, somewhat *laboriously* creates, is her forte. Hence her reputation still rests upon "Frankenstein;" for her "Last Man," "Perkin Warbeck," &c., are far inferior, if not entirely unworthy of her talents. She unquestionably made him; but, like a mule or a monster, he has had no progeny.

Can any one have forgot the interesting

account she gives of her first conception of that extraordinary story, when she had retired to rest, her fancy heated by hearing ghost tales; and when the whole circumstances of the story appeared at once before her eye, as in a camera obscura? It is ever thus, we imagine, that truly original conceptions are produced. They are cast—not wrought. They come as wholes, and not in parts. It was thus that Tam o' Shanter completed, along Burns' mind, his weird and tipsy gallop in a single hour. Thus Coleridge composed the outline of his "Ancient Mariner," in one evening walk near Nether Stowey. So rapidly rose "Frankenstein," which, as Moore well remarks, has been one of those striking conceptions which take hold of the public mind at once and for ever.

The theme is morbid and disgusting enough. The story is that of one who finds out the principle of life, constructs a monstrous being, who, because his maker fails in forming a female companion to him, ultimately murders the dearest friend of his benefactor, and, in remorse and despair, disappears amid the eternal snows of the North Pole. Nothing more preposterous than the meagre outline of the story exists in literature. But Mrs. Shelley deserves great credit, nevertheless. In the first place, she has succeeded in her delineation; she has painted the shapeless being upon the imagination of the world for ever; and beside Caliban, and Hecate, and Death in Life, and all other weird and gloomy creations, this nameless, unfortunate, involuntary, gigantic unit stands. To succeed in an attempt so daring, proves at once the power of the author, and a certain value even in the original conception. To keep verging perpetually on the limit of the absurd, and to produce the while all the effects of the sublime, this takes and tasks very high faculties indeed. Occasionally, we admit, she does overstep the mark. Thus the whole scene of the monster's education in the cottage, his overhearing the reading of the "Paradise Lost," the "Sorrows of Werter," &c., and in this way acquiring knowledge and refined sentiments, seems unspeakably ridiculous. A Caco-demon weeping in concert with Eve or Werter is too ludicrous an idea—as absurd as though he had been represented as boarded at Capricorn Hall. But it is wonderful how delicately and gracefully Mrs. Shelley has managed the whole prodigious business. She touches pitch with a lady's glove, and is

not defiled. From a whole forest of the "nettle danger," she extracts a sweet and plentiful supply of the "flower safety." With a fine female footing, she preserves the narrow path which divides the terrible from the disgusting. She unites, not in a junction of words alone, but in effect, the "horribly beautiful." Her monster is not only as Caliban appeared to Trinculo—a very pretty monster—but somewhat poetical and pathetic withal. You almost weep for him in his utter insulation. Alone! dread word, though it were to be alone in heaven! Alone! word hardly more dreadful if it were to be alone in hell!

"Alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea;
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony."

Thus wrapt around by his loneliness, as by a silent burning chain, does this gigantic creature run through the world, like a lion who has lost his mate, in a forest of fire, seeking for his kindred being, but seeking for ever in vain.

He is not only alone, but alone because he has no being like him throughout the whole universe. What a solitude within a solitude!—solitude comparable only to that of the Alchemist in St. Leon, when he buries his last tie to humanity in his wife's grave, and goes on his way, "friendless, friendless, alone, alone."

What a scene is the process of his creation, and especially the hour when he first began to breathe, to open his ill-favored eyes, and to stretch his ill-shapen arms, toward his terrified author, who, for the first time, becomes aware of the enormity of the mistake he has committed; who has had a giant's strength, and used it tyrannously like a giant, and who shudders and shrinks back from his own horrible handiwork! It is a type, whether intended or not, of the fate of genius, whenever it dares either to revile, or to resist, the common laws and obligations, and conditions of man and the universe. Better, better far be blasted with the lightnings of heaven, than by the recoil, upon one's own head, of one false, homeless, returning, revenging thought.

Scarcely second to her description of the moment when, at midnight, and under the light of a waning moon, the monster was born, is his sudden apparition under a glacier among the high Alps. This scene strikes us the more, as it seems the fulfil-

ment of a fear which all have felt, who have found themselves alone among such desolate regions. Who has not at times trembled lest those ghastlier and drearier places of nature, which abound in our own Highlands, should bear a different progeny from the ptarmigan, the sheep, the raven, or the eagle—lest the mountain should suddenly crown itself with a Titanic spectre, and the mist, disparting, reveal demoniac forms, and the lonely moor discover its ugly dwarf, as if dropped down from the overhanging thunder cloud—and the forest of pines show unearthly shapes sailing among their shades—and the cataract overboil with its own wild creations? Thus fitly, amid scenery like that of some dream of nightmare, on a glacier as on a throne, stands up before the eye of his own maker, the miscreation, and he cries out,

"Whence and what art thou, execrable shape?"

In darkness and distance, at last, the being disappears, and the imagination dares hardly pursue him as he passes amid those congenial shapes of colossal size, terror, and mystery, which we fancy to haunt those outskirts of existence, with, behind them at midnight, "all Europe and Asia fast asleep, and before them the silent immensity and Palace of the Eternal, to which our sun is but a porch-lamp."

Altogether, the work is wonderful as the work of a girl of eighteen. She has never since fully equalled or approached its power, nor do we ever expect that she shall. One distinct addition to our original creations must be conceded her—and it is no little praise; for there are few writers of fiction who have done so much out of Germany. What are they, in this respect, to our painters—to Fuseli, with his quaint brain, so prodigal of unearthly shapes—to John Martin, who has created over his head a whole dark frowning, but magnificent world—or to David Scott, our own most cherished friend, in whose studio, while standing surrounded by pictured poems of such startling originality, such austere selection of theme, and such solemn dignity of treatment (forgetting not himself, the grave, mild, quiet, shadowy enthusiast, with his slow, deep, sepulchral tones), you are almost tempted to exclaim, "How dreadful is this place!"

Of one promised and anticipated task we must, ere we close, respectfully remind Mrs. Shelley; it is of the life of her husband. That, even after Captain Med-

wyn's recent work, has evidently yet to be written. No hand but hers can write it well. Critics may anatomize his qualities—she only can paint his likeness. In proclaiming his praise, exaggeration in her will be pardoned; and in unveiling his faults, tenderness may be expected from her; she alone, we believe, after all, fully

understands him; she alone fully knows the particulars of his outer and inner history; and we hope and believe, that her biography will be a monument to his memory, as lasting as the Euganean hills; and her lament over his loss as sweet as the everlasting dirge, sung in their "late remorse of love," by the waters of the Italian sea.

From *Fraser's Magazine*.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN.

THE death of Dr. Mendelssohn, in the early part of the last month, is one of the most melancholy casualties that have occurred in the musical art for a long time. We naturally forget how many similar and sudden experiences have suggested the usual reflections on the uncertainty of life, and the vanity of human wishes, in the sight of a young composer invested with all the goods of fortune; the spectacle of artist-existence in a favorite of the public is so animated that we confer a kind of immortality upon it, and remove into hazy obscurity and the dim vista of the future the last and greatest of evils. But surely the recollection of C. M. von Weber, carried off in the first acclamation of his triumph among us, and of the early doom of Bellini, the most inventive melodist and dramatic genius of modern Italy, with numerous promising names in the humbler ranks of art, should teach us our error in wilfully excepting genius from the influence of the ordinary rule of human instability. When a composer fulfils the arduous duties and complicated responsibilities of Mendelssohn, he attains the giddiest height of prosperity and applause, with proportionate danger to health and life; and now that the melancholy event is passed, we begin to look into its prognostics.

We remember that, of late, he was solicitous rather to avoid engagements than to accept them; that he would not conduct the Leipsic subscription concerts this year; that he was often with difficulty induced to play; and that he found himself physically incompetent to cope with the weight of the Birmingham organ at the last festival. What he had formerly undertaken with cheerful and ready compliance, he now

reluctantly accepted, or absolutely refused. It is true that, after a career of some twenty years before the public, applause was not to seek; he had exhibited marvels of facility as concerto and extempore player on the organ and piano-forte, and amidst such frenzied plaudits, that the intoxicating draught of youthful ambition may have lost its stimulus. Like some other heroes, however, he also may have found perpetual glory of itself an accumulating and intolerable weight, and that a great name and figure in the eye of the world are dearly purchased by constant toil and responsibility. He may have wished to anticipate the honorable repose of age in consideration of the more than double duty of his youth—having in his various capacities of composer, concerto player, extempore player, and conductor of an orchestra, acquitted himself with a distinction unparalleled, save by Mozart. Possibly, too, he found a decline of the physical power necessary to contend with the daily exigencies of his position. At any rate, his appearance in the orchestra, when last we saw him at the Philharmonic Society, did not betray the fatal secret. Those who saw Mendelssohn on that brilliant occasion, honored by the presence of the Queen, revelling in his favorite Pianoforte Concerto—Beethoven's in G—with all the playful grace, the ease, and conscious mastery that communicated their peculiar charms to the performance, can scarcely have anticipated that, in a few short months, the player and his piece would become alike food for history. That those inconceivably rapid and elastic fingers, whose "artful and unimaginable touches" created the uproar of enthusiasm in the concert-room, should not delight

us from season to season, for a course of years, seemed impossible. Never was a man so "booked" in public expectation for long prosperity. Removed from envy, rivalry, and detraction, in the possession of an ample fortune, he had nothing to do but to live; to live was to flourish, and to perform what was easy to him.

Such was the promising aspect in which Dr. Mendelssohn appeared in the lighted evening concert-room to his admiring audience. By daylight, and in closer contiguity, the spectator was struck by a certain appearance of premature age which his countenance exhibited; he seemed already to have outstretched the natural term of his existence by at least ten years. No one, judging by the lines in his face, would have guessed his age to be thirty-nine only. The disproportion between his actual age and the character of his face was especially noticed at the morning "Homage to Mendelssohn," performed in Harley Street by the Beethoven Quartet Society. Here he was gay and animated, and played delightfully; but, to the surprise of close observers, was no longer a young man. He had compressed a great deal of life into a short compass, and wanted a stronger physical constitution to support the throes of perpetual invention, and the excitement consequent on his elevated position. He was conscientious in fulfilling what he owed to his art, and to the public who cherished him; he sought to confirm "golden opinions" by the most generous efforts, and in the end may almost be described as "killed by kindness." The path of genius will always be chivalrous from its self-sacrificing ambition; and if the cold neglect of the last century, and the eager patronage of the present, produce like results to the composer, society has at least advanced in granting the artist during his lifetime the full content of appreciation and sympathy.

The prosperous course of Felix Mendelssohn from infancy to maturity will always remain a bright and pleasant dream for artists in this contentious world. The advantages of a good position by birth; of possessing a name already celebrated in the walks of literature and philosophy; of musical parents, who quickly discerned the bent of his genius, and who spared no pains in developing it; of early intercourse with men of remarkable endowments, from whom he imbibed the tastes natural to intellectual pre-eminence and refined education—all

these united for him in such a measure, that until the fairies again assemble round the cradle of a child with their good gifts, we shall look in vain for a similar picture of happy artist boyhood. Mendelssohn was born at Hamburgh, Feb. 3, 1809. His father, a distinguished merchant at Berlin, found in that city the best materials for the musical and intellectual cultivation of his son. We are strongly reminded of the history of the Mozart family in the infant musical promise of Mendelssohn and his elder sister, almost his rival in skill, who always accompanied him in his tastes, and whom, by a remarkable fatality and coincidence in the mortal attack, he has this year accompanied to the tomb. In the case of the children of M. Mendelssohn, the mother, however, was the good genius who chiefly influenced their musical progress. This lady was herself an excellent practical musician, formed in the schools of Sebastian and Emanuel Bach; and not only did she appreciate the works of these models of musical science, but their utility in developing the musical dispositions of the young. Her example is worthy of imitation. She commenced with lessons of five minutes' duration, gradually extending them; and so rapid was the child's progress under her tuition, that by his eighth year he mastered with ease, passages requiring a very skilful execution. At this tender age, he was also able to transpose the pieces in Cramer's studio, and to play from the scores of Bach at sight. His ear readily detected fifths and other inaccuracies in counterpoint. He discovered an error of this sort which had previously escaped detection in a motet by Bach. The precocity which he displayed excited general admiration; and the masters who successively assisted in his musical education were fully persuaded that they were rearing another Mozart.

Louis Berger, of Berlin, succeeded the mother of Mendelssohn as his musical instructor; and, subsequently, the boy, together with his sister, took lessons of any famous master who happened to be sojourning in Berlin, thus appropriating the different excellencies of many artists, Hummel, Moscheles, &c. The musical capacities of these accomplished children are described as nearly equal; a generous emulation prevailed between them; sometimes the brother was in advance, sometimes the sister. A life-long, profound sympathy and attachment, grew out of their common musical studies; and to appreciate the beauty of the

nearness of kin and of soul subsisting between Mendelssohn and his sister, Music, with her impassioned and elevated influences, must aid us. Rarely are kindred gifts of high genius bestowed upon a brother and sister; but of Mendelssohn and Madame Henvel* it may truly be said—

“Like fortunes did their souls acquaint”

The steps by which the youthful artist accomplished that complete readiness of eye and hand, of musical intellect and ear, which rendered him as a practical musician the wonder of our age, are obvious. Difficulty had at length no place in his vocabulary; he had learned to anticipate all the combinations of pianoforte music; and his early industry so far, of late, superseded the necessity of practice, that he has been known to play both the organ and pianoforte in public after intermitting practice for months. He sustained to the end all the assaults of the most inveterate mechanism; and, with Liszt and Thalberg in the field, was incontestibly the first pianoforte player of his day. Music, whose true votary he was, never deserted him, and taught the most industrious saloon players, when he was present, to know their place.

The plan pursued to form young Mendelssohn as a composer was directed also by great intelligence. He had been placed for this branch of art under Zetter, of the singing academy, a thoughtful master, and the correspondent of Goethe; and Zetter thought too highly of his charge to fetter his genius by scholastic rules. The exercises he made under Zetter were chiefly little symphonies in four parts, for stringed instruments, in composing which he followed the bent of his genius. After what fancy and imagination had achieved for the music of modern Germany, it was feared that systems might stifle some important poetical new birth. In spite of the license to run wild, order, clearness, and regularity, still distinguished the productions of the

* The memory of this lady was as wonderful as that of her brother. On her father's birthday, she once performed, as a surprise to him, an incredible feat, namely, of playing, by memory, the whole of the forty-eight preludes and fugues of Sebastian Bach. The recollection of a fugue implies that of the entire movement of its parts, and its difficulty can be appreciated only by experiment. It is a certain test of musical mind. We shall now also become acquainted with some of Madame Henvel's compositions, which are of similar texture to her brother's.

student, and were the index to the character of his mind. The domestic musical habits of Mendelssohn's family were still more happily disposed to excite his enthusiasm for composition than the approbation and encouragement of his preceptor. Every fortnight, there was a concert at the Mendelssohns, at which a quartet of good artists performed a variety of classical compositions, and together with them the last new symphony of “Felix.” What an advantage this! Surely the music of young composer was never before nursed in such softness and delight, amid such kind family sympathy and so much encouragement from musicians. By the time he reached twenty, he was not only the greatest player of the day, but the character of his compositions entitled him to occupy that place in the interest of the public which Beethoven and Weber had not long resigned. Before his first published works, two pianoforte quartets, had reached us his name and promise were familiar in England through the medium of foreign musical journals, and the connections of the British embassy at Berlin. His first English associations were, probably, formed at the parties of Mrs. Austin then resident in that city; and when he arrived in this country (in 1829), to verify the prepossessions of his admirers, he still lived in great intimacy with her family.

But there wanted no protection for such prodigious powers as Mendelssohn exhibited at twenty years of age, when his first symphony was introduced at the Philharmonic Concerts. He was received with open arms; and though the highest art here is rarely much regarded in the highest society, he, in the end, recommended himself peculiarly to royal favor. The effect of his first appearance in England was strongly assisted by circumstances. Weber's overtures and Beethoven's symphonies were then first making their true impression at the Philharmonic, and the public, in a transport of enthusiasm, were just awakening to a due sense of the loss of those masters, when the youth stepped forward who was to wield the mighty implements of their art. Still, it was not merely by his early and profound mastery of the mechanism and poetry of composition that Mendelssohn made such rapid progress in the affections of the English; his extraordinary personal endowments, in which fine playing, an intuitive kind of musical leading, a vast memory, which embraced the

details as well as the broad features of a score, and a fine talent of improvisation were conspicuous, altogether realized an idea of genius which we do not readily concede to an occasional composer and conductor of an orchestra. Here was a young man who honored his place in the orchestra by what he could do out of it; he did not merely beat time with a stick for others to play, but played himself, challenging every kind of musical difficulty, and coming off constantly victorious. Wherever he was, he created that atmosphere of wonder and excitement in which the musician delights. If he was to play on the organ, to make a cadence to a concerto on the pianoforte, or even about to rehearse an overture or symphony, every one was on tiptoe for some characteristic and delightful trait. From public life he was followed into private, with a kind of devotion; his obliging disposition, his polished and agreeable manners, and the stores of his reading, rendering his conversation second only in interest to his music. In poetry he was so well versed, that scarcely a quotation could be made unfamiliar to him, in its fullest force of word or phrase; his drawings, also, were those of a distinguished amateur. Sympathies like these, with the whole circle of the fine arts, qualified him in a remarkable manner for general society; and Mendelssohn is, perhaps, the first eminently gifted musician whose conversation and intimacy have been sought purely for their own charm alone. It was a compliment frequently paid to the social capacity of Mendelssohn to have him without music.

During the present century, the lives of great artists have been less reclusive than formerly. The known amiable dispositions of Weber and Spohr have proved a most favorable illustration of their works, and personal esteem for the composers has much assisted their progress, and promoted their effect. At what precise time Mendelssohn committed his fortunes to the art, and turned from his amateur position into a profession for which he was not originally designed, we forget; but, notwithstanding the public and private advantages of his auspicious commencement, he was never tempted to abuse them. Profitable speculation had no charms for him, compared with fidelity to art. The art was ever uppermost; and whatever subject was proposed to him for music was obliged to interest his imagination. He cautiously even then produced his works in public,

and desired to review and correct them, when time had given them some appearance of novelty even to himself. Thus the *Walpurgis Nacht*, that gloomy and poetical Druidical picture, though only performed in London two or three seasons ago, was a product of his intimacy with Goethe, and of the suggestion of the poet. It is a very early item in his musical catalogue.

Like Mozart, he completed entire compositions in his mind, and often alluded to them as finished while yet no note was on paper. He was wont to regulate the march of his productions in regard to variety and quality: now a more familiar, now a more difficult work, announced his presence in the musical world. He thus maintained public interest and expectation through the various aspects of his genius, and advanced by the steps of fame, well calculated and assured. He exercised severe criticism on his own productions and often replaced entire movements.

The genius which Mendelssohn displayed in instrumental composition was characterized by strong individuality. His third symphony in A minor seems to open the true era of his strength in that department. The fine *adagio* of this work is a great achievement, Mendelssohn succeeding better in light and piquant fancies than in profound, sustained, and original melody. The *scherzas* of his works in general are so excellent as to be quite prominent in modern art; his *allegros* come next in interest, and his slow movements last. His *ottetto* for stringed-instruments is one of his most beautiful compositions; he has never written a larger or more impassioned *allegro* than the opening one to this. His third pianoforte quartet, in B minor, is one of the best of his production for the pianoforte and stringed-instruments, and greatly surpasses in interest his trios and sonatas for the piano and violoncello. The defect of his chamber-music is some tincture of monotony in the melodies and effects; it is surprising that so fertile an extemporizer did not exhibit more variety in the decorative bravura passages incidental to pianoforte music. The "Songs without words," which he used to play so beautifully, retain still their charm of individuality and style. In every thing he succeeded best where he himself struck out the path.

His cantata and sacred music have still been but imperfectly heard: we have had large, but not select, orchestras employed on these works; and the effect of the chorus

from *St. Paul*, "Happy and Blest," accompanied by the Philharmonic orchestra, realized the freshness of a first impression. The same novelty of effect may be anticipated from the delightful choruses in *Antigone*, when we hear them with the proper singers and a great orchestra. His power of painting dramatic situation, according to the moving pictures of life with which we are conversant in opera-books, may be doubted. *The Marriage of Camacho* had no great success, and the romantic modern drama appears to have possessed few charms for him. Mendelssohn's genius was of an epic turn; he described passions and events in the mass, and under the influence of the past, with great truth; but this failed him in the mere conventional situations of the drama. He made few dramatic efforts, probably because among his other studies he had not omitted himself. Where natural impulse did not carry him, he cared not to go.

As a composer of oratorios, he was possessed by the noblest ambition. In *St. Paul* and *Elijah*, he exhibits the broad and massive style of Handel and Bach; he boldly enters the same arena, and adopts the same diatonic simplicity in its succession of fugues and choral introductions, taking only due advantage of the progress of the instrumental art. Here was his great superiority. In discriminating the voices and tones of instruments, he had the greatest ability; and his orchestration, on the whole, may be considered as the latest model of the perfection of the art. His songs and miscellaneous compositions would carry us too far to notice. Mendelssohn's genius can only be appreciated by reference to that of the greatest masters; the intellectual character of his music was first-rate: but, in the sensuousness and voluptuousness of mere melody it was deficient. If he fell short of the greatest aim, he fell nobly. No man was ever more powerfully imbued with the spirit of the artist: he lived "apart" amidst great designs and resolutions: nothing base approached his soul.

It is now some eighteen years since we began to watch for the periodical return of Mendelssohn to London, like that of the flowers in spring. He is inseparably associated with our last recollections of the festival of "the Sons of the Clergy," as it used to be kept. The late organist, Mr. Attwood, who loved him as a son, always expected him at the organ for the last voluntary; and the musicians present, each

anxious to obtain a view of him, used to form themselves into a thick cloud above his head. One of his first exhibitions was the conversion of a phrase from the first chorus of the Dettingen *Te Deum*, and another from the *Hallelujah Chorus*, into a double fugue. This, by some musicians, was thought to be premeditated; but it was not so in fact. He knew everything in music, and his contrapuntal mind taught him instantly what would go together. Arriving late at a concert, where he has been expected to play extempore, he would take a bill from his pocket, with the words, "let me see, what have they been doing?" and then would combine in his fantasia something that had been done with what he had just heard. This was the readiness of his science and practical skill. Then for his memory,—he would go through whole volumes of Beethoven and Bach. Not only that with which early practice had imbued him had he in present command, but whatever novelty of merit he was at the pains to study remained as if stamped in his mind. The world is, in general, very glad to take the intellectual measure of a favorite; but Mendelssohn withstood all the trials to which he was exposed, and the limit of his extempore capacity was never ascertained. In his cadences to piano-forte concertos he never repeated himself, and whenever he rehearsed them (as is sometimes necessary in the music of Beethoven), he did it with fun, shewing himself perfectly at ease with respect to execution and invention. Mr. Lucas will, probably, remember the difficulty he had in bringing in the band in the right place, when Mendelssohn first rehearsed Beethoven's Concerto in G. These are pleasant memories of the master. Then, for good music, he was always so impassioned, that his brilliant example, could it have lasted, would, in the end, have moved the whole musical world. How much he did for Bach! How many of that master's MSS. pedal fugues, &c., were first played by him from memory! and how often he declared, by word and deed, that he knew no such composer!

Let success have been heaped upon Mendelssohn in what measure it may, we still owe him our love for the unselfish love which he lavished on the art. We have only to add a few circumstances of his life since he left us. At the close of the season he appeared in his usual health, and passed into Switzerland for the summer. Here the news of his sister's sudden death

deeply affected him. She was with a party rehearsing his *Walpurgis Nacht*, when she was seized with what appeared to be a fainting fit, but it proved to be paralysis of the brain, and carried her off in three days. The mother of Mendelssohn had died of a similar attack, and it strongly appeared to him that, in these events, his own doom was foretold. He did not conceal that he apprehended a similar termination to his own life, and in spite of all friendly

dissuasions from the encouragement of such a train of thought, his prophecy was literally fulfilled. He departed like his sister, and in the same manner, being seized with illness while he was accompanying a lady in a song he had just composed. From his first attack he partially recovered, and was able to take a drive; but a relapse occurred. He lay for a whole day in a state of insensibility, and in this manner the great and rising genius of the age breathed his last.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

ALBERT THORWALDSEN;

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH, BY H. C. ANDERSEN.*

(Concluded from our last Month's Number.)

THORWALDSEN, in 1838, had attained universal fame. The frigate Rota was dispatched to bring a cargo of his works to Copenhagen, and he was to arrive at the same time, perhaps to remain, in Denmark.

For many years we had not seen such beautiful northern lights as in the autumn of this year. Red and blue flames were seen whirling in the horizon; Iceland's light glimmering nights had come down to our green islands; it was as if Thorwaldsen's forefathers, wrapped in the lustre of the aurora borealis, hovered around us to greet their youngest scion. The frigate Rota, with the artist on board, approached the summer-green coasts of Denmark.

The Danish flag was to be hoisted from the tower of St. Nicholas, as soon as the vessel could be descried on its way from Elsinore: but it was a foggy day, and the frigate was close by the city before it was observed. Every one was in busy motion, people flocked through the streets towards the custom-house.

What a picture! The sun burst forth suddenly between the clouds; there lies the proud ship; a magnificent rainbow spans the heavens.† The cannons thunder, all the

vessels hoist their flags; the sea is covered with boats gaily trimmed as for a festival; emblematical flags wave and tell us that in one boat are painters, in others sculptors, poets, and students; here come young well-dressed ladies, yet the eye only rests for a moment on them; it turns and fixes itself on the great boat which, with rapid strokes, steers for the ship; for there sits Thorwaldsen, his long white hair hanging over his blue cloak, and the song of welcome sounds from the shore.

The whole shore is filled with spectators; hats and handkerchiefs wave, repeated hurrahs rend the air: it is a people's festival, enthusiasm's festival. The people take the horses from his carriage, and draw him to his dwelling at Charlottenborg, where the *atelier* is ornamented with flowers and garlands. The evening is that of a festival; torches glare in the garden, and artists serenade him.

Thorwaldsen is the people's heart,—the people's thoughts;—feast follows feast. We will mention but two of these *fêtes* as the most important. The one was a sort of poetical musical academia, where poems for the occasion were read by the authors themselves,* or, set to music, were sung by beautiful rainbow extended itself over the vessel, as it was seen from the shore.

* The authors who recited their poems themselves were Oehlenschläger, Grundtvig, H. P. Holst, and H. C. Andersen; the words of the songs were written by Heiberg, Hertz, Winther, and Overakou, the introductory speech by Professor Clausen.

* Translated under the superintendence of the author, by C. Beckwith.

† By many it was regarded as a bright omen which formed the subject of more than one picture at the Academy, that just as Thorwaldsen was about to leave the frigate, the sun, which had been obscured throughout the day, suddenly broke forth, and a

dilettanti. The large saloon, every little room was filled; every one would partake in the feast, which ended with a supper and a dance led off by Thorwaldsen. The other *fête* was arranged by the united students, when he was made honorary member of the union. At the banquet on this occasion, at which a song by H. P. Holst apostrophized the future museum, the background of the saloon was opened, and the museum appeared as it would do when completed.

However much this enthusiasm and homage may have gratified Thorwaldsen, it at length became tiresome; festivals and admiration belonged to his daily existence, and yet he thought so little of it. When he was drawn by the populace to his dwelling, he was ignorant of it, and said, "We drive fast;" and as he returned one evening from the cathedral in Roeskilde, the houses being illuminated for him, he exclaimed, "There must be a wedding here to-night!"*

Close to Presto Bay, surrounded by wood-grown banks, lies Nysø, the principal seat of the barony of Stampenborg,---a place which, through Thorwaldsen, has become remarkable in Denmark. The open strand, the beautiful beech woods, even the little town seen through the orchards, at some few hundred paces from the mansion, make the place worthy of a visit on account of its truly Danish scenery. Here Thorwaldsen found his best home in Denmark; here he seemed to increase his fame, and here a series of his last beautiful bas-reliefs were produced.

Baron Stampe is one of nature's noblest-minded men; his hospitality, and his lady's daughterly affection for Thorwaldsen, opened a home for him here, a comfortable and good one. A great energetic power in the baroness incited his activity; she attended him with a daughter's care, elicited from him every little wish, and executed it. Directly after his first visit to Nysø, a short tour to Moen's chalk cliffs was arranged, and during the few days that were passed there, a little *atelier* was erected in the garden at Nysø, close to the canal which half encircles the principal building: here, and in the corner room of the mansion, on the first floor facing the sea, most of Thorwaldsen's works, during the last years of his life, were executed: "Christ

bearing the Cross," "the entry into Jerusalem," "Rebecca at the Well," his own portrait-statue, Oehlenschläger's and Holberg's busts, &c. Baroness Stampe was in faithful attendance on him, lent him a helping hand, and read aloud for him from Holberg. Driving abroad, weekly concerts, and in the evenings his fondest play, "The Lottery," were what most easily excited him, and on these occasions he would say many amusing things. He has represented the Stampe family in two bas-reliefs: in the one representing the mother, the two daughters, and the youngest son, is the artist himself; the other exhibits the father and the two eldest sons.

All circles sought to attract Thorwaldsen; he was at every great festival, in every great society, and every evening in the theatre by the side of Oehlenschläger. As a young man he had not that imposing beauty of feature which he had in after-life.

"——— That noble figure
Sat plastic, as his own gods' statues.
Hast thou observed that wheresoe'er he came
'Mongst numbers forth, the crowd made silent way,
As by a holy cloud unconscious sway'd."*

His greatness was allied to a mildness, a straightforwardness, that in the highest degree fascinated the stranger, who approached him for the first time. His *atelier* in Copenhagen was visited daily; he therefore felt himself more comfortable and undisturbed in Nysø. Baron Stampe and his family accompanied him to Italy in 1841, when he again visited that country. The whole journey, which was by way of Berlin, Dresden, Frankfort, the Rhine towns, and Munich, was a continued triumphal procession. The winter was passed in Rome, and the Danes there had a home in which they found a welcome.

The following year, Thorwaldsen was again in Denmark, and at his favorite place, Nysø. On Christmas eve, he here formed his beautiful bas-relief, "Christmas Joys in Heaven," which Oehlenschläger consecrated with a poem. The last birth-day of his life was celebrated here; the performance of one of Halberg's vaudevilles was arranged, and strangers invited; yet the morning of that day was the homeliest, when only the family and the author of this memoir, who had written a merry song for the occasion, which was still wet on the paper, placed themselves outside the artist's door, each with a pair of tongs, a gong, or a

* It is the custom in Denmark for the friends of newly-married persons to illuminate the windows of their houses on the evening of the marriage day.

* Heiberg, in his elegy, "Thorwaldsen."

bottle on which they rubbed a cork as an accompaniment, and sung the song as a morning greeting. Thorwaldsen, in his morning gown, opened the door, laughing; he twirled his black Raphael's-cap, took a pair of tongs himself, and accompanied us, whilst he danced round and joined the others in the loud "hurra!"

A charming bas-relief, "the Genius of Poetry," was just completed: it was the same that Thorwaldsen, on the last day of his life, bequeathed to Oehlenschläger, and said, "It may serve as a medal for you."

On Sunday, the 24th of March, 1844, a small party of friends was assembled at the residence of Baron Stampe in Copenhagen. Thorwaldsen was there, and was unusually lively, told stories, and spoke of a journey that he intended to make to Italy in the course of the summer. Hahn's tragedy of "Griseldis" was to be performed for the first time that evening at the theatre. Tragedy was not his favorite subject, but comedy, and particularly the comedies of Holberg; but it was something new that he was to see, and it had become a sort of habit with him to pass the evening in the theatre. About six o'clock, therefore, he went to the theatre alone. The overture had begun; on entering he shook hands with a few of his friends, took his usual seat, stood up again to allow one to pass him, sat down again, bent his head, and was no more! The music continued. Those nearest to him thought that he was only in a swoon, and he was borne out; but he was numbered with the dead.

The news flew through the city like an electric shock: his chambers at Charlottenborg were filled with anxious inquirers; amongst those who were most deeply affected was the Baroness Stampe, who, but a few days before, had lost a dear sister, and now, with a daughter's heart, she wept for the great artist.*

On dissecting the body, it was found

* His will, dated the 5th December, 1838, states that he gives to his native town, Copenhagen, all the objects of art belonging to him at the time of his death: that the museum shall bear his name, and that he had previously set aside 25,000 rix-dollars towards its erection. The executors named in the will were counsellor Collin, Professors Thiele, Clausen, Schouw, and Bissen, together with a member of the Copenhagen magistracy. The will further directs that the completion of his works should be committed to Professor Bissen, he being paid for the same from the funds of the museum, and that he should likewise have the special artistic inspection of the museum.

that death was caused by an organic disease of the heart which would have produced dropsy in the chest. Amongst hundreds of persons there are scarcely two so lucky as to be saved from pain by a sudden death. In the lottery of life, Thorwaldsen drew Death's number, and was also fortunate in that. His face retained its usual expression when in the coffin. The great artist lay there in the long white clothes, and with a fresh laurel-wreath around his brow, like a handsome and imposing bust.

"Sorrow over the great master's passing knell,
Was bound up with our church's solemn festival."*

His death occurred just in the beginning of Lent. He lay in the open coffin in the great figure saloon of the academy, surrounded by burning tapers, just in that place, where he, fifty years before, on the day previous, had received the academy's medal. The funeral oration was delivered by Professor Clausen, and the artists bade farewell to their great master:

"—— With heavy, heavy tears
We now bear Denmark's pride to the grave."†

The Crown-Prince of Denmark, as president of the academy, followed nearest the coffin: it stopt once more in the courtyard, a *miserere* in the Italian language was sung by the opera company then in Copenhagen, and the procession began.‡

It is a dull gray day, there is not a sun-beam to be seen. The citizens, all with crape on their hats, have placed themselves in rows, arm-in-arm, and where the line ends on that long road, there stand the poorer classes—even ragged boys hold each other by the hand, and form a chain, a chain of peace; the rows of students began nearest to Frue Kirke. All the windows, walls, trees, and many roofs, are filled with spectators. What a stillness! See, they uncover their heads as the coffin approaches; it is ornamented with flowers and palm branches above, with Thorwaldsen's statue

* Heiberg.

† A poem by H. P. Holst.

‡ At half-past one, A. M., the procession left the house of mourning and reached the church (Frue Kirke) at a quarter before three. It was led by two artists, at the head of an immense number of seamen, then came about eight hundred students, after them came the Icelanders resident in the town, then artists of all classes, and then the body borne by artists. The Crown-Prince followed, with the members of the Academy, the university, the officers of the navy and army, civil officers, citizens, &c. The streets through which the procession passed were swept, and strewed with sand and evergreens.

leaning on Hope: amongst the many wreaths on the lid, there are two that are particularly worthy of notice, the one is bound by the queen herself with the finest flowers that the seasons afford,—the other is of silver, the children in several of the schools of the town have each given their mite towards it. See, at all the windows are females dressed in mourning! Flowers are showered down, large bouquets fall on the coffin, all the bells of the churches toll. It is a festal procession, the people accompany the artist-king!—that moment will never be forgotten.

When the coffin was at the church door, the last part of the procession left the house of mourning. The orchestra poured forth a deep and affecting funeral march, as if the dead joined in the procession, led on by the tones of the organ and trumpet. The king of the land met the coffin, and joined the ranks of the mourners at the door of the church,* which was hung with black cloth, where Christ and the Apostles in marble stood in the faint light. The cantata now sounded from tuneful lips and pealing organ; the last chorus was heard, then followed an oration by Dean Tryde, and the mournful ceremony concluded with a "Sleep well!" from the students, who had formed a circle round the coffin.

Thus ended Albert Thorwaldsen's glorious life's triumph. Fortune and Victory favored him; no artist's life has been richer in fortune's sunshine than his. The nobly born felt himself proud of having in his circle the order-decorated, the great man whom princes delight to honor and pay homage to, the world's far-famed sculptor;—the common man knew that he was born in his class, sprung from his strong race; he looked up to him, regarded his honor and fortune as a part of his own, and saw in him the chosen of God. Yes, even in death Thorwaldsen seemed to cast sparks of fortune on the indigent many. In Nyboder,† where they knew Thorwaldsen well, and knew that his father had been one of them, and worked in the dock-yard, the sailors had taken the number of his age, his birth-day, and the day of his death, namely, 74, 19, 24, in the number lottery,‡

† The Queen, the Crown-Princess, and several ladies of the royal house had taken their seats in a pew, on the floor of the church near the coffin.

‡ A quarter of Copenhagen, where the seamen live, built for them by Christian the Fourth.

§ In this lottery ninety numbers are placed in the wheel, out of which five are drawn.

and as these numbers were actually drawn, it was to them not a little proof of his greatness.

The mournful intelligence of his death soon spread through the country, and through all lands; funeral dirges were sung and funeral festivals were arranged in Berlin and Rome; in the Danish theatre, whence his soul took its flight to God, there was a festival; the place where he had sat was decorated with crape, and laurel wreaths, and a poem by Heiberg was recited, in which his greatness and his death were alluded to.

The day before Thorwaldsen's death the interior of his tomb was finished, for it was his wish that his remains might rest in the centre of the court-yard of the museum, it was then walled round, and he begged that there might be a marble edge around it, and a few rose-trees and flowers planted on it as his monument. The whole building, with the rich treasures which he presented to his fatherland, will be his monument: his works are to be placed in the rooms of the square building that surrounds the open court-yard, and which, both internally and externally, are painted in the Pompeian style. His arrival in the roads of Copenhagen, and landing at the custom-house there, forms the subject depicted in the compartments under the windows of one side of the museum. Through centuries to come will nations wander to Denmark; not allured by our charming green islands, with their fresh beech woods alone; no, but to see these works and this tomb.

There is, however, one place more that the stranger will visit, the little spot at Nysø where his *atelier* stands, and where the tree bends its branches over the canal to the solitary swan which he fed. The name of Thorwaldsen will be remembered in England, by his statues of Jason and Byron; in Switzerland by his "recumbent lion;" in Roeskilde by his figure of Christian the Fourth,—it will live in every breast in which a love of art is enkindled.

THE ASPIRATED "H."—Mrs. Crawford says she wrote one line in her song, "Kathleen Mavourneen," for the express purpose of confounding the Cockney warblers, who sing it thus:—"The orn of the unter is card on the ill;" but Moore has laid the same trap in "The Woodpecker"—"A art that is umble might ope for it ere."

From the Westminster Review.

DUMAS' JOURNEY FROM PARIS TO CADIZ.

De Paris à Cadix, par Alexandre Dumas. Vols. I. and II. J. P. Meline, Bruxelles; Meline, Cans & Co., Leipsig. 1847.

M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS, that awful man, whose literary fertility, as all the world knows, has in it something astounding, preternatural; whose most ordinary feats are only to be paralleled by those of his renowned countryman, Mons. Philippe, the magician, when, from a small hand-basket, he produced bouquets enough to fill Covent Garden Market; and whose performances can only be explained by the supposition of diabolical assistance;—this new Alexander the Great, in these two small volumes, presents to an admiring world—not as they might perhaps imagine any account of the regions lying between Paris and Cadiz, or the dwellers therein—but, what must be far more welcome, a series of studies of himself in different attitudes, with now and then a few features of local scenery or manners varying the backgrounds. If we might be permitted a suggestion, however, we should say that it would have been better to put more prominently forward in the title-page the chief attraction of the work, and call it, in the second, or fifty-second edition, “Mons. Alexandre Dumas de Paris à Cadix.”

The adventures are given in a series of letters addressed to a lady; but M. Dumas tells her, or, rather, the public, that he does not mean to play the modest, or pretend to have any doubt that his letters will be printed. Nothing is more common than the opposite declaration, that letters “now published were never intended to meet the public eye”—were written for the amusement of a family circle, &c.; and whereas, in this latter case, we often perceive the writer casting glances across the family group to the reviewers, and suspect that he has all along had some idea of the ultimate destination of his confidential epistles—in M. Dumas' case we might be tempted to the contrary supposition, and say that no man could write such letters under the idea of their meeting any other eye than those of an intimate friend. But then, to be sure, the whole reading public of Europe are M. Dumas' intimate friends, and before his mighty name all barriers fall down,

and even the hearts of custom-house officers are melted within them. He adopts this epistolary form, he says, because he found pleasure in throwing his thoughts into a new mould, “passing my style through” a new crucible, and making glitter in a new setting the stones which I draw from the mine of my own mind, be they diamond or paste; to which Time, that incorruptible lapidary, will one day affix their true worth.” He will address himself then to Madame; but he does not disguise from himself that the public will make a third party in the conversation. “I have always remarked,” he says “that I had more wit and talent than usual, when I guessed there was some indiscreet listener standing with his ear to the keyhole.” Undoubtedly he has. What actor can play well to empty benches?—and M. Dumas, we suspect is seldom off the stage.

Having made our protest, however, we must confess it is not easy to remain out of humor with a man who is so delighted with himself, and who presents himself with such an airy grace and sparkling vivacity, and has the art of keeping us always amused; and perhaps there is some ingratitude in finding fault with the harmless effervescence of vanity which certainly assists this effect.

We hasten, therefore, to present our readers with a specimen or two that may enable them to share in this amusement. The first shall relate to a subject which occupies a very important position in these pages—namely, gastronomy; and be it known to all men, that one of the great truths enunciated *en passant* by M. Dumas—one of the gems, we suppose, drawn from that mine he mentions, is this; all people of a fine organization are “*un peu gourmand*”; now, M. Dumas is unquestionably of a fine organization—*ergo*, &c. Spain, however, happens to be rather an awkward country for people of this refined caste to travel in—for everybody knows that it is the most difficult thing in the world to get anything to eat at a Spanish inn. On the first morning after their arrival, the party of hungry travellers, who had been all night

on the road, was asked whether they wished to breakfast, and on their replying with an eager affirmative, were told that in that case they must go and see where they could get any; and, after a variety of manœuvres, at last only succeeded in obtaining a small cup of chocolate each, with a little sweet cake that melted in a glass of water. This defeat, however, served to instruct them in their future plan of operations, and on a subsequent occasion, by bold and decisive measures, they obtained a signal victory over the host of the "*Posada de Calisto Burguillos*," and marched triumphantly into a supper and a bed.

"We had been for half an hour following some lights scattered over the sides of the mountain, that seemed to fly before us like those wandering fires by which travellers are so often misled. At length we could distinguish the sound of a paved road beneath the tread of our mules, and this was accompanied by a jolting that left no sort of doubt. We soon distinguished at our right a pile of buildings, roofless and perfectly silent, without windows and without doors; presenting, not the picturesque aspect of the ruins made by time, but the saddening picture of a work left unfinished. We crossed a kind of square, turned to the right, got into a blind alley, our carriages stopped, we had arrived, and, alighting, we read by the light of our lanterns the words, '*Posada de Calisto Burguillos*.' To our great surprise everybody was still up at the posada, and we surmised that some great affair was in preparation. We were not mistaken; two coaches full of English had arrived three hours before us, and the people of the inn were getting their supper. 'Ah, Madame! you who are a Frenchwoman—twice a Frenchwoman, for you are a Parisian—never go into a Spanish inn when they are getting an Englishman's supper.' This caution will serve to indicate that we were very coldly received by Don Calisto Burguillos, who declared he had no time to attend to either our suppers or our beds.

"Now there's one thing that I cannot admit, and that is when, with the purpose of attracting travellers, one has written over one's door '*Posada de Calisto Burguillos*,' one has any right to refuse admittance to travellers attracted by said inscription; I therefore contented myself with bowing politely to Master Burguillos, and then called to Giraud, 'My dear friend,' said I, 'there are in the carriage five guns, including Desbarolles's carabine, do you all arm yourselves with them, and then come and warm them in the chimney corner. If you are asked why you do that, say you are afraid your guns will catch cold.'

"'I understand,' said Giraud, and went towards the door, making a sign to Alexandre, Maquet, Desbarolles, and Achard to follow him. 'Now, Boulanger,' said I, 'you who are a peaceable man, do you take with you Don Riego, and, with that minister of peace set out on a voyage of discovery after four little rooms or two large ones.'

"'Good,' said Boulanger, and went out in his turn with Don Riego.

"Master Calisto Burguillos had followed with his eyes all these movements.

"'There! they're gone now,' said he to his wife, 'those *pugnateros* of Frenchmen.'

"Don Calisto had not seen me, as I was hidden by the projecting corner of the chimney-piece. His wife made a sign to him that I was there, and he left his pots and pans and came towards me.

"'What are you doing there,' he demanded.

"'Looking for a gridiron.'

"'What for?'

"'To broil some chops.'

"'Have you any chops?'

"'No! But you have.'

"'Where then?'

"'There,' and I pointed to a loin of mutton that was hanging in a corner of the chimney.

"'Those chops are for the English, and not for you.'

"'There you make a mistake; they are for us, and not for the English. You've just taken them up a dozen chops; that's quite enough for them, these are our share.'

"'Those are for their breakfast to-morrow.'

"'No! they're for our supper to-night.'

"'You think so, do you?'

"'I'm sure of it.'

"'Oh! Oh!'

"At this moment enter Giraud, shouldering his gun, followed by Desbarolles, Maquet, Achard, and Alexandre, doing likewise.

"'My dear friend,' said I to Giraud, 'This is Master Calisto Burguillos, who is so obliging as to let us have that loin of mutton. Give me your gun and ask him the price; pay generously, unhook it cleverly, and cut it up neatly.'

"'Those three adverbs are very effective,' observed Desbarolles, coming up to the fire.

"'Not too near, my dear fellow,' cried Achard, 'you know those guns are loaded.'

"'How much shall I give you for the loin of mutton?' said Giraud, taking up the cleaver from the kitchen table.

"'Two duros,' replied the host, keeping one eye on the guns, and one on the loin of mutton.

"'Give him three, Giraud.'

"Giraud took the three duros out of his pocket, and in so doing let fall five or six ounces.

"Signor Calisto Burguillos opened his eyes at the sight of the gold, which rolled along the kitchen floor. Giraud picked up his five or six ounces, and gave the three duros to our host; he passed them to his wife, who appeared to me to occupy a very distinguished position in the house. Giraud took the mutton, cut it into chops with a skill that did honor to his anatomical knowledge, sprinkled them with just enough of salt and pepper, laid them delicately on the gridiron which I presented to him, and then deposited it over a level bed of bright, clear coals, artistically arranged by Achard. Immediately the first drops of fat began to hiss upon them.

"'Now, Desbarolles,' said I, 'offer your arm to Madame Calisto Burguillos, and beg that she will do you the favor to conduct you to the place

where she keeps her potatoes; and if you should meet any eggs on your way, introduce a dozen or so into your pouch. As you go along, my good friend, don't forget to ask how her father is, and her mother, and the children; that will flatter her a little, and make you better acquainted.'

"Desbarolles approached the hostess in the most respectful manner, and, softened a little already by the contact of the *duros*, she deigned to accept the arm which he offered, and both disappeared by a door that seemed to lead down into the bowels of the earth. Boulanger and Don Riego at the same moment made their appearance at an opposite entrance; they had steered their course in a contrary direction, had encountered winds which had driven them along a corridor, at the end of which they had discovered a chamber capable of containing eight beds, and Boulanger, like a man of sense, had locked the door, and put the key in his pocket.

"The chops were broiling away famously. 'Now,' said I, 'a saucepan and fryingpan.'

"Achard immediately seized a fryingpan, and Giraud a saucepan. Monsieur Calisto Burguillos gazed at us, as if fairly stupified; but he was only one against eight, and had but a ladle against five loaded guns. I think he had, at one time, half a mind to call the English to his assistance; but he was a well-informed man, this M. Calisto Burguillos, and he knew, that in the peninsular war, the Spaniards had always had more to suffer from their allies, the English, than from their enemies, the French; and he determined, therefore, to make no appeal to his guests.

"Desbarolles now returned, with his pouch full of eggs, and his pockets of potatoes.

"It was Achard's mission to break and beat the eggs, Giraud's to peel the potatoes. Desbarolles was to continue his attentions to Madame Burguillos, till the cloth was laid somewhere for eight; and Desbarolles devoted himself heroically to the cause, and in a quarter of an hour returned with an 'Oh, dear! Gentlemen, the cloth is laid.' Ten minutes after, the omelet only wanted just a turn—the chops a moment more broiling, the potatoes a moment more boiling. At this moment, the kitchen of Don Calisto Burguillos presented a curious scene.

"First, there was your very humble servant, M. Alexander Dumas, with a fan in each hand, keeping up the proper ventilation for the charcoal fire that was cooking the chops and the potatoes; Giraud was peeling a second edition of the potatoes, destined to succeed the first; Don Riego was pretending to read his breviary, but snuffing up the scent of the gridiron, and glancing out of the corner of his eye at the fryingpan; Maquet was holding the handle thereof; Achard was pounding pepper; Desbarolles was resting from his fatigues; Boulanger, chilled by his voyage in the high latitudes, was warming himself; Alexandre (the younger), faithful to his speciality, was taking a nap; finally, Master Calisto Burguillos, confounded at this French intervention, did not notice his wife, who was making signs to Desbarolles through the window, that there was something very important still wanting to the table. Fortu-

nately I was keeping watch for Master Calisto, and I sent Desbarolles to his duty. Ten minutes after, we were seated round a table, on which smoked a dozen chops, two pyramids of potatoes, and a gigantic omelet, and at our repeated shouts of laughter—enter Madame Burguillos, behind her the two or three *Maritornes* of the *posada*, and behind them, in deep shadow the astonished faces of the English guests. I profited by the presence of Madame Burguillos, to slip the key of the sleeping-room into the hand of Desbarolles:—'Come, Mr. Interpreter,' said I, 'one more effort. Get up from table, and go and see our beds made; we will keep your share of the supper, and on your return the company will vote you a crown of laurel, as Rome did to Cæsar.' In another hour we were all arranged symmetrically side by side on the ground like Tom Thumb and his seven brothers."

The second adventure which we shall present to our readers is of a different cast, and is somewhat suspiciously effective in the *feuilleton* style. We must premise that the party had been fairly beaten in another attempt to take a *posada* by storm; and compelled to make a hasty retreat. The landlord and landlady, and their friends, were busy dancing, and would have nothing to say to them. In vain did even M. Dumas exert his eloquence—in vain did another of the party place himself in a graceful attitude before the hostess—with an elbow leaning on the wall, and one leg crossed over the other, and begin a conversation with an elegant freedom and captivating politeness that seemed likely to be irresistible. The landlord fairly drove them out, and would not agree to let them have so much as a glass of wine till he saw them seated in their carriage, and ready to start on the road to Aranjuez.

Behold, then, the discomfited party again *en route*, abandoning for this time all hopes of a supper and a bed. M. Dumas, his son, and one of his friends on mules, the rest in a curious vehicle which they had found it necessary to purchase.

"We set off then, and behind us the carriage also began its march, lighted by a single lantern fixed in the middle of the imperial. By degrees the crescent moon arose and threw a soft and charming light upon the landscape; a landscape, the immense extent of which rendered it almost terrible. At our right it was bounded by mountains, amidst which, from time to time, great lakes of sand glittered in the moonshine. To the left, it seemed quite boundless; it was impossible for the eye to sound the depths of the horizon; but at about a thousand paces from the road, a line of trees, and the deeper color of the vegetation, marked the course of the Tagus. From place to place a portion of the river was discovered,

sending back to the moon, like a bright mirror, the rays received from it; before us, the long yellow road stretched out like a band of leather. From time to time our mules turned out of the straight path to leave to the right or the left some precipice, almost beneath our feet, left yawning since some forgotten earthquake. From time to time, also, we turned, and saw behind at a distance of three hundred, four hundred, five hundred paces, the old coach tottering along, its wheels often buried in sand to one-third of their depth, and its light shaking like a Will-o'-the-wisp. Presently we climbed a little hill, and after that we completely lost sight of it."

They continued their course, gossiping away very gaily, and quite forgetting the old coach and its Cyclops eye of a light. At last, when for more than three quarters of an hour they had seen no glimpse of it, they thought it prudent to stop.

"The moon was marvellously bright; but not a sound was to be heard in these vast elevated plains, except perhaps the distant barking of a dog from some lonely farm. The mules, however, pricked up their ears as if they heard something which we did not. In another moment a vague sort of sound seemed to pass with the wind, like the echo of a human voice lost in immense space. 'What's that?' said I. Alexandre and Achard had heard something, but they knew not what. We remained silent and motionless, and in a few seconds the sound reached us again. It was like a cry of distress. We redoubled our attention. At length we heard distinctly a name pronounced by a voice that seemed approaching.

"'It is you—it is you they want,' said Achard. 'It is one of our friends,' said Alexandre. 'You will see,' said I, trying to laugh, 'that they have been stopped by six banditti, who have forbidden them to cry out: and that's why they're calling.'

"'It's certainly me that they're calling,' said I. 'Forwards, gentlemen, in that direction!' We spurred our mules, but had scarcely gone ten yards when the same cry reached us, and, this time, with an accent of distress that there was no mistaking. 'Something has happened, certainly,' said I. 'Allons!' and we galloped on, attempting also to shout in answer; but the wind was in our faces, and carried our voices back. The same cry was heard again, but now it had a panting, exhausted sound. A sort of shiver passed through our hearts. We tried again to reply; but we now perceived that it was to no purpose; it soon became evident that the person who had uttered those cries, was running towards us with all his might."

This person turned out to be one of the party in the rear—the painter Giraud; who had come to inform them of the coach having been completely overturned on the very edge of a precipice, having only escaped being thrown over it by the accidental projection of a rock, which stuck out

"like a single tooth in a gigantic jaw." Nobody was much hurt, however; and to the inquiry of M. Dumas, as to how the accident happened, one of the sufferers replied:

"Oh! it was very soon done. We were jogging along, discoursing of feats of love and war, as M. Annibal de Coconnas says, when, all at once, we felt our coach lean to one side. 'I believe we're going to overturn,' said Boulanger.

"'I believe we are overturning,' said Maquet; 'I believe we have overturned,' said Desbarolles; and, in fact, just at that moment the coach laid itself quietly over on its side; but then, all of a sudden, as if she hadn't found herself comfortable in that position, she gave a shift, and turned us completely topsy-turvy, with our heads down, and our feet in the air, kicking about among our guns and hunting knives—Maquet at the bottom, I upon him, and Don Riego on me, larded between with Boulanger and Desbarolles."

"'Steady, gentlemen,' said Boulanger; 'I believe we are on the very brink of a precipice that I was just looking at when we went over. The quieter we keep ourselves the better chance we have of not going down it.'

"'This advice was good, and we followed it; but Maquet observed, with his usual composure:

"'Do what you think best, gentlemen; only don't forget, if you please, that I am stifling, and in five minutes I shall be dead.'"

On reconnoitring the ground where the accident happened, it seemed rather probable that it had been not altogether accidental; and this suspicion was confirmed by seeing the mayoral snatch his lantern and extinguish it. This extinction, however, threw, in the minds of the travellers, a sudden light on the affair.

"Maquet instantly left off scolding, but seized the mayoral by the collar, and dragged him towards the precipice.

"The mayoral thought his last hour was come; he resisted with all his might, but Maquet had a grasp of iron; and they were soon on the edge of the abyss. He turned ashy pale. 'If you want to kill me,' said he, 'do it at once,' and he shut his eyes. This humility saved him, and Maquet let him go.

"'Now,' said he, 'we must call Dumas, for this scene is not over yet. Who has the use of his legs, and lungs enough to run after him and call out?' 'I have,' said Giraud, and he set off. You know the rest, Madame, or, rather, you do not know; for the rest was, at that moment, coming over a little hill, clearly marked out against the horizon—this horizon was very near to us. 'See, see!' said I, 'a troop of men;' and I extended my hand in the direction of the new comers.

"'Three, four, five, six, seven,' counted Gi-

raud; at this moment, the barrel of a carbine glanced brightly in the moonlight.

"Good! they are armed," said I; "we're going to have some fun here. Your guns, gentlemen!" I spoke in a very low voice, but every one understood in a moment.

"Achard, who had no gun, snatched up a hunting knife, and we then recollected that our guns were not loaded. The men were now not more than a hundred yards off; we could count them—they were seven. 'Gentlemen, we have three minutes,' said I; 'that is enough to load. Steady, let us load.'

"They were all gathered round me with the exception of Alexandre, who was rummaging for something he wanted in his '*nécessaire de toilette*.' He had all things so complete that he could not find anything.

"The men were but twenty paces off by the time we were ready. We cocked our guns; and at that slight sound, so well understood in these circumstances, and of which the signification is never doubtful, the men stopped.

"We were quite ready; three of us were sportsmen, and would certainly not have missed their men at this distance.

"Now, Monsieur the sworn interpreter," said I to Desbarolles, "do me the favor to ask these fine fellows what they want, and just insinuate that the first that moves is a dead man."

"At this moment, whether innocently or not, the mayoral again let fall his lantern, which we had compelled him to re-light. Desbarolles translated into Spanish the compliment I had addressed to our visitors. The translation was made in a spirited manner, and I could see had its effect.

"Now," said I, "make the mayoral understand that just at this moment it is necessary we should see clearly—so that it is not precisely the right one for extinguishing his lantern.

"Somehow the mayoral understood without translation, and picked it up again.

"There was a moment of solemn silence.

"We were separated into two groups, Desbarolles a little in front like a sentinel. The Spanish group was in shade; ours was lit by the trembling light of the lantern, which shone on the barrels of our pieces, and the blades of our hunting-knives. 'Now,' said I to Desbarolles, 'ask these gentlemen to what we are indebted for the favor of their company.' The reply was that they had come to bring us help. 'Very good,' said I, 'but how did they happen to know that we wanted help?'"

After a little more conversation, and some words in Spanish exchanged with the mayoral, the visitors retire with "*Vaya usted con Dios!*" a pious and courteous formula in constant use in Spain.

At Aranjuez, when the affair had been related to the Corregidor, he declared that the banditti were no banditti at all, but the guards of her Majesty, the Queen, which the travellers resolutely disbelieved. How this may have been we have no means of

ascertaining; but it does not seem impossible that the parts of bandit and Queen's guard may be occasionally what is called "*doubled*" by the same individuals.

The end of the second volume brings us to Grenada, of which there are some gorgeously-colored descriptions, though we pass them over on account of the familiarity of the subject.

Our readers will, however, perceive, that if they take up M. Dumas' book for mere amusement, they will have no cause to repent doing so; and even such as are more critically inclined will probably be almost reconciled to its egotism and impertinence by its frolicsome humor and exuberance of animal spirits.

SURNAMES.—"*J'ai été toujours fort étonné,*" says Bayle, "*que les familles qui portent un nom odieux ou ridicule, ne le quittent pas.*" The Leatherheads and Shufflebotoms, the Higgenses and Huggenses, the Scroggses and the Scraggses, Sheepshanks and Ramsbottoms, Taylors and Barbers, and worse than all, Butchers, would have been to Bayle as abominable as they were to Dr. Dove. I ought, the Doctor would say, to have a more natural dislike to the names of Kite, Hawk, Falcon, and Eagle; and yet they are to me (the first excepted) less odious than names like these: and even preferable to Bull, Bear, Pig, Hog, Fox, or Wolf. What a name, he would say, is Lamb for a soldier, Joy for an undertaker, Rich for a pauper, or Noble for a tailor, Big for a lean and little person, and Small for one who is broad in the rear and abdominous in the van; Short for a fellow six feet without his shoes, or Long for him whose high heels hardly elevate him to the height of five; Sweet for one who has either a vinegar face or a foxy complexion; Younghusband for an old bachelor; Merryweather for any one in November and February, a black spring, a cold summer, or a wet autumn; Goodenough for a person no better than he should be; Toogood for any human creature; and Best for a subject who is perhaps too bad to be endured."—*The Doctor*.

ARTIFICIAL STONE.—A patent has been obtained for a process by which artificial stone, of various qualities, may be produced. This invention is, from its cheapness, a great advantage for all the purposes of architectural decoration, and from its plastic nature before it becomes hard, of great service to sculptors in taking casts of statuettes, busts, &c., and even of figures of the size of life. The cost is in all cases, where carving is required in stone, in which this composition is substituted, less by nine-tenths. The invention is founded on the chemical analysis of the natural varieties of stone, and the manufacture is capable of such modifications as are requisite to produce all the varieties. The artificial stone produced is less absorbent than natural stone, and is superior in compactness of texture, and will resist frost, damp, and the chemical acids. It is made of flints and siliceous grit, sand, &c., rendered fluid by heat, and poured into moulds as required till cool and hardened. Its strength and solidity enable it to resist more blows than real stone.

From the British Quarterly Review.

TURNER'S PAINTINGS.

1. *Modern Painters*. By a GRADUATE OF OXFORD. Vols. I. and II. Third Edition. London, 1846.
2. *A Glossary of Terms used in Grecian, Roman, Italian, and Gothic Architecture*. Fourth Edition. Parker: Oxford, 1845.
3. *A Companion to the Glossary of Architecture*. Ibid. 1846.

In the literature of every period there are certain works, which, like the straws on the surface of a stream, serve to indicate the tendency of the current; while others appear at rare intervals controlling, rather than pointing out the course. The works named above are illustrations of these two classes. It can hardly fail to be considered as a curious characteristic of our own day, that in the one case, three, and in the other, four large editions have been rapidly disposed of, and that further issues of both are now in preparation. No two works could perhaps be selected more completely differing in character and style, than the Oxford Graduate's Treatise, and the Oxford Divine's Glossary,—for both claim their birth-place on the banks of Isis. The first is a generous and impassioned review of the works of living painters, characterized occasionally by the extravagance of the enthusiast, and the partiality of the friendly critic; yet, withal, a hearty and earnest work, full of deep thought, and developing great and striking truths in art. The divine, on the contrary, is "dry as a dictionary," but he promises no more; and besides initiating us into all the mysteries of Piscinas, Sedilia, Credence-tables, fald-stools, and the like curiosities of ecclesiastical furnishing, which have become such weighty matters of late years, he supplies a concise and very full book of reference for architectural terminology, copiously illustrated both with wood cuts and engravings. The illustrations, indeed,—which are executed in a masterly style,—occupy fully two-thirds of the whole work, to the manifest ease and comfort of the reader, who thereby learns from example and at a glance, what pages of learned technical description would have failed to render clear to him. The work, in fact, is intended for the amateur, and as such indicates both the diffusion and tendency of taste in the present day. It professes to deal with Grecian, Roman, Italian, and Gothic architecture; but the editor has shrewdly guessed that

the curiosity for classical terms has gone by. The few notes and illustrations of his three first subjects, scattered through the work, appear as rare exotics, intruding among the ample details of gothic art.

The limited, though very full chronological table which occupies a large part of the third, or companion volume of the glossary, is equally symptomatic of the presumed preference for gothic art. It commences with the year 284, and ends with that of 1538, entirely excluding at the one extreme, the progressive changes of classic architecture, and at the other the Elizabethan style, which has furnished so many characteristic examples of our national domestic architecture; but which is now put under the ban of all thorough-going worshippers of mediæval art. With such, indeed, the love of gothic art is a part of their creed, and the architecture of the seventeenth century a heresy, corresponding with the laxity of opinion of the same period. It is a mere question of orthodoxy in both cases. With many, however, the religious feeling thus accompanying the love of art, is the fruit of true enthusiasm. Let us not quarrel with such because they are in earnest. Earnestness and unity of purpose afford the only hope of a new triumph. The revivers of art in the fifteenth century were poets, painters, sculptors, architects, all in one;—giants in their day. The puny striplings of the eighteenth century were men of line and rule;* feeble followers of precedent, who groped apart, each after his own little idol; which he believed in only as an idol,—a wooden god. We have discarded this sceptical formalism at least; even the orthodox revivalist grows enthusiastic and begins to show that he has a heart.

Let us turn for a little from such reflections, suggested by the somewhat singular

* Vanburgh is in some degree an exception to this; he was a poet as well as an architect, and his Blenheim, and other mansions, are worthy of praise, though scarcely of imitation. They possess character, and marked individuality—proofs of genius.

alliance that has taken place of late years between the admirers of patristic theology and *canonical* architecture, to consider an equally devout, and much more rational student of art. That our Oxford graduate is no timid or time-serving critic appears in the very first lines of his *first* preface. "This work," he says, "originated in indignation at the shallow and false criticism of the periodicals of the day, on the works of the great living artist to whom it principally refers." To exhibit Turner as the greatest landscape painter in this or any other age; and to rescue the age from the guilt of despising and degrading his genius, until the shadows and the light of the grave reveal, too late, its real proportions, are the tasks which he aims to accomplish.

The subject, however, has grown upon him as he proceeded; the great painter has been lost sight of in the greatness of the art itself; and instead of a brief and ephemeral pamphlet, we have here two large volumes,—with the promise of a third,—full of deep thought, and earnest searching investigation into the principles of art. The work, as a whole, commands our admiration. It lays before us the deeply studied reflections of a devout worshipper of nature,—of one too thoroughly imbued with the love of truth, and too keenly alive to the highest beauty, to be misled in their pursuit by the shallow conventionalities of high-art criticism. Within our narrower limits we propose to adopt the same arrangement in our remarks.

"The works of a frequently named English artist, J. M. W. Turner, can only be cited to rank them in that class of the *worst and most ludicrous aberrations* which the art of painting could ever be subjected to. This sort of working is *not painting at all!*" So says a recent German critic. We quote him in preference to any of our own reviewers, though it would be easy to present the same idea from many of them, in coarser, if not in stronger terms.

"J. M. W. Turner is the only man who has ever given an entire transcript of the whole system of nature, and is, in this point of view, the *only perfect landscape painter whom the world has ever seen.*" (Modern Painters, vol. I., p. 411.) So says our Oxford graduate. There is no mistaking opinions here. No hesitating medium of condescending encouragement or timid censure. It is plain we have something out of the common to deal with. There is hope, indeed, for our English

painter, *if he be a painter*; if not,—as the German critic so satisfactorily settles,—then he may rest content in the enjoyment of originality; for he has devised something that has not only cheated many men of taste into the belief that he is, but has even induced one earnest and enthusiastic student of nature to write two large volumes, suggested by his works, which not a few have thought it well worth their while to study and lay to heart.

We are no new converts to the genius of Turner. Years ago we had studied his works, from the quiet, sober-tinted, unpretending drawings of his early years, to the gorgeous scenes which confounded the London critics, year after year, at Trafalgar-square. We have examined the early paintings in his own gallery at Queen Anne-street,—the Carthage Pictures, the Crossing of the Brook,—even the Funeral of Lawrence; and we have studied him, where Turner can alone be truly known, in the collection of drawings at Tottenham, under the guidance of its courteous and enthusiastic owner, B. G. Windus, Esq. We have never felt any surprise at his pictures not being generally appreciated. The Lady of the Lake won more admirers in a quarter of a year, than the Excursion has done in a quarter of a century. Even so, the pea-green landscapes of Creswick and Lee will find a thousand to appreciate, and purchase, too, for one who can understand Turner. The reason is obvious. "It is an insult to what is really great, either in literature or art, to suppose that it in any way addresses itself to mean or uncultivated faculties." (Modern Painters, vol. I., p. 2.) Need we say, that we do not hereby challenge the claims of either Scott or Creswick to take his place among our poets or painters; we only question the right of either to the place thus accorded to them.

We are well aware, however, that besides the class of superficial critics, who find it so much easier to abuse than to study the works they cannot comprehend, there are men of modest thought, and actuated by a sincere desire to appreciate the highest truths of art, to whom Turner's pictures appear an incomprehensible enigma. We acknowledge at once the right of such to something more practical from the reviewer than mere dogmatic censure or praise, if their judgment is to yield its suffrage as an independent and voluntary act. We shall endeavor, then, to clear the way for an unprejudiced study of our great landscape

painter's works in as few words as possible, only premising, that to do justice to all that it involves, would require, not a paragraph, but a volume.

To challenge the capability of our readers to form a just estimate of this painter, may not appear the most likely way of winning them to our opinion; yet it is a truth that cannot be too frequently enforced, that the vulgar canons of art embody a large mass of conventional opinion, which is utterly false when brought to the test of nature. Who ever saw in nature the motionless streaks of zig-zag white, and the leaden masses of opaque and lumpy clouds, which annually appear at our exhibitions under the name of thunder-storms? Or the flat and solid sheets of graduated azure which form the accepted symbol of the pulsating, quivering, living atmosphere, through which the most thoughtless of us gaze, as into an unsounded sea? Or the yellow spot that flings off its straight radiations through a grey sky, to indicate the blaze of light on which the eye cannot gaze? These and a hundred others, of tree, hill, sea, and sky, might all be named, and, we think, would be acknowledged, after a little reflection, by the honest but imperfectly informed critics we now address, as really little better than the accepted hieroglyphics of nature! They are the heir-looms of art, handed on from one generation to another, and which artists and critics have alike agreed to accept as symbols of certain phases of nature—until, by long use, the symbol has passed into the standard of truth. When we really go to study nature for ourselves, we cannot help discovering that these bear a very faint resemblance indeed to her homeliest phases. But so few do study nature for themselves! As children, we believe that skies are blue, and trees are green: how very few have really seen the dancing lights of the summer sun playing amid the innumerable leaves of the umbrageous oak; or the wind, as he revelled in the branches of the sycamore or willow, turning up the white fringes of their leaves, like the eternal break of the ocean ripple on the strand! He who has so studied nature has learned, at least, to know how immeasurably the best productions of art lag behind her. We cannot but think he will also, in continuing the study, become convinced that the great majority of artists are not only behind nature, but are following on a wrong track, in which they can never hope to come near to their professed model.

With these opinions, we gladly hail any honest effort at a nearer approximation to the high ideal, and we demand that the sincere student, before he determine that Turner's works are false, shall satisfy himself that the standard to which he himself appeals is the true one; that he is not, in fact, testing Turner's paintings by the hoary errors of imitative, unprogressive art, instead of the unapproachable, yet only true model "which God hath made, and not man." Setting, then, Turner's color aside for a time, let us examine his paintings in the hands of the engraver. Take the two volumes of Roger's Poems and Italy—familiar to every one—and place beside them Murray's illustrated edition of Childe Harold, Bulwer's Pilgrims of the Rhine, and Müller's Cottager's Sabbath: here you have an opportunity of comparing, on equal terms the works of Stanfield, Roberts, Harding, Warren, and others of our best landscape painters, with those of Turner. We think we may fearlessly challenge an unanimous verdict in favor of the latter. In imagination, tone, aerial perspective, and natural simplicity, Turner appears immeasurably before them all: in invention and inexhaustible variety, he surpasses the efforts of all his rivals united against him. So is it with his other engraved works,—the illustrations to Scott's poems and prose works; the landscape annuals (though these were mere sketches, executed in the rudest style, on coarse blue wrapping paper); the England and Wales views; the Southern Coast; the Yorkshire views; the large Tivoli; Venice, Mercury and Argus, &c. These have been put into the hands of engravers of all grades of talent; they have been very well engraved—they have also been very ill engraved; but take any number of them selected at random, and compare them with an equal number from the works of any other artist,—there is only one decision at which we can arrive: their superiority in every respect is unquestionable; their variety finds no parallel in the works of any other artist. Look over the landscape annuals illustrated by Stanfield, for example,—these were large and carefully finished drawings;—you will find the same form of cloud repeated in a dozen different pictures; the same old pit-engine forming the point of the middle distance: even in his most successful element, water, the hollow wave repeated, in the same form and perspective, in a succession of scenes. We do not say Turner never repeats himself,

but he is the only artist in whose numerous works variety never seems exhausted.

With the limited space we have at command, we can only indicate the source of evidence, leaving the reader to examine it for himself. But, supposing this first position granted, it will then appear that, leaving out of account the coloring of Turner, he is the first living landscape painter in composition—light and shade, or tone—*aerial perspective*, and the knowledge of nature in her infinite variety. We would gladly convey to our readers, as briefly as possible, the grounds on which we believe that Turner is no less superior to all others in the mastery of color.

The proposition which is set before the artist is this: Nature has for her brightest light the dazzling illumination of the noon-day sun, and for her deepest shadow a darkness that reflects no light to the eye. Between these extremes lie all the infinite varieties of tone and color, by means of which her ever-changing phases are produced. The painter has for his materials, with which to reproduce these phases, nothing brighter than white paper or paint, and nothing darker than a black, which, paint it as he may, will still reflect much light to the eye. How feeble the instruments with which he is armed!—how infinitely inferior must his very highest attainments fall short of the great reality! Still, observe the process adopted by our painters in general: their very first proceeding is to diminish their already feeble and imperfect scale. Turner is the only landscape painter we know of who has the courage to use clear white and pure black in his pictures; and scarcely one of them will be found wanting either. Our painters having, then, toned down their white, and introduced the sun and sky into their picture, robbed of a good deal even of that very imperfect force of light which it is in their power to give, project against this the solid materiality of nearer objects, endeavoring to equal the positive force of contrast which nature produces. And what is the consequence?—they sacrifice everything else to this solitary and imperfect truth. They reduce to some half dozen notes the scale with which they proposed to compete with nature in all her boundless changes. Whence are all the infinite gradations of nature to be reproduced? They can, indeed, by this means, separate the tree from the hill, and the hill from the sky, but how are they to separate leaf and stem, tree and cliff, in all the minute gradations

of force and distance which form the charm of life and nature?

Turner adopts an entirely different principle of procedure: he has discovered that to aim at a deceptive imitation of nature is to wander astray from all her great truthfulness. He therefore proceeds, from the first, to limit his aim to the power of his materials, so that he shall not find himself at the bottom of his scale ere he has well begun. Taking, then, pure white for his highest light, and the most brilliant yellows for the illuminated noon-day atmosphere, he only reaches the lowest note of his scale in some few last touches of black in the nearest stems or rocks in his foreground. The shadows of his middle distance, which in other painters are a deep brown or grey, are with him a pearly yellow, or a tender, mellowed, and broken blue, interlaced with warmer touches in his peculiar, mingling style of handling. Even the dark tree that rises sheer between us and the cloudless sky, when we examine it, is touched in with yellow and light greens and blues, and altogether, though much deeper than the distance, is yet light in tone and bright in coloring, when compared with the deepest shadows of the foreground. In all this, Turner is aiming, by a series of relative truths, to produce a really consistent and truthful whole. The painter who takes his deep brown, and projects his middle distance, with all the darkness of nature, against his feeble sky, gains one truth, and stops there: his means are exhausted. Turner, by the bright hues with which he lays in the very deepest notes of his more distant shadows, retains in his hand deeper and deeper gradations, by which he follows down all the innumerable pencillings of nature, until he reaches his single key-note of pure black. Hence it is that Turner alone truly succeeds in giving the infinite gradations of the Rhine valleys and the Italian champaigns, and produces that unequalled mastery of *aerial perspective* which all who gaze long enough on his pictures to be able to understand them are sure to enjoy. You see into his pictures, and absolutely feel that space is before you.

The same reason which leads Turner to adopt pure white and black in his pictures, guides him in the choice of his bright crimson and scarlet draperies, and the yellow foliage and herbage of his foreground. These are his high notes, without which he never can attempt to reproduce the varieties of nature, and he knows well that the

purest reds and yellows he can use will appear dull and dead if placed beside those which nature daily displays.

All art is at best only a feeble approximation to nature. We ask the honest but timid critic to view the works of our modern painters in the annual exhibition, which will be open by the time these remarks are before him, keeping this truth in view: and while he acknowledges how immeasurably inferior all are to their great model, let him try, after careful and candid study—not glancing round with the hasty pleasure-seeking of a butterfly among flowers—whether, with all the truth that Turner sacrifices, he does not embody a nearer approximation to the great truths of nature, as a consistent whole, than any other painter, living or dead. At the same time, we say again, Turner, to be truly known, must be studied in his water-color drawings, and this for reasons that will presently appear.

"Nothing," says our author, "has been for centuries consecrated by public admiration without possessing in a high degree some species of sterling excellence." Shall we then rest contented to leave the reputation of our great painter, as our great philosopher did his, "to foreign nations and the next ages?" Of foreign criticism we have already given a sample, and for future ages,—alas, the productions of our great painter are scarcely more durable than the ripple marks of the tide on the forsaken strand. Of all the works of Turner to which our author refers in confirmation of his criticisms, no one is so frequently pointed out for illustration, as "The Mercury and Argus." "In this picture," says he,—

"The pale and vaporous blue of the heated sky is broken with grey and pearly white, the gold color of the light warming it more or less as it approaches or retires from the sun. . . . All is subdued and warmed at the same time by the mingling grey and gold up to the very zenith, where, breaking through the flaky mist, the transparent and deep azure of the sky is expressed with a single crumbling touch; the key-note of the whole is given, and every part of it passes at once far into glowing and aerial perspective."

We have watched this painting through all its rapid phases; we remember when its golden hues excited the wittlings of the press to exhaust their fancies in devising terms of ridicule and contempt. When next we saw it, it was in the studio of Mr. Willmore, when his beautiful engraving was far advanced toward completion; but what a

change! The glory had well nigh departed from it. It was a majestic ruin. The sun, and all the once pearly flakes of summer cloud, were literally black,—by no means a solitary case. The once golden hues, shading off into the deep azure of the sky, were of a brownish grey; the picture, in short, was but the spectre of its former self.

We know not where "The Mercury and Argus" now is, but let any one who has the opportunity, take Willmore's engraving in his hand, and compare it with the original, he will then form some notion of the transforming process through which the latter has passed. When we saw it again, on the walls of the British Institution, it had been almost entirely repainted. Instead of the solitariness of the foreground, where the transformed object of Juno's ire browsed apart, and almost alone, a whole herd of cattle now appear, and the ground is spotted over with the novel additions required for its repair. From the middle distance a newly-introduced range of ruinous towers rise, jutting above the horizon into the lower sky; and the ruins that crown the bank to the right have been eked and patched in all ways, to modify or conceal, or to blend the old painting, and harmonize it with the fresh coloring of the sky.

Curious tales might be told of the fortunes of other pictures. We remember one that a well-known engraver obtained from Turner for the purpose of transferring to the copper, at a time when our best landscape engravers were vying with one another for his works. The sky was in the same state as the middle stage of "The Mercury and Argus," already described—a most irritating one indeed for the engraver. He accordingly washed it, when, lo! a great portion of the clouds disappeared. Alarmed at this, he put it into the hands of a picture-cleaner, who reduced the sky to a bright yellow ground, and, moreover, returned it with certain figures in the foreground in a state of nudity, who, when last seen, had been clad in Turner's most brilliant draperies. The painting had to be sent home to Turner unengraved, and reappeared soon after, like the former, in a second edition.

Our author is not altogether ignorant of this. Perhaps he knows more than he is willing to confess even to himself. "The reader will have observed," he remarks, in an unobtrusive foot-note, "that I strictly limited the perfection of Turner's works to

the time of their first appearing on the walls of the Royal Academy. It bitterly grieves me to have to do this, but the fact is indeed so. No picture of Turner's is seen in perfection a month after it is painted." After following up this grave limitation, by remarks partly apologetic, partly censorious, he adds: "It is true that the damage makes no further progress after the first year or two, and that even in its altered state the picture is always valuable, and records its intention; but it is bitterly to be regretted that so great a painter should not leave a single work by which in succeeding ages he might be estimated." (Vol. I., p. 163.) We wish we could believe even this statement of their comparative evanescence. But we have had too many opportunities of observing these wonderful creations of genius—transcripts of living nature in her sublimest moods—painted poetry;—lovely, but, alas! as fragile as the downy wing of the butterfly, the bloom of which vanishes with a touch. "The fact," continues our graduate, "of Turner using means so imperfect, together with that of his utter neglect of the pictures in his own gallery, are a phenomenon in human mind which appears to me utterly inexplicable." (Ibid., vol. I., p. 134.) But those who have had the longest opportunities of knowing this strange, wonderful man, will feel least surprise at any unwonted characteristics of his mind. Who knows Turner? Who will ever know him? One man we have here at last who not only appreciates, but understands his works, and will make hundreds understand them, and rise the better from the teaching. But Turner's biography will require a man among a thousand, if ever it shall be written. A Turner's Boswell would be invaluable, but his great genius scorns the social familiarities of common life. He is deaf to the voice of flattery, as to the vulgar's senseless censure; and when he dies, his memory will dwell with those who know him best, a wonder—an enigma!

Still, we have his drawings, and, what are far more imperishable than these, the numerous translations of his best works by the engraver's art. Our author, however, is disposed to esteem at a very low rate the latter versions of his paintings. Without one solitary exception, he discards the whole of the larger plates, and many of the smaller ones. His censure is often just; the test he applies to engraving, sound; and his complaints as to the sacrifice of the

whole to the texture of parts, such as we have reiterated, in reviewing the works of Burnet, Watt, Doo, and others of our ablest engravers. But his condemnation is far too sweeping. It is extravagant in its severity. "All attempt to record color in engraving is heraldry out of its place." (Vide "Modern Painters," vol. I., p. 256.) True in part only, Mr. Graduate. The difficulties, as well as the triumphs of the engraver, are not thus summarily to be settled. A texture that shall realize the color of the soldier's red coat in the foreground, at the cost of the whole tone of the picture, were indeed *heraldry misplaced*. But the abuse of texture, like the abuse of color, is no argument for its banishment from the arts. How often does it occur that the distant hill and the sky, the tree and the grassy bank behind, or any two features in juxtaposition—even the figures in the foreground, are relieved only by difference of tint. The tone is the same, the quantity of color that each holds is equal. Ask the critic which should be rendered dark and which light? He cannot tell. Here lies one prominent difficulty of the engraver's art. He is no mere copyist, but a translator, who must possess a genius of like kind, though less in degree, if he is to equal his original. To this, fully as much as to "the engraver's getting unavoidably embarrassed,"* must be ascribed many of the modifications of the original drawing. ("Modern Painters," vol. I., p. 134.) An equivalent must be found where the language of the sister art possesses no synonyme. Bear this in remembrance, and then look at Miller's version of his "Grand Canal, Venice," his "Durham," "Windsor," and others of the plates of England and Wales. Colors, indeed, they want; but air, light, tone, distance, are all there, and will bear out our author's praises, when not a vestige of an original painting or drawing survives. Goodall, too, has done much to preserve these great works, though, we confess, not without one or two striking failures. Witness his "Cologne," for example, the original drawing of which hangs in Mr. Windus's drawing-room, fresh as when it came from Turner's hands—a glorious work of art, of which the print preserves only a very imperfect sketch, yet such a sketch as might make the reputation

* We say nothing of the *embarrassment* of copying a picture whose whites have turned black. No such thing occurs in the drawings from which the majority of engravings have been made.

of almost any other painter. Nor must Turner's own "*Liber Studiorum*," be forgot, compared to which, the "*Liber Veritatis*" of Claud, is as the pleasant cadence of Pope's measured numbers, beside the deep organ-tones of Milton.

But we must take example from our author, and follow the great painter into his field, which is the world—the world of nature. One word, however, before we part. Our author has the following among other remarks, in his advices to young artists, that we would fain hope some at least will be found to ponder:—

"Nothing is so bad a symptom, in the works of young artists, as too much dexterity of handling; for it is a sign that they are satisfied with their work, and have tried to do nothing more than they were able to do. Their work should be full of failures, for these are the signs of efforts. They should keep to quiet colors—greys and browns; and making the early works of Turner their example, as his latest are to be their object of emulation, should go to Nature in all singleness of heart, and walk with her laboriously and trustingly, having no other thoughts but how best to penetrate her meaning, and remember her instruction, rejecting nothing, selecting nothing, and scorning nothing; believing all things to be right and good, and rejoicing always in the truth," &c. —*L.*, 416.

Let such as have the opportunity, compare the earliest drawings of Turner with his middle age, and his last and best works. The first class are by no means rare. Every body now-a-days visits Abbotsford, where some lovely specimens of a later period hang—their beauties all unappreciated while the great novelist lived, who would not have given the clever caricature of Queen Bess, by "*Conversation Sharpe*," for the whole lot of them! Then look at his latest works, at Trafalgar-square, or wherever else they may be seen, and mark the astonishing difference. It is not progress alone, neither is it the mere abandonment of one style of coloring or of thought for another; but it is in the one case the gifted child seeing here one detached bit of nature and there another, and with honest loving ardor transcribing and studying each; and then the full-grown man, looking abroad over the whole vast field, and comprehending the diversity he beholds and the deeper unity that it veils. There is no mannerism here; no wretched copying of himself; no trick of art supplanting the patient teaching of nature, and haunting its uncomplaining victim through every future effort. Turner has been all his life-

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time a learner, he is learning still. Did he speak out his thoughts, it might be in the eloquent words of a living poetess:—"I have done my work, so far, as work—not as a mere hand and head work, apart from the personal being,—but as the completest expression of that being to which I could attain, and as work I offer to the public; feeling its shortcomings more deeply than any of my [critics], because measured from the height of my aspiration; but feeling also that the reverence and sincerity with which the work was done should give it some protection with the reverent and sincere."

The great canon of art with our author, is, *study nature*. It is no mere cuckoo cry, however, but a thoroughly understood principle, in developing which he discloses the fruits of deep study and thought. Painting, when it accomplishes its aim, is poetry rendered in another language,—a universally understood tongue. Mark the poet of inferior power; we will not take the poetaster, but your Pope, or Addison, or Young. Nature is not good enough, or great enough for them. Her refined gold must be gilded anew, and tricked out with borrowed lustre in their own crucible, before it attain to their ideal standard. It is your Shakspeare who never tires of her simplicity. Fuseli used to exclaim, in his impatience, that *nature put him out*. Nature puts out many more than him; for one or other must be wrong.

"I am quite sure that, if Mr. P——, or any other painter who has hitherto been very careful in his choice of subject, will go into the next turnpike road, and taking the first four trees that he comes to in the hedge, give them a day each, drawing them leaf for leaf, as far as may be, and even their smallest boughs, with as much care as if they were rivers, or an important map of a newly-surveyed country, he will find, when he has brought them all home, that at least three out of the four, are better than the best he ever invented."—*Modern Painters*, vol. i., p. 310.

Those are the rudiments of the artist's schooling; the solid foundation on which the lofty building may rise securely heavenward, wherein his spirit shall dwell serene and safe, like the lark at home on its quivering wing far up in the deep blue. Our young artists seem to regard genius, not as a power by which the soul may concentrate its efforts and accomplish the lifework that defies weaker minds; but as an intuitive faculty that can comprehend what they have never studied, and recreate what they have hardly glanced at; in fact, a sort of

animal magnetism that can read nature just as well with the pit of the stomach as the eye, and sleeping as waking. Such have to learn that no undying work was ever produced by sleight of hand. The things "that posterity will not willingly let die," are creations educed by powers adequately exerted, not by the chance struggles of

feebleness in its fits. Your Byron boasts of a Corsair, written in some ten days; your Dante or Milton make a life-work of a Divina Commedia. Let critics, too, remember that which *the labor* of genius has produced is not to be judged of at a glance or dismissed in a flippant period.

From the Metropolitan.

THE LITERARY FORGERIES OF CHATTERTON.

In the year 1768, there appeared in Farley's Weekly Journal—a Bristol newspaper—an account of the opening of the old bridge in that place, said to have been taken from a very ancient MS. ; attention was drawn to it, inquiries were made respecting the source whence it was derived. After a little search, it was traced to a lad of the name of Chatterton.

This was the first step towards that great imposition with which this singularly-endowed, but unfortunate youth, attempted to deceive the public. It was quickly followed by others; verses, ascribed to Rowley, Canynge, and others, appeared in swift succession; the puzzle of scholars versed in antique lore, affording ample materials for a controversy as famous as that between Boyle and Bentley, enlisting on one side or the other the acutest critics of the day—Warton, Tyrwhit, Walpole, the Dean of Exeter, president of the Antiquarian Society, and others less known to fame—carried on with a sincere desire to know the truth, and, with what is rare, even in antiquarian discussions, without any of that personality and recrimination with which literary warfare even is too often disgraced. This controversy, the fruitful source of at least twenty-eight publications, long survived him who by his forgeries gave rise to it. Alienated by misconduct from his friends,—by his own folly rendered poor, at the early age of eighteen,—the victim of want, of disappointment, of scorn—Chatterton committed suicide. The day of trial came, and, like a coward, he forsook his post. Far more wisely did Johnson act. He lived on, and won for himself fame and power. Crabbe did the same, and became chaplain to a duke.

It is not our purpose to give an account

of the life of Chatterton. Those few events which marked the short space of eighteen years, have been preserved by the pen of the biographer, and have been embalmed and rendered sacred by the talents and sympathy paid by men who, gifted themselves, could rightly esteem and sincerely lament genius struggling with adversity, chilled by poverty, quenched by early death. With tears have they watered his grave—with cypress have they beautified it. His memory is graven on all hearts, for it is married to immortal verse. Poetry and prose have been employed to build a memorial to him who walked this earth as a stranger in a strange land, against whom beat its bitterest blasts—who, leaning on broken reeds, bending the knee to idols formed of clay, burning with hopes destined to be blasted, glowing with visions of deep joy, which faded as he gazed—found life and all life's concerns to be vain, delusive, and unsatisfying—found earth and all its scenes, in their truest and saddest sense, to be vanity and vexation of spirit.

Though we do not attempt to give the life of Chatterton, yet we feel obliged to give a part of his character, and that part not the best. It is no wish of ours to misrepresent him—to place him in a bad light—to make him appear worse than he really was, therefore we regret that here we must leave out his amiable qualities, and portray him only in that character in which he appears as a clever, bold, and barefaced impostor. In this light, however, his mental power is displayed to the best advantage. The productions, published under his own name, being much inferior to the forgeries attributed to Canynge and Rowley. We will make, then, a few extracts from George Catcott's account of him, who, it may be as well to

observe, was a firm believer in the truth of the Rowleian MSS. In the preface to a copy of the poems, published in 1777, he remarks, that he "was a young man of very uncommon abilities, but bad principles." Again we are informed, "he discovered an uncommon taste for poetry; he was also a great proficient in heraldry." "He was not, however, of an open or ingenuous disposition; and consequently never would give any satisfactory account of what he possessed, but only from time to time, as his necessities obliged him, produced some transcripts from these *originals*." so Mr. Catcott, in his simplicity, thought them; "and it was with great difficulty and some expense, I have procured what I have." Mr. Catcott's avidity, as Dr. Johnson would say, were he alive, is singularly refreshing. Surely, of all men he must have been the most guileless, the most easily imposed on by old wives' fables. Here was a young man whose whole life had been devoted to the study of antiquities, drinking in that spirit from his very birth—"falling in love," as his mother says, at an early age, with the illuminated capitals of a French MS.—learning to read from an old black-lettered Bible; passionately fond of poetry; at the age of eleven, writing better verses, more readable, with better rhymes, more neatly expressed than are those of many men or women twice that age; of no principles whatever; unnoticed and unknown; panting for fame; necessitous to an extreme. Surely here are the very materials for a literary impostor, as in the singular, unsuspecting confidence of Mr. Catcott, there were those for a ready dupe. All this we have said about Chatterton, and more Mr. Catcott knew, for he acted the part of patron and a friend; yet though, as he himself says, he could get no satisfactory information, though the mysterious pretended originals were carefully kept from his sight, knowing as he did, that Chatterton was a young man of bad principles, of great talents, and equally great necessities, without any suspicion, against all probability, through evil and good report, believed, asserted, contended for the authenticity of the Rowleian MSS.

This knowledge of Chatterton's character will enable us the better to judge of the degree of importance to be attached to his own statements. That he might imagine that the public would be more likely to take an interest in the poems of a monk of the fifteenth century, than in those of an

unknown youth in a provincial town, in the seventeenth, is very probable. Nor is it much to be wondered at, that he should all along continue to deny that the poems he had published were forgeries. Having once asserted their genuineness, he felt himself bound, by every principle of honor, to maintain it. Chatterton's notions of right and wrong, were neither rigid nor troublesome; and, to a person of his habit of thinking, the doubtful fame resulting from a connexion with the ideal Rowley, might seem much preferable to that which the poems, divested of the charm of antiquity, might obtain for their author. At any rate, the forgery once committed, his (to use his own words) "native unconquerable pride" would never suffer him to own them to be simply the productions of his muse.

But even allowing the forgeries to be genuine, even then the contents of the writings, and the time of the discovery are, to say the least, calculated to excite suspicion. It is strange—passing strange—a thing most rare even in our days, when, if we may believe the newspapers, no one is old-fashioned enough to look surprised on tales, in comparison with which the adventures of Baron Munchausen are mere dull, sober, every day facts, that there should be such an admirable, such an extraordinary adaptation of the contents of the papers to the circumstances of the localities in which they were published, or to the characters of those to whom they were addressed. Thus a new bridge is built over the Avon—straightway there appears an account of the passing over the old bridge for the first time in the thirteenth century; an account accidentally found and published by Chatterton. Our poet's friend, Mr. Burgham, reckons amongst his other amiable weaknesses, a love of heraldic honors—directly Chatterton traces his pedigree from the time of William the Conqueror, and allies him to some of the first families in the kingdom, by means of old manuscripts accidentally discovered. Again, Mr. Burgham, which is very natural, believes these Rowleian manuscripts to be genuine. Chatterton, to reward and strengthen his credulity, presents him with a poem entitled, "The Romaunt of the Cnyghte," written about four hundred and fifty years before by one John de Burgham, one of his own ancestors. Chatterton wishes to please one of his own relations, a Mr. Stephens; he does so by proving him to be the descendant of Fitz-Stephen, grandson of the Earl

of Blois, who flourished in the year 1095. Another friend, no less a personage than Mr. Catcott, is a most worthy and religious man, mighty in the scriptures, learned in theology; Chatterton presents him with a copy of an ancient fragment of a sermon on the Divinity of the Holy Ghost, "as written by Thomas Rowley," of course, after this convincing proof, John Catcott's doubts, if he had any, as to the authenticity of the manuscripts were at once dispelled. Was a friend desirous of proving the antiquity of Bristol? no sooner was the wish expressed, than it appeared by a certain document which Chatterton accidentally discovered, that a Saxon of the name of Arlward lived in Bristol in the year 718. Did any one set about writing the history of Bristol, then plans and descriptions of churches and chapels existing five hundred years before, appeared in abundance, as if by special Providence everything relating to Bristol was religiously preserved from the ravages of tumult and time. Horace Walpole, that great historian of tea-tables and scandal, is writing a history of Bristol painters, Chatterton most fortunately happens to have found, in some other place than an old chest we suspect, notwithstanding his assertion to the contrary, a list of "annient carvillers and peyncters" who flourished in Bristol, whom no one knows or cares, or ever did. Beaumont finely says:

"The treasures of antiquity laid up,
In old historic rolls I opened."

The old historic rolls Chatterton opened might have made the most credulous pause ere they credited their authenticity. The few facts we have brought forward, are such as must create scepticism as to the truth of Chatterton's assertions in the mind of any unprejudiced man of ordinary intelligence; that man must have a living and active faith who can read all this, and yet have no suspicions that some one else, besides good Thomas Rowley, was in rather more than a slight degree in some way connected with the affair.

Thomas Rowley, the hero of the controversy, the principal writer of these poems (for others are introduced), is said to have flourished in the reigns of Henry VI. and Edward IV., between the years 1422 and 1483; it is, therefore, necessary that we should consider the state of literature at that period. It will not be very difficult to show that the structure, the smoothness of

Rowley's verses, prove him to have been no contemporary of Oceleve or Lydgate, the principal poets of that time.

According to the well-known oriental proverb, "the darkest hour in the twenty-four is the hour before day." In the history of our literature that hour had now come. The War of the Roses fills an insulated space between the cessation of Latin and the rise of English writers. The poet and the orator had done but little for our mother tongue. Its capabilities were almost untried, and, consequently, almost unknown. As yet it was destitute of the burning power which rendered it immortal, when it became, as Wordsworth finely says—

"The tongue that Shakespeare spake."

It was a time of war, and the sword outshone the pen, the camp not the cloister was the school; poems were not written, for each man, in his small way, endeavored to act an heroic poem for himself. The battle field with its bannered hosts of war, with its deadly rivalry, and its cruel rage, was poetry enough. Dr. Henry, in his view of the literature of that age remarks, "that one of the most obvious defects in all the authors of this period is a total want of taste." Their ideas were couched in the most ordinary language, with no polish, and no attempt at polish whatever; and it was but rarely they attempted to be anything else but dull, or to write anything else but common place. They invariably adopted the language of bombast and rhodomontade. Latin was the medium through which these scholars, as they are by courtesy called, communicated their ideas, and that was wretched, worse than the refuse, of the lowest form of the most ignorant grammar school of the present day. Thus, William of Wyrcester tells us, the Duke of York returned from Ireland, "*et arriatus apud Redbanke prope Cestriam*," and arrived at Redbanke, near Chester. And John Rous, the antiquarian, says, the Marquis of Dorset, and his uncle Sir Thomas Grey, were obliged to fly the country, "*quod ipsi contra viscent mortem ductis protectoris Anglia*," because they had contrived the death of the Duke, the Protector of England. Such was the prose, we need not add that the poetry was infamous, such as neither men nor gods allow. Chaucer and Gower were no more, and their mantle had fallen on none; Oceleve and Lydgate are the only poets worth mentioning, the rest oblivion has shielded from contempt. Oceleve writes thus, the subject Chaucer:—

"My dear master God his soul quite,
And fader Chaucer fain would have me taught,
But I was dull and learned lyte or nought.
Alas! my worthy mayster honourable,
This land is very tressure and richesse,
Deth by thy deth hath harm irreparable
Unto us done."

Lydgate follows on the same subject, in an equally enchanting strain:—

"My mayster Chaucer,
And if I shall shortly him descrere,
Was never none to this day alive,
That worthy was his inkhorne for to bold."

This is called poetry, and in the age when such stuff was written, and, we presume, read (for the supply, according to the political economists, creates the demand), has Chatterton ascribed the date of Rowley's existence. Nothing could have been more unfortunate; it was impossible to have made a more egregious blunder; he has, with the most praiseworthy ignorance of facts, chosen the very darkest period in the history of our literature, as the time when verses as beautiful, as harmonious, as liquid as those of Spenser himself, were written; as if the same people could read and admire the "Lyfe of our Lady," and the "Battle of Hastings," the "Divers Ballads against the Seven Deadly Sins," or the beautiful lyrics of Rowley. An extract from the latter will at once prove his vast, his immeasurable superiority, to the writers whom we have quoted. We take the following, though long and minute, description of the "Wife of Aldhelm," extracted from the "Battle of Hastings":—

"He married was to Kenewalchae faire,
The fynest dame the sun or moone adave;*
She was the myghtie Aderedus' heyre,
Who was alreadie hastyng to the grave:
As the blue Bruton, rysinge from the wave,
Like sea-gods seeme in most majestic guise,
And round about the risynge waters lave,†
And their long hayre arounde their bodie flies,
Such majestie was in her porte displaid,
To be excell'd bie none but Homer's martial maid.

"White as the Chaulkie clyffes of Brittaines isle,
Red as the highest colour'd Gallic wine,
Gaie as all nature at the mornynge smile,
Those hys with pleasaunce on her lippes
combine—
Her lippes more redde than summer evenynge
skyne,‡
Or Phœbus rysing in a frostie morne,
Her breste more white than snow in feeldes that
lyene.||
Or lillie lambes that never have been shorne,

* Arose upon.
‡ Sky.

† Wash.
|| Lies.

Swellynge like bubbles in a boillynge welle,
Or new-braste* brooklettes gently whysprynge in
the delle.

"Browne as the fylberte dropping from the shelle,
Browne as the nappy ale at Hocktyde game,
So browne the crokyde† rynges, that featlie fell‡
Over the neck of the all-beauteous dame.
Greie as the morne before the ruddie flame
Of Phœbus' charyotte roillynge thro the skie;
Greie as the steel-horn'd goats Conyan made
tame,
So greie appear'd her featly sparklynge eye;
Those eyne, that dyd oft mickle pleased look
On Adhelm valyaunt man, the virtues' doomsday
book.

"Majestic as the grove of okes that stode,
Before the abbie buylt by Oswald kynge:
Majestic as Hybernies holie woode,
Where saintes and souls departed masses
synge;
Such awe from her sweete looke forth issuynge
At once for reveraunce and love did calle;
Sweet as the voice of thraslarks in the Spring,
So sweet the wordes that from her lippes did
falle;
None fell in vayne; all shewed some entent;
Her wordies did displaie her great entendement ||

"Tapre as candles layde at Cuthbert's shryne,
Tapre as elmes that Goodricke's abbie shrove,†
Tapre as silver chalices for wine,
So tapre was her armes and shape ygrove.
As skilful mynemenne by the stones above
Can ken what metalle is ylach'd belowe,
So Kennewalcha's face, ymade for love,
The lovelie ymage of her soule did shewe;
Thus was she outward form'd; the sun her mind
Did guide her mortal shape and all her charms re-
fin'd."

With a few antiquarian terms struck out, this quotation might pass for a production of the present age. No person of ordinary literary information can attribute it to the fifteenth century. The transition of the Saxon tongue into English was proceeding then, it is true, but at a very different rate to what Chatterton would have us believe. Sir Frederick Madden, the able editor of "Lazamons Brut," or "Chronicle of Britain," remarks that the successive stages of development in our language may be indicated with tolerable correctness; thus;—

Semi-Saxon . .	from A. D. 1100 to A. D. 1230
Early English .	" — 1230 " — 1330
Middle English .	" — 1330 " — 1500
Later English .	" — 1500 " — 1600

But it is no middle English that Chatterton

* Newly burst. † Curling, crooked.
‡ Gently. || Understanding.
¶ Shrouded

attributes to Rowley, but the product of a far later age. Again, in this quotation the reader must have been struck with the prominent feature—its extreme length and minuteness. Now these are exclusively the attributes of modern poetry. At any rate, we do not find them in the writers of the fifteenth century. We moderns expand, where our ancestors but glanced. For them a word was enough; we must, as it were, hunt an idea to death. This Rowley, however, seems not only in this particular instance, but in others as well, to have, as it were out-heroded Herod—to have beaten the moderns hollow at what is thought their besetting sin—expansion. In this respect he leaves us far behind, and shows us that the only thing on which we can plume ourselves, and on which, in our ignorance, we have taken our stand, was done more than three hundred years ago, by an obscure monk at Bristol. And the man who did these wonders lived and died unknown. No one discovered his poetry, and appreciated its worth. This would be marvellous, were it true. To speak seriously, however, the poem from which we have quoted, despite of old spelling and obsolete words and phrases, stuck in without the least regard to propriety or fitness, is evidently the production of a person who lived at a much later period than the contemporaries of Oceleve or Lydgate. Had we room, we would make another quotation, in a different style of versification altogether, one which we never met with in old writers, which Oceleve and Lydgate, and the men of that age, never dreamt of; we mean the Pindaric ode, which had no existence in English literature at all, until Cowley brought it into fashion, and which, therefore, is consequently modern. Chatterton could never have read Cowley, where he says, by way of preface to his own attempts, "Panarclus might have counted the Pindaric ode in his list of the best inventions of antiquity," or he never would have fathered one upon Rowley. It is headed, "A Song to Ella, Lord of the Castle of Bristowe, yn Days of Yore." Those of our readers who wish to peruse it, we refer to Chatterton's poems. We mention it merely for the purpose of noting the flagrant anachronism of which he was guilty in this case.

One more quotation will suffice; it is called the "Mynstrel's Song," and is so beautiful, that we make no apology for printing it all:—

MYNSTRELLES SONG.

"O! synge untoe mie roundelaie,
O! droppe the brynie tear wythe mee,
Daunce ne moe atte hallie daie,
Lycke a reynynge ryver bee;
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

"Blacke hys cryne as the wyntere nyghte,
Whyte hys rode* as the sommer snowe,
Rodde hys face as the mornynge lyghte,
Cale† he lyes ynne the grave belowe;
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

"Swote‡ hys tyngue as the throshles note,
Quycke ynn daunce as thoughte canne bee,
Defte hys taboure, codgelle stote,
O! hee lyes bie the wyllowe tree;
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Alle underre the wyllowe tree.

"Harke! the ravenne flappes hys wynges,
In the briered dell belowe;
Harke! the dethe-owle loude dothe synge,
To the nyghte-mares as heie goe;
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

"See! the whyte moone sheenes onne hie;
Whyterre ys mie true loves shroude;
Whyterre yanne the mornynge skie,
Whyterre yanne the evenynge cloude;
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

"Heere, uponne mie true loves grave,
Schalle the baren fleurs be layde,
Nee one hallie§ Seyncle to save
Al the calnes|| of a mayde.
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Alle under the wyllowe tree.

"Wythe mie hondes I'lle dente¶ the brieres
Rounde his hallie corse to gre,
Ouphante** fairie, lyghte youre fyres,
Heere mie boddie stytle schalle bee.
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

"Comme, wythe acorne-coppe and thorne,
Drayne mie hartys blodde awaie;
Lyfe and all yttes good I scorne,
Daunce bie niete, or feaste by daie.
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

* Neck. † Cold. ‡ Sweet. § Holy. || Coldness.
¶ Fasten. ** Elán.

"Wattere wythes, crownde wythe reytes,"
 Bere mee to yer leathalle tyde.
 I die ! I comme ! mie true love waytes,
 Thos the damselle spake and dyed."

These verses, the best Chatterton ever wrote are evidently modern ; it would be preposterous to assert that they are not. Whatever the fifteenth century witnessed, it did not witness the birth of such finished and exquisite versification as we have given. It was left to a later age to witness that. That did not take place till "the well of English undefiled" had become dry ; till the oracles were dumb, for the inspiration was no more ; till the freshness of English poetry had departed, and till a degenerate race sought its equivalent in stale and miserable puns, and paltry conceits, and looked on them as the sure signs of the presence of the muse ; and crowned with the laurel, and adorned with the name of poet, the man who had been the most active in this crusade against nature. Succeeding writers adhered to them as models for style, but regarded with disdain their coldness, their staleness, and their affected wit. They turned away from them to bards of more hallowed fire ; they drank the waters at the fountain head. Hence the odes and songs of our greatest poets. Thus it was with Chatterton, in the verses we have quoted. They have no connexion with English poetry as it grew with Chaucer or languished with Cowley, but with English poetry as reinvigorated, bursting the fetters which enchained it, it shone forth in "Grey's Elegy," "Beattie's Minstrel," in Goldsmith's "Traveller," and "Collins' Odes," the illustrious dawn of a yet more illustrious day. Another circumstance which leads to the conclusion that Chatterton's poems are forgeries, is their similarity to forgeries. Many of the poems professing to be ancient ballads, are exactly like imitations of ancient ballads. Successfully to attempt to do this, requires no common power ; we have seen it done in our day in lays of ancient Rome, but such instances are rare ; and Macaulay was aided by what had been already done by Sir Walter Scott, the great restorer of our ballad poetry. In Chatterton's day the thing was untried, and he was unequal to the task. The man who would succeed in attempts of this kind, has many difficulties to overcome. He must isolate himself from the age in which he lives ; he must endeavor to attain the thoughts and feelings

of an earlier day. In short, for the time, he must sink his own being in that of another, and must look upon the world and the men of it through a totally strange and unaccustomed light. Hence it is that imitations are generally so unsuccessful. There is a simplicity, and a beauty, and a strength in the genuine ballads, which the imitations do not, or but rarely possess. The simplicity degenerates into childishness ; the verses become feeble ; they have all the defects, and none of the beauties of the original. Dr. Johnson, who had a keen eye for the failings of a school to which he never belonged, and who had a deep contempt for anything simple, as if it were necessarily childish, has very happily hit off this weak point, in the imitation of ancient ballads, in such lines as these :

"The tender infant, meek and mild,
 Fell down upon a stone,
 The nurse took up the squalling child,
 But still the child squall'd on."

Notwithstanding that school in poetry, afterwards better known as the Lake School, is not a little indebted to the Doctor. A generation that had been wearied with the pomp and monotony of his much sounding phrases, found in it a welcome relief. Of this new poetic gospel Dr. Percy was the forerunner, and Wordsworth the high priest. The latter is a case in point. That the author of the "Excursion" is a true poet ; that some of his grand sonnets are only inferior to Milton's ; that much that he has written posterity will not willingly let die, we readily admit ; but that he has failed where others have done the same, we think cannot for a moment be denied. Without giving in our unfeigned assent and consent to the severe criticism by which Jeffrey for years endeavored to extinguish the rising school of lake poets, it strikes us that Wordsworth has not succeeded so well as his too partial admirers have thought. Often he has been more successful in copying the defects, than the beauties of the ballad writers of an earlier day. A parody, on rather a fair, by no means a ridiculous or spiteful imitation, of that great poet, will show our meaning. It is taken from the "Rejected Addresses" A verse or two will suffice :—

"My brother Jack was nine in May
 And I was eight on New Year's-day,
 So in Kate Wilson's shop ;
 Papa—he's my papa, and Jack's

Bought me last week a doll of wax,
And brother Jack a top.

"Jack's in the pouts; and thus it is
He thinks mine came to more than his,
So to my drawer he goes;
Takes out my doll, and oh, my stars!
He puts her head between the bars,
And melts off half her nose."

We shall skip the rest of the young lady's narrative, for the domestic tragedy is of too harrowing a nature, and conclude with this verse:—

"At first I caught hold of the wing,
And kept away, but Mr. Thing-
Umbob, the prompter man,
Gave with his hand my chaise a shove,
And said, go on my little love,
Speak to 'em pretty Nan."

Now this half feeble simplicity, we might say this downright childishness, is a sure sign that the poem is an imitation, or, at least, has been modernized.

The reader will remember the ballad of "Chevy Chase," which was thus modernized; may we not add, *improved*?

"Of Wadrington I needs must sing,
As one in doleful dumps,
For when his legs were smitten off,
He fought upon his stumps."

Of this feeble attempt at simplicity, we meet with several instances in the Rowleian MSS. One that is called the "Bristowe Tragedie, or the Death of Charles Baldwin," is so manifestly an imitation, so interlarded with palpable plagiarisms, that we wonder Chatterton should have shown it, or should have suffered it to appear.

Again, Rowley is made to write tragedies in which there is much that is beautiful; but they were not even in existence when Rowley is said to have lived. The drama then can hardly be said to have existed at all. Mysteries, as they were termed, were then the order of the day. Moralities did not come into vogue till after Rowley's time, and regular plays like his, were not thought of till about an hundred years after his death. Those were the days when the Chester, Widdkirk, and Coventry miracle plays, with their twenty, and thirty, and forty acts astonished all classes, prince and peasant alike, with their wonderful scenic representations of all things that had happened, including the fall of Lucifer, and what might, would, or could happen down to the Day of Judgment. The general plan

of the mystery was—Adam and Eve would appear, sometimes naked, sometimes not; the serpent would join them; they were then driven from Paradise. The serpent would make his exit leaping; Adam would go and dig; Eve would spin to pass away the time; Cain would kill Abel, which occasions Adam no little sorrow when he returns. That was the common run of these mysteries. Eighty years after the date Chatterton assigns to Rowley, we find nothing nearer the regular drama than the interludes of John Heywood. We gather a notion of what they were from an account given by Mr. Collier in his history of dramatic poetry, entitled, "A Mery Play between the Pardoner and the Frere, the Curate and Neighbour Pratte." A pardoner and a friar have each obtained leave of the curate to use his church—the one for the exhibition of his relics, and the other for the delivery of a sermon—the object of both being the same, that of procuring money. The friar arrives first, and is about to commence his discourse, when the pardoner enters and disturbs him; each is desirous of being heard, and after many vain attempts, by force of lungs, they proceed to force of arms, kicking and cuffing each other unmercifully. The curate called, by the disturbance in the church, endeavors without avail, to part the combatants. He, therefore calls in neighbor Pratte to his assistance; and while the curate seizes the friar, Pratte undertakes to deal with the pardoner, in order that they may set them in the stocks. It turns out that both the friar and the pardoner are too much for their assailants, and the latter, after a sound drubbing, are glad to come to a composition by which the former are allowed quietly to depart. "Ralph Roister Doyster," the earliest English comedy yet discovered, must have been written by Nicholas Udall about 1530; Chatterton was, therefore, in this respect guilty of a most egregious blunder. At the time Rowley is made to write a regular drama, "Mysteries formed on Bible Scenes," were the only rude approximations to the drama then thought of or desired. Chatterton allows this: he makes Rowley say, in a letter to his patron Canynge:—

"Plays made from hallie tales I hold unmeet,
Let some greate storie of a manne be souge;
When as a manne we God and Jesus treat
In my poor mind we do the Godhead wronge."

These sentiments are undoubtedly very cre-

ditable to Thomas Rowley; but surely plays like this, so totally different from the mysteries then in vogue must be considered as forgeries. It is absurd to look upon them, even for a moment, as the productions of that age. To say the least, as great a revolution in dramatic literature as Rowley would appear to have effected, could not have been passed over in silence, and it would not have been left to Chatterton to discover the writings of Rowley.

The truth is, Chatterton panted for fame,—at any price he resolved to win her fickle smile.

Dazzled by the success of Macpherson, he attempted a forgery, but failed; as Macpherson had some small portion of truth as his basis, his deception obtained a credit which was denied to Chatterton. Moreover, in spite of its bombast, Ossian, by large classes, will always be read and admired. As was the case with Macpherson, so was it also with Chatterton, that he wrote better with his mask, than without.

Thus have we glanced at

“The marvellous boy who perished in his pride.”

at him who, young and gifted, cowered beneath the world's dread laugh—who ignobly fell, for his heart failed him in the hour of need—who nursed the dart by which he was laid low—who died as he had lived, the victim of a sham. Genius has too often taught the bitter lesson, that her smile is a blight—that her embrace is death. And Chatterton was not the exception. He made but one blunder, it is true, but that blunder lasted his life. For his untimely end we may mourn. With our censure it will be but graceful and just, to mix somewhat of sorrow and regret. We blame not those who, conscious of the evils that await them, tread the path along which genius and poetry have shed their golden light; rather we blame the world that can honor the turtle-soup eating alderman, and can let the poet starve. We blame those who can turn from the altar, where alone men should worship, and bow the knee to Baal. In some sense the suicide is a martyr; his death is a protest against the abuses of society; his last expiring groan—what is it but the strong cry of misery for their immediate reform. The broken heart, in its agony and despair, thus pleads that life's burdens may be more equitably borne. It declares, as Mr. Fox has well said, “the existence of injustice so enormous, and mistakes so tre-

mendous, that they ought not to continue. It proclaims in a voice of thunder, that there must be a freer and fairer course, even for those in the most unfortunate circumstances, that they may find something to render life valuable, and lead them to consider prolonged existence a blessing, and not a curse.”

THE NITRE LAKES OF EGYPT.—What a singular scene! In the midst of this sandy waste, where uniformity is rarely interrupted by grass or shrubs, there are extensive districts where nitre springs from the earth like crystallized fruits. One thinks he sees a wild overgrown with moss, weeds, and shrubs, thickly covered with hoar frost. And to imagine this wintry scene, beneath the fervid heat of an Egyptian sun, will give some idea of the strangeness of its aspect. The existence of this nitre upon the sandy surface is caused by the evaporation of the lakes. According to the quantity of nitre left behind by the lake do these fantastic shapes assume either a dazzling white color, or, are more or less tinted with the sober hue of the sand. The nitre lakes themselves, six in number, situated in a spacious valley between two rows of low sandhills, presented—at least the three which we visited—a pleasing contrast, in their dark, blue and red colors, to the dull hues of the sand. The nitre, which forms a thick crystallized crust upon these shallow lakes, is broken off in large square plates, which are either of a dirty white, or of a flesh color, or of a deep, dark red. The Fellahs employed upon this labor stand quite naked in the water, furnished with iron rods. The part which is removed being speedily renewed, the riches of its produce are inexhaustible. It is hence that nearly the whole of Europe is exclusively supplied with nitre; and this has probably been the case for ages; for Sicard mentions, at the commencement of the last century, that then six-and-thirty thousand hundred weight of nitre was broken annually for the grand seignior, to whom it yielded 36 purses. By the side of one of the lakes, piled in large layers, was heaped the produce of the last week's labors. My companion had occasion to find fault with the result of the work of one of the villages. The sheikh of the village stood before us. He sharply rebuked him, and to give greater effect to his words he crossed his naked shoulders two or three times with his whip of elephant's skin. The sheikh sprang as nimbly as a gazelle into the lake; and received his further instructions beyond arm's length. Such was the impressive discipline which even this Italian, who was a man of gentle manners, considered it necessary to adopt towards these Fellahs. The plates of nitre, after undergoing a preliminary cleansing upon the banks of the lake, are carried to the castle, where, by various processes, they become a dazzling white powder; and in this state it is conveyed in large quantities to Teranneh. —*Tischendorff's Travels.*

PROFITS OF THE SHAKESPEARE NIGHT.—The gross receipts of the Shakespeare performance, at Covent-garden Theatre, on Tuesday last, amount to 1,134l. 2s. The fund is still 500l. deficient.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE SIX DECISIVE BATTLES OF THE WORLD.

BY PROFESSOR CREAMY.

"Those few battles of which a contrary event would have essentially varied the drama of the world in all its subsequent scenes."—HALLAM.

No. I.—MARATHON.

"Quibus actus uterque
Europæ atque Asiæ fati concurrerit orbis."

Two thousand three hundred and thirty-seven years ago, a council of Greek officers was summoned on the slope of one of the mountains that look over the plain of Marathon, on the eastern coast of Attica. The immediate subject of their meeting was to consider whether they should give battle to an enemy that lay encamped on the shore beneath them; but on the result of their deliberations depended, not merely the fate of two armies, but the whole future progress of human civilization.

The ten Athenian generals who, with the Archon entitled the War-Ruler, formed the council, had deep matter for anxiety, though little aware how momentous to mankind were the votes they were about to give, or how the generations to come would read with interest the record of their discussions. They saw before them the invading forces of a mighty power, which had in the last fifty years shattered and enslaved nearly all the kingdoms and principalities of the then known world. They knew that all the resources of their own country were comprised in the little army entrusted to their guidance. They saw before them a chosen host of the Great King, sent to wreak his special wrath on that country, and on the other insolent little Greek community, which had dared to aid his rebels and burn the capital of one of his provinces. That victorious host had already fulfilled half its mission of vengeance. Eretria, the confederate of Athens in the bold march against Sardis nine years before, had fallen in the last few days; and the Athenians could discern from their heights the island, in which the Persians had deposited their Eretrian prisoners, whom they had reserved to be led away captives into Upper Asia, there to hear their doom from the lips of King Darius himself. Moreover, the men of Athens knew that in the camp before them was

their own banished tyrant, who was seeking to be reinstated by foreign scymitars in despotic sway over any remnant of his countrymen, that might survive the sack of their town, and might be left behind as too worthless for leading away into Median bondage.

The numerical disparity between the force which the Athenian commanders had under them and that which they were called on to encounter, was hopelessly apparent to some of the council. The historians who wrote nearest to the time of the battle do not pretend to give any detailed statements of the numbers engaged, but there are sufficient data for our making a general estimate. The muster-roll of free Athenian citizens of an age fit for military service never exceeded 30,000, and at this epoch probably did not amount to two-thirds of that number. Moreover, the poorer portion of these were unprovided with the equipments and untrained to the operations of the regular infantry. Some detachments of the best-armed troops would be required to garrison the city itself, and man the various fortified posts in the territory; so that it is impossible to reckon the fully equipped force that marched from Athens to Marathon, when the news of the Persian landing arrived, at higher than 14,000. The gallant little allied state of Plataea had sent its contingent of 1000 of its best men; so that the Athenian commanders must have had under them about 15,000 fully-armed and disciplined infantry, and probably a larger number of irregular light-armed troops; as, besides the poorer citizens who went to the field armed with javelins, cutlasses, and targets, each regular heavy-armed soldier was attended in the camp by one or more slaves, who were armed like the inferior freemen. Cavalry or archers the Athenians (on this occasion) had none; and the

use in the field of military engines was not at that period introduced into ancient warfare.

Contrasted with their own scanty forces, the Greek commanders saw stretched before them, along the shores of the winding bay, the tents and shipping of the varied nations who marched to do the bidding of the king of the eastern world. The difficulty of finding transports and of securing provisions would form the only limit to the numbers of a Persian army. Nor is there any reason to suppose the estimate of Justin exaggerated, who rates at 100,000 the force which on this occasion had sailed, under the Satraps Datis and Artaphernes, from the Cilician shores against the devoted coasts of Eubœa and Attica. And after largely deducting from this total, so as to allow for mere mariners and camp-followers, there must still have remained fearful odds against the national levies of the Athenians. Nor could Greek generals then feel that confidence in the superior quality of their troops, which ever since the battle of Marathon has animated Europeans in conflicts with Asiatics; as, for instance, in the after struggles between Greece and Persia, or when the Roman legions encountered the myriads of Mithridates and Tigranes, or as is the case in the Indian campaigns of our own regiments. On the contrary, up to the day of Marathon the Medes and Persians were reputed invincible. They had more than once met Greek troops in Asia Minor and had invariably beaten them. Nothing can be stronger than the expressions used by the early Greek writers respecting the terror which the name of the Medes inspired, in the prostrations of men's spirits before the apparently resistless career of the Persian arms.* It is, therefore, little to be wondered at, that five of the ten Athenian generals shrank from the prospect of fighting a pitched battle against an enemy so vastly superior in numbers, and so formidable in military renown. Their own position on the heights was strong, and offered great advantages to a small defending force against assailing masses. They deemed it mere foolhardiness to descend into the plain to be trampled down by the Asiatic horse, overwhelmed with the arch-

ery, or cut to pieces by the invincible veterans of Cambyses and Cyrus. Moreover, Sparta, the great war-state of Greece, had been applied to and had promised succor to Athens, though the religious observance which the Dorians paid to certain times and seasons had for the present delayed their march. Was it not wise, at any rate, to wait till the Spartans came up, and to have the help of the best troops in Greece, before they exposed themselves to the shock of the dreaded Medes?

Specious as these reasons might appear, the other five generals were for speedier and bolder operations. And, fortunately for Athens and for the world, one of them was a man, not only of the highest military genius, but also of that energetic character which impresses its own types and ideas upon spirits feebler in conception. Miltiades, and his ancestors before him, besides being of one of the noblest families at Athens, had ruled a large principality in the Thracian Chersonese; and when the Persian empire extended itself in that direction, Miltiades had been obliged, like many other small potentates of the time, to acknowledge the authority of the Great King, and to lead his contingent of men to serve in the Persian armies. He had, however, incurred the enmity of the Persians during their Scythian campaign; his Thracian principality had been seized: and he himself, in his flight to Athens, had narrowly escaped the hot pursuit of the Phœnician galleys in the Persian service, which actually took the vessel in which part of his family sailed, and the first-born of Miltiades was at this moment a captive in the court of King Darius. Practically acquainted with the organization of the Persian armies, Miltiades felt convinced of the superiority of the Greek troops, if properly handled: he saw with the military eye of a great general the advantage which the position of the forces gave him for a sudden attack, and as a profound politician he felt the perils of remaining inactive, and of giving treachery time to ruin the Athenian cause.

One officer in the council of war had not yet voted. This was Callimachus, the War-Ruler. The votes of the generals were five and five, so that the voice of Callimachus would be decisive. On that vote, in all human probability, the destiny of all the nations of the world depended. Miltiades turned to him, and in simple soldierly eloquence, which we probably read faith-

* Αθηναίοι πρώτοι ανασχοντο εσθητα τε Μηδικην ορειων τε, και τους ανδρας ταυτην εσθμενους· τωος δε ην τοιοις Ελλησι και το σονημα των Μηδων φοβος ακουσαι.—HEROD.

Αι δε γνωμαι δεδουλωμεναι απαντων ανθρωπων ησαν· ουτω πολλα και μεγαλα και μαχιμα γενη καταδεδουλευμενη η Περσων αρχη.—PLATO.

fully reported in Herodotus, who may have conversed with the veterans of Marathon, the great Athenian adjured his countryman to vote for giving battle. He told him that it rested with him either to enslave Athens, or to make her the greatest of all the Greek states, and to leave behind him a memory of unrivalled glory among all generations of mankind. He warned him that the banished tyrant had partizans in Athens; and that, if time for intrigue was allowed, the city would be given up to the Medes; but that if the armies fought at once before there was any thing rotten in the state of Athens, they were able, if the gods would give them fair play, to beat the Medes.*

The vote of the brave War-Ruler was gained, the council determined to give battle; and such was the ascendancy and acknowledged military eminence of Miltiades, that his brother generals one and all gave up their days of command to him, and cheerfully acted under his orders. Fearful, however, of creating any jealousy, and of so failing to obtain the vigorous co-operation of all parts of his small army, Miltiades waited till the day when the chief command would have come round to him in regular rotation, before he led the troops against the enemy.

The inaction of the Asiatic commanders during this interval appears strange at first sight; but, Hippias was with them, and they and he were aware of their chance of a bloodless conquest through the machinations of his partizans among the Athenians. The nature of the ground also explains in many points the tactics of the opposite generals before the battle, as well as the operations of the troops during the engagement.

The plain of Marathon, which is about twenty-two miles distant from Athens, lies along the bay of the same name on the north-eastern coast of Attica. The plain is nearly in the form of a crescent, and about six miles in length. It is about two miles broad in the centre, where the space between the mountains and the sea is greatest, but it narrows towards either extremity, the mountains coming close down to the water at the horns of the bay. There is a valley trending inwards from the middle of the plain, and a ravine comes down to it to the southward. Elsewhere it is closely girt round on the land side by rug-

ged limestone mountains, which are thickly studded with pines, olive-trees, and cedars, and overgrown with the myrtle, arbutus, and the other low odoriferous shrubs that everywhere 'perfume the Attic air. The level of the ground is now varied by the mound raised over those who fell in the battle, but it was an unbroken plain when the Persians encamped on it. There are marshes at each end, which are dry in spring and summer, and then offer no obstruction to the horseman, but are commonly flooded with rain and so rendered impracticable for cavalry in the autumn, the time of year at which the action took place.

The Greeks, lying encamped on the mountains, could watch every movement of the Persians on the plain below, while they were enabled completely to mask their own. Miltiades also had, from his position, the power of giving battle whenever he pleased, or of delaying it at his discretion, unless Datis were to attempt the perilous operation of storming the heights.

If we turn to the map of the old world, to test the comparative territorial resources of the two states whose armies were now about to come into conflict, the immense preponderance of the material power of the Persian king over that of the Athenian republic, is more striking than any similar contrast which history can supply. It has been truly remarked, that, in estimating mere areas, Attica, containing on its whole surface only 700 square miles, shrinks into insignificance if compared with many a baronial fief of the middle ages, or many a colonial allotment of modern times. Its antagonist, the Persian empire, comprised the whole of modern Asiatic and much of modern European Turkey, the modern kingdom of Persia, and the countries of modern Georgia, Armenia, Balch, the Punjab, Afghanistan, Beloochistan, Egypt, and Tripoli.

Nor could an European, in the beginning of the fifth century before our era, look upon this huge accumulation of power beneath the sceptre of a single Asiatic ruler, with the indifference with which we now observe on the map the extensive dominions of modern Oriental sovereigns. For, as has been already remarked, before Marathon was fought, the prestige of success and of supposed superiority of race was on the side of the Asiatic against the European. Asia was the original seat of human societies, and long before any trace

* *Ἡν δὲ συμβαλόμεν, πρὶν τι καὶ σάβρον Ἀθηναίων μετεξέταρσις ἐγγεσθαι, θεωρῶν τὰ ἰσα νέμεστων, οἷοι γε εἶμεν ἀντιγινώσκουσι τῇ συμβολῇ.*—HERODOTUS, *Erato*, 99.

can be found of the inhabitants of the rest of the world having emerged from the rudest barbarism, we can perceive that mighty and brilliant empires flourished in the Asiatic continent. They appear before us through the twilight of primeval history, dim and indistinct, but massive and majestic, like mountains in the early dawn.

Instead, however, of the infinite variety and restless change which has characterized the institutions and fortunes of European states ever since the commencement of the civilization of our continent, a monotonous uniformity pervades the histories of nearly all Oriental empires, from the most ancient down to the most recent times. They are characterized by the rapidity of their early conquests, by the immense extent of the dominions comprised in them, by the establishment of a satrap or pasha system of governing the provinces, by an invariable and speedy degeneracy in the princes of the royal house, the effeminate nurslings of the seraglio succeeding to the warrior-sovereigns reared in the camp, and by the internal anarchy and insurrections which indicate and accelerate the decline and fall of these unwieldy and ill-organized fabrics of power. It is also a striking fact that the governments of all the great Asiatic empires have in all ages been absolute despotisms. And Heeren is right in connecting this with another great fact, which is important from its influence both on the political and the social life of Asiatics. "Among all the considerable nations of Inner Asia the paternal government of every household was corrupted by polygamy: where that custom exists, a good political constitution is impossible. Fathers, being converted into domestic despots, are ready to pay the same abject obedience to their sovereign which they exact from their family and dependants in their domestic economy." We should bear in mind also the inseparable connexion between the state religion and all legislation which has always prevailed in the East, and the constant existence of a powerful sacerdotal body, exercising some check, though precarious and irregular, over the throne itself, grasping at all civil administration, claiming the supreme control of education, stereotyping the lines in which literature and science must move, and limiting the extent to which it shall be lawful for the human mind to promote its enquiries.

With these general characteristics rightly felt and understood, it becomes a com-

paratively easy task to investigate and appreciate the origin, progress, and principles of Oriental empire in general, as well as of the Persian monarchy in particular. And we are thus better enabled to appreciate the repulse which Greece gave to the arms of the East, and to judge of the probable consequences to human civilization, if the Persians had succeeded in bringing Europe under their yoke, as they had already subjugated the fairest portions of the rest of the then known world.

The Greeks, from their geographical position, formed the natural vanguard of European liberty against Persian ambition; and they pre-eminently displayed the salient points of distinctive national character which have rendered European civilization so far superior to Asiatic. The nations that dwelt in ancient times around and near the shores of the Mediterranean sea, were the first in our continent to receive from the East the rudiments of art and literature, and the germs of social and political organizations. Of these nations the Greeks, through their vicinity to Asia Minor, Phœnicia, and Egypt, were among the very foremost in acquiring the principles of civilized life, and they also at once imparted a new and wholly original stamp on all which they received. Thus, in their religion they received from foreign settlers the names of all their deities and many of their rites, but they discarded the leath some monstrosities of the Nile, the Orontes, and the Ganges;—they nationalized their creed; and their own poets created their beautiful mythology. No sacerdotal caste ever existed in Greece. So, in their governments, they lived long under kings, but never endured the establishment of absolute monarchy. Their early kings were constitutional rulers, governing with defined prerogatives. And long before the Persian invasion the kingly form of government had given way in almost all the Greek states to republican institutions, presenting infinite varieties of the blending or the alternate predominance of the oligarchical and democratical principles. In literature and science the Greek intellect followed no beaten track, and acknowledged no limitary rules. The Greeks thought their subjects boldly out; and the novelty of a speculation invested it in their minds with interest and not with criminality. Versatile, restless, enterprising, and self-confident, the Greeks presented the most striking contrast to the habitual quietude

and submissiveness of the Orientals. And, of all the Greeks, the Athenians exhibited these national characteristics in the strongest degree. This spirit of activity and daring, joined to a generous sympathy for the fate of their fellow-Greeks in Asia, had led them to join in the last Ionian war; and now mingling with their abhorrence of an usurping family of their own citizens, which for a period had forcibly seized on and exercised despotic power at Athens, nerved them to defy the wrath of King Darius, and to refuse to receive back at his bidding the tyrant whom they had some years before driven out.

The enterprise and genius of an Englishman have lately confirmed by fresh evidence, and invested with fresh interest, the might of the Persian Monarch who sent his troops to combat at Marathon. Inscriptions in a character termed the arrow-headed, or cuneiform, had long been known to exist on the marble monuments at Persepolis, near the site of the ancient Susa, and on the faces of rocks in other places formerly ruled over by the early Persian kings. But for thousands of years they had been mere unintelligible enigmas to the curious but baffled beholder; and they were often referred to as instances of the folly of human pride, which could indeed write its own praises in the solid rock, but only for the rock to outlive the language as well as the memory of the vainglorious inscribers. The elder Niebuhr, Grotefend, and Lassen had made some guesses at the meaning of the cuneiform letters; but Major Rawlinson, of the East India Company's service, after years of labor, has at last accomplished the glorious achievement of fully revealing the alphabet and the grammar of this long unknown tongue. He has, in particular, fully decyphered and expounded the inscription on the sacred rock of Behistun, on the western frontiers of Media. These records of the Achæmenidæ have at length found their interpreter; and Darius himself speaks to us from the consecrated mountain, and tells us the names of the nations that obeyed him, the revolts that he suppressed, his victories, his piety, and his glory.*

Kings who thus seek the admiration of posterity are little likely to dim the record of their successes by the mention of their occasional defeats; and it throws no suspicion on the narrative of the Greek histori-

* See the last numbers of the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*.

ans, that we find these inscriptions silent respecting the defeat of Datis and Artaphernes, as well as respecting the reverses which Darius sustained in person during his Scythian campaigns. But these indisputable monuments of Persian fame confirm, and even increase the opinion with which Herodotus inspires us of the vast power which Cyrus founded, Cambyses increased; which Darius augmented by Indian and Arabian conquests, and seemed likely, when he directed his arms against Europe, to make the predominant monarchy of the world.

With the exception of the Chinese empire, in which, throughout all ages down to the last few years, one third of the human race has dwelt almost unconnected with the other portions, all the great kingdoms which we know to have existed in ancient Asia, were, in Darius's time, blended into the Persian. The Northern Indians, the Assyrians, the Syrians, the Babylonians, the Chaldees, the Phœnicians, the nations of Palestine, the Armenians, the Bactrians, the Lydians, the Phrygians, the Parthians, and the Medes,—all obeyed the sceptre of the Great King: the Medes standing next to the native Persians in honor, and the empire being frequently spoken of as that of the Medes, or as that of the Medes and Persians. Egypt and Cyrene were Persian provinces; the Greek colonists in Asia Minor and the islands of the Ægean were Darius's subjects; and their gallant but unsuccessful attempts to throw off the Persian yoke had only served to rivet it more strongly, and to increase the general belief that the Greeks could not stand before the Persians in a field of battle. Darius's Scythian war, though unsuccessful in its immediate object, had brought about the subjugation of Thrace, and the submission of Macedonia. From the Indus to the Peneus, all was his. Greece was to be his next acquisition. His heralds were sent round to the various Greek states to demand the emblem of homage, which all the islanders and many of the dwellers on the continent submitted to give.

Over those who had the apparent rashness to refuse, the Persian authority was to be now enforced by the army that, under Datis, an experienced Median general, and Artaphernes, a young Persian noble, lay encamped by the coast of Marathon.

When Miltiades arrayed his men for action, he staked on the arbitrament of one battle not only the fate of Athens, but

that of all Greece; for if Athens had fallen, no other Greek state except Lacedæmon would have had the courage to resist; and the Lacedæmonians, though they would probably have died in their ranks to the last man, never could have successfully resisted the victorious Persians and the numerous Greek troops which would have soon marched under the Persian banner, had it prevailed over Athens.

Nor was there any power to the westward of Greece that could have offered an effectual opposition to Persia, had she once conquered Greece, and made that country a basis for future military operations. Rome was at this time in her season of utmost weakness. Her dynasty of powerful Etruscan kings had been driven out, and her infant commonwealth was reeling under the attacks of the Etruscans and Volscians from without, and the fierce dissensions between the patricians and plebeians within. Etruria, with her Lucumos and serfs was no match for Persia. Samnium had not grown into the might which she afterwards put forth: nor could the Greek colonies in South Italy and Sicily hope to conquer when their parent states had perished. Carthage had escaped the Persian yoke in the time of Cambyzes through the reluctance of the Phœnician mariners to serve against their kinsmen. But such forbearance could not long have been relied on, and the future rival of Rome would have become as submissive a minister of the Persian power as were the Phœnician cities themselves. If we turn to Spain, or if we pass the great mountain chain, which, prolonged through the Pyrenees, and Cevennes, the Alps, and the Balkan, divides Northern from Southern Europe, we shall find nothing at that period but mere savage Finns, Celts, and Teutons. Had Persia beat Athens at Marathon, she could have found no obstacle to Darius, the chosen servant of Ormuzd, advancing his sway over all the known Western races of mankind. The infant energies of Europe would have been trodden out beneath the hoof of universal conquest; and the history of the world, like the history of Asia, have become a mere record of the rise and fall of despotic dynasties, of the incursions of barbarous hordes, and of the mental and political prostration of millions beneath the diadem, the tiara, and the sword.

Great as the preponderance of the Persian over the Athenian power at that crisis seems to have been, it would be unjust to

impute wild rashness to the policy of Miltiades, and those who voted with him in the Athenian council of war, or to look on the after-current of events as the mere fortunate result of successful folly. As before has been remarked, Miltiades, whilst prince of the Chersonese, had seen service in the Persian armies; and he knew by personal observation how many elements of weakness lurked beneath their imposing aspect of strength. He knew that the bulk of their troops no longer consisted of the hardy shepherds and mountaineers from Persia Proper and Kurdistan, who won Cyrus's battles; but that unwilling contingents from conquered nations now filled up the Persian muster-rolls, fighting more from compulsion than from any zeal in the cause of their masters. He had also the sagacity and the spirit to appreciate the superiority of the Greek armor and organization over the Asiatic, notwithstanding former reverses. Above all, he felt and worthily trusted the enthusiasm of those whom he led. The Athenians under him were republicans who had but a few years before shaken off their tyrants. They were flushed by recent successes in wars against some of the neighboring states. They knew that the despot whom they had driven out was in the foeman's camp, seeking to be reinstated by foreign arms in his plenitude of oppression. They were zealous champions of the liberty and equality which as citizens they had recently acquired. And Miltiades might be sure, that whatever treachery might lurk among some of the higher-born and wealthier Athenians, the rank and file whom he led were ready to do their utmost in his and their own cause. As for future attacks from Asia, he might reasonably hope that one victory would inspirit all Greece to combine against the common foe; and that the latent seeds of revolt and disunion in the Persian empire would soon burst forth and paralyze its energies, so as to leave Greek independence secure.

With these hopes and risks, Miltiades, on a September day, 490 B. C., gave the word for the Athenian army to prepare for battle. There were many local associations connected with those mountain heights, which were calculated powerfully to excite the spirits of the men, and of which the commanders well knew how to avail themselves in their exhortations to their troops before the encounter. Marathon itself was a region sacred to Hercules. Close to

them was the fountain of Macaria, who had in days of yore devoted herself to death for the liberty of her people. The very plain on which they were to fight was the scene of the exploits of their national hero, Theseus; and there, too, as old legends told, the Athenians and the Heracidae had routed the invader, Eurystheus. These traditions were not mere cloudy myths, or idle fictions, but matters of implicit earnest faith to the men of that day, and many a fervent prayer arose from the Athenian ranks to the heroic spirits who while on earth had striven and suffered on that very spot, and who were believed to be now heavenly powers, looking down with interest on, and capable of interposing with effect in the fortunes of their still beloved country.

According to old national custom the warriors of each tribe were arrayed together; neighbor thus fighting by the side of neighbor, friend by friend, and the spirit of emulation and the consciousness of responsibility excited to the very utmost. The War-Ruler, Callimachus, had the leading of the right wing; the Platæans formed the extreme left; and Themistocles and Aristides commanded the centre. The panoply of the regular infantry consisted of a long spear, of a shield, helmet, breastplate, greaves, and short sword. Thus equipped, the troops usually advanced slowly and steadily into action in an uniform phalanx of about four spears deep. But the military genius of Miltiades led him to deviate on this occasion from the common-place tactics of his countrymen. It was essential for him to extend his line so as to cover all the practicable ground, and to secure himself from being outflanked and charged in the rear by the Persian horse. This extension involved the weakening of his line. Instead of an uniform reduction of its strength, he determined on detaching principally from his centre, which, from the nature of the ground, would have the best opportunities for rallying, if broken, and on strengthening his wings so as to insure advantage at those points; and he trusted to his own skill, and to his soldiers' discipline, for the improvement of that advantage into decisive victory. In this order, and availing himself probably of the inequalities of the ground so as to conceal his preparations from the enemy till the last possible moment, Miltiades drew up the fifteen thousand infantry whose spears were to decide this crisis in

the struggle between the European and the Asiatic worlds. The sacrifices by which the favor of heaven was sought, and its will consulted, were announced to show propitious omens. The trumpet sounded for action, and, chanting the hymn of battle, the little army bore down upon the host of the foe. Then, too, along the mountain slopes of Marathon must have resounded the mutual exhortation, which Æschylus, who fought in both battles, tells us was afterwards heard over the waves of Salamis,—“On, sons of the Greeks! Strike for the freedom of your country,—strike for the freedom of your children, your wives,—for the shrines of your fathers' gods, and for the sepulchres of your sires. All—all are now staked upon the strife.”

Ω παῖδες Ἑλλήνων, ἴτε
Ἐλευθεροῦτε πατρίδ', ἐλευθεροῦτε δὲ
Παῖδας, γυναῖκας, θεῶν τε πατρῶων ἐδῆ,
Θηκας τε προγόνων. Νῦν ὑπερ πάντων ἀγών.*

Instead of advancing at the usual slow pace of the phalanx, Miltiades brought his men on at a run. They were all trained in the exercises of the palaestra, so that there was no fear of their ending the charge in breathless exhaustion; and it was of the deepest importance for him to traverse as rapidly as possible the mile or so of level ground that lay between the mountain foot and the Persian outposts, and so to get his troops into close action before the Asiatic cavalry could mount, form, and manœuvre against him, or their archers keep him long under fire, and before the enemy's generals could fairly deploy their masses.

“When the Persians,” says Herodotus, “saw the Athenians running down on them, without horse or bowmen, and scanty in numbers, they thought them a set of madmen rushing upon certain destruction.” They began, however, to prepare to receive them, and the Eastern chiefs arrayed, as quickly as time and place allowed, the varied races who served in their motley ranks. Mountaineers from Hyrcania and Afghanistan, wild horsemen from the steppes of Khorassan, the black archers of Ethiopia, swordsmen from the banks of the Indus, the Oxus, the Euphrates, and the Nile, made ready against the enemies of the Great King. But no national cause inspired them, except the division of

* Persæ.

native Persians; and in the large host there was no uniformity of language, creed, race, or military system. Still, among them there were many gallant men, under a veteran general; they were familiarized with victory, and in contemptuous confidence their infantry, which alone had time to form, awaited the Athenian charge. On came the Greeks, with one unwavering line of levelled spears, against which the light armor, the short lances and sabres of the Orientals offered weak defence. Their front rank must have gone down to a man at the first shock. Still they recoiled not, but strove by individual gallantry, and by the weight of numbers, to make up for the disadvantages of weapons and tactics, and to bear back the shallow line of the Europeans. In the centre, where the native Persians and the Sacæ fought, they succeeded in breaking through the weakened part of the Athenian phalanx; and the tribes led by Aristides and Themistocles were, after a brave resistance, driven back over the plain, and chased by the Persians up the valley towards the inner country. There the nature of the ground gave the opportunity of rallying and renewing the struggle: and, meanwhile, the Greek wings, where Miltiades had concentrated his chief strength, had routed the Asiatics opposed to them, and the Athenian officers, instead of pursuing the fugitives, kept their troops well in hand, and wheeling round, assailed on each flank the hitherto victorious Persian centre. Aristides and Themistocles charged it again in front with their re-organized troops. The Persians strove hard to keep their ground. Evening came on, and the rays of the setting sun darted full into the eyes of the Asiatic combatants, while the Greeks fought with increasing advantage with the light at their backs. At last the hitherto unvanquished lords of Asia broke and fled, and the Greeks followed, striking them down, to the water's edge, where the invaders were now hastily launching their galleys, and seeking to re-embark and fly. Flushed with success, the Athenians attacked and strove to fire the fleet. But here the Asiatics resisted desperately, and the principal loss sustained by the Greeks was in the assault on the ships. Here fell the brave War-Ruler, Callimachus, the general Stesilaus, and other Athenians of note. Seven galleys were fired; but the Persians succeeded in saving the rest. They pushed off from the fatal shore; but even

here the skill of Datis did not desert him, and he sailed round to the western coast of Attica, in hopes to find the city unprotected, and to gain possession of it from some of Hippias' partizans. Miltiades, however, saw and counteracted his manoeuvre. Leaving Aristides, and the troops of his tribe, to guard the spoil and the slain, the Athenian commander led his conquering army by a rapid night-march back across the country to Athens. And when the Persian fleet had doubled the Cape of Sunium and sailed up to the Athenian harbor in the morning, Datis saw arrayed on the heights above the city the troops before whom his men had fled on the preceding evening. All hope of further conquest in Europe for the time was abandoned, and the baffled armada returned to the Asiatic coasts.

It was not by one defeat, however signal, that the pride of Persia could be broken, and her dreams of universal empire dispelled. Ten years afterwards she renewed her attempts upon Europe on a grander scale of enterprise, and was repulsed by Greece with greater and reiterated loss. Larger forces and heavier slaughter than had been seen at Marathon, signalized the conflicts of Greeks and Persians at Artemisium, Salamis, Platea, and the Eurymedon, and the after-triumph of the Macedonian King at the Granicus, at Issus, and Arbela. But mighty and momentous as these battles were, they rank not with Marathon in importance. They originated no new impulse. They turned back no current of fate. They were merely confirmatory of the already existing bias which Marathon had created. The day of Marathon is the critical epoch in the history of the two nations. It broke for ever the spell of Persian invincibility, which had previously paralyzed men's minds. It generated among the Greeks the spirit which beat back Xerxes, and afterwards led on Xenophon, Agesilaus, and Alexander, in terrible retaliation through their Asiatic campaigns. It secured for mankind the intellectual treasures of Athens, the growth of free institutions, the liberal enlightenment of the western world, and the gradual ascendancy for many ages of the great principles of European civilization.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE LITERARY CIRCLES OF THE LAST CENTURY.

MRS. MONTAGU AND HER FRIENDS.

THE pursuits of literature had become, until within the last ten years, a trade among us; they constituted a refuge for the aristocratic poor, a manual employment for the intellectual plebeian. The days when *not* to shine in the wide field of letters was to want one qualification of the highest fashion, were clean gone—obsured at all events—and the disinterested reapers in that glorious glebe seemed to be extinct.

A new era has, however, arrived; and, by a general impulse, society has practically acknowledged, that, whilst to some the profession of literary tastes may be convenient, to all it is graceful. Our weekly journals are spangled with noble names; our lowest circulating libraries dignify their sign-boards with "Honourables," obtained at the rate of three-pence a volume; smart broughams, garnished with coronets, stand at the doors of publishers, patient at the *dictum* of some invisible "reader;" impassioned verses, penned by fair hands, which grasped last night the jewelled finger of a peer in the gay quadrille, find entrance to-day in periodicals. The list of noble, if not of royal authors, is swelled daily; and a new edition of Horace Walpole's savage, partial, but delightful book—his *Royal and Noble Authors*,—is now a desideratum, to bring it down to the last effort of Lady Dalmeny's skill, or the last effusion of Lady Georgiana Fullerton's genius. I know not how this may tell upon our literary reputation as a nation; but that it will raise and refine the tone of society, there can be little doubt. Yet, still something is wanting—a rallying point, a leader, a polar star; such as, perhaps, may never shine again. We want a Queen of Literature—a lady of condition, of some talent, some acquirement, of high reputation, and graceful manners, who may draw around her the cultured and the gifted, and secure to literature the place in social life to which it so eminently deserves to attain.

Peculiarly fitted by birth, disposition, and education, to hold the post which she occupied for more than half a century, Elizabeth Montagu recurs to remembrance, as embodying that vision of an influential and benignant spirit, effecting within its

congenial sphere all that was most suited to enlighten social life. Or, to borrow Cowper's elegant praise, in his verses on Mrs. Montagu's celebrated feather hangings:

"There genius, learning, fancy, wit,
Their ruffled plumage calm reft
(For stormy troubles loudest roar
Around their flight who highest soar),
And in her eye, and by her aid.
Shine safe, without a fear to fade."

Mrs. Montagu is one of the best specimens on record of that most comprehensive character—a woman of the world, for she was of the world, yet not corrupted by it. Her wit, displayed in the girlish effusions of a satire, rather the result of high spirits than of a sarcastic tone, improved as age advanced. Passionately fond of society, a lover of the great, she displayed, nevertheless, a perfect contentment when deprived of excitement by any accident; and, whilst she courted the great, she was courteous and bountiful to the small.

In her youth, tainted by the opinions of Dr. Conyers Middleton, she is said to have been sceptical—probably, only unthinking; but in her maturer years she lost that revolting attribute of the *esprit fort*, which confounds presumption with philosophy. She became earnestly, but cheerfully and practically, pious. Reared herself in prosperity her sympathy with suffering was one of the most beautiful traits of her generous nature. Upon this superstructure, one of the fairest specimens of womankind was framed. To a ready but good-tempered wit, Mrs. Montagu united great charms of person; and the gentleness and loveliness of her appearance and manners disarmed the admiration which might otherwise have been tinged with fear. Her features were strongly marked, yet delicate, expressing an elevation of sentiment befitting the most exalted condition. Her deep blue eyes were set off by a most brilliant complexion, and were full of animation. Her eyebrows were high and arched; but the bright physiognomy was softened by its feminine delicacy, and the spirit and dash of her deportment were subdued by a stature not above the middle height, and by a

slight stoop. In after life, that peculiar and undefinable charm which we call high-breeding—an expression, thoughtful and yet lively, kept up, though in a different manner, the attractions of her appearance. It was not a matter of wonder that the scholar and the statesman delighted in her conversation; for her mind was continually progressing, not only from her own efforts to improve it, but from the insensible collision with superior understandings.

Her letters present the best views of her character, and form, in truth, her history. We find her the blythe country damsel, the daughter of a Yorkshire squire, by name Matthew Robinson. Her mother was a Miss Drake, and, amongst other property, heiress to the estate of Coveney, in Cambridgeshire,—a circumstance which drew the family much into that county, and influenced greatly the intellectual progress of the young Elizabeth. For she became almost the pupil of the celebrated Conyers Middleton, who had married her grandmother, Mrs. Drake; and, during a considerable period of her childhood, she was to be seen sitting among grave professors, listening—her fair young face turned to them—to their disquisitions, of which she was required to give an account to Dr. Middleton, who thus exercised her mind, and the powers of her attention when they retired.

Next she appears, a girl of fourteen, as a correspondent of the great Duchess of Portland, the daughter of the minister Harley; a lady, her intimacy with whom never broke through the forms of ceremony usual in those times, and whom, in the hey-day of their friendship, Mrs. Montagu never addressed otherwise than as “Madam.” And now shines forth the incipient *belle* and woman of the world, impatient under the dulness of a country life, and lamenting that she had nothing wherewith to entertain her grace. “If I should preach a sermon on an old woman who died yesterday, you would think it a dry subject; or, if I should tell you my papa’s dogs have devoured my young turkeys, you would rather laugh than pity me;” but, even in the midst of this trifling, the literary propensities are alluded to, though not in the most hopeful manner. “Your grace desired me,” she says, “to send you some verses. I have not heard so much as a rhyme lately; and I believe the muses have all got agues in this country.” We trace the gay damsel through all her snatches

at country pleasure, dearer, perhaps, in after times to her memory, than the subsequent splendor of her town dinners and routs; we follow her going eight miles “to dance to the music of a blind fiddler, and returning at two o’clock in the morning mightily well pleased.” Next we find her, at the grand epoch of a woman’s life, though scarcely eighteen, thinking of matrimony, with very liberal notions on the subject of love; liking, generally, six or eight men at a time, yet never loving one; and expecting in her future helpmate only that he should have “constancy to like her as long as other people do; that is, till her face was wrinkled by age, or scarred with the small-pox; after which, she should expect civility in the room of love.”

All I can hope of mortal man,
Is to love me while he can.

And so she goes on, thinking, as she merrily says, “that Solomon was in the wrong when he said, ‘all was vanity or vexation of spirit;’ he ought to have said, ‘all was vanity or vexation of spirit;’ and been very willing to take the vexation, if allowed the previous vanity.”

After an uneventful girlhood, varied by fears of the small-pox, which drove her to retreat to an old manor-house, where a “grave society of rooks” cawed over her head, the young wit and beauty was married, at the age of twenty-one, to the highly respectable, well-born, and very dull Edward Montagu, grandson of the first Earl of Sandwich, and cousin of the Lady Mary Wortley’s ill-mated Mr. Montagu. It is probable that Mrs. Montagu had not left a very peaceful home to enter upon her new career; her sister, indeed, afterwards Mrs. Scott, but called by Mrs. Montagu, from her resemblance to herself, “Pea,” formed a fond tie; but her brothers, though clever, were eccentric; their unbridled wit came into collision with their father’s sarcastic vein; and the intervention of their mother, called on that account, by the family, “the Speaker,” was often necessary to maintain a calm around the stately dinner, or the less dangerous period of tea. Mr. Robinson, a man framed for the world, and sighing for its gayest circles, but chained to dull Yorkshire by the burden of a large, expensive family, was subject to the “hyp,” and, occasionally, as fathers are prone to be, “grievously out of tune.” In giving her hand, therefore, to the opulent and erudite Mr. Montagu, then in parliament, Elizabeth Robinson may have hoped

for, what her heart dearly loved, free and frolicsome intercourse with the flower of that gay crew, above which she soon rose in intellectual eminence.

Her marriage appears, indeed, to have been no interregnum to her sunny passage through life. She was no friend to celibacy, "old virginity-ship being," in her opinion, "certainly Milton's hell." With this conviction, no wonder that she accepted the hand of the proprietor of two very large estates—Sandleford Abbey in Berkshire, and Denton in Northumberland. And there appears to have existed between her and her husband—devoted as he was to severe studies, especially to mathematics—the most perfect *friendship*; a dutiful concession to his tastes on her part, and liberality and kindness on his side. Yet their correspondence is rather that of a respected tutor with a favorite pupil, or of a father and child, than of two beings whose hearts were fondly intertwined, and whose tastes accorded.

Mr. Montagu was many years older than his wife; he was absorbed in mathematical pursuits, and, although a man of strict honor and integrity, had his doubts on religious subjects: one can hardly suppose a character more opposed to that of the gay Elizabeth Robinson, whose heart was, as she herself avows, set on the fascinating career of London pleasures. She who doated upon a "pink satin *negligée* trimmed *fort galamment*," was now pinned to the society of problems and decimal fractions. That she loved Mr. Montagu, appears to be very doubtful; that, in the midst of the highest society in London,—beautiful, the fashion, a wit, she never lost for an instant her own respect or that of others, shows how great is the mistake which attributes to the gay and light-hearted want of prudence. They are always safer than the gloomy and reserved.

Mr. Montagu died in extreme old age in 1775. His want of belief was then a great sorrow to his wife; "he set too much value on mathematics," so writes Dr. Beattie, "and piqued himself too much on his knowledge of that science." And in vain did that excellent man, at the request of Mrs. Montagu, confer with the expiring philosopher on the truths of Christianity. One child, a son, was the result of this union. His death in infancy contributed to sober down the exuberant spirits of his afflicted mother. She bore that sorrow heroically, but her heart was touched; and henceforth

her character appears in a loftier point of view. "She was," observes Dr. Beattie, "a sincere Christian, both in faith and practice and took every opportunity to show it." Let us behold her also as the friend and patroness of letters,—the matron whose hospitality was proverbial,—the moralist and benefactress,—and the centre of a band of wits, poets, statesmen, and churchmen.

At a certain extremity of Portman Square still stands the scene of her truest enjoyments. There, in that suite of saloons, were assembled all that the metropolis contained of learning, wit, fashion:—politicians, divines, novelists, poets, dramatists, and blues,—the sage and dignified Mrs. Elizabeth Carter by the side of the leader of the *ton*, Lady Townshend; bishops and archbishops mingling in easy parlance with Mrs. Chapone, or with Fanny Burney,—and prime ministers trifling with Mrs. Delaney, or with Mrs. Boscawen. Portman Square was, in truth, the scene of all that motley collection; for at Sandleford,—a place which has passed out of the Montagu family, having been sold by the late Lord Rokeby to Mr. Chatteris,—she held a different course. There, writing to her sister, she thanks her for a letter which had refreshed her mind, which, whilst deep in accounts, had been "travelling from tubs of soap to firkins of butter, and from thence to chaldrons of coals." But in Portman Square she was herself again.

In 1775, the death of her husband left her a widow, at the age of fifty-five. We may suppose that her tea-table was not the less cheerful for the one place occupied by a grave mathematician being left vacant; but the nucleus of that unparalleled society, of which the fame still lingers among the lettered, must have been formed in Mr. Montagu's lifetime. Some of its brightest ornaments were, indeed, even at that period, extinct in death. Pulteney, earl of Bath, between whom and Mrs. Montagu the stupid scribblers of the day (mistaking the raillery of an old gallant on the one hand, and the sallies of a fair and flattered wit on the other, for a *sentiment*), ascribed an attachment only governed by circumstances. He was one of the widow's most ardent votaries. He had found it impossible, thus he wrote, to comply with Mrs. Montagu's conditions of their mutual happiness, namely, to wait for her until the millennium arrived; but had yielded up his spirit at an advanced age, after his busy part on the stage of life was played out.

But among the most favored of Mrs. Montagu's friends there were not wanting others, whose admiration of her accomplishments of mind and person were construed into an attachment, elevated indeed by respect, yet partaking of the tenderest feelings of friendship.

But let us take a survey of her tea-table, and offer a brief sketch of those who courted her smiles and enhanced her fame.

First, as in gallantry due, for the ladies: Entering at an early hour,—for she had risen at five,—her powdered locks turned back under a stately cap of fine lace, adorned with puckered riband; her shoulders covered with a black lace mode; her snuff-box in one hand, and a poem, sent by some stripling author for approval (and neither hands very clean) in another, steps Mrs. Elizabeth Carter. Three years was she Mrs. Montagu's senior, and the gravest respect subsisted between them. Yet the time was when Mrs. Carter, learned almost from her cradle, and the daughter of a clergyman at Deal, had been as frolicsome as ever muse or maiden could be; the days had been, when the grave and classical lady had written to a friend for "all the tinsel things she might rummage up," "for all the gold and silver lace that could be found," to enact some part in a play; and her rage for dancing was acknowledged by herself. It is not easy to picture to one's self Mrs. Carter walking three miles to an assembly,—dancing nine hours, and then walking back again; nor to credit her subscribing to the Sandwich balls: but so it was: and one can conceive that the same energy that procured her from Dr. Johnson the praise of being the best Greek scholar that he knew, may have gone with her into her diversions, characterizing the enthusiastic mind as well in the ball-room as in the closet.

Early in life, Elizabeth Carter is said to have formed a resolution never to marry, and at an advanced period she received the questionable honor of having Hayley's *Triumphs of Temper* dedicated to her, in "her triple character of poet, philosopher, and old maid." For the benefit of all who may be disposed to form resolutions equally rash, it must, however, be stated, that an early disappointment in the character of a gentleman, to whom she was partly engaged, may have influenced her decision. Living from the age of eighteen in London, amid the best society, Mrs. Carter united to an earnest, but somewhat stilted piety, a sweet-

ness of manner, sufficient to disarm even Johnson, whom she knew in his earliest dawn of fame, of his rudeness. His forbearance to her was repaid by esteem and confidence on her part:—when, in his decline of health, she expressed her conviction of the soundness of his religious principles to himself, he took her by the hand, exclaiming earnestly, "You know this to be true, and testify it to the world when I am gone." A fine tribute at once to her friendship to himself, and her influence over others.

Her literary fame was chiefly founded upon her translation of Epictetus, and this one work sufficed, as it well may do, for a lifetime. For of all her other literary efforts,—her translations from the French, and the Italian,—her contributions as "Eliza" to *The Gentleman's Magazine*,—her odes and elegies, the fame thereof has long since been entombed with her bones. But she acquired, and maintained, a high position as a woman of learning and piety. She headed the great band of modern saints, and her mantle descended upon Mrs. Hannah More. Herself an ardent admirer of Mrs. Rowe,—whose tomb she visited as a votary, forty years after her death,—she has, in her turn, become the model and saint especial of all godly spinsters who flourished a generation or two back.

She presented, in truth, one of the fairest instances of the respect, influence, and consideration which may be acquired by a woman of the middle ranks (her grandfather having been a farmer), without the gifts of genius. She showed how much industry, good sense, and a conciliatory disposition, dignify the position of literary women, who, it must be avowed, are apt to disregard these sober attributes, forming, as they do, the character distinctively termed "respectable." She proved how much it is in the power of women to raise themselves in society, and to obliterate those barriers of rank, of which we justly complain, when they keep out not only the idle and the vulgar, but the refined and cultured portion of the middle ranks.

Between Mrs. Montagu and Mrs. Carter a close alliance of friendship was formed. They travelled together, they read the same works, they admired the same public characters. Their correspondence turned chiefly upon erudite themes; and when the gay widow mended her pen to write to Mrs. Carter, she put aside her satire and her mirth, and poured forth disquisitions upon

Cowley, or exchanged opinions upon Thucydides; and such and so similar became their tastes, that their associates soon became the same. Mrs. Carter, it is true, did not particularly affect the society of men of letters; she made character one of the indispensable requisites to her acquaintance; and although Mrs. Montagu was, in this respect, less rigid, the general atmosphere in which both breathed freely was that of virtue: and indeed, the lax practice which has prevailed during late years, of permitting genius to atone for vice, was unknown equally in the choice regions of Portman Square, and in the small drawing room in Clarges Street, where Mrs. Carter held her court.

Among the lettered crew,—with Lord Lyttleton on one side, Beattie on the other, Horace Walpole occasionally, and, almost always, the accomplished Mrs. Vesey, whose husband had been the friend of Swift;—whilst Mrs. Montagu was delighting the circle with her wit, greater, according to Dr. Beattie, than he had ever known in woman; whilst Mrs. Carter strove to introduce into the discourse subjects of improvement, and Mrs. Vesey lent the charm of a good listener to the whole,—behold! there steps in an absent scholar in grey stockings,—Mr. Stillingfleet, an author now long forgotten, or only remembered by the frequenters of old book-stalls, where the student, greedy of their contents, turns over Dodsley's *Collection*. There he may find some original pieces by Benjamin Stillingfleet. Old Admiral Boscawen looked on and laughed, and, in his sailor-like way, gave the animated circle the name of the Blue-Stocking Society; declaring, that when they met, "it was evidently not for the purpose of a dressed assembly." A foreigner of distinction, taking the joke literally, the epithet *bas bleu* became proverbial, and it is one of the few traces of that agreeable and refined society which has descended to our own times. For the circles of Portman Square had the requisites of ease, simplicity,—above all, of early hours. Mrs. Montagu, indeed, entertained her friends with splendid hospitality when they met at dinner; but it was understood that there was, on the blue-stocking evenings, to be no supper. The assembly broke up into little groups; there was no display either of dress, or, what is far more offensive, of intellectual superiority. Authors were not called upon to read their works. Fashion had her share

in the evening, and even nonsense was received with leniency. That which, according to Pythagoras, is the mark of a good education,—the power of bearing with the unlettered,—was there possessed in perfection.

Among the many lettered and elegant persons who lounged about the spacious saloons, one is received with peculiar attention, and with an homage from Mrs. Carter almost reverential. But, whilst he bows low to her, addressing to her all the respects that the old school could so well express, his eyes and ears are absorbed in listening to, looking at, Mrs. Montagu, whom he addresses as the "Madonna." It is Lord Lyttleton. At the period when the Blue-Stocking Society was in its prime, he was an unhappy, enthralled man. He had been unwise enough to seek a successor to his "Lucy;" and had married Elizabeth, the daughter of Sir Robert Rich. The union was infelicitous; and the world thought that, had not its bonds prevented, Lord Lyttleton would have sought the hand of the widow of Portman Square. Mrs. Montagu seems to have been virtually the mother of his children,—the children of "Lucy," for the second wife left none. "Your boy, and his governor," writes his lordship, referring to his son, the afterwards infamous Thomas, lord Lyttleton, "are perfectly well." "Your lordship's commendations on Mr. Lyttleton," reciprocates Mrs. Montagu, "not only make me happy, but make me vain. He is every day going on to complete all I have wished and predicted on this subject." Her letters to the young man are filled with excellent advice, and characterized a kindness truly maternal. What was the result of so much counsel and of such fond expectations, is well known in the career of the "bad Lord Lyttleton."

The first Lord Lyttleton was seven years Mrs. Montagu's senior. His life was devoted to his chief work, *The Reign of Henry II.*, and on that he built his claims to fame. The friend of Bolingbroke, Lord Lyttleton had known the perils of religious doubt; he had escaped them, and his historical work teems with proofs that revelation was, in the matured period of his life no source of idle speculation to him. His great accuracy, both in the materials and the style of his history, caused it to be the labor of many years, and the corrections of his work are said to have cost a thousand pounds. The work, one of standard value,

received its meed of praise at its publication. Dr. Warton commended the disquisitions on laws, manners, arts, learning; Horace Walpole declared that it was a book to learn by heart, and termed it "the history of our constitution," which he predicted would last much longer than the constitution itself; Lord Chesterfield begged the author to finish his third volume, which "he hungered after;" and Bishop Warburton styled it "a noble morsel." But the highest compliment to it is, perhaps, the disinterested tribute of Mr. Hallam, who, in his chapter on the "Constitution of England" in his own work on the *Middle Ages*, refers frequently to Lyttleton's *Henry II.*

The *Monody to Lucy* had won this accomplished and excellent man a place in all female hearts. With Mrs. Carter he became acquainted at Lambeth Palace, where Archbishop Secker threw open his doors to all men of character and letters; and, in their literary undertakings, Mrs. Carter and Lord Lyttleton were frequently conjoined; and Mrs. Carter lamented his death and honored his memory more than that of any of her lordly friends.

Mrs. Montagu was still more zealous. Upon the publication of Johnson's malignant life of Lyttleton after his death, she took a very decided part against the formidable doctor, and publicly declared that she would never speak to him again. Johnson called her "the Queen of the Blues," and designated Mr. Pepys her "prime minister." Party-spirit ran high. At Streatham, Johnson called out before a large company, to Mr. Pepys, "Come forth, man! What have you to say against my life of Lord Lyttleton? Come forth, man, when I call you!" And then, to use the terms employed by Mrs. Vesey, according to Miss Burney's testimony, "he bullied him into a quarrel" on the subject.

One morning, it was Mrs. Montagu's lot to encounter the lettered savage at Streatham; but Dr. Johnson had then made a promise to Mrs. Thrale to have no more quarrels in her house. He acknowledged that he had been wrong; and the candor of his fierce, but not petty nature, prevailed over his passions. The scene that ensued was truly diverting. Mrs. Montagu was very stately; she turned away from Johnson, and would scarcely speak to him; whilst Johnson surveyed her like a setter, longing for the attack. At length he made up to her, with the pacifying address,

"Well, madam, what's become of your fine new house? I hear no more of it." Mrs. Montagu was obliged to answer him, and soon grew frightened, and "became as civil as ever." Dr. Johnson afterwards expressed his feelings towards Mrs. Montagu on this occasion to a mutual friend, by saying, "I never did her any serious harm, nor would I, though I could give her a bite; though she must provoke me much first." The fact was, that Johnson could not tolerate Mrs. Montagu's wit. "Mrs. Montagu," said Dr. Beattie, "was very kind to him; but Mrs. Montagu had more wit than any lady, and Johnson could not bear that any one should be thought to have wit but himself."

At the tea-table of the "Queen of the Blues" there sat one who coolly, sneeringly, without the heat of Johnson, but with infinitely a deeper taint of malevolence, regarded Lord Lyttleton with envy or contempt—it is difficult to say which. This was Horace Walpole, who, in spite of his praise of Lyttleton's history, called his lordship's *Dialogues on the Dead* his "Dead Dialogues," and deemed them paltry enough, the style a mixture of bombast, poetry, and vulgarity; nothing new, except making people talk so out of character is so." And, in honest truth, the judgment of posterity has rather confirmed this opinion, whilst it has passed a high tribute on Lord Lyttleton's historical work. Another truth must be acknowledged, that the way to make a man unpopular with his compeers is for the women to adore him.

Among the best of Lyttleton's qualities was his patronage of merit, that office which seems peculiarly to belong to the British nobleman. His first act, on being elevated to the peerage, was to offer to the learned Joseph Warton his chaplaincy. "I shall think it an honor to my scarf if you will wear it." Thus he wrote. His seeking the acquaintance of Lardner, the celebrated author of the work on *The Credibility of Gospel History*, proceeded from his admiration of his talents; and, as Lardner was stone deaf, their conversation was carried on in writing. The friendship between Lyttleton and Thomson did honor to both, and the kindness shown to Beattie was equally creditable to Lyttleton.

It was in the brilliant sphere of the 'Queen of the Blues' that Lord Lyttleton first encountered the then pale and thought-poet, whose native elegance of mind gave to a person not graceful, to a "slouching

gait," a certain refinement. A schoolmaster from the obscure hamlet of Laurencekirk in Kincardine, the son of a small retail shop-keeper, Beattie was not only Nature's poet, but Nature's gentleman; no vices, no imprudences, disfigured his beautiful but infelicitous career. In the ivy-covered cottage in which his youth was reared, he had imbibed early lessons of a piety which strengthened with his years; and of a courtesy which at once gladdened his humble home, and accorded well with the refined society of the starry hemisphere of "the Blues." By the banks of the rivulet, or *burn*, fringed with wild roses, which dashed by his humble home, was matured that poetic temperament which was singularly rewarded by admiring contemporaries. In the parish-school of Laurencekirk was his first love for the classics awakened; and here he acquired, among his young companions, the name of "the Poet." But his storehouse lay in that lovely scenery of his fatherland,—there, writes his friend and biographer, Sir William Forbes, "he had a never-failing resource;" and in the seclusion of a deeply wooded glen were his first essays in poetry conceived and written.

It is not easy to imagine the violence of the transition to the polished circles of London; Beattie had, indeed, when he first entered these tabooed precincts, attained something like a position in society. He began life as a village schoolmaster in the obscure village of Fordoun, at the foot of the Grampians; and here he also fulfilled the office of precentor, or parish-clerk. Around him there was no society, excepting that of an honest, and, in Scotland, not illiterate peasantry; and of the parish clergyman, where he found a more congenial converse: but he communed there with nature, and was happy. In after-times his heart revealed those simple scenes and haunts:—

Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down,
Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,
With here and there a violet bestrown,
Fast by a brook, or fountain's murmuring wave.

By an accident, however, he was drawn from his obscurity. One day, Mr. Garden, afterwards Lord Ganestoun, who happened to be living in that neighborhood, discovered the poet in his favorite glen, writing. Mr. Garden was a man of discernment and kindness; he took the young schoolmaster under his protection, and the subsequent fate of Beattie was determined.

At Fordoun, Beattie enjoyed the society of the singular Lord Monboddo, author of the forgotten work entitled *Ancient Metaphysics*. From that retired village Beattie was eventually transplanted to Aberdeen, and raised from his occupation as a schoolmaster to the Professorship of Moral Philosophy,—a rare transition, but one which the result proved to have been justified by the great merits of the humble poet and schoolmaster.

It was owing to the introduction of a friend, whose acquaintance he formed at Aberdeen, that Beattie first knew Mrs. Montagu. One can hardly picture her to one's mind in the cultivated but frigid atmosphere of an Edinburgh coterie, surrounded by philosophers speaking broad Scotch,—discoursing with Presbyterian ministers; but so it was, for the name of Gregory stood high in the list of her honored friends, and in his delightful society she first learned to estimate the modest worth of Beattie. No personal acquaintance took place, however, until the poet visited the metropolis. He was in his thirty-seventh year in 1771, and, it seems, strange to say, was, even at that mature age, wholly ignorant of those charms and splendors which our capital affords. He was soon initiated into some of its most agreeable resources, passed several days with Johnson, visited Garrick and Armstrong, and formed with Lyttleton a friendship that only ceased with their lives.

Beattie must have been, at this period of his life, a most interesting, not to say captivating, personage. We have talked of his "slouching gait," and we may conceive, with little difficulty, the effect of his Scottish accent and idiom. But let us remember those features as depicted by the pencil of Reynolds,—sharp and expressive, and imparting that undefinable idea of refinement which many handsomer faces want! Let us recall his black and piercing eyes, "with an expression of sensibility bordering on melancholy" when in repose, but brightening into animation when he addressed those whom he loved. He afterwards—I grieve to say it of any poet—grew corpulent; but at this time he carried with him to those levées of talent a spare person, and the rare qualities of a mind which I shall briefly characterize.

His imagination was, perhaps, subservient to his taste. The cultivation of his mind had been carried almost to what human nature can conceive of perfection, his chief acquirements being in moral sciences.

As a professor, he was revered; as a friend and companion, fondly cherished. In literature he held an eminent place. The deepest piety, a true sensibility and gentleness, and a humility sincere as it was rare, softened and elevated all his mental attributes.

As the poet joined in the chequered society of those gay saloons, all, but especially the sympathetic fair, might remark that he was not happy. A cankering tare pursued him. His wife—erst Miss Mary Dun, whom he had married for love—was deranged; indeed, so wayward had been her temper, that the open outbreak of her disorder was almost a relief to her sorrowing husband. He had watched her in every stage of that harrowing malady, and then, finding all remedies hopeless, he endeavored to procure her every alleviation. Their union was not childless, but two sons, perhaps mercifully, died long before their father.

Suffering under this silent sorrow, Beattie first visited London, where all home troubles seem, in the busy haunts of men, so impertinent,—where few, perhaps, knew, fewer cared to know, that he had a wife,—and where any loss that does not affect the maintenance of an establishment is talked of so lightly. At all events, people should put off their sorrows till the end of the season; grief is quite out of place while the opera lasts. So think people now, and so, in all probability, thought they then.

But whilst the minstrel, courted and invited, sits at Mrs. Montagu's dinner-table, or wanders amid the less exclusive evening meetings of "the Blues," there enters a lady, before whom the doors are thrown wide open, and the lofty name resounds from mouth to mouth, and the hostess advances even to the very vestibule to welcome her guest, and the exclamation, "My dear madam, you do me much honor!" falls from the lips even of the Queen of the Blues. The flattered stranger is "the great Duchess of Portland," as she was called,—the female Meccenas of her day. Inheriting from her father, the son of the minister Harley, a noble estate, that of Bulstrode in Buckinghamshire,—from her mother, Lady Henrietta Cavendish, the only daughter and heiress of John Holles, duke of Newcastle, a princely fortune,—married, in early life, to the Duke of Portland, this lady devoted her days to literature and *virtù*. Her house was the resort of the really great: she spared neither time nor money in forming her celebrated collections; whilst to the public she

discharged a sacred duty in securing to them the Harleian Manuscripts bequeathed to her by her father and grandfather, and placing them in the British Museum. Her temper was cheerful, her disposition liberal: let one little anecdote, the best tribute to her memory, be given. When Dr. Beattie visited her at Bulstrode, he was surprised, one day, at being summoned to speak with the duchess in private: he obeyed. The duchess then, with infinite delicacy, regretted the great expense to which he must have been put in visiting England, and requested that he would accept what she called a "trifle,"—a note for a hundred pounds. Beattie declined her proposal, but was gratified, and not, as a weaker man would have been, pained, by the well-meant and munificent offering. And few persons could, perhaps, have performed the delicate part of a benefactress so well as the Duchess of Portland. Her countenance is described as being full of sweetness and intelligence; her person, of dignity. "I found her," says Miss Burney, "very charming, high-bred, courteous, sensible, and spiritual; not merely free from pride, but free from affability—its most mortifying deputy."

Long lingered many of these famed guests in the saloons of Montagu House, but, by degrees, death thinned their ranks. First, in 1773, we hear of Mrs. Montagu's "state of health being very indifferent; she complains of a feverish attack, which had haunted her the greatest part of the summer." Is, then, the empress of all hearts—the star of the west—the good, the erudite, the still gay, still blessed one, hastening to her last home? No, she is only heart-sick for the death of her friend, Lord Lyttleton. Next—it is true, many years afterwards, in 1785—we find Dr. Beattie recording the virtues of the great duchess. She, too, is gone. The splendors of Bulstrode are centred in her funeral. Her cabinet of curiosities beholds her no more. "I had flattered myself," writes Beattie, "that great ornament of her sex would have lived for many years;" but he was mistaken. He lived to mourn over the death of Mrs. Montagu at a good old age—four-score. For years before a failure in eyesight had made writing very painful to her, but her vivacity, and a singular charm of manner, are said to have been retained to the last. Her long and one might suppose, happy life, ended with the century. The year 1800 saw her not. She expired in 1799, having lived to see many flourishing and younger trees felled

by death before her. In March, Dr. Beattie sorrowed for her; in April, a stroke of palsy took away his speech for eight days. Death hovered over his couch long, but forbore to strike the final blow until the month of June, 1803; for a year previously he had been altogether deprived of the use of his limbs. This was not all: that sensitive and delicate mind had been broken down by domestic sorrow: and it is believed, not being denied by Sir William Forbes, that the pious, the gentle, the heaven-aspiring minstrel, solaced, or strove to solace, those inward cares with wine. "I never," says his biographer, "saw him so much affected by it as to be unfitted for business or conversation,"—a sad admission.

Mrs. Carter still existed: most of her contemporaries were gone. Mrs. Montagu, during her own decline, had touchingly written to her old friend that "her sight was now almost entirely gone, but that one of its latest uses would be to write to her." But now this communication was silent, that hand was cold. Surrounded, however, by friends who loved her, Elizabeth Carter

closed her cloudless career. Her intellects remained unimpaired, and deafness seemed the sole inconvenience which old age brought to her. There are those who remember still chatting with her in her room in Clarges Street, all around her in much disorder, and even dirt; but the old, decaying trunk still firm, seemingly. She was not, however, immortal, and the year 1805 closed *her* career. And, perhaps, whilst the ink with which we record that event is not dry, it may be remarked that it is not very probable that we shall see in our days such *women* again. They were beings of a high stamp, indeed, coined with no alloy of littleness or envy. They had none of the perversity nor daringness of the *esprits forts*; and whilst their minds were masculine, their manners were gentle. Long, long will it be before the "Blues" can look for another such a queen; and could she, and would she, arise, where could she look for such subjects as those who thronged at the bidding of Mrs. Montagu to Portman Square?

From the Edinburgh Review.

LAMARTINE'S HISTORY OF THE GIRONDINS.

Histoire des Girondins. Par M. A. DE LAMARTINE: Paris, 1847. 8 vols. 8vo.

PUBLIC expectation could not fail to be greatly raised, when it was announced that M. de Lamartine was employed in writing the history of some of the most remarkable men, by whom one of the most remarkable periods and parties of the French Revolution was most distinguished. Little doubt could exist that the labors of such a writer would produce a striking and attractive work. But there were some who expected that M. de Lamartine's history would still more interest, and possibly instruct his countrymen, by offering a view of the Revolution very different in its political bearing from that, in which it has been the tendency of recent writers to represent, and of the French public in general to regard it. Though an adherent of the existing dynasty and institutions, though in fact at present a member of a liberal opposition, yet M. de Lamartine's attachment to the Church of Rome and the romantic character of his

writings, together with the personal associations which belong to religious and literary sympathies, have throughout the vicissitudes of politics enabled him to continue in friendly relations with the party most opposed to the Revolution and its results. The Faubourg St. Germain regarded him as a man whose conclusions and votes were mischievous: but whose writings and speeches were calculated to serve their cause, by fostering a spirit opposed to the democratic tendencies of modern France. They trusted that, even if he did not venture openly to assail the principles of the Revolution, and defend the *ancien régime*, a sentimental and imaginative writer could not tell the tale of those times without exciting sympathy in behalf of those who had fallen victims to their devotion to the altar and the throne, and arousing indignation against the cause that was soiled by the irreligion and atrocities of the Commune

and the Jacobins. They hoped that while the massacres of September, the various horrors of the Reign of Terror, and the enormities of Lyons and Nantes, would be portrayed with fearful distinctness, the poetical historian would depict in the most brilliant colors the chivalrous constancy of the aristocracy, would exert his tragic powers in describing the sufferings and courage of the Royal Family, and immortalize in glowing narrative the heroic deeds done in La Vendée.

The opposite party agreed in expecting very much the same results from the pencil of M. de Lamartine. Never were general anticipations more signally disappointed. The tale of the victims of the Revolution is told with pathetic splendor by M. de Lamartine: every incident of suffering, every act of courage, elicits his generous sympathy. But his heart is with the Revolution throughout all its phases. While he marks and condemns its crimes and excesses with strict justice, his master feelings are a deep conviction of its paramount necessity and rectitude, and a patriotic pride in its triumph over domestic as well as foreign foes. He has no regrets for the ancient institutions of France, but sees in their downfall the triumph of the first principles of justice and reason. His imagination, instead of lingering amid the ruins of monarchy and feudality, contemplates with evident predilection of the visions of the republic. Far from branding the Revolution with a general character of irreligion, on account of the excesses of the mob or of some few crazy fanatics of infidelity, he is rather disposed to regard the whole movement as one of a religious nature, having its origin in a deep, dim, but sincere determination to realize the spirit of Christianity in the arrangements of society and the institutions of government. The opponents of the Revolution he judges with mild forbearance; but he still judges them, in order to condemn them as men who withstood the right. The very sympathy which he expresses and excites in behalf of the Royal Family by the minute description of their sufferings, their affection, and their patience, renders more damaging to the royal cause the stern impartiality with which he criticises their acts, delineates their characters, and denounces their misconduct, as the main cause of the calamities in which both themselves and their country became so fatally involved. The real heroes of his story are the individuals who promoted the

Revolution with the greatest vigor, and followed out its principles with the sternest determination to their most extreme consequences. Even the party whose fortunes he has made the nominal subject of his narrative are too pale a type of republican enthusiasm and energy to satisfy his daring fancy. From first to last, the principal personage of the drama is Robespierre. On him the reader's attention is gradually concentrated more and more, as on the living emblem of the Revolution, of its principle, of its energy, of its moral grandeur, and of the excesses by which that grandeur was chequered; and with his fall the narrative ends as with the cessation of all that could give an interest in its story.

The appearance of a work of a character and tendency so absolutely the reverse of all that had been anticipated from the author, while its literary merits surpassed even the most favorable expectations, could not fail to create an extraordinary sensation in France. No work that has appeared in our day seems to have created such a ferment in Paris. The Royalists, and all who, without being actually supporters of the ancient dynasty and order of things, are more or less opposed to the spirit of the Revolution, shrank at the deadly wound inflicted on their feelings and their cause by what they had deemed a friendly hand. The Christian poet seemed to carry away religion and sentiment from their ranks into those of their opponents. The adherents of the Revolution hailed with joy and gratitude the unexpected accession of a new and potent ally. Discountenanced by Conservative opinion, and denounced by his old friends of the Faubourg, M. de Lamartine has been rewarded by the general acknowledgments with which his countrymen have received his vindication of the national character, and his justification of the spirit which the Revolution has made the spirit of the French people.

Independently, however, of these adventitious causes of a momentary notoriety, the History of the Girondins is a work that possesses solid claims to a more durable and extensive reputation. We cannot receive it as a satisfactory history of the period of which it treats. In fact the author, though he has given it the name of a "history," is content that it should be classed in a humbler category. "As for the title of this book," he says in his preface, "we have only adopted it for want of

any other word to designate a narrative. This book has none of the pretensions of history, and must not assume its dignity. It is an intermediate work between history and memoirs. Events occupy in it a subordinate place to men and ideas. It is full of personal details. These details are the physiognomy of characters: it is through them that the latter impress themselves on the imagination. Great writers have already written the chronicles of this memorable epoch. Others will ere long write them. It will be doing us injustice to compare us with them. They have produced, or will produce, the history of an age: we have produced nothing but a *study* of a group of men, and of some months of the Revolution."

With this scheme of his work before him, M. de Lamartine has not thought it necessary to give a detailed record of all the events of the period. He assumes that his reader has already acquired this knowledge from other sources. Relying on this he has not, as he tells us, scrupled in some instances to heighten the effect by neglecting the exact order of time. It is much to be regretted, however, that such omissions and inversions are accompanied by more serious defects, which impair our confidence in the accuracy of the narrative, and consequently in the justice of the views based upon it. The intermediate position between history and memoirs which the author would assume for his work is one which, unfortunately, possesses the claims of neither, as an authority concerning matters of fact. Its statements are not given, as in memoirs, on the author's personal knowledge; nor are they drawn, as in a trustworthy history, from original accounts of a known and authentic character. Incidents, which give an entirely new aspect to some of the principal persons, and to some even of the most important events of the period, are stated on the authority of no published work, or accessible record (in which case the authenticity or value of the statement could have been tested), but simply on that of private documents, which the reader has no means of examining for himself,—of conversations with unnamed individuals, the trustworthiness as well as the effect of whose evidence we are obliged to take entirely on credit from our author. We have not the slightest distrust of M. de Lamartine's assurance that he has made a most scrupulous investigation into the statements from which his narrative has been prepared. "Al-

though," he says, "we have not encumbered the narrative with notes, with references, and with *pièces justificatives*, there is not one of our statements which is not authorized either by authentic memoirs, or by unpublished memoirs, or by autograph correspondence, which the families of the principal personages have been pleased to confide to us, or by oral and trustworthy information collected from the lips of the last survivors of this great epoch." The consequence of this indisposition to encumber the story with the ordinary proofs of historical accuracy is, that when we get beyond the most familiar incidents, we never know the value of a single statement that is made; for instance, whether it is derived from most intelligent and impartial witnesses, or from the most discredited and heated partisans; whether it is capable of being supported by a reference to some indisputable and acknowledged authority, or rests entirely on the private conversation or letter of some survivor of the Revolution, whose good faith or judgment it is possible that particular circumstances may have led M. de Lamartine to over-estimate. This is a fault peculiarly to be regretted in an author, whose poetical reputation lays him open to the imputation of not being much in the habit of investigating closely, or weighing accurately, the evidences of historical facts: and the very character of whose work suggests the suspicion that he may have been ready to take on insufficient evidence any striking statement that would heighten the effect of his narrative, or bear out the view which he has formed of the character of some remarkable individual. M. de Lamartine promises that, after a while, in case any of his statements should be assailed, he will support them by a mass of proof. We would impress on him that this is a duty, which, even without any call of self-defence, it is incumbent on him to discharge, in order to stamp on the very face of his history those outward and visible signs of conscientious and laborious truthfulness, which can alone invest it with permanent utility and reputation.

But accuracy, unfortunately, is not one of M. de Lamartine's qualifications for writing history. Those who are most conversant with the events of the Revolution accuse him of frequent exaggeration. Imitating a habit of the ancient historians, which is not permitted by the present canons of historical propriety, he does not scruple to embody his own conception of the feel-

ings of the various personages of his narrative in imaginary speeches, which he puts into their mouths. In some instances an ordinary acquaintance with the history of the Revolution exposes inaccuracies which are not to be attributed to any bias or misconception, but to sheer carelessness. But even with these very serious defects, this work remains a most valuable contribution to our knowledge of the Revolution. Imperfect as a history, it is a striking and instructive historical study. It brings before us that most stirring and important period with a clearness and vividness that all previous descriptions, except some of Carlyle's, have failed to realize: it presents us on the same page with distinct, highly-finished sketches of the principal actors, and with a careful and deliberate judgment on the causes, the nature, and consequences of the events. These are the objects at which the author has evidently aimed; and he has, in our opinion, attained them with greater success than any other writer on the Revolution. Skill and power in the representation of remarkable scenes and incidents was an excellence which M. de Lamartine's descriptive powers gave us reason to anticipate: and, he has combined this excellence with more discrimination and justice in his estimate of characters and events than we were prepared for. Though occasionally too apt to judge one man somewhat too harshly, or to elevate another into a species of imaginary hero—though often bewildered by the vastness of the subject, or misled by his own ardent temperament—M. de Lamartine seems to us on the whole to have brought to the consideration of the Revolution a more candid spirit and more wholesome sympathies, than any preceding writer. It is a great and rare merit in a Frenchman writing on that subject in the present day, to be able on the one hand to appreciate the grandeur and justice of the Revolution without silencing the suggestions of human feeling and the simple dictates of morality: and on the other to give full scope to pity and justice towards individuals without allowing those sentiments to abate the ardor of his sympathy with that succession of efforts by which, at an immense cost of personal suffering and wrong, the safety and happiness of a great people were secured.

The period comprised in these eight volumes is the most eventful period of the Revolution. The author selected an incorrect designation when he called his work a

"History of the Girondins." The characters and fortunes of the particular body of men known by that appellation in no respect form the sole or even principal subject of the work. No especial pains are devoted to the elucidation of their policy and position. Instead of being brought into a more prominent position from that which they have occupied in previous histories, or being invested with any peculiar interest, they are thrown rather more into the back-ground, and, if anything, deprived of their real importance and consideration. The existence of their party does not even mark the chronological limits of the work. The narrative commences before their rise, and is continued long after their disappearance. It might with much more propriety be called a History of Robespierre than of the Girondins; but it would most accurately be described as the "History of the Rise of the French Republic." It comprises the period commencing with the establishment of the Constitution of 1791; continuing through the various occurrences that led to the downfall of that Constitution, the foundation of a Republic in its place, the struggles of factions in the Convention, the gradual consolidation of power in the hands of the Committee of Public Safety; and closing with the fall of Robespierre. After this begins the second period: which may properly be designated as that of the Decline and Fall of the Republic.

The narrative of this period is prefaced by a review of the state of affairs at its commencement, and an account of some events which immediately preceded the adoption of the Constitution of 1791, and determined its fate, even before it came into being. The death of Mirabeau in the April of that year deprived France of the only statesman who possessed the capacity to guide his country through the Revolution, and enjoyed the amount of public confidence, which is an equally necessary condition for success. We cannot concur with M. de Lamartine, that the energies and utility of Mirabeau were exhausted: and that his efforts to give stability to the new institutions of his country must have failed. Whatever may be said of popular fickleness and of the ephemeral nature of revolutionary reputations, the first want of the public is a leader: and, when a man of Mirabeau's genius had actually been accepted by the people as its habitual leader, a moral power had been created which might, perhaps, have arrested or diverted

even the movement of the French Revolution. His death left the Assembly in a state of disorganization, which continued during the remaining months of its existence. Among the various subordinate orators to whom the removal of their chief gave a momentary superiority, the foremost place fell to the amiable and pure-minded Barnave, who, without any of the qualities of a statesman, possessed the merit of a clear and effective style of speaking.

"Still in the shade and in the rear of the leaders of the National Assembly, a man almost unknown began to bestir himself, moved by unquiet thoughts that seemed to forbid him silence and repose: on every occasion he tried to speak, and attacked every speaker indifferently, even Mirabeau. Hurling from the tribune, he mounted it again the next day: humbled by sarcasms, stifled by murmurs, disavowed by all parties, lost to sight amid the great athletes who fixed the public attention, he was ever beaten, never wearied. You might have said that some secret and prophetic genius revealed to him beforehand the vanity of all these talents, the omnipotence of will and patience, and that a voice heard by him alone whispered to him in his soul, 'These men who despise thee are thine; all the windings of this Revolution, which does not choose to look at thee, will end in thee; for thou art placed in its path as the inevitable extreme in which every impulse ends.' That man was Robespierre."

Nothing in Robespierre's exterior gave any indication of the superiority which he was destined to command; there was nothing even to attract the attention of the observer. His appearance is described as that of a short, slight, ill-made man, with awkward and affected gestures,—a harsh, mouthing, monotonous tone of voice,—a small, rather handsome forehead, swelling out above the temples, as if pressed out by force of eager thought,—deep-set blue eyes, of a somewhat gentle but unsteady expression, half hidden under his eyelids,—a small nose and open nostrils,—a large mouth, with thin contracted lips,—and an unhealthy yellow complexion. The expression of his face was mild, with something of a serious calmness, and a sarcastic smile. But the predominant characteristic of his countenance was the constant eager tension of his features, as if all the energies of his whole soul and frame were always vehemently bent on some one object. And this was the fact. For, passionately devoted to the system of Rousseau, Robespierre had ever before him, from the outset

to the end of his career, one constant purpose,—the resolution of realizing the ideas of social and political change, which that daring speculator had shadowed forth. To this the ultimate limit of the Revolution, and of the then thoughts of men, he steadily looked, and steadily advanced without ever swerving, pausing, or faltering. His character was not of the kind that enabled him actively to propel the movement in any of its various stages: still, no step was taken in advance, but he was seen moving yet further onwards, and urging the public mind to some more distant point. At the period of which we now speak, he was only beginning to be of importance. He and Petion, another disciple of the "Contrat Social," an unsuccessful lawyer, but vigorous, sincere, and of a handsome exterior, and fitted to play the part of a popular leader, were at the head of a small group of extreme politicians: though without influence in the Assembly, they were already in possession of considerable strength from their credit with the Jacobins and the mob.

The flight of the Royal Family to Varennes followed the death of Mirabeau, and was probably occasioned, or at any rate accelerated by it. The various details of this interesting story are narrated with exciting circumstantiality: and the attention of the reader is not unwisely riveted on an incident second in importance to none of the strange events by which it is surrounded. The flight to Varennes exercised the most direct and serious influence on the subsequent course of the Revolution. The attempt, its failure, and the mistaken course adopted with respect to it by the Assembly, were fatal alike to constitutional monarchy, and to the peaceful establishment of republican institutions. As regarded the King personally, the whole transaction was justly destructive of all further trust in him. How far the precariousness of the position, in which his family were placed, excuses the step on private grounds, it is unnecessary to inquire. These were not points which the people of France could appreciate. They saw the King, in the midst of professions of attachment to the new order of things, suddenly quit his capital, and endeavor to place himself at the head of that portion of his army which was least well-affected to the Revolution, and in the position in which he could most easily avail himself of the support of the foreign powers and emigrants. In all this they naturally saw proofs of his irreconcilable

able repugnance to the changes which were taking place, and a readiness to resist them, even at the cost of civil war and foreign intervention. Thenceforth the avenues to public confidence were closed on him: and he became by inevitable consequence incapable of retaining to any useful end the position of a constitutional monarch.

Happy had it been for both King and people, had the former accomplished his purpose, and succeeded in reaching the camp of Bouillé. The spirit of the French army at that period negatives the supposition that the King could have detached any considerable portion of it from the national cause, or maintained his ground in any part of France. He would have been compelled to quit his dominions; and when once a fugitive, the forfeiture of his crown would have been admitted by all the world to be a matter of obvious necessity; the Duke of Brunswick's army, instead of deriving strength from his presence, would have had in his weakness merely an additional element of confusion in councils, not very vigorous at their best; while the new executive government of France would have been relieved from all trammels and all suspicions. The jealousies and conflicts of the following year would, in this case, have had no existence. The populace would never have been unloosed and organized for successful revolt. At any rate, its barbarous vengeance would not have been infuriated by the blood of royal victims, and France would have been spared all the disgrace and all the disorder that flowed from the fountain of that useless crime.

Unfortunately, the adverse fates—the unlucky blunders of the Duc de Choiseul, and the perverse acuteness and energy of Drouet, frustrated these desirable results. All might have been well if the royal carriage had completed two more stages in security. Indeed the Constituent Assembly, had it then been equal to the crisis, would have deliberately secured the results which had been missed by chance. Instead of bringing back the King to Paris, and disguising the real character of his flight, by pretending to consider it as an *abduction*, they should have preferred the fiction, which was consecrated by the example of the English Revolution on the absconding of James the Second—they should have treated the flight as an *abdication*—compelled the royal family to leave the country

—and proceeded to provide for the vacancy of the throne. They might, as M. de Lamartine thinks they should have done, have established the Republic at once:

“The Republic, had it then been legally established by the Assembly acting in the exercise of its rights, and in full possession of power, would have been quite other than the Republic which nine months afterwards was the perfidious and atrocious conquest of the insurrection of the 10th of August. It would have been exposed, no doubt, to the agitation inseparable from the birth of a new order of things. It would not have escaped the disasters natural to a country in its first movements, when frenzied by the very magnitude of its dangers. But it would have been the child of law, instead of sedition: of right, instead of violence; of deliberation instead of insurrection. This alone would have changed the untoward conditions of its existence and its future. It must have been stirring; but it might have remained pure.

“See what an entire change would have been made by the one fact of its having been legally and deliberately proclaimed. There would have been no 10th of August: the fraud and tyranny of the commune of Paris, the massacre of the guards, the attack on the palace, the king's flight to the Assembly, the outrages with which he was there loaded, and lastly, his imprisonment in the Temple, would all have been avoided. The Republic would not have killed a king, a queen, an innocent child, and a virtuous princess. It would have had no massacres of September, that St. Bartholomew of the people, which forever stains the robe of liberty. It would not have been baptized with the blood of 300,000 victims. It would not have placed the people's axe in the hands of a revolutionary tribunal, to be used by it to immolate an entire generation in order to make room for an idea. The Girondins, coming pure into power, would have had much more strength to combat the demagogues. The Republic, calmly established, would have awed Europe in a very different manner from a riot, authorized by murder and assassination. War might have been avoided; or, if inevitable, would have been more unanimous and triumphant. Our generals would not have been massacred by their soldiers amid cries of treachery. The popular spirit would everywhere have fought on our side, and the horror excited by our days of August, September, and January, would not have repelled from our standards the nations attracted to them by our doctrines: and thus would a single change in the origin of the Republic have changed the fate of the Revolution.”—(Vol. I., p. 320.)

Undoubtedly, if the experiment of a republic were a matter of necessity, it would have been far better that it should have been tried under the circumstances desired by M. de Lamartine. But it seems to us that the Assembly, by boldly declaring the throne vacant on the occasion of the King's flight to Varennes, might have given

the Constitution of 1791 a fair chance of stability. If the young dauphin had been placed on the throne, the popular leaders might have wielded the executive power under the name of a regency, and have gradually fashioned the monarchy to work harmoniously under the new constitution. Or, the crown might have been transferred to the younger branch of the royal family; and in this case the undoubted popular sympathies of the Duke of Orleans would probably have rendered his exercise of the constitutional powers of the monarchy endurable to the people, because compatible with the maintenance of the changes effected by the Revolution.

Which of these courses would have commanded the public assent can now only be matter of speculation. We agree with M. de Lamartine, that the course taken by the Assembly was the very worst of all that lay before it. To confer the royal prerogative on a king who had just declared, by his words and acts, his entire alienation from his people, and his disaffection to free institutions, was simply to render monarchy and the new constitution impossible. The step, though dictated by some surviving respect and regard for Louis, was, in truth, the most cruel act that could have been done towards him. "It crowned him," says our author, "with suspicion and insult—it nailed him to the throne, and made that throne the instrument of his torture, and finally of his death." On the other hand, at this period the King might yet have saved himself. "On his return from Varennes, he should have abdicated. The Revolution would have adopted his son, and brought him up in its own likeness. He did not abdicate—he submitted to receive a pardon from his people—he swore to execute a constitution from which he had run away—he was a pardoned king. Europe looked on him thenceforth only as a fugitive from the throne brought back to his punishment,—the nation as a traitor,—and the Revolution as a puppet."

Brought back a prisoner, amid the execrations of his people, the King, after some weeks of confinement in his palace, and an entire abeyance of his prerogatives, was restored to liberty, in order to enable him to give a free assent to the Constitution. He gave that assent, figured in the ceremony of the inauguration, swore to the Constitution, and was immediately placed in the unrestricted exercise of all the powers it vested in him. Under these circum-

stances, the Constituent Assembly separated; and the Legislative Assembly, composed of an entirely fresh set of men, utterly inexperienced in public affairs, entered, in conjunction with this incapable, discredited, and alienated king, on the management of affairs, and the government of France.

Among the new characters who now appeared on the political stage, there was one particular body of men, which had been preceded by a great, though vague reputation, for ability. These were the deputies of the Department of the Gironde, chiefly young lawyers from the city of Bordeaux, which its commercial wealth, the legal body attached to its parliament, and the influence of its successive eminent writers, had combined to render the centre of considerable refinement, intelligence, and activity. On arriving at Paris, they naturally formed the acquaintance of other deputies of similar opinions, and were eagerly sought out by the public men who aspired to consideration. Buzot, Petion, Brissot, and other ardent advocates of republican doctrines, already constituted a circle, which three or four times in every week collected round Roland and his distinguished wife. To this society the deputies of the Gironde attached themselves; and similarity of opinions and social communication speedily formed out of these materials the nucleus of a political party, to which the eminence of these deputies gave the name of Girondins. Of this party Brissot was the statesman who directed its general policy; while Petion, who had now attained the influential office of Mayor of Paris, was its man of action and practical experience.

M. de Lamartine has evidently no great opinion of Brissot, whom he describes as a needy literary adventurer, who had not passed quite unsoiled through the necessities and intrigues of his early life. But, the vague imputations, which are thus cast on the integrity of Brissot, are repelled by the respect which was felt for him by the purest of his party, and which Madame Roland expresses in her memoirs as the result of an intimate knowledge of him; and by the steadiness and honesty of his conduct throughout the period during which it was most exposed to the public eye. He was well-informed, industrious and bold. Nevertheless, though a respectable member, he was a very weak head of a party. His views were confused, his system ill-considered and incomplete, his conduct

singularly unskilful, and the influence which he undoubtedly possessed in his party was one of the first and surest presages and causes of its ill-success.

Another striking member of the new party was Fauchet, the constitutional Bishop of Calvados. M. de Lamartine is eloquent in his description of the true and generous character and commanding aspect of the Republican, who, in his zeal for his political creed, never swerved from his Christian faith. Isnard, one of the deputies of Provence, was one of the most brilliant of the orators of the new assembly, and certainly one of the least wise. "He had ever in his mind the ideal of a Gracchus: he had the courage of one in his heart, and the tone in his voice. Still very young, his eloquence boiled like his blood: his speech was the fire of passion, colored by the imagination of the South: his words burst out like quick throbbings of impatience. He was the ardor of the Revolution personified. The Assembly followed him out of breath, and reached his excitement before it arrived at his conclusions. His speeches were magnificent odes, which elevated discussion into poetry, and enthusiasm into convulsion; his gestures belonged rather to the tripod than the tribune: he was the Danton, as Vergniaud was the Mirabeau, of the Gironde." (Vol. I., p. 271.)

The famous triumvirate of the Gironde, as they were called, were three young advocates who had been elected deputies of Bordeaux. The least conspicuous and effective, as an orator, was Gensonné, to whose calm, just frame of mind, and patient industry, his party were in the habit of confiding the task of drawing up reports and similar documents. "An unbending logic, a bitter and cutting irony, were the two characteristics of Gensonné's talents." A far more effective speaker was Guadet, who, at a very early age, had acquired a high position in his profession. His vehement eloquence carried away the Assembly; of all his party he was the most dreaded by the Court and the Mountain. But the renown of these competitors was at once eclipsed by the indisputable superiority of Vergniaud, whom the unanimous opinion of his contemporaries recognised as the most brilliant of all the orators of the Revolution. In this respect the admiration of those who belonged to his party is supported by the opinion of Madame de Stael, a most competent judge, whose political opinions were adverse to the Girondins, and is

justified by the reports of his speeches that have reached us.

"Obscure, unknown, modest, without any presentiment of his own greatness, he lodged with three of his colleagues from the South in a little lodging of the Rue des Jeuneurs, and afterwards in a retired house in a suburb surrounded by the gardens of Tivoli. His letters to his family are filled with the humblest details of domestic management. He can scarcely contrive to live. He watches his least expenses with a strict economy. A few louis, which he has asked of his sister, appear a sum sufficient to support him a long time. He writes to have a little linen sent him in the cheapest manner. He never thinks of fortune, not even of glory. He goes to the post to which duty calls him. In his patriotic simplicity, he is terrified by the mission which Bordeaux imposes on him. An antique probity breaks forth in the confidential *épanchements* of this correspondence with his friends. His family have some claims to press on the ministers: he refuses to ask anything for them, for fear that asking justice should appear in his mouth to be extorting a favor. 'I have tied myself down in this respect to the utmost nicety; I have made myself a law,' he says to his brother-in-law, M. Alluaud of Limoges, who had been a second father to him.

"All these private communications between Vergniaud, his sister, and his brother-in-law, breathe simplicity, tenderness of heart, and home. The roots of the public man spring out of a soil of pure morality. No trace of factious feeling, of republican fanaticism, of hatred to the King, discover themselves in the innermost feelings of Vergniaud. He speaks of the Queen with tenderness, of Louis XVI. with pity. 'The equivocal conduct of the King,' he writes in June, 1792, 'increases our danger and his own. They assure me that he comes to-day to the Assembly. If he does not pronounce himself in a decisive manner he is bringing himself to some sad catastrophe. Many an effort will have to be made to plunge in oblivion so many false steps, which are looked on as so many treasons.' And a little further, descending from his pity for the King to his own domestic situation, 'I have no money,' he writes, 'my old creditors in Paris dun me; I pay them a little every month: rents are high; it is impossible for me to pay for everything.' This young man, who with a gesture crushed a throne, scarce knew where to lay his head in the empire which he was shaking."

He had been brought up at a Jesuit college, at the expense of Turgot, who was then Intendant of the Limousin; had been intended for the church, from which he shrank at the last moment, and went to Bordeaux to study the law, at the expense of his brother-in-law and the president Dupaty, who became his zealous patron. His early efforts were crowned with success.

"Scarcely has he made a little by his profession,

when he strips himself of it, and sells the little inheritance which he had got from his mother, to pay the debts of his late father. By the sacrifice of all he possesses he redeems his father's memory: he arrives in Paris almost in indigence. Boyer-Fonfrède and Ducos of Bordeaux, his two friends receive him as a guest at their table, and under their roof. Vergniaud, careless of success, like all men who feel their own power, worked little, and trusted to the moment and to nature. His genius, unfortunately too fond of indolence, loved to slumber and give itself up to the carelessness of his age and disposition. It was necessary to shake him in order to waken him out of his youthful love of ease, and push him to the tribune or into council. With him as with the Orientals, there was no transition between idleness and heroism. Action hurried him away, but soon wearied him. He fell back into a reverie of genius.

"Brisot, Guadet, Gensonné, dragged him to Madame Roland's. She did not find him manly or ambitious enough for her taste. His Southern habits, his literary tastes, his attraction towards a less imperious beauty, continually brought him back into the society of an actress of the Theatre-Français, Madame Simon Candeille. He had written for her, under another name, some scenes of the drama then in vogue, of 'La Belle Fermière.' This young woman, at once a poetess, writer, actress, displayed in this drama all the fascinations of her feelings, her talent, and her beauty. Vergniaud intoxicated himself with this life of art, of music, of declamation, and of pleasure: he was eager to enjoy his youth, as if he had a foreboding that it would be soon cut short. His habits were meditative and idle. He rose in the middle of the day: wrote little, and on loose sheets with his paper on his knee, like a man in a hurry who makes the most of his time: he composed his speeches slowly in his reveries, and kept them in his memory by the help of notes: he polished his eloquence at leisure, as the soldier polishes his weapon when at rest. He wished his blows to be not only mortal, but brilliant: he was as curious about their merits in point of art, as of their political efficiency. The stone launched, he left the recoil to fate, and gave himself up anew to indolence. He was not the man for every hour: he was a man for great days."

Vergniaud was of middle size, and of a strong and vigorous make; his lips were somewhat thick, his eyes black and flashing, his forehead broad and open; and his long brown hair waved, like that of Mirabeau, with the motions of his head. His complexion was pale, and his face marked with the small-pox. "In a state of repose no one would have noticed this man in the crowd. He would have passed with the common herd, without offending or arresting the gaze. But when his soul beamed forth in his features like light on a bust, his countenance as a whole gained by its expression that ideal splendor and beauty

which none of his features had in detail. His eloquence lit him up. The throbbing muscles of his eyebrows, temples, and lips shaped themselves according to the thought, that was in him, and made his countenance the thought itself: it was the transfiguration of genius. The time of Vergniaud was when he spoke: the pedestal of his beauty was the tribune. When he had come down it vanished: the orator was no more than a mere man." (Vol. III., pp. 21—25.)

The picture of the party would be incomplete without that of the beautiful, high-minded, and accomplished woman, who was the social centre of the party, who inspired its most generous resolutions, who was its noblest martyr, whose pen has made it known and honored, and whose life and writings are the truest type of the state of mind in which the party had its origin. We shall not extract any portion of M. de Lamartine's narrative of a life, which the Memoirs of Mde. Roland have made familiar to every reader. We think that in some respects M. de Lamartine does her less than justice. He appears to have some disposition to attribute her republican vehemence to recollections of the mortifications which she had experienced, when insulted by aristocratic condescension, or contemplating from the attic, in which she visited her friend, the splendor of the Court of Versailles. The tone of Madame Roland's writings does not justify this harsh suspicion. She had the opinions and passions of her times: and with the ardor of her character and her sex exaggerated her republican hopes, and her resentment against the imaginary crimes of kings.

Such were the leading persons in the party of the Girondins,—a party destined to play a brief and brilliant part in the drama of the Revolution, to exhibit much of its greatness, to be involved in many of its most grievous errors, and in some of its crimes, to perish by an unjust death, and to suffer after death from the injustice of posterity. The modern historians of the Revolution, under the influence of a kind of superstitious veneration for its energy and vastness, have had a tendency more or less openly to extol those of the actors in it, who seem to have most entered into its spirit and propelled its progress, and who followed its course to its ultimate development with the most unfaltering constancy. The purity of the motives which actuated the Girondins in their struggle against anarchy, their generous sacrifice of power

and life to the cause of their country and humanity, are acknowledged and praised, but at the expense of their intellect and vigor: their unsuccessful efforts are treated as indicating feebleness of will and shallowness of thought; and we are taught to look on them with no less contempt than pity, as a host of declaimers, who were found wholly wanting in capacity to deal with the realities of political life. The general impression produced by M. de Lamartine's history is not at all calculated to raise the Girondins from this unjust depression. For unjust we must consider it. That they failed in the great endeavor to guide the Revolution, that they failed through great and culpable mistakes, their story clearly proves. They have no pretension to belong to that higher class of statesmen, who can comprehend the mind of a people when in a state of revolutionary ferment, can foresee the tendency of ideas and the course of events, and can by their wisdom and energy direct the great movement of mankind to the desired end. The crisis with which they had to deal was too vast for them. But we must not from that conclude, that they were puny men. Rare among the sons of men is the capacity that would have succeeded where they failed! They possessed in a high degree the qualities which give eminence and influence in free governments—an eloquence never surpassed, a soundness and largeness of views which experience would have gradually ripened into statesman-like ability, and the courage, probity, and generosity, that, by commanding respect, and inspiring confidence, raise men to be the leaders of their fellow-citizens. Though not gifted with such energy and genius as could bear them safely through the terrible crisis in which they were placed, we may confidently say, that few men in modern times have exhibited a fairer promise of the qualities which, in the ordinary course of settled government, best fit their possessors for the safe and useful conduct of affairs.

The misfortune of the Girondins was, that, when they arrived in Paris, and suddenly found themselves the leading men in the legislature, which was to conduct twenty-five millions of men through a Revolution, the science of politics was practically unknown to them. What books could teach they had learned; but the institutions of their country had excluded them from all acquaintance with public business; and it unfortunately happened, that hardly

one of them had, by his previous occupations, acquired any knowledge of the art of managing men. They shared that general indignation against the abuses of the old system of things which pervaded the whole heart of France; their minds, like those of most of their generation, were fraught with an enthusiastic reverence for the great men and institutions of the ancient republics; and they hoped so to direct the course of government and legislation, as, either under the newly established Constitution, or under openly republican forms, to secure to their countrymen the imagined blessings of democracy. They found no leaders to whom they could attach themselves. The prominent men of the late Assembly had almost disappeared from public life; nor were either Barnave or Lafayette, who were recognised as the founders and principal supporters of the new Constitution, competent to mould and inspire a party. The Girondins were left to their own guidance. New to public life, they had to bring new institutions into safe and steady operation, in a society torn to pieces by the violence of the changes already effected, and by the passions which the convulsion had excited.

M. de Lamartine thinks that the original error of the Girondins was in not at once proclaiming the Republic on the meeting of the Legislative Assembly. It is only as the next best course to that, that he thinks they should have made a more determined and sincere effort to uphold the Constitution of 1791. The course suggested by M. de Lamartine would have been infinitely preferable to that actually taken by the Girondins. But we think that their first duty was, to make every effort to maintain the Constitution, which they found established; and that their great error was, in ever resorting to insurrectionary force to effect the subversion of the institutions to which the nation had given its assent.

For we cannot think that the Constitution of 1791 was so utterly impracticable, but that prudence and vigor might have upheld it for some little time until the public mind should cool, and the amendments which experience might prove necessary could be calmly and safely applied. A single Chamber passing laws by a single vote, under the influence of any momentary influence, was not calculated to continue for any length of time the legislative institution of a great and civilized nation. While it lasted, it must have been turbu-

lent and democratic: but, the instant collision into which it was brought with the royal authority, recognised by the Constitution, might, it would seem, have been avoided, had the right use of the prerogatives vested in the Crown been understood and enforced. M. de Lamartine thinks rightly that the direct cause of difficulty in the Constitution of 1791, lay not in the want of power in the Crown, but in the King's possessing an amount of authority incompatible with the other provisions of the Constitution. The legal independence of the other branches of the legislature, which is secured to the Executive by the letter of the British Constitution, would, if asserted in fact, be fatal to the stability of any mixed form of government. Since the establishment of parliamentary government in England, its compatibility with an hereditary monarchy has been maintained by the recognition of the principle, that the ministers of the Executive must always be taken from the party possessing the actual parliamentary majority. The power of the Crown is really upheld, not by its legal authority of counteracting, but by all the influences which enable it to modify, the will of parliament. Of that will, resulting from the conflict of all the various influences that determine its character, the executive government is and must be the passive instrument. The democratic elements of the Constitution of 1791 would have allowed the Crown to exercise but little influence in the legislature; and the executive authority would necessarily have been the instrument of a very democratic government. But it would have been better that such should be the case than that anarchy should be inevitably produced by the conflict between the two independent wills of the Executive and the Legislature.

The powers which the Constitution of 1791 vested in the King were quite sufficient to prove formidable obstacles to the power of the legislature. He possessed a suspensive *veto* on all its acts, which in the emergencies of a revolution and a war, was quite as effectual as a more complete authority. He was entrusted with the uncontrolled nomination of all the ministers, and of every officer of the civil and military service of the kingdom. He enjoyed a civil list of a million sterling, of which the disposal rested wholly in his pleasure. It was impossible that a free people and a sovereign legislature could long leave such powers in hostile, or even suspected hands.

The only chance for the maintenance of the royal authority lay in placing it entirely at the disposal of the nation. The King should at once have waived the independent exercise of prerogatives, which he could not exert in opposition to the national will, without the downfall of the whole system. He should have taken the ministers pointed out by the dominant party in the Assembly; abstained, in conformity with the invariable practice of the English Constitution, from exercising the *veto* placed in his hands; and laid the accounts of his civil list before the Assembly. The just judgment of mankind would have relieved him of all moral responsibility, for the formal acts done in pursuance of a deliberate renunciation of powers, which could not be freely exercised without compromising the public tranquillity. The whole present, as well as future, responsibility of government and legislation, would have been thrown on the Assembly; and the executive authority, avowedly the prize of the conflict, and the instrument of the successful party, would have been removed beyond the possibility of collision with the people. Free from reproach for all the ills that might result from the mistakes or violence of factions, the King might have preserved the existence of the monarchy; and when all parties had ultimately weakened and discredited each other, or any one of them had succeeded in establishing itself in power, might, in either event, have availed himself of the exhaustion of the nation, or of the restoration of order, to re-assert the rights and consolidate the power of the Crown.

Unfortunately, the disposition of the Court induced the deposed monarch rather to avail himself of any fragment left him out of the wreck of his former authority, than, by wise concessions, to prepare for a future recovery of the whole. The picture which M. de Lamartine gives of the character, and his narrative of the conduct of this unhappy prince, leave such an impression of his extraordinary weakness, that, fearful as were the necessary perils of the Revolution, we cannot but feel that their fatal result was mainly to be ascribed to the incapacity of Louis. Meaning well, without a thought of vengeance or triumph, and sincerely desirous of the public good, his mere weakness produced the appearance, and even the actual effect, of the worst designs, and the deepest perfidy. With no notion of the state of affairs—no conception

of the course which he ought to adopt—he depended entirely on the suggestions of others. He took every body's advice: the worst parasites, the most open opponents, were in turn resorted to by him. Unable to discriminate between good and bad counsels, he followed one man's advice to-day, and held language in conformity with it; and the next day took the directly opposite course, and used language which gave a character of falsehood to the words which he had uttered the day before. No one could trust, no one could fix, and, consequently, no one could effectually guide or serve him. Among all those who principally directed him, there was not, as M. de Lamartine says, one man who could understand, much less one who was capable of resisting, the Revolution. He was chiefly under the influence of the Queen; and he could hardly have been under worse. M. de Lamartine's pity for the sufferings of Marie Antoinette—his admiration of her beauty and courage, do not blind him to her faults. She had the tact that could conciliate individuals, and the intrepidity which bore her nobly through personal emergencies; but she had none of the political knowledge or genius—none of the patient courage, which would have enabled her to give a wise direction to the feeble mind of her husband. Personal resentments and predilections for ever outweighed the dictates of policy; and the vehemence and quickness of her impulses rendered her energy as fickle as the King's weakness.

“Measures of vigor, corruption of the Assembly, sincere adoption of the Constitution, attempts at resistance, an attitude of royal dignity, repentance, weakness, terror, and flight, all were conceived, tried, prepared, determined upon, abandoned the same day. Women, so sublime in their self-devotion, are rarely capable of the steadiness of purpose and the coolness necessary to a plan of policy. Their policy is in their heart; their feelings act too closely on their reason. Of all the royal virtues, they have none but courage: they rise often to heroes, never to statesmen. The Queen was an additional example of this. She did the King much mischief: gifted with more ability, more soul, more character, her superiority served only to inspire him with confidence in fatal counsels. She was at once the charm of his misfortunes, and the genius of his ruin. She led him step by step to the scaffold, but she mounted it with him.”

Every act of the Court during the year that passed between the acceptance of the Constitution and the 10th of August, 1792,

aided and precipitated the catastrophe. It is not too much to say, that they formed one long treason against the Constitution to which the King had sworn. Throughout, the King had two ministries, the one avowed and responsible to the nation; the other consisting of such men as Calonne and the Baron de Breteuil, who were organizing, under the King's auspices, the invasion of France by the emigrants and foreign powers, and thus fomenting the two main causes of the destruction of the monarchy. The emigration was the master evil; it stripped France of the very class, whose presence in their own country would have been the most effectual support to the throne. A small portion even of the 20,000 emigrants, whom our author states to have been at one time in arms on the frontier, might have baffled any of the decisive movements of the Revolution. The course pursued by the emigrants, coupled with the hostile preparations of the foreign powers, excited to the utmost pitch the alarm and anger of the French people. The Court, though their safety depended on the removal of all causes of excitement, could not abstain from encouraging the invaders. They did it unsteadily, it is true. A favorable vote, or any mark of confidence on the part of the Assembly, or any demonstration of popular favor, would at any time raise the King's hopes, and make him write off to his agents at Coblenz to discontinue their hostile preparations. The next day came some encroachment by the Assembly, or some insult from the mob around his palace, and he had no hope but in the success of the invasion. His acts too constantly justified the suspicions of the people. The ministers of his choice were enemies of the Revolution; and those whom the popular feeling for awhile forced on him, were speedily dismissed from his councils. The strong measures to which the Assembly had recourse for what we cannot but regard as justifiable purposes of self-defence, were obstructed by his unwise exercise of his *veto*. His large revenue was undoubtedly applied to purposes inconsistent with good faith and the public interest; and the mystery in which the expenditure of the civil list was kept, of course led to suspicions which went far beyond the truth.

It would, no doubt, have been a task of great difficulty for the leaders of a popular party to uphold the Constitution in despite of the public excitement, and of the impulse given to it by the suicidal conduct of the

Court. But the Girondins cannot be relieved from the charge of having aggravated the intrinsic difficulties of the state of affairs by their own errors. They commenced the session of the Assembly by petty encroachments on the royal dignity, which lowered the authority, and irritated the feelings of the King. They then committed the far graver fault of encouraging the warlike feeling of the country, and of forcing on the war with Austria, which prudence might have averted, or, at any rate, postponed. To avoid or postpone it was the obvious interest, not merely of their party, but of their principles. They looked, however, only to their immediate object—the coercion of the court; and by bringing on a war for that purpose, they swelled and prolonged an excitement, which was sure to frustrate all their ulterior schemes of tranquil government. The bright period of Robespierre's history is that of his determined opposition to this war. His popularity, and his exertions in the Jacobin Club, for a month counterbalanced the public feeling, the efforts of the Girondins, and the violence of the popular agitators. It was in the long and angry discussion of this subject, that he was for the first time brought into violent collision with the Girondins, especially with Brissot; and it is a remarkable proof of his extraordinary ability, that while asserting the unpopular cause, he greatly augmented his own popularity, and weakened that of his rivals, who were lending themselves to the passions of the people.

But the capital error of the Girondins was their rupture with Dumouriez. The only chance of maintaining the Constitution lay in strengthening a popular minister, and enabling him to keep the executive in harmony with the Assembly. Narbonne was the first of the ministers of Louis who thought of establishing his ministry on the confidence of the Assembly. His ill-success resulted not so much from his own acts, as from his inability to disarm the suspicions excited against him by his aristocratic birth, and from the unpopularity of the party to which he was supposed to owe his elevation. Unsupported by the Assembly, he was dismissed by the King, who, in his turn, distrusted him on account of his popular professions. Dumouriez sought to attain the same object as Narbonne, under more favorable circumstances, and with far greater qualifications. Elevated to office by the influence of the Girondins, he had

the sagacity to take the only course that would have enabled them to consolidate their power; and their misfortune was, that in the man whom they had taken as an instrument, they did not discern, or would not recognise the qualities that they wanted in a leader.

Dumouriez had described the true policy to be pursued by the King, in a phrase which he used a short time before his accession to office. "If I were king of France, I would baffle all these parties by putting myself at the head of the Revolution." And on this principle he acted for a time most successfully, winning the confidence of the King and Queen in spite of their strong prepossessions against him; humoring the Jacobins by going at once to their sittings, and, with the cap of liberty on his head, explaining to them the principles on which he intended to govern; taking, in all his measures, a strong popular and national line; executing his plans with energy and skill; and using his influence with the King and Queen to obtain the withdrawal of the *veto* from decrees which had passed the Assembly. No policy could have been better adapted to promote the interests of the Girondins, as well as those of the country. Personal differences seem to have occasioned the breach between them and Dumouriez. Madame Roland detected his ambition, and inspired suspicions of him, which Dumouriez unfortunately confirmed by manners and morality savoring so much of the old *régime* as to shock the republican puritanism of the Girondins. His commanding tone and superior abilities gave umbrage to his colleagues; while he, on the other hand, grew impatient of their narrow views and want of practical skill. In the vehement dissensions which at this time broke out between the Girondins and the yet more extreme section of the Revolutionists, he thought he saw the means of obtaining support for his policy in the event of a rupture with his old supporters. He accordingly entered into close communication with Danton, in whom he found a sagacity and vigor congenial to his own. Emboldened by the prospect of assistance from the Jacobins, he encouraged the King to dismiss the three Girondin ministers, Roland, Clavières, and Servan; and was prepared, by giving effect to a thoroughly popular policy, to defy the anger of the majority who supported the dismissed ministers. In this attempt he was baffled by the King's refusal to sanction the

decree against the refractory priests, and resigned. With his retirement from office vanished the last hope of a popular ministry. The King was driven to take his ministers from the known opponents of the Revolution; and the Girondins, inflamed by personal mortification, and giving way to a boundless distrust of the Court, directed their attacks against the existence of the monarchy.

The dismissal of the Girondin ministers was followed in a few days, by the outrages of the 20th of June, 1792, the guilt of which principally rests with Petion. The momentary reaction which these outrages provoked, was neutralized by Lafayette's imprudent manifestation, and by the advance of the Allies on Paris. The Girondins and Jacobins suspended their disputes for a time, in order to unite against the refractory general and the invading enemy. The leaders of the Assembly threw off all disguise of attachment to the Constitution; and Vergniaud, in his memorable speech on the "Dangers of the Country," openly broached the deposition of the King. The levy of troops to serve against the invading armies was made the pretext for filling Paris with a revolutionary force. Barbaroux brought up the Marseillais. On the other hand, the Court prepared their means of defence. The excitement grew, as the two parties found themselves face to face. The popular fury broke forth into multiplied and ferocious outrages on the real or supposed adherents of the Court. Suddenly the insane proclamation signed by the Duke of Brunswick, as general of the invading army, made its appearance in Paris. Not a moment was to be lost in taking the powers of government out of the hands of a Court who were, in reality, counting every stage of the Prussian march as a day nearer to their deliverance. The insurrection of the 10th of August took place. The Court had considerable means of resistance at their disposal; but by a succession of mistakes and mischances, they allowed the well-directed resources of the mob to obtain an easy triumph. The King left his palace, and the monarchy was abolished.

Of all these remarkable incidents M. de Lamartine has given graphic and stirring descriptions. The wild elements of the insurrectionary force of Paris are brought before our eyes. We have the various picturesque biographies of Santerre, Saint-Huruge, Theroigne de Mericourt, and the

other strange leaders of that terrible host. It was in a lone house at Charenton that all these movements were planned. There the details of the 10th of August were concerted on the night of the arrival of the Marseillais, amid the terrors of a memorable thunder-storm. The electric fluid was every where attracted by the crosses which occupied the highest pinnacles, or stood isolated on the road sides; and the next morning the ground in the neighborhood of Paris was found ominously strewn with the prostrated emblems of religion.

Of the 10th of August itself, we have a very minute narrative. The first sketch is taken from an account given by Lucile, the young wife of Camille Desmoulins, who describes the evening and night of the 9th, and morning of the 10th, which she passed at Danton's house, in company with his wife. Here we have the insurrection as it came home to the families of those who had conspired the movement: the reckless excitement produced by the anticipation; the fears that gradually thickened as the reality began to exhibit itself, and armed bands began to pass; as, one by one, friend and husband armed himself to take part in the fray, and as the appalling clang of the tocsin surmounted the din; the night of agony watched through by the women, crouching, listening, and wailing, until they fainted at the sound of the cannon. Danton alone is calm: after having set the whole in motion, he leaves its details to take their chance in the hands of the subordinate but more immediate agents, and goes quietly to bed.

Then we are taken through the same awful night as it was passed by the Royal Family in the Tuileries, with the dreaded morning breaking on them amid the first notes of assault and the preparations for defence. The King makes his appearance, worn and haggard, with his dress disordered, and his manner exhibiting the confusion, not of fear, but of shyness. The Queen preserves her haughty air, and intrepid spirit; which is only broken by the fruitlessness of her efforts to inspire her husband with the energy required by the crisis. She sees him commence his review of the troops; her hopes rise with the shouts of "Vive le Roi!" raised by the gentlemen who fill the palace, and by the loyal battalions in the courts; they are dashed when the King, instead of assuming the bearing and uttering the few bold words that would have stimulated his defenders, stammers forth one or two disjointed pur-

poseless phrases, which only communicate to others his own irresolution; and they are finally extinguished as she sees him return amid hisses from his luckless circuit of the gardens, while band after band of the National Guards march over and range themselves with the assailants. We accompany the family in their mournful passage to the Assembly, and during the mortal agony of those sixteen hours passed in the narrow heated box of the *logographe*. The King eats, drinks, and chats with the deputies: the Queen sits silent, exhausted, vanquished; her countenance flushed with the mortification of defeat, but still lit up with unyielding pride and resentment. The cannon sounds close: the Swiss are said to be victorious: the deputies swear to die at their posts. This hope, too, passes away: the victorious mob enters to announce its triumph, and parade its trophies. The royal captives are doomed to sit through the long debate in which they hear their fate discussed, and their downfall decided; and are then finally dismissed to prison. We give but a faint outline of the startling picture drawn by M. de Lamartine: the reader who would receive the full impression of its effects must read the work itself.

The Girondins, when they had triumphed over the Monarchy, seemed at first scared by their own success. They scrupled at once to proclaim the Republic: and not only left the responsibility of doing so to a Convention to be immediately summoned, but excited in the mean time the distrust of the victorious people by votes, which seemed to indicate an intention of maintaining the institution of royalty. The dismissed ministers were replaced in office—the real power, however, was at once engrossed by Danton; who now stood forward for the first time in a prominent position, as Minister of Justice, and immediately asserted his incontestible superiority over his colleagues. In truth he wielded the whole executive authority, because he had organized it, and called it into action. When the Girondins, after the 10th of August, found that the result of their efforts had been to make Danton and the Commune rulers over them, they were taught too late how grievously they had erred, with respect to the course which they had pursued for the subversion of the Monarchy. They had originally assailed that institution, in the vain imagination that a government might be pulled down

and built up again by the mere power, with which oratory sways an assembly and excites a people. They understood nothing of the process, by which the popular force was to be organized and directed; and when they at last determined on an insurrection, they had recourse to Danton and the Commune to furnish its means. The insurrection over, the means remained at the disposal of those who had created them. The Commune, led by Danton, Marat, and Robespierre, and embodied in the force which had been organized under Santerre, governed Paris, and, through Paris, France. Happy had it been for the Girondins, had this lesson taught them, that, before they could hope to establish an orderly republic, in place of the monarchy which they had destroyed, they must themselves, not only re-construct the machinery of executive government, but provide, and keep in their own hands, the physical means by which its existence was to be maintained, and its authority enforced. Unfortunately, to the end of their career, they seemed to conceive that they were administering an established government, instead of working out a revolution; and that the votes of an assembly were the end, and speeches the means of governing. Too late they learned on the scaffold that the controversies in which they had engaged, were only to be settled by "pike and gun."

The reign of the Commune, between the 10th of August and the meeting of the Convention, derives a horrible celebrity from the massacres of September. M. de Lamartine has been at some pains to collect various proofs of the deliberation, with which the details of this horrible butchery were concerted. He condemns Marat as having instigated, Danton as having sanctioned, and the Commune as having perpetrated it. Excuses which have been offered for it, he rejects with scorn.

"History," he says, "should represent the conscience of mankind. The voice of that conscience will ever condemn Danton. It has been said that he saved his country and the Revolution by these measures, and that our victories are their excuse. This is the error into which he fell. A people that has need to intoxicate itself with blood in order to impel it to defend its country, must be a people of scoundrels and not a people of heroes. Heroism is the very reverse of assassination. As for our Revolution, its *prestige* was in its justice and its morality. This massacre went to tarnish it in the eyes of Europe. Europe, it is true, did raise a cry of horror: but horror is not respect. A cause is never served by being dishonored."

And he compares the effect of this massacre on the character of the Revolution to that of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew on the cause of the Church of Rome. Sound policy, as well as the moral sense of mankind, confirm this judgment. The measures originally proposed by Danton for seizing the persons of those who were well known to be disaffected to the Revolution, might be justified by the necessities of the crisis. The commander of a besieged city is authorized to deprive those whom he knows to be plotting against the public safety, of the power of doing harm; and the situation of Paris, expecting the Prussians at its gates, might be sufficient warrant for the imprisonment even of thousands of suspected conspirators. But the cold-blooded slaughter of disarmed prisoners was an act of useless as well as revolting cruelty. The genius of Dumouriez had already saved France. The bloody license given to the assassins only heightened into frenzy the passions of the populace. It maddened them to fresh acts of violence, and deterred all men of justice and moderation from taking any further part in connexion with persons who had made such crimes a part of their policy. The guilt recoiled on Danton and the Revolution. It for ever separated him from the party, by whose support he might have governed France: and it was found to have paralyzed his arm, when the time came in which he wished to put a stop to violence, and restore the rule of humanity and reason.

A curious anecdote is given by M. de Lamartine, on the authority of a surviving friend of Robespierre and St. Just, whose name unfortunately is kept back. We could wish to be able to estimate the degree of foundation for a story which casts a singular light on the strange character of Robespierre. At the period of the massacre he was a member of the Commune; but, seeing the turn affairs were taking, had for some days foreborne to attend its meetings. He had no share in what was done; had no power of preventing it. As in the case of preceding movements, he did nothing, blamed what was being done, but let it go on: and when done, took it as a necessary step in the Revolution, and defended it.

"On the 2d of September, at eleven o'clock at night, Robespierre and St. Just went out together from the Jacobins, exhausted by the mental and bodily fatigue of an entire day passed in tumultuous debates and big with so terrible a night. St.

Just lived in a small lodging in the Rue Ste Anne, not far from the house of the joiner Duplay, where Robespierre resided. Talking over the events of the day, and what was threatened for the morrow, the two friends reached the door of St. Just's house. Robespierre, absorbed in his own thoughts, went up to the young man's room in order to continue the conversation. St. Just flung his clothes on a chair, and prepared to go to sleep. 'What are you doing?' said Robespierre. 'I am going to bed,' answered St. Just. 'What! can you think of sleeping on such a night?' replied Robespierre. 'Do you not hear the tocsin? Do you not know that this night will probably be the last for thousands of our fellow-creatures, who are men at the moment you go to sleep, and will be corpses when you wake?'

St. Just answered with one of the common-places of the day, and went to sleep. Early the next morning when he woke, he saw Robespierre pacing up and down the room, and every now and then pressing his face close to the window to watch the day-break, and listen to the sounds in the street. St. Just asked him what brought him back so early, and found to his astonishment that he had not left the spot all night.

"Sleep?" said Robespierre; "what! while hundreds of assassins were cutting the throats of thousands of victims, and while blood, whether pure or impure, was running like water in the gutter! O no," he continued, in a deep voice and with a sarcastic smile on his lips, "I have not been to bed, but have watched, like remorse or crime: ay, I have been guilty of the weakness of not sleeping; but Danton, he has slept!"

The instigators of the 10th of August cannot be acquitted of having called into activity that spirit which produced the massacres of September. But we must not deny to the Girondins the honor due to them. As soon as they recovered from the first stupor into which this gigantic crime threw all France, they raised their voice in loud and uncompromising denunciation of it. Roland, while the carnage was going on, exhausted whatever means he could command to stop it; but both he and Petion were utterly powerless. In proclamations, in letters, and in protests, Roland, at the imminent peril of his life, continued his war with the Commune. Indignant at the enormity of the crime itself, at the discredit cast by it on the Republic, and at the predominance given to both the most anarchical doctrines and the most worthless men, the Girondins now perceived the necessity of checking the progress of disorder. From being the leaders of

the movement, and the instigators of insurrection, they came in a few weeks to be regarded by the populace as the counter-revolutionary party, against whom the next efforts of the friends of the Revolution must be directed. From this time the hopes of every friend of order and humanity rested on them as the party who would put an end to the turmoil and carnage of the Revolution.

The aspect of affairs at the first meeting of the Convention on the 20th of September, 1792, was most favorable to the Girondins. Though the elections of Paris, taking place in the very days that followed the massacre, had returned a deputation entirely composed of Jacobins, the representatives of the Departments had been elected under very different feelings. The unanimous choice of Petion as president showed the disposition of the Convention; and the Girondin leaders found themselves at the head of a large and determined majority. Had they been statesmen as well as orators, that majority and the public opinion of France gave them the means of establishing their power. But they entered the Assembly, smarting with mortification at their recent subjection to the Commune; and their first thought, was how they should use their majority to throw off that ignominious yoke. Instead of waiting until they had consolidated an efficient executive, they rushed into the contest, unprovided with any means of combating the physical force of their antagonists. They endeavored at once to bear them down by the weight of public feeling. Nor did they confine themselves to the legitimate weapons with which a good cause furnished them. There were reasons against breaking at once with Danton. They saw in Robespierre their most formidable antagonist, and were probably stimulated by vindictive recollections of their bitter conflicts at the Jacobin Club. They accordingly directed the main force of their attacks against the one public man who had hitherto, less than any other, participated in any of the disorders of the Revolution. On the strength of some frantic declamations of Marat, whom they endeavored most unfairly to associate with him, and of the foolish talk of some insignificant demagogues, they gravely accused Robespierre of aspiring to establish a dictatorship. Such was the substance of the charges brought against him by Barbaroux and Louvet. The accusation gave him an opportunity of vindicating himself, and of

humbling his opponents in one of the most skilful and triumphant of his speeches. These ill-judged attacks imparted to the proceedings of the Girondins a character of petty and malignant rivalry, subjected them to the mortification of defeat in a personal conflict, and weakened their hold on the majority by justly diminishing its confidence in their discretion.

But the trial of the King soon gave a more serious occupation to the contending parties. Actuated by that mistaken notion of equity which in like circumstances brought Charles I. to the block, the voice of the people demanded, as a matter of equal justice, that the deposed monarch should be subjected to the same fate as the laws of treason would infallibly have inflicted on his opponents, had he been successful in the contest. None of the leading men of either party, according to M. de Lamartine, shared this feeling, or desired the death of Louis; yet each consented, each exhibited a rivalry of eagerness to sacrifice the victim, in order to retain its hold over the people. The Girondins therein undoubtedly sinned the most deeply against their own principles and policy. But the conduct of the leaders of that party has been too hastily ascribed to mere cowardice. They did not, in truth, so much abandon their own views, as they made an ill-judged attempt to gain their object by indirect means. When the point came to be discussed in their councils, they found that they were opposed by some of the principal men of their own party—by Fonfrède, Ducos, Barbaroux, and Buzot, whose republican fanaticism required the death of the King. Imagining that, without their support, they would be unable to save the King's life, they adopted a plan of action suggested by Sieyès. They agreed to vote for his death, but to subject the decree of the Convention to ratification by the primary assemblies. The plan, supported by a plausible conformity with democratic principles, was obviously impracticable. It involved the prolonged agitation of a perilous question. It laid the Girondins open to the imputation of wishing to create dissension between the different parts of France. The people regarded it as a trick. The votes of the Gironde decided the judgment of death, which their influence, boldly exerted, would, in all human probability, have averted. And that judgment once pronounced, the expedient, by which its execution was to

have been stayed, was unhesitatingly rejected.

The speeches of Robespierre contain the simple and forcible exposition of the grounds on which the execution of Louis is defensible as an act, not of justice, but of state policy. "Louis must die because the country must live." The noble reply of Vergniaud was contradicted by his vote. M. de Lamartine temperately examines the arguments on both sides, and his conclusions will not be new to any Englishman whom the earlier precedent in our own history shall have ever driven upon a similar re-hearing.

"Exhausted and discredited by four years of unequal struggle with the nation, twenty times placed at the mercy of his people, without credit with the soldiery, with a character of which the timidity and indecision had been repeatedly proved, fallen from humiliation into humiliation, and step by step from the height of his throne into a prison, Louis XVI. was the only prince of his race to whom it was impossible ever again to dream of reigning. Abroad he was discredited by his concessions: at home he would have been the patient and inoffensive hostage of the Republic, the ornament of its triumphs, the living proof of its magnanimity. His death, on the contrary, alienated from the French cause that immense portion of every people which judge human events only through the heart. Human nature is merciful. The Republic forgot that it gave to royalty a character of martyrdom, and to liberty that of vengeance. It thus prepared a re-action against the republican cause, and arrayed on the side of royalty the sensibility, the interest, the tears of a portion of every people. Who can deny that pity for the fate of Louis XVI. and his family, had a great part in the revival of royalty some years after? Unsuccessful causes have returns of favor of which the motives are often to be found only in the blood of the victims cruelly sacrificed by the opposite party. Public feeling, when once moved by a sense of its injustice, is only set at rest when it is, so to speak, absolved by some signal and unexpected reparation. The blood of Louis XVI. was in every treaty which the Powers of Europe contracted for the purpose of branding and stifling the Republic: the blood of Louis XVI. was in the oil which consecrated Napoleon so short a time after all the vows of liberty: the blood of Louis XVI. was in the monarchical enthusiasm which the return of the Bourbons at the Restoration revived in France: it mingled, even in 1830, in that repugnance to the name of Republic which threw the undecided nation into the arms of another dynasty. It is republicans who should most deplore this blood, for it is their cause that it has stained, and it is that blood which has cost them the Republic."

The details of this catastrophe afford ample scope for the descriptive powers of

M. de Lamartine. It is much to the credit of his moral judgment, that he has not sought to heighten the effect by investing the sufferers with unreal virtues. The mournful tale of the imprisonment in the Temple, with all its anguish and all the tortures inflicted by the vulgar insolence of the gaolers—the picture of the King, carried along to his trial, pale, unshaved, with his clothes hanging loosely on his attenuated frame—and the last agonies of his separation from his family, sensibly touch our pity. We admire the calm resignation, and the unfailing gentleness which characterized his whole demeanor through these scenes of suffering, and dictated the will which emanated from the solitude of his own thoughts. But the impartial narrative lowers our previous conception of the dignity of the monarch's deportment. His feeble capacity suggested to him the expedients by which an ordinary prisoner endeavors to evade his condemnation, instead of the passive superiority with which a martyr receives his doom; and we cannot help recalling the stately silence with which Charles I. rebuked his judges on the like occasion.

A momentary lull followed the catastrophe: and then the deadly war of the two contending factions broke forth afresh. During the first months of 1793, the Girondins assailed the Commune, and endeavored to discredit the Mountain by continuing to associate them with the frantic ebullitions of Marat, and by reviving the charges of dictatorial designs against Robespierre. The Mountain retorted with accusations of counter-revolutionary projects and federalism. The Girondins, favored by the Plain, possessed a large, and it must be said, a steady majority in the Convention. Even in Paris they commanded the support of the middle classes. Their party occupied all the most important offices in the ministry. The successes of Dumouriez gave glory to their administration of the government; and they relied on the co-operation of his army against their antagonists. Roland had funds at his disposal to keep the newspapers in pay, and circulate the views of his party throughout France. To this party the great majority of the departments adhered most warmly. A little skill in organising the force of the executive government, and patience until they should have got together the means of acting with effect, would apparently have insured them an easy and certain triumph.

Danton, anxious to clear himself from the guilt of September, and to erect a strong and respectable government, was ready to become the ally of the Girondins, and bring to their aid his sagacity, his courage, and the vast popular force which he wielded. Vergniaud, and other leaders of the party, appreciated the value of his aid, and the wisdom of temporizing with their opponents. Their wisdom was overruled. The younger members of the party, inflamed by the counsels of Madame Roland, would allow of no truce with the advocates of anarchy and massacre. Marat was again assailed; the people of Paris took the part of that furious organ of their passions and prejudices: and the Mountain defended the favorite of the people. By degrees the leaders were involved in the fray; and Robespierre renewing his accusations against the Girondins, exasperated the people against them.

But the Girondins, while thus provoking the conflict, made no preparation for bringing it to a successful issue. They allowed their friends to be successively driven from the chief offices of government, and to be replaced by men indifferent or opposed to them, at the same time that all the lower offices in every department were filled with creatures of the Jacobins. They even permitted the various bodies of *fédérés*, who formed a military force on which they could rely, to be sent out of Paris, until they were left without any means of repressing the mob. While they exhausted the time and patience of the Convention in personal recriminations, Danton was suffered to dictate the policy of the Republic. When the insurrection of La Vendée broke out, the majority began to follow the only leader who seemed to have matured the measures that were required by the crisis; and, in spite of the opposition of the Girondins, at his suggestion the Convention created the revolutionary tribunal, and voted the first laws against the *aristocrates*, and for taxing the rich in order to arm the people.

In the meantime the *Commune* were no ways disposed to resign their power to the Girondins, or leave that party leisure to consolidate a force which might control them. On the 10th of March an insurrectionary movement was attempted with the double object of intimidating the Convention, and of murdering the principal Girondins at their own houses. Timely information enabled the menaced deputies to frustrate the last object; and the energy of

the minister Beurnonville, with a force of *fédérés* from Brest, awed the assailants. Danton, who alone could organize a decisive popular rising, kept aloof, and, indeed, protected the Girondins.

This uncertainty, however, could not long last, in face of the increasing dangers of the Republic. The troubles of La Vendée grew more serious. The French army was defeated and driven out of Belgium; and in the first days of April the public terror rose to its height on intelligence of the defection of Dumouriez. The contending parties sought to cast on each other the odium of connexion with the traitor. The Girondins, Lasource and Biroteau, seized the first occasion of making a detailed charge against Danton, as an accomplice of his treason. Enraged and alarmed at a charge to which his intimate relations with Dumouriez gave some countenance, Danton saw the necessity of throwing himself at once into the arms of the Mountain. He assailed the Girondins with the customary accusations of counter-revolutionary projects, and with furious gestures declared, that from that moment there should be no peace or truce between himself and those who had wished to save the King. He at once placed himself at the head of their assailants, and set about combining the means by which their power might be destroyed.

For six or seven weeks a conflict was kept up between the powerless Assembly and the minority, which was backed by the physical force of Paris. The Girondins, in order to compose an efficient executive within the Convention itself, constituted the famous Committee of Public Safety. They put Marat on his trial before the revolutionary tribunal, where his acquittal gave their enemies a signal and, indeed, fearful triumph. They then struck directly at their principal adversary, and established a Commission of Twelve to examine into the proceedings of the Commune of Paris. That body, thus assailed, lost no time in taking their resolution. The various sections of Paris appeared before the Convention with petitions demanding the abrogation of the Commission and the arrest and accusation of the twenty-two principal deputies of the Girondin party. Tumult and menaces followed. On the interposition of Danton, who wished to avert the last extremities, the Commission was annulled by a vote of the Convention. The next day Lanjuinais, who displayed, in defence of

his party, the same intrepidity which he had shown in endeavoring to save the life of the King, carried a motion to rescind this vote. The mob could be no longer restrained—they declared themselves in a state of permanent insurrection. On the 31st of May they surrounded and entered the Convention. The Girondins protesting against this coercion, quitted their seats; their places were occupied by the mob; and the Commission was again annulled. But the excited populace now required vengeance as well as submission. The cry for the accusation of the Twenty-two was again raised. On the morning of the 2d of June the Convention was surrounded by the armed force of the sections under the command of Henriot; and a hundred pieces of artillery were pointed against the chamber which it occupied in the palace of the Tuileries. Some of the proscribed deputies had already sought safety in flight; others, with Vergniaud at their head, calmly proceeded through the threatening mob to brave the fate which was denounced against them. The Committee of Public Safety endeavored to effect a compromise by inducing the Twenty-two to resign their seats in the Convention. Some did so; others stoutly refused. The menaces of the armed mob increased in violence. As a last expedient to save their colleagues, the Convention, with the president at their head, proceeded in a body to make their way out of the Tuileries. Henriot refused to allow them to pass until they had given up the Twenty-two. At every point they found their passage barred by the insurgent forces; and at length they returned to their chamber, and passed a decree ordering the provisional arrest of the principal leaders of the Girondins.

So closed the political existence of a party which, for nearly two years, had occupied the most conspicuous position in the legislature of their country. Misplaced in a revolution which they were not capable of conducting, they became the victims of those ferocious passions which, after exciting, they had failed in coercing, and with which they scorned to enter into any compromise. A civil war, which at the outset menaced the existence of the Republic, was for some weeks kept alive in Normandy and other parts of France by such members of the party as had escaped from Paris. A majority of the departments joined their cause, and prepared to resist the usurped authority of the Mountain. All of every

denomination who were hostile to those in power, crowded under the banner raised by the Girondins. The natural consequence of this was, that the Royalists, who had long been secretly preparing for resistance, and who possessed leaders of military experience, became everywhere the real masters of the movement, and turned it to their own purposes. No sooner was this apparent, than the insurgents lost confidence in one another. The insurrection subsided as it had broken out, except at one or two points, where it was avowedly continued as a Royalist rebellion. In the course of a few weeks the Committee of Public Safety had almost everywhere re-established its authority; and the only resource, which was left the baffled Girondins, was disguise and flight.

These insurrectionary attempts had fearfully excited the passions of the populace and Convention against those of the Girondin leaders who were in their power; and the assassination of Marat sealed their doom. The early history of Charlotte Corday (whom M. de Lamartine states to have been a descendant of the great Corneille), and all the details of her memorable act and heroic death are carefully narrated. Only one moment of compunction came over her—it was on witnessing the grief of Marat's mistress. She had not conceived it possible that, in destroying a monster, she could be wounding the affections of any human being. Our author gives a striking picture of her as she was conveyed to the scaffold, clothed in the red shirt which was reserved for murderers, and inspiring even the ferocious mob with admiration for her beauty and simple courage. Vergniaud, when he heard the details of her fate, exclaimed, "She kills us, but she teaches us how to die."

From this period commences the Reign of Terror. The perilous condition of society which followed the 31st of May, 1793, had produced a general sense of the necessity of a vigorous executive; and the Committee of Public Safety, taking advantage of the opportunity, succeeded in obtaining complete possession of the administration of affairs. Supported by a disciplined force, under the name of the "Revolutionary Army," it had in its hands the means of crushing opposition and enforcing obedience. For the first time since the meeting of the States General, France possessed a strong government. To suppress rebellion, repel the foreign foe, and terrify the

internal enemies of the Republic, was the first business of that government. For this last purpose the Revolutionary Tribunal was re-organized, and armed with the terrible "Loi des Suspects."

The first sufferer was, perhaps, the one whose fate most revolts us by its injustice—the unfortunate Custine, whose military reverses drew on him the penalty of treason. A nobler victim followed. On the 14th of October the unhappy queen was brought before the Revolutionary Tribunal. Her intrepid protest against the foul charges with which Fouquier garnished his list of calumnies, for one moment rallied the feelings of the audience on her side; but could not avert a doom which was meant to be the penalty both of her former greatness and of her recent hostility to the Revolution. She was conveyed to her fate in an open cart, amid the execrations of the mob, and the savage jests of the infuriated women, whose trade it was to insult the dying. The jolting of the rough vehicle disordered her dress, and added to her sufferings by diminishing the air of personal dignity, which she strove to preserve. Her haughty countenance evinced the mortification and anger which filled her soul; and she died exhibiting to the last her hatred and scorn for her butchers. But the touching narrative does not disarm the justice of its historian. After moving our sympathy by her wrongs, he remains master of himself, and calmly proceeds to review the life and condemn the errors of Marie Antoinette.

The Girondin leaders, who, in conformity with the decree of the second of June, had been watched rather than confined in their own houses, and had refused to avail themselves of many opportunities of flight, had, as the public became exasperated by the proceedings of their adherents, been transferred to the prisons. Seventy-three of the less important deputies of the party were also *décrotés*, lodged in prison, but saved from death by the energetic protection of Robespierre. M. de Lamartine, who endeavors, somewhat at the expense of historical truth, to represent Robespierre as having endeavored to save the Queen (for, he had been the first publicly to demand her trial within a few weeks of that of the King), is supported by more authority, when he attributes to him the wish to save the Girondin leaders from the scaffold. Danton undoubtedly had that object at heart. Both were powerless to resist the rage of their party and the populace. On

the 26th of October the trial of the twenty-two Girondins began. Among them were Brissot, Gensonné, Fauchet, Sillery, and several of the most eminent deputies of the party. All eyes, however, were turned on the last who entered the hall. It was Vergniaud, or rather the wreck of that great orator, whose voice had subverted the Monarchy, and disputed the mastery with Robespierre and Danton. His imprisonment had impressed a livid paleness on his cheek, deprived his eye of its fire, and given his person an unhealthy corpulence. He wore the dress in which the spectators recollected to have seen him habitually dressed in the Convention; but the coat, too small for his swollen limbs, had burst in the seams, and completed the picture of physical as well as political decay. Neither eloquence nor innocence could avail with judges, who regarded the whole public life of the accused as one crime. But the government took care to allow no room for either pity or justice. A decree closed the proceedings, without permitting the prisoners to make their defence. They were declared guilty, and sentenced to death.

The famous supper which the prisoners took together that night is minutely described; and M. de Lamartine has apparently converted this part of his history into a romance, for the purpose of clothing in his own eloquent language the sentiments said to have been expressed on that occasion. Then follows the well-known story of the death of the Girondins, as they went to the scaffold, and successfully ascended it, singing the "Marseillaise" in chorus, till the knife had extinguished the last voice that raised the hymn of liberty.

The at once heroic and truly womanly death of Madame Roland followed in a few days. The news of her death reached Roland in Normandy, and was the signal for his own fate. He left the retreat in which he had found safety, and laying himself down by the roadside put an end to himself. Condorcet was concealed by some generous friends in Paris until the following April. There, with his illusions unabated, he composed his work on the "Perfectibility of the Human Race." A bright sunny day proved too irresistible a temptation to the captive: he quitted his hiding place, sallied out into the suburbs, and enjoyed once more the air, and sunshine, and fields. His appearance gave rise to suspicions: he was arrested, and found next

morning dead, with the phial of poison which he had swallowed still by his side.

A detailed account is given of the escape of Guadet, Salles, Louvet, Barbaroux, Buzot, and Petion, after the rout of the Girondin forces in Normandy. Having, amid fearful perils and sufferings, reached Brest, they got a passage to the neighborhood of Bordeaux, where the friends of Guadet provided them with shelter. Eight months were passed by them, at first in an under-ground vault, and subsequently in the house of a courageous lady. The search for them being then renewed, they separated. Guadet and Salles were taken in the house of the former's father, carried to Bordeaux, and executed. Louvet was saved by his boldness in taking refuge in Paris itself. The others lingered about their former asylum for some weeks, and then endeavored to make their way to the Pyrenees. Some peasants in a field heard the sound of a pistol, and found the half-dead body of the once handsome Barbaroux. A few days after, in a forest at a little distance, were found some mangled limbs, which the wolves had half devoured, and which the clothes and papers discovered with them showed to be the remains of Buzot and Petion. M. de Lamartine has omitted the date of their death, not the least painful circumstance connected with it. That date was in July, 1794, only about three weeks before the fall of Robespierre. Had they contrived to baffle their pursuers for that brief period, they would have been saved.

We have thus followed M. de Lamartine through his narrative: endeavoring to convey to our readers, the story as he tells it, of the period of the Revolution which coincides with that of the existence of the party which forms the ostensible subject of his work. This important epoch occupies altogether six of the eight volumes of M. de Lamartine's history: we regret that the length of our review of it precludes our following him through the remaining two, which continue the narrative to the fall of Robespierre, and are, perhaps, the most interesting portion of the work. The different scenes of the Reign of Terror are successfully delineated with wonderful power. The mass of bloodshed and misery,—the batches of from 60 to as many as 150 victims that each day fed the guillotine at Paris,—the courageous resistance of Lyons, and the atrocious butcheries which followed its subjugation, the cruelties of Leben at Arras, and the

yet more appalling atrocities perpetrated by Carrier at Nantes, are placed vividly before our eyes. Sometimes our attention is directed to the characteristic particulars that distinguish the death of the more remarkable individuals. Now it is Barnave who passes along dejected amid the pity of the people, of whom he was once the idol: now Biron, rising from his wine and oysters to die gaily amid the applauses of the mob: now the wretched Du Barri, screaming "Lavie! Lavie! pour tous mes repentirs:" now Bailly perishing with undaunted soul in defiance of the outrages and blows of vindictive ruffians: now the venerable Malesherbes laying down his life with not unseemly gaiety: now the saintly sister of the King exercising her charity towards her fellow-sufferers in her last moments. We sicken at the prodigality with which the life of whole classes is taken away at once. One day, the *cortège* bears along twenty-seven merchants of Sedan: on another, the sixty farmers-general of the revenue: and on another, forty-five magistrates of Paris, together with thirty-three members of the parliament of Toulouse. One morning a long line of carts convey all the nuns, young and old, of the Abbey of Montmartre. On another are seen a group of girls, of whom the eldest was not above eighteen. They had all been brought up from their native town of Verdun to die for having danced at a ball given to the Prussians.

The most harrowing tale of all is, the destruction of the whole family of the beautiful Madame de Sainte-Amaranthe. In the last days of terror, this family was sacrificed by the colleagues of Robespierre, in order to wound him by their destruction. They were involved in a pretended plot with Cecile Renault, who was accused of attempting to murder him. Eight carts bore to the scaffold sixty-two prisoners, all clad in the red shirt that denoted the crime of murder. Of this number were the porter of the house where L'Admiral had stabbed Collot d'Herbois, and the porter's wife; the crime alleged against them being that they were both guilty of not having broken out into sufficient joy when the assassin was arrested. The last of this group was M. de Sartines, who had to wait three quarters of an hour on the scaffold, and see all whom he loved on earth butchered before his eyes.

A very touching narrative is given of the long sufferings of a man, whose name will

excite no feelings of sympathy—Egalité, once Duke of Orleans. M. de Lamartine has taken some pains to defend this unhappy prince against the accusations, with which his memory is loaded. It has been his hard fate to be taken for the hidden contriver of all those popular movements, which the imagination of the vulgar loves to attribute to some mysterious plotter. The more light that history throws on the events of the Revolution, the more are all of them accounted for by obvious and sufficient causes; and the more insignificant does the part of the Duke of Orleans appear. He was the victim of constant disfavor and suspicion; and much of his hostility to the Royal Family is to be ascribed rather to their fault than his. His chief, if not only, crime was, the base rather than cruel vote which he gave for the King's death, in the vain hope of saving his own life.

A singular anecdote is told of the Duc de Chartres, now the King of the French, which can hardly have been published without the warranty of that high personage. Some business having brought him from Dumouriez's army to Paris soon after the massacres of September, Danton sent for him, and informed him that he had heard that he ventured in conversation to speak too freely on that subject. He told him he was too young to judge of such matters, and added: "For the future be silent. Return to the army; do your duty; but do not unnecessarily expose your life. You have many years before you. France is not suited for a Republic: it has the habits, the wants, and the weakness of a monarchy. After our storms, it will be brought back to that by its vices or its necessities. You will be King! Adieu, young man. Remember the prediction of Danton."

The fall of Danton is clearly detailed and explained. Throughout the whole course of the history he stands out as (what M. de Lamartine calls him) the great statesman of the Revolution. He is the one who, in spite of his coarse manners, his profligacy, and even his terrible crimes, most powerfully excites our interest. M. de Lamartine, however, bears hard upon him in respect of his death. He treats all his memorable sayings and doings, during the period of his imprisonment and trial, as so much straining after theatrical effect. This is a grievous injustice to the most gallant and skilful fight for life made during the Revolution. Danton differed from the other victims of the Reign of Terror in

this: that, even when within the grasp of the Revolutionary tribunal, his deeply rooted influence with the mob gave him a chance of escape and victory. He had something else to do than merely to fall with dignity. He harangued, he bore down his judges by his loud voice and imperious gestures, with a view of exciting a movement in his favor. He was on the point of succeeding. A single friend to direct the actions of the sympathizing populace—a little less energy than that exhibited by the Committee of Public Safety—would, by our author's own account, have turned the scale in his favor.

As we have said, however, Robespierre is the hero of the work. His conduct and motives at every stage are developed with the greatest pains. The least details of his personal appearance, his dress, his daily habits, have been collected with extraordinary care. The ogre of the Revolution is brought before us in all the simplicity of his private life. We enter into his garret at the joiner Duplay's, and do homage to that honest poverty which, once a necessity, continued to be his choice after the fortunes of France were at his disposal: we follow him from the stormy debates of the Jacobins or the fearful labors of the Committee of Public Safety to his modest supper with his host's family, when he talked with them of the events of the day, or read aloud from Rousseau or Racine. His only other relaxation was his walk on the Champs Elysées, with no companion but his mastiff, Brout. Occasionally, when an opportunity was afforded for a day's holiday, or when some great oratorical effort required unusual thought, he would wander forth to the haunts of Rousseau, and pass whole hours of reverie amid the woods of Meudon, or Ermenonville. Even he, too, had his hopes of domestic happiness in a quiet future, when, after the completion of the Revolution, he might be united to Eleonore Duplay, and pass the obscure remainder of his life on his few paternal acres in the neighborhood of Arras.

It is impossible to rise from the perusal of M. de Lamartine's book without a somewhat changed opinion of Robespierre. There is no vindication of his acts. No attempt is made to mitigate our horror at the crimes of which he is reputed guilty; none to justify massacre on the plea of public necessity or righteous zeal. M. de Lamartine's aim is to analyze the motives that actuated Robespierre, as well as determine what was really his share in the

atrocities which were perpetrated in his name. Perhaps he does this with some partiality. He has conceived an ideal frame-work of Robespierre's character, and fills it up by attributing to him particular acts or intentions of clemency, for which he has often little and sometimes no warranty. Still, on the whole, his explanation of this strange character is satisfactory. Historical truth, and a knowledge of human nature, gain by reducing the distorted and exaggerated traits of the monster into the features of a man actuated by the ordinary passions of humanity, gifted with many noble and even amiable qualities, and plunged into eternal infamy by common human weaknesses, tried in fearful times by most extraordinary emergencies.

In order completely to understand M. de Lamartine's estimate of Robespierre, it would be necessary to read his book; but the following passage, at the close of the fifth volume, seems to us to give the best summary of the author's views on a character which most of his readers will hitherto have seen painted only in the darkest colours:—

"There was something of these three elements in the soul of the Convention: a purpose which was true and practically attainable; chimeras, which vanished at the attempt to apply them; fits of rage, which sought to extort by torture the realization of an order of things not as yet in the nature of man. Holy hopes, vain Utopias, atrocious means,—such were the elements that composed the social politics of this assembly, placed between two civilizations to exterminate the one, and herald in the other. Robespierre personified these tendencies more than any of his colleagues. His plans, religious in their purpose, chimerical in their details, became sanguinary when they came in collision with practical impossibility. A frenzy of benevolence seized the Utopian; this frenzy of benevolence has the same effects as the frenzy of mischief. Robespierre held to his chimeras as to truths. Had he been more enlightened, he would have been more patient. His anger arose from his delusions. He wished to be the constructor of a social regeneration; society resisted: he took the sword and thought it was permitted to man to make himself the executioner of God. He communicated this spirit, half through fanaticism, half through terror, to the Jacobins, to the people, to the Convention. Hence this contrast of an assembly resting one hand on the revolutionary tribunal and the instrument of death, and with the other writing a constitution which recalled the pastoral Republics of Plato or Telemachus, and breathed in every page, God, the people, justice, and humanity. Never was so much blood shed on truth. The task of history

is to wash out these stains, and not to reject social justice because a deluge of blood has been spilled over the doctrines of liberty, of charity, and of reason."

The sincere fanaticism of Robespierre was the mainspring of his virtues, his greatness, and his crimes. One high, steady purpose, pursued at every risk, inspired his integrity, his perseverance, and his cruelty. He was at the head of a government assailed by enemies on every side; and he deemed it his duty to uphold that government by striking terror into his adversaries, and disarming opposition. Like all fanatics, he hated his opponents because he thought that the enemies of his righteous cause must be bad men. Still there was in the acts which he sanctioned a prodigality and brutality of cruelty needless for his purpose, fatal to his own views of policy, revolting to the sensitiveness and refinement of his character. We know that such was his own feeling, that he wished to stay the system of terror; that, during the worst period of it, he absented himself from the Committee of Public Safety, and was at direct variance with the "Comité de Sûreté Générale," and had no communication with the Public Accuser,—the two authorities by whom the trials and executions were, in fact, entirely regulated; that he denounced Tallien, Collot, Carrier, and especially Fouché, for their abominable cruelties, which he described as "persecutions of the patriots." We are the more perplexed to explain how it was that, with despotic power in his hands, he permitted the horrors which he himself regarded as both mischievous and disgraceful.

The explanation seems to be, that he did not in truth possess the power which opinion ascribed to him. He could not in reality direct the government of which he was at the head. To understand his position we must examine the powers and defects of his mind. He was a logical and systematic thinker, whose system led him into a dreamy enthusiasm. His leading qualification for public life was a singular power of public speaking. In close, clear logic, in dextrous debating, he surpassed every speaker of his day: while in lofty eloquence, some of his speeches were hardly surpassed by the greatest of his rivals. But, like the Girondins, he could do no more than prove his point and make his speech. With the details of public affairs he was utterly unable to grapple. Thoroughly unpractical, he depended on others—first

on Danton, afterwards on his colleagues in the Committee of Public Safety,—to determine by what steps their purposes should be carried into effect. Without being justly subject to the imputation of cowardice he was timid in action, or rather averse to act at all. Had the great movements of the Revolution waited for him to produce them, they would never have taken place. He shrank from assailing the Monarchy after the adoption of the Constitution of 1791, and had no desire to see a Republic substituted for it. He kept aloof from the 10th of August and the 31st of May. So, when at the head of the government, he had little share in the actual organization of the heroic efforts that saved France. In all cases he left action to others. It was his good fortune that public opinion tended the same way as his, so that the result of its movement, in spite of his inaction, always furthered his purposes. His voyage prospered longer than that of most of his rivals, not from his own good sailing, but because his course happened to lie with the breeze. His ambition was of a patient kind. He loved the applause of his hearers; he took the power which came gradually to him; but he would not precipitate events by grasping it. In his last days the prospect of a Dictatorship did not tempt him. Even the necessities of self-defence could not induce him, on the 9th Thermidor, to ensure a favourable issue to the last movement in his favor, by putting himself at its head. His disposition was to look even then to any but violent means for safety and success; and he easily made up his mind to silent acquiescence in the fate of which a gloomy foreboding had long hung over him.

Such a man was, from his sincerity, his incorruptible character, his great parliamentary powers, the natural head of a republican government, but not its real director and master. There can be little doubt that he wished to restrain the excesses of his colleagues; but he literally knew not how to set about it. He had not the virtue which was exhibited in the conduct and the favorite device of Vergniaud,—“*Potius mori quam fœdari.*” He would not peril himself and his cause by inflexibly rejecting the use of atrocious means. He took the system of terror as part of the necessities of the Revolution; and closed his eyes and ears to its excesses just as he closed his shutters in the Rue St. Honoré,

while the carts went by to the guillotine. When, at last, events required the cessation of that system,—when he had achieved the first of his dreams, proclaimed the “*Être Suprême*,” re-established religion as the basis of his Republic,—when he was hoping to lay the foundation of a peaceful order of things, he faltered before his better purposes, cast vainly about for the materials and instruments of action, and allowed himself to be surprised and butchered by the most vulgar and sanguinary ruffians of the Revolution. He paid the penalty of his weakness by his death, and in leaving his name loaded with execration, for guilt in which he had participated unwillingly, as well as for crimes which his own fanaticism had prompted.

In thus attempting to make our readers acquainted with the general effect and character of M. de Lamartine's work, we have not ventured to give any extracts from those more striking parts of his narrative, which best exhibit the brilliancy and clearness of his descriptive style. The real merit of these large pictures cannot be estimated from particular portions of them; and as they are the parts of the original work, of which the effect depends the most on the author's mastery of the language, they are precisely those to which it is least possible for a translation to do justice. The pictorial power of the narrative constitutes the distinguishing merit of this history. M. de Lamartine has shown that he possesses in an eminent degree one, at least, of the first qualifications of a great historian, namely, the gift of stamping on the reader's mind a living impression both of great transactions and of the men that bore a part in them. Far be it from us to derogate from the merits of those who, by extensive research and correct analysis, ascertain the facts of history and explain the connexion of events. It is only by a long series of such inquiries and speculations that the materials of history are duly matured and brought together. But they are not the histories from which mankind takes its impressions of the past. He who would give the world its historical beliefs, must bring to the task the gifts of the poet as well as of the philosopher; must be able to depict incidents as in an epic, and make each character appear and act with dramatic distinctness and effect. No historian of the Revolution has done this so strikingly as M. de Lamartine; and none, therefore, will in all

probability exercise so extensive an influence on the popular views which will be generally entertained of it.

That influence, no question, will be very much diminished by the want, in M. de Lamartine, of other qualities which are required to complete the character of a historian. His work is wanting, not merely in accuracy and research, but in the indications of large, calm, and solid thought. While we think that the author does more than any preceding historian towards giving a reasonable explanation of the events of the Revolution, and while we generally agree in the justice of M. de Lamartine's conclusions and sympathize with his feelings; we feel that he does not express those conclusions in the tone of a philosopher, who has deeply meditated and thoroughly mastered his subject. His narrative exhibits constant marks of exaggeration. The subject, undoubtedly, has a tendency to produce this fault. All the moral phenomena of the Revolution were on a great scale, the vicissitudes unusually rapid, the results vast and overwhelming, the character of men so tried by circumstances as to develop extraordinary manifestations of intellect, of virtue and of wickedness. But we cannot understand what heightening or transforming powers the Revolution could have possessed over female beauty; when we find, therefore, that hardly a woman appears on the scene, or is even mentioned as the wife or daughter of some distinguished man, but her beauty is represented as having been perfectly wonderful, we cannot but suspect that other pictures may be equally overcharged. The story of the daughters of M. Fernig, who served as soldiers in Dumouriez's army, bearing the fatigues, exposed to the perils, and sharing in the glories of the brilliant campaigns of Valmy and Jemappe, is romantic enough in its simplest outline: M. de Lamartine makes it absolutely ridiculous by investing the young ladies with the physical strength and prowess of Paladins. The same tendency to exaggeration is exhibited in every matter, in which numbers are in question. There is throughout too great a disposition to heighten the effect of the narrative by adopting the largest estimates hazarded by contemporary writers; and our belief in the melancholy realities of the Revolution is shaken rather than confirmed, by somewhat incredible torrents of blood and heaps of carcases.

We should be happy to think that what we have taken for indications of a want of sound and sober thought, may be only the consequence of the excessive rapidity with which the "History of the Girondins" has been written. It betokens, however, little wisdom in an author, who writes for fame and not for bread, to have composed a great work on a great subject without giving himself sufficient time for thought. Let us hope that M. de Lamartine will avoid this most deplorable fault in the "History of the Constituent Assembly," which he promises us. A gestation of nine years is more essential to a history than even to a poem. We know not whether M. de Lamartine has in him the capacity of being a great historian, but he has so many of the highest qualifications, that there will be few literary mistakes more deeply to be regretted than that he should be found to have sacrificed his chance of usefulness with posterity to the vanity of astonishing his contemporaries by the celerity of his execution and the brightness of his colors.

RECOLLECTIONS OF "OLD MORTALITY."—The Rev. Dr. Maclay, in describing the Philadelphia cemetery, observes:—Laurel Hill, the place selected as the principal cemetery of Philadelphia, is distant about three miles from the city. Passing a short distance along the main carriage-road, you reach the group of statues of Old Mortality and his Pony, of Sir Walter Scott, sculptured of freestone by a self-taught artist, Mr. Thom. This was the principal object of my visit. When a boy, I have often seen Old Mortality, who always made his home at my mother's house, when he visited our part of the country, and the deeply thrilling incidents which he told me of the martyrs, and the sufferings they endured for Christ's sake, left a permanent impression on my mind; and the appearance which this singular personage then made is still vivid, as he approached either riding or leading the companion of his journeys—a little pony—by a halter of hair or rope, with a straw cushion instead of a saddle. Thus accoutred, he travelled from one churchyard to another throughout Scotland, happy if he could find some Cameronian epitaph from which his chisel could remove the moss, or deepen the record which told of the virtues of his country's martyrs, who, in 1685, had been thrown into prison by the Privy Council, for the political and religious views which they entertained. To this pious duty he devoted his life, which was protracted to his 86th year. Having no wants but of the simplest kind, which were readily supplied by those who sympathized with his enthusiasm, applause did not encourage him, and obloquy had no other effect than to bring out into bolder relief the lineaments of a nature which distinguished his countrymen at that period, and whose character their great delineator has said, shows most to advantage in adversity. The time and scene, when and where this high-hearted enthusiast breathed his last are known, but the place where his bones repose has never been ascertained.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE KING OF BAVARIA, MUNICH, AND LOLA MONTEZ.

BAVARIA, it would seem, is regarded as the Boeotia of modern Europe. Both the country and the inhabitants have certainly acquired a bad reputation. They are either spoken of with a sneer, or are passed over altogether as utterly unworthy of consideration. "What do I care about Bavaria?" says the politician. "It is a country sunk in moral apathy; in diplomacy, it is a non-entity; the people are mere slaves of the caprices of a king, who, in his turn, is ruled by the whims or the passions of a woman, whose oddities have made her the subject of European scandal. What are Bavarian affairs to me?" Yet if this declaimer were asked what interest he took in the politics of Prussia, he would be instantly on the *qui vive*,—would talk about the marvellous precocity with which that juvenile kingdom has developed into a first-rate power,—would expatiate on the political value of the Rhine provinces, on the richness and growing activity of the manufactures of Old Prussia,—and, probably, he would wind up with a glowing account of the chivalrous efforts made by Frederic William to educate his people in freedom, and a highly-colored anticipation of the effects to be produced on the awakening mind of Germany by the example set in Prussia of an absolute monarch voluntarily abandoning his absolutism, and transmuting it into that bugbear of the autocrat—a constitution. He would, perhaps be startled if he were reminded, that this much-despised Bavaria possesses, in a more developed form, and in a more compact and governable shape, those elements of prosperity on which the future hopes of Prussia are built; that not merely in the Palatinate, and in those parts of the kingdom bordering on the Rhine, but also in other provinces of the kingdom, the Bavarian peasantry are, physically and morally, superior to any in Europe; that they are more independent, and, in that sense, richer than the peasantry of most other countries; and that, as well by the ancient laws of the kingdom as by more recent concessions from the crown, the Bavarian people, in general, are in the enjoyment of more substantial political rights than are possessed by the people of any European country, not excepting, improbable as it may seem, France, and even Eng-

land itself. Still, our supercilious politician has some reason on his side. Circumstances—of which more, perhaps, hereafter—have hitherto constrained Bavaria to play an insignificant part in the great drama of Europe; and as the causes which bid fair to place her in a position of counterpoise to Prussia are, at present, slow and hidden in their working, it is natural that the country should be supposed to be still in that political night which has enwrap it almost since, some forty years ago, it was erected into a kingdom. It is not our intention, however, to enlarge on these topics here. Suffice it to say, that the majority of thinkers too hastily condemn the Bavarian people. But advocates may be found for them in artists and lovers of the arts. The painter, the sculptor, will point to the treasures of art which are stored up in the capital,—to the new developments of genius which have been stimulated by royal patronage; and will protest, with earnestness, against the general and sweeping condemnation. The English traveller, too, who, with a small library of hand-books, starts off to scour the world in search of "sights," and who, perhaps, in his chart of movements, has calculated to "do Munich in a week," pauses amidst the many monuments of princely taste and munificence by which he is surrounded, and wonders that while the *dilettanti* have raved so about other capitals, they should have thought and said so little about this newly created capital of the arts. But even such chance witnesses as these, assuming them to be bold enough to speak their minds, have not been able to produce any palpable effect upon the world's opinion, that a Bavarian is the incarnation of dulness, slowness, stupidity, and political and social abjectness.

The present King of Bavaria, strange to say, has shared with his country and his people this general misapprehension or oblivion. One is not, on reflection, so much surprised that an out-of-the-way kingdom like Bavaria, which is generally supposed to produce only broom-girls and beer, should be undervalued or forgotten. It had been so long under the shadow of the Austrian eagle, that diplomatists and politicians had accustomed themselves to look upon it as a sort of political appanage of the *quasi* Ger-

man empire. But that the king should have been confounded with his people—should have been set down as only a vain poetaster—half-tyrant, half-*dilettante*—who divided, between writing bad verses and cobbling his subjects' manacles, the time he could spare from setting an example of persevering and ostentatious immorality to those who, in theory at least, were bound to look up to him as a father, is indeed surprising to any man who may have taken the trouble to investigate his public conduct since he came to the throne. The best excuse, perhaps, that can be made for those who thus undervalue a man who is really a unique and remarkable character, is, that in Munich itself, the scene of many of his most praiseworthy acts, are to be found the greatest number of his detractors. If any man can hope to be a "prophet in his own country," surely a king, unless he be the most arrant of tyrants, sots, or fools, ought to be that man. He is the fountain of grace, and the incarnate terror of the law. Whatever be his character, one would suppose that he must inspire either love or fear—that, at all events, towards a person so situated, the feelings of his subjects could never be those of apathy, still less a more decided sentiment in the same direction. Yet, a pretty extensive observation of the state of opinion in the Bavarian capital has convinced us—that is to say, of course, the writer of this article—that King Louis I., who has done more to secure the political and social well-being of his people than any ruler they ever had from the twelfth century downwards; who may almost be said to have called into existence Munich as a metropolis, and imparted to it characteristics which will secure it imperishable renown; is not only not understood (that, perhaps, would be too much to expect), but not even misunderstood, in his own capital, and by those of his subjects who are necessarily acquiring, daily, the most substantial advantages, to say nothing of their prospective expectations, from his enormous personal exertions, the unusual bent of his taste, and his unparalleled pecuniary sacrifices. This, we say, is some excuse for the foreigner, who, overloading with praise, perhaps, other European sovereigns, altogether passes by one whom, taking him as a whole, and admitting the extent and number of his faults, we may fairly declare to be the most remarkable and meritorious of them all. At the same time, let us in justice say, that all the inhabitants of

Munich are not obnoxious to this condemnation. There are enlightend men in all ranks of life, who will do justice to the character of their king, and regret that in Munich itself there should be so much indifference. From men in exalted rank we have often heard his praises; but we were much more struck one day with the remarks of one in a humble sphere, who said,—“Ah, sir, I am ashamed of my townsmen. The king is too good for them, and has done too much. They are ungrateful. If he had been a soldier, and had caused the destruction of a million of his people, they would admire him very much; but because he has made Munich a place that all the world will come to see, and has spent his revenues in promoting the greatness of his kingdom and the welfare of his people, they think nothing of him at all, or they think poorly of him because he has some odd ways which make them laugh.”

These “odd ways that make them laugh,” are at the bottom of the misapprehension to which we refer. The King of Bavaria has, from the first, committed an unpardonable offence against society. Had he been the most arrant tyrant *en règle*, that would have been accepted as a matter of course; but he has dared to be a rebel against that greatest tyrant of all, Custom; and much as kings may dare, they must be cautious how they revolt from that leaden despotism. The King of Bavaria has always acted on his own impulses, rejecting the aid of etiquette—the mute, machine-like body-guard of monarchs. He has been a Haroun Al-raschid and a Charles II.—or say, rather, a Henry IV.—combined. Oblivious, from time to time, that his royalty fixed all eyes upon even his most trifling and secret proceedings, he has acted as if he had been a simple private gentleman. Ostrich-like, if he could hide his crown, he thought, perhaps, to be concealed from the observation of the inquisitive. Not that he cared for their thoughts or their remarks; he is too single-minded a person for that; but that he positively never troubled himself with their constructions, and believed that he could at all times relapse into his kingly state and dignity without any taint of scandal on account of his escapades. Such a habit of mind as this may survive intact, while supported by the vigor and elasticity of youth; but, as age creeps on, it transmutes bold and varying violations of established forms into confirmed eccentricities, which appear ridiculous to weak-minded

persons, who have not the power of seeing the true character under this motley garment of oddities. The King of Bavaria, therefore, is not a hero, with a whole city for his *valet-de-chambre*. The besotted people, who owe to him everything that has tended to elevate them in the European scale, think not either upon the great impulses he has given, from time to time, to rational freedom among them, and well-timed reform, or upon the enormous sacrifices he has made to anticipate for Bavaria the gradual development of ages; but dwell, with a sinister tenacity on the one hand, upon acts of power which he has resorted to in troubled times to sustain his authority; on the other, upon the stories, sometimes silly, sometimes indescribably *piquant*, which have floated about in their coteries till they have become, as against a benevolent and large-minded ruler, a species of concrete scandal.

We could fill pages with stories of the kind we refer to, some which ought not to be told, others which would require the powers of a Dickens or a Thackeray to do justice to them. One we may relate, not because it is the best, but because it illustrates the familiar manner in which the king mixes with his people. Among the uneducated of Munich, a habit prevails of using the third person singular of the past tense of the verb *to be*, to answer for all persons,—first, second, and third; and for all tenses,—past, present, and future. We have no parallel in England for this habit; but there is some approach to it in those persons who, wishing to be super-correct, always say “I were.” Now it happened that there was a *Gastwirth*, or innkeeper, who was landlord of an establishment much frequented in the outskirts of Munich, an original, and who was notorious for his perseverance in this habit. One morning the king, in his usual daily ramble, found himself in this place, when, of course, Herr Gastwirth came out to salute him, with that mixture of familiar *bonhomie* and respect for his station which characterizes the Bavarian people.

“Well, Herr Gastwirth,” said the king, “and so you are the landlord of the — Garten?”

“Yes I *was*, your majesty!”

This, of course, was what the king wanted to hear.

“But are you not still the landlord?”

“Yes I *was*, your majesty,” answered again the unconscious Gastwirth.

“But when were you landlord?”

“I *was* a long time, your majesty.”

“And so, I suppose, you hope you will be?”

“Yes, thank your majesty’s goodness, I hope I was.”

The king could bear it no longer. He had been often baffled in his questions by this stupid habit of some of his subjects. With one of his peculiar and forcible gestures, which made the astonished landlord fear he was about to receive a royal *coup*, the king replied, in his laconic style, “Then, Herr Gastwirth, I can tell you, you *were* an ass, you *are* an ass, and you always *will be* an ass!”

And with that the irate grammarian hurried away, leaving the poor publican utterly ignorant in what he had offended his usually good-natured king.

Another anecdote is told of this king, which will sound rather oddly to English ears; but, as we are about to give the bright side of his character, it is only fair to add some of his foibles. Among these is conspicuous an excessive jealousy of his authority. It is true that he very seldom has occasion to manifest it. His subjects, whatever may be their indifference to his royal virtues, always shew him great personal respect. As has been said, he is very fond of rambling alone, on foot, about the city and neighborhood. Even late at night he never uses a carriage, which is only resorted to on state occasions. It is impossible not to be conscious of his approach, even at a considerable distance, as you see a long line of pedestrians suddenly arrested in their progress to or fro, and standing with their hats off, ready to greet him as he passes. This is not always the easiest thing to the by-stander, for the royal eccentricities extend even to the walk. A stranger, not knowing the rank of the remarkable-looking person who approaches, is considerably puzzled. He sees advancing, with short and irregular, but very firm steps, a tall, well-proportioned personage, who is evidently utterly indifferent to what is passing around; who walks, not in a straight line, but in a sort of zig-zag, like forked lightning, and yet with a confidence as though, were he to go against a wall, it would crumble at his approach; with a strongly marked, angular countenance, still bearing traces of manly beauty; and whose fixed but powerful eye bespeaks an utter abstraction and intellectual absorption. The strange effect is

somewhat enhanced by the costume worn by this erratic, phantom-like pedestrian. Generally, a hat of no accepted shape, an English cut-away coat, buttoned closely to a figure somewhat spare, and close-fitting trousers, with gaiters, give his majesty the air of one of the fine old breed of fox-hunting country gentlemen, who, being nervous, hale, and strong, show "signs of blood" in every line of their hardy, cast-iron frames. Absorbed in thought, he bows, mechanically, to all appearance, yet courteously, and even affectionately, to the hatless spectators who happen to stand in the way of the accidental tortuosities of his course. His march might be likened to that of a whirlwind, so many uncovered heads does it leave in its track.

Yet it is not always easy to anticipate which way the royal steps will bend, and the story that is told of him might, perhaps, have arisen out of this difficulty. One day—it was at a time of some political excitement—the king was in the Ludwigstrasse, followed and preceded, as usual, by a line of bowing subjects. But there was one among them who, whatever may have been his reason, stood erect and covered among the rest. Perhaps he might be a stranger, but it was not so; perhaps he was a malecontent, but if he were, political passions should not excuse breaches of politeness, or a neglect of that etiquette which prescribes an obeisance to crowned heads; perhaps he calculated that the king was too abstracted to notice him. If he did this, he reckoned without his host. The quick eye of the king detected his rudeness. Probably he knew both the man and his motive. At all events, it seems that, without stopping in his course, or more than glancing at his disrespectful subject, he simply raised his hand as he passed and knocked his hat off. The story is rather popular in Munich than otherwise. It is told with a sort of affectionate approval, much, as the Ironsides might have chuckled over some of the coarse buffooneries of Oliver, or the French or Prussian soldiers over the practical jokes of Old Fritz or the little Corporal. The affair could only have happened in a country governed on the German principle. Here, were a royal person to do such a thing, it would be regarded either as a piece of outrageous insolence or tyranny, or as a gratuitous absurdity; but in Bavaria there is not that broad line of social demarcation between king and people which we find

here, and it would be admitted that he had a perfect right to avenge what all would agree to have been a personal insult. The customs and manners of the people are much more primitive than among us.

The reader will see, from the foregoing anecdotes, that in announcing the intention of doing justice to the character of the King of Bavaria, we are not about to make a hero of him, or to present any highly colored ideal; but, in truth, this monarch deserves to hold a higher place in the good opinion of his contemporaries than we are inclined to believe he possesses at present.

Without him, Bavaria would have been, in every respect, a nonentity. He is usually thought of as a man of weak character, with a strong propensity for forming picture-galleries and writing verses. Finding such a discrepancy, even in Munich, between his deeds and his reputation, we were tempted to inquire what else the king might have done which might entitle him to the character of a wise, beneficent, and patriotic monarch; and, if the reader be not wearied with the subject, he may, perhaps, be inclined, on a perusal of the catalogue, to think with us that there have been many contemporary monarchs who, having received much more praise than King Louis, have done much less to deserve it. *Appropos* to the general subject, it may be mentioned, that to this monarch is owing the merit of having first conceived the idea of the Zollverein, which is usually attributed to the King of Prussia.

The King of Bavaria acts mainly on the impulses of his own thought and observation. He takes a very active, personal share in the government of his kingdom. One of his early acts may be recorded as an instance of the benefit to be derived from acting on the instincts of humanity and common sense, as opposed to the dry logic of political economy. To make the matter more clear, let us put a case. The land is held in Bavaria on the feudal principle. Every proprietor, however small may be his holding, holds directly, or at not more than one or two removes, from the crown. He cannot be deprived of his possession so long as he pays the very fair and moderate dues which are demanded from him, and which, in most cases, stand in the lieu of rent, while, at the same time, they give him a vote in the election of members to the Chambers. Thus, the Bavarian peasant, living under what is called a despotism, might compare his position advantageously

with that of the Irish peasant, living under what the English delude themselves into believing are free institutions, tortured by rack-rents, and deprived of the protection of a tenant right. In one respect, however, the two countries, at the time King Louis began to interfere in such affairs, were alike. In each, the cultivators of the soil had, from various causes, become destitute of the necessary means wherewith to carry on their labors.

It took the English government years and years of goading, before they hit on the expedient of advancing money from the State on the security of the land in Ireland, in order to enable the proprietors to put it in cultivation. And, even then, true to those instincts of unfair preference for classes, which are the disgrace of Englishmen, they advance this money to the *quasi* rich; that is to say, to the owners of the soil, without obtaining effectual guarantees that the poor tiller, to whom prescription and long labor ought to have given a right, even superior to that of the Bavarian peasant, should be protected in the enjoyment, on equitable terms, of his holding. Now let us see what the King of Bavaria did—did, too, of his own impulse, while still not more than five-and-thirty years of age. Finding certain districts of his kingdom impoverished, and all, more or less, shackled by the want of funds, he organized a system, the very opposite to that of our centralization, by which every part of the country, in divisions, is subject to the investigation of a provincial councillor of state, who is held responsible for certain duties, and who is to report from time to time to the government the condition and wants of the cultivators in those districts. Thereupon, his Majesty erects a most valuable institution; that is to say, a provincial state treasury, from which the cultivator of the soil, be he high or low, rich or poor, can, from time to time, obtain on fair and moderate terms money from the State. The time, mode, and amount of repayment, are regulated by the means of the borrower. The land is, of course, the security; and the right of tenure would become forfeited were the money not repaid. But we are informed that the system works extremely well; that forfeitures have rarely, if ever, occurred; and that, as a general rule, the prosperity of the country has been enhanced by this measure. The actual cultivator of the soil, thus protected in his independence, is not the trembling slave for sale in a rising or falling labor-market. He has a

living relation with the State, to which he looks as to his steady friend; and the more he advances his own interest, the more he is adding to the sum of that of the whole community. What disconnects this plan the more from the supposed jealousy of despotic power is, that the State, by advancing these moneys, is really supplying the peasant with the means of rendering himself absolutely independent. Although this annual rent or tax is paid to the crown, it is competent to the tenant to purchase the absolute fee-simple of his holding, by the payment of a certain number of years' impost in advance. We forget the exact number; but the amount is absurdly small compared with the annual rent. The consequence is, that a few years' labor and application will enable the tenant to effect the purchase. It seems, then, that the establishment of these *land-rathe*, and provincial treasuries, indicates a beneficial spirit on the part of the king. One of the early acts of his reign, too, was to procure the passing of a law, renewing the national guard of the kingdom—another proof that he was not afraid to trust his subjects. Nor should we omit to mention, although the measure had no material effect, that the king very early restored the old limits of the provinces of Bavaria, which, under French influence, had been divided differently; and differently named. The object of this restoration appears to have been to aid in reviving and consolidating Bavarian nationality.

The canal, which unites the Maine with the Danube, and thus creates an uninterrupted line of water communication from Rotterdam to the Black Sea, owes its origin and its execution to the King of Bavaria. It may be said to be the grand achievement of his reign, for its ultimate effects are likely to be of immense importance. The circumstances under which the king conceived the idea are singular. When a young man, history was an absorbing study with him, more particularly those historical works which furnish the materials for modern authors. Among the rest was Eginhard's *Life of Charlemagne*, in which it is stated that the emperor, for the purposes of a war which he was then carrying on, conceived the idea of cutting a communication between the two rivers, which, indeed, he commenced. The termination of the war, or some other cause, led Charlemagne to abandon the plan; and, in the course of centuries, it was utterly forgotten, until the

King of Bavaria saw its importance, and determined to give it new life. King Louis immediately set to work to realize his conception. Surveys were made, and it was found that the cost would be about eight millions of florins. Circumstances rendered it desirable at the time that the king should not be the sole enterpriser, and he, therefore, interested Rothschild, of Vienna, in the scheme, by whose aid, and under the patronage of the king, a joint-stock company was formed, and the capital provided. As the works proceeded, however, it was discovered, as usual, that the engineer's estimates fell far short of the real wants of the company, and that, instead of eight, twelve or thirteen millions of florins would be necessary. Upon this the king came forward and guaranteed, from his own means, the difference, amounting to between four and five millions of florins, and the shares of the company are still sold in order to repay the king his advance. His majesty, however, has had the satisfaction of seeing this great work completed, and it will ever remain a monument of his enterprise and munificence.

Although the king has, until lately, been classed with the politically bigoted monarchs of Europe, he was one of the first to throw himself, heart and soul, into the railroad system. He was the prime mover of the plan for the national railways of Bavaria, in which he invested a considerable amount of capital. In the same liberal spirit of enterprise, and with the same desire to facilitate communication, he took a most active share in originating and promoting the company for running steamboats from the highest navigable point of the Danube, above Donauwerth, down to Regensburg, thus rendering more efficient the service of the new canal. These steamboats have since been purchased, at the king's instance, by the State, and the service is now very well performed under the orders of the government. Among the many public works and institutions promoted by the King of Bavaria for the advancement of his people, may be mentioned the establishment of a State Loan and Exchange Bank, where persons can obtain advances upon approved securities, at all times; so that they are relieved from the fear of those commercial panics which are the disgrace, as well as the misfortune, of the English system; while, at the same time, they are protected, at times when money may be scarce, from the extortion of

the usurer. The king has also established a Polytechnic School, and an Agricultural School; he has reorganized the School of Architects, and the Academy of Sciences. He has founded an Orthopædic Institution, and has established a School for the Blind, which he has endowed at an expense of three hundred thousand florins, out of his own purse.

It is upon Munich, however, that the great force of his munificence has been lavished. When he came to the throne, his kingdom was scarcely more than a quarter of a century old. He seems to have been immediately conscious of its deficiencies, and to have determined, as we have already hinted, to anticipate, in a lifetime, the gradual development of centuries. His kingdom was without a capital. Nominally, Munich was the metropolis, but it had none of the characteristics of one. There were other cities in the kingdom far better entitled to that distinction. It was, in fact, little more than a large town, which had grown up, as it were, by accident, on a vast plain; which had neither the antique beauty of a city of the middle ages, nor the elegance of a modern capital; and which was almost wholly destitute of public buildings or monuments. To make such a place as this a hotbed for architecture and the arts, was a herculean undertaking. No one but a man of extraordinary character would have conceived the idea, or have persevered in executing it. The king is now a sexagenarian; his work is still far from being completed; yet he perseveres as if it were the first day of his enterprise, giving his personal superintendence to the most minute details, and opening his purse with as much liberality as if he had not already expended millions upon millions of florins out of his private revenue, for the gratification and the honor of a thankless people.

We are not about to enter into any detailed description of the different monuments with which the king has enriched Munich. A book might be written upon them. But an enumeration of them will give the reader some idea of the extraordinary activity and enterprise of King Louis, when we add, that down to the minutest details they have been personally superintended by himself, in the intervals of an habitual application to the public business of the country, for which there are few parallels, even among the most laborious of ministers. The modern part of the city,

which is built upon a distinct plan, has grown up entirely in consequence of the impulse given by the king. It occupies already more than twice as much space as the old town; and if, in a critical point of view, it may be objected to, on account of the uniformity of architecture in the houses, on the other hand it is admirable for the grandeur of the streets, and the regularity of the design. Among the churches built by the king are the St. Ludwig's Church, the Aller Heiligen Chapel (which cost the king two millions of florins), the Theatiner Church, which cost about three millions, the Basilica (which cost the king two millions of florins), and the Au Church. Among the public buildings are the new palace, the Glyptothek (the building of which alone cost the king one million and a half; and the statues it contains, upwards of three millions), the Pinacothek (the building of which cost nearly two millions; and the pictures it contains, upwards of twenty millions), the Odeon (a large building, devoted to music and dancing, and where you hear concerts by a band equal to the Philharmonic, for a florin, and which cost the king four hundred thousand florins), the Public Library, the idea of which was the king's, though the funds were furnished by the State; the University, also the king's idea, but paid for by the foundation; the Clerical School (the same), the School for the Female Children of the Nobility; the Stained Glass Manufactory (the whole expense of which was paid by the king); the Feldherrenhalle, a grand building at one end of the Ludwigstrasse, built and paid for by the king, and filled with statues, for which he has also paid; the Arch of Triumph, at the other end of the same street, also paid for by the king; the Ruhmeshalle, a building on the Theresien Wiese, in front of which the magnificent statue of *Bavaria* is to stand, and which cost the king upwards of two millions; the Bazaar, and the new Palace. These are the chief buildings erected by the king in Munich. There is also the Walhalla, a grand building near Ratisbon, for the reception of sculpture, and which, independently of its contents, has cost nearly six millions, defrayed by the king; and another grand building at Kellheim, more magnificent than any of the others, now building by Von Klenze, from designs by Gartner. It is monolithic; and the cost, independent of its contents, will be at least nine millions.

The reader will smile at this auctioneer's-catalogue mode of estimating the public spirit of the King of Bavaria. One might urge in excuse, that, at least, it is quite an English valuation. But we are not proposing to criticize the services rendered by his majesty to the arts: that has been done, and will be done still more hereafter, by others; and we would rather come to a part of our article which will probably be more interesting.

But before writing about Lola Montez, it would be well to premise, briefly, the position of the king and kingdom before the appearance of that lady in Munich created so complete a revolution in affairs.

The king came to the throne filled with the most liberal ideas. He was prepared, not merely to carry out the theory of a paternal government, but also to admit his people to a very large share of political freedom. For all this he was long looked upon with suspicion by other continental powers. The reader need not be reminded that a great movement in favor of Liberalism and Constitutional Government has for many years been going on throughout Germany. The culminating point of that movement in our own day has been the attempt of the King of Prussia to trust his subjects with a constitution. The King of Bavaria would have done that fifteen or twenty years ago, not in form merely, for in form it has long existed, but in substance. He is an ardent admirer of England and her theory of government, and, in the early part of his reign, was by no means indisposed to adopt it in full practical force for his own kingdom; but, unfortunately, with all his admirable qualities, the German is not an Englishman. Say, rather, he has not had the advantages Englishmen possess in going through a regular training in the exercise of political privileges. In relation with the old despotic forms of government in some parts of Germany, the German may be spoken of without disrespect as having been, politically speaking, a slave. Emancipate a slave suddenly, and you alone are to blame if you do not find him practising the steady virtues of a free man. Those who have studied the characteristics of German liberalism, will have noticed its tendency to unmanageable theory. All continental Liberals commit the error of grasping at our results without paying the penalty of our experience. With the best intentions in the world, they would adopt a system

which, without graduated and experimental development, would plunge them into national anarchy and weakness. In Germany, especially, the old system and the new cannot be quickly fused. You cannot safely put the new wine into the old bottles. Frederick William of Prussia, since he has gone a Quixotting with his constitution, has had one or two hard hints to this effect. Now the King of Bavaria, as has been said, had all the will, years ago, to go a Quixotting too. Not the wildest of his subjects could be enamored of theoretical constitutionalism than he. But, fortunately, perhaps, for him, and ultimately for his kingdom, to liberal sentiments he united the instincts of autocratism; and ere he had practically ratified the constitution enjoyed by his subjects, by giving them, in effect, the power which, in theory, they enjoyed, a sudden fright, which he shared with other German sovereigns at the revolutionary movements of 1830, made him suddenly rein in and refuse to budge a step further. Whether this was in consequence of counsels given by those who subsequently became a reactionary ministry on almost despotic principles, or whether he chose those councillors to carry out his own preconceived will, it matters not. One thing seems to be universally admitted—that, although in an economical sense the administration of public affairs was benign, and the people were rendered substantially happy, yet in all that related to political freedom, and, *pro tanto*, to personal liberty, the utmost jealousy was manifested. Bavaria exhibited an absurd parody of the Austrian system. A paternal government was seen for ever with a sugar-plum in one hand and a rod in the other; and the latter was laid on too often and too vigorously. During many years that followed the system of contraction, the government of Bavaria, although it had at its head a man whose abilities as a minister are cheerfully acknowledged even by his most inveterate political opponents, degenerated into a low, petty, grinding tyranny—a system of exclusion to all who did not bow down before the priesthood—a system devised and executed with a devilish ingenuity—until, at last, it became intolerable to all but the favored few. Were we to enumerate even a few of the obstructions offered, at every turn, to the natural development of enterprise or the expression of opinion, the reader would not credit us. Whether it be just or not to attribute the then exist-

ing state of things to the Jesuits, it is admitted by all but the parties interested in proving a negative, that the whole country, through its guiding minds, was under the influence of a priestly tyranny, which found its virtues in petty persecutions.

A Jesuit will naturally point to the scheme of his society, and the code of its laws, in order to prove the impossibility of such a system being organized by his order. But the popular instincts take a royal road to conviction, and as they found the effects in existence, while it was notorious that Jesuits had the chief ear of those in power, they jumped to the conclusion that they were the active causes of those effects. Meanwhile, the constitution existed, not merely on paper, but also in an organized mockery of its forms. There were two Chambers, and the Lower Chamber was elective. There was freedom of speech, and year after year addresses were voted to the crown claiming more substantial privileges. But the answer of the government was a continued refusal of ministerial responsibility, an augmentation of priestly power, and the retention of a rigid and insulting censorship of the press. The reputation and external influence of the kingdom were rapidly sinking under a system which was, after all, but the exact, but overstrained, development of mistaken good intentions. "Sir," exclaimed an intelligent native of Munich, who had travelled much, "wherever I went, it was with shame I acknowledged myself a Bavarian."

But a new agent appeared upon the stage—Lola Montez. It is impossible to say whether this lady came to Munich with a definite political object or not. There are two stories on the subject, which, as usual, contradict each other. The gossip, in some of the scandal-loving coteries of Munich, is that there were persons of great political power, not Bavarians, but having an interest in Bavarian affairs, who desired to see the influence of Austria overturned in that kingdom; that, knowing how much the King of Bavaria was accustomed to subject himself to female influence, they looked about for a fit instrument to displace at once, and for a permanency, the influence employed on the opposite side, and to carry out by a *grand coup* the revolution they meditated. The story built upon this is, that a nobleman, an intelligent agent of these intriguers, discovered in the present Countess of Landsfeldt the exact person they wanted; that he himself brought her to

Munich, and was the medium of her introduction to the king.

The opposite story accounts for her presence in a very different and in a more natural manner. It is said, that this now so celebrated personage, having a singular independence of character, and not conceiving herself bound by the rules of conduct self-imposed, or imposed by society upon others, had long been in the habit of travelling from city to city, seeking, by the employment of talents which she supposed herself to possess, to augment the income she already enjoyed, and so enable herself to support those habits of luxury and expense to which she had been accustomed. It is further said, that after having been to several places—where sometimes she essayed her talents and failed, and sometimes she merely lived upon her means, as, for instance, at Baden-Baden, where for a long time she was an object of attraction to a gay society—she came to Munich, where she obtained the opportunity of dancing at the theatre; but, of course, failed to make an impression, except that which her beauty and distinguished manners invariably created for her. Here, it is added, she attracted the notice of the king, who, first struck by her personal attractions, soon became still more enamored of her originality of character, her mental powers, and, above all, of those bold and novel political views which she fearlessly and frankly laid before him. A total revolution soon after took place in the Bavarian system of government; the existing ministry received their *congé*, a new and more liberal ministry was appointed *pro tem.*, and the King of Bavaria, from that time forth, reverted to his former maxims and principles of government: what was called Austrian influence was flung off, and the foundation was laid for making Bavaria an independent member of the great German family of nations.

It is with no slight hesitation, and with a deep sense of difficulty, that we approach the subject with which we shall conclude this article. There are certain eternal and immutable moral laws which are the basis of the social system, its life and life-blood, and its spiritual organization. For no purpose whatsoever must those laws be disregarded, or set aside. Therefore, for the interests of society, it is right to record an abstract condemnation of what, in a moral point of view, can never be defended. The reader's own mind will supply all that we

would say, but which is better left unwritten, on this part of the subject. The ostensible position of the parties to whom we refer is one which has not been seen in England during the last two reigns.

We must, however, take the facts as we find them; and without seeking to palliate what admits of no justification, go on to describe, without partiality or favor, the results to which they appear to have led.

The popular notion of Lola Montez, judging from newspaper paragraphs, presents her as a beautiful specimen of an embodied fury. Her past public career is supposed to have consisted of several attempts to dance at different opera-houses, where, not being sufficiently admired, she vented her disappointment on the audience, by indulging in expressions and gestures only to be heard or seen at Billingsgate, or in the purlieus of Covent Garden. Passing over the asseverations, from personal observation, of mutually contradicting scandal-mongers, as to her birth, parentage, and education, she is generally regarded as a person who has led a very scandalous and dissipated life; who has been mixed up with English *roués* and French *littérateurs*; who has figured in public trials; and who has altogether denuded herself of the privileges of her sex, by having lived the life more of a man than of a woman. So much for her antecedents. As to her present position, the popular idea is that she has acquired a pernicious ascendancy over the King of Bavaria, whom she holds in subjection by a low influence. For her way and manner of life, it is supposed that she walks about Munich with a large and ferocious bulldog, whom she deliberately sets upon those persons whom she has not herself the physical power to beat. This dog, it seems, has a peculiar instinct for worrying Jesuit priests; and so sagacious is he that, even now that the Jesuits are ostensibly expelled, he can detect the abhorred principles under the most profound of clerical disguises. Further, it appears that the chief occupation of Lola Montez is to stir up the disaffected and demoralized population against the constituted authorities: that she seizes every occasion to outrage public decency,—as, for instance, by going to the Opera, or by walking for exercise, or riding for pleasure, through and about the city, and a variety of other offences against good order; which she occasionally relieves by spitting in the face of a bishop, thrashing a coal-heaver, smashing shop-windows, or breaking

her parasol over the head and shoulders of some nobleman adverse to her party. These, judging from newspaper paragraphs, are her public actions. In Munich itself, stories of her private conduct are freely circulated,—as, for instance, that she is constantly deceiving the king; that she beats her domestics and friends, or occasionally amuses herself by tearing with her nails the flesh from the face of some one or other of those cavaliers who number themselves in her train of admirers. All these are very shocking habits, and the belief in them is highly complimentary to the taste and good sense of the King of Bavaria, who has allowed, for more than a year, such an original termagant to hold the position of chief councillor in the affairs of his kingdom. For those by whom these stories are circulated do not fail to attribute to the personal influence of their fair enemy every step made by the king towards giving greater political freedom to his subjects.

With the first portion of this dainty catalogue it is not necessary to trouble the reader. Whatever may have been the antecedents of Lola Montez, they have nothing to do with her present proceedings. Say, rather, that the worse you can make her out to have been before occupying her present position, the more meritorious is her conduct now, if it be proved that she is turning that position to good account. But on the stories told of her proceedings at Munich, a few words may be said. There is an intangibility about all the charges that are made against her, of grossly violent and improper conduct, which renders it difficult to disprove them. An unfair course was pursued by her political enemies. She would herself have no hesitation in saying that Jesuits were the prime movers in all these cases; and certainly it is true that no gentleman—no man, accountable to society, would have resorted to such unmanly proceedings. Lola Montez has quite faults enough, without being saddled with such monstrous and ridiculous imputations. These stories have usually been sent from Munich to English and French newspapers, the editors of which have inserted them for the sake of their piquancy, to say the least,—unless, indeed, some underhand influence was used. The object of the authors of these stories was palpable enough. Knowing the character of the king, and how, from his mind being of a poetical cast, he not only sees through his imagination, but is also extremely sensitive to anything

coarse or ridiculous, they thought it best to make the character of his fair ally so odious, so disgusting, so unwomanly, in the eyes of the world, that, at last, public opinion would act upon him, and he would become ashamed of the connexion. For let the reader understand that the moral indignation, of which there was so much displayed in these various attacks, is, unfortunately a sham. Those who have probed Munich society will know what we mean, and those who have not are better kept in ignorance. It was not that the King of Bavaria had a mistress which offended these hypocritical calumniators, but that he happened to have an ally in Lola Montez, who had the courage and the influence to open his eyes to the monstrous iniquities perpetrated in his name, and of which he incurred the odium. A lady, who formerly had the reputation of holding the equivocal position which she now holds, was not only tolerated but patronized for many years, because she made her influence subservient to the then dominant party. The morality of these gentlemen was not then rampant, as now, but kept a steady pace in a golden harness. Of the stories of the proceedings of Lola Montez since she has been in Munich, some are utterly unfounded in fact, and others are ingenious but most gross exaggerations of simple and harmless occurrences. For a long time the authors succeeded in working on the hot temper of the fair Spaniard, till they provoked her into displays of which they made good use; but, from the moment she was warned how she was played upon, her natural good sense and force of character enabled her to control herself, and avoid giving fresh cause of scandal.

We repeat, that in the main, and in all respects that would ascribe to Lola Montez low and unwomanly conduct, these stories are untrue. The “bull-dog” is a quiet, affectionate, gentlemanly, English animal, with a magnanimous countenance, and not a bull-dog at all. On the other hand, we believe, that in many cases where she has been grossly insulted by, or by the orders of, men of position, in a manner which the lowest bully in England would consider unworthy of his sex, she has exhibited the natural resentment of a passionate, a very high-spirited woman, but in a manner that would be considered in this country perfectly becoming and justifiable. A love of justice is the Englishman’s passion: the popular feeling is embodied in the maxim that you

should give even the devil his due. As for the effect of these measures on the king, circumstances place us in a situation to state it in his majesty's own words.

We make no apology for giving our readers the poems which we shall interweave in this article. If he ask how we got them, we regret not to be able to gratify his curiosity. Perhaps they were picked up in the palace—perhaps they found their way to us through an anonymous correspondent—perhaps, anything, in short. This much we assure him—they are genuine. The first we shall quote puts the case in a clear shape. If the reader thinks the King infatuated, he will at least see that he is consistent in his infatuation.

Here is the poem: the translation is in literal prose:

To the Absent Lolitta.

The world hates and persecutes
That heart which gave itself to me;
But however much they strive to estrange us,
My heart will cling the more fondly to thine.

The more they hate, the more thou art beloved;
And more and more is given to thee
That of which they yearn to deprive thee.
I shall never be torn from thee.

Against others they have no hate;
It is against thee alone they are enraged;
In thee everything is a crime;
Thy words alone as deeds they would punish.

But the heart's goodness shows itself—
Thou hast a highly elevated mind;
Yet the little who deem themselves great,
Would cast thee off as a Pariah.

For evermore I belong to thee:
For evermore thou belong'st to me:
What delight! that like the wave,
Renews itself out of its eternal spring.

By thee my life becomes ennobled,
Which, without thee was solitary and empty;
Thy love is the nutriment of my heart;
If it had it not it would die.

And though thou might'st by all be forsaken,
I will never abandon thee;
For ever will I preserve for thee
Constancy and true German faith.

The next poem describes the fair Spaniard in her political character, as struggling for truth:—

To the Absent Lolitta.

From thee, beloved one, time and distance separate me,
But however distant thou might'st be,
I should ever call thee my own,
Thou eternally bright star of my life.

The wild steed, if you strive to daunt him,
Prances only the bolder on and on:
The ties of love will tie us so much closer
If the world attempt to tear thee from me.

And every persecution you endure,
Becomes a new link in the chain
Which, because thou art struggling for truth,
Thou art, for the rest of my life, cast around me.

Whether near or far off thou art mind,
And the love, which, with its lustre glorifies,
Is ever renewed, and will last for ever.
For evermore our faith will prove itself true.

The third poem, of those bearing on politics, breathes the same sentiments, but in stronger terms. It is entitled,

Sonnet to Lolitta and Ludwig.

Men strive with restless zeal to separate us,
Constantly and gloomily they plan thy destruction:
In vain, however, are always their endeavors,
Because they know themselves alone, not us.
Our love will bloom but the brighter for it all—
What gives us bliss cannot be divorced from us—
Those endless flames, which burn with sparkling
light,
And pervade our existence with enrapturing fire.
Two rocks are we, against which constantly are
breaking
The adversaries' craft, the enemies' open rage;
But scorpion-like, themselves, they pierce with
deadly sting—
The sanctuary is guarded by trust and faith;
Thy enemies' cruelty will be avenged on them-
selves—
Love will compensate for all that we have suffered.

In the following sonnet the royal poet does not clearly intimate whether he has renounced the political or the personal rivals of the fair Lolitta:—

Sonnet to Lolitta.

If, for my sake, thou hast renounced all ties,
I, too, for thee, have broken with them all;
Life of my life, I am thine—I am thy thrall—
I hold no compact with thine enemies.
Their blandishments are powerless on me,
No arts will serve to seduce me from thee;
The power of love raises me above them.
With thee my earthly pilgrimage will end.
As is the union between the body and the soul,
So, until death, with thine my being is blended.
In thee I have found what I ne'er yet found in any
The sight of thee gave new life to my being.
All feeling for any other has died away,
For my eyes read in thine—love!

We do not know the exact meaning of the expressions towards the close of the next poem; but it seems that the fiery and strong-minded Spaniard, from some cause or other—probably, if we are to believe the papers, because she had tried to throw a waiter out of window and failed—had temporarily lost her courage and

cheerfulness. The king attributes the change to the persecutions she suffers; but declares, in poetical style, the more they try to force him from her, the more he won't go :—

*The Evening of the 6th July.
To Lolita.*

A glance of the sun of former days,
A ray of light in gloomy night!
Hope sounded long-forgotten strings,
And life once more as erst was bright.

Thus felt I on that night of gladness,
When all was joy through thee alone;
Thy spirit chased from mine its sadness,
No joy was greater than mine own.

Then was I happy for feeling more deeply
What I possessed and what I lost;
It seemed that thy joy then went for ever,
And that it could never more return.

Thou hast lost thy cheerfulness,
Persecution has robbed thee of it;
It has deprived thee of thy health,
The happiness of thy life is already departed.

But the firmer only and more firmly
Thou hast tied me to thee;
They can never draw me from thee,—
Thou sufferest because thou lovest me.

Now, in a few words, we will describe what Lola Montez is, how she lives, and what is her exact social and political position; begging the reader, that he may fairly appreciate, to put off his English moral spectacles, and don, for a few moments, continental ones.

The house of Lola Montez at Munich presents an elegant contrast to the large, cold, lumbering mansions, which are the greatest defect in the general architecture of the city. It is a *bijou*, built under her own eye, by her own architect, and is quite unique in its simplicity and lightness. It is of two stories, and, allowing for its plainness, is in the Italian style. Elegant bronze balconies from the upper windows, designed by herself, relieve the plainness of the exterior; and long muslin curtains, slightly tinted, and drawn close, so as to cover the windows, add a transparent, shell-like lightness to the effect. Any English gentleman (Lola has a great respect for England and the English) can, on presenting his card, see the interior; but it is not a "show-place." The interior surpasses everything, even in Munich, where decorative painting and internal fitting has been carried almost to perfection. We are not going to write an upholsterer's

catalogue, but, as everything was done by the immediate choice and under the direction of the fair Lola, the general characteristics of the place will serve to illustrate her character. Such a tigress, one would think, would scarcely choose so beautiful a den. The smallness of the house precludes much splendor. Its place is supplied by French elegance, Munich art, and English comfort. The walls of the chief room are exquisitely painted by the first artists, from the designs found in Herculaneum or Pompeii, but selected with great taste by Lola Montez. The furniture is not gaudily rich, but elegant enough to harmonize with the decorations. A smaller winter room, adjoining the larger one, is fitted up, quite in the English style, with papered walls, sofas, easy chairs, all of elegant shape. A chimney, with a first-rate grate of English manufacture, and rich thick carpets and rugs, complete the illusion: the walls are hung with pictures: among them a Raphael. There are also some of the best works of modern German painters; a good portrait of the king, and a very bad one of the mistress of the mansion. The rest of the establishment bespeaks equally the exquisite taste of the fair owner. The drawing-rooms and her boudoir are perfect gems. Books, not of a frivolous kind, borrowed from the royal library, lie about, and help to shew what are the habits of this modern Amazon. Add to these a piano and a guitar, on both of which she accompanies herself with considerable taste and some skill; and an embroidery-frame, at which she produces works that put to shame the best of those exhibited for sale in England; so that you see she is positively compelled at times to resort to some amusement becoming her sex, as a relief from those more masculine or unworthy occupations in which, according to her reverend enemies, she emulates alternately the example of Peter the Great or Catherine II. The rest of the appointments of the place are in keeping; the coach-house and stabling (her equipages are extremely modest, and her household no more numerous or ostentatious than those of a gentlewoman of means), the culinary offices, and an exquisite bath-room, into which the light comes tinted with rose-color. At the back of the house is a large flower-garden, in which, during the summer, most of the political consultations between the fair countess and her sovereign are held.

For her habits of life, they are simple. She eats little, and of plain food cooked in the English fashion; drinks little, keeps good hours, rises early, and labors much. The morning, before and after breakfast, is devoted to what we must call semi-public business. The innumerable letters she receives, and affairs she has to arrange, keep herself and her secretary constantly employed during some hours. At breakfast she holds a sort of *levée* of persons of all sorts,—ministers in *esse* or in *posse*, professors, artists, English strangers, and foreigners from all parts of the world. As is usual with women of an active mind, she is a great talker; but, although an egotist, and with her full share of the vanity of her sex, she understands the art of conversation sufficiently never to be wearisome. Indeed, although capable of violent, but evanescent passions,—of deep, but not revengeful animosities, and occasionally of trivialities and weaknesses, very often found in persons suddenly raised to great power,—she can be, and almost always is, a very charming person, and a delightful companion. Her manners are distinguished, she is a graceful and hospitable hostess, and she understands the art of dressing to perfection.

The fair despot is passionately fond of homage. She is merciless in her man-killing propensities, and those gentlemen attending her *levées* or her *soirées*, who are, perhaps, too much absorbed in politics or art to be enamored of her personal charms, willingly pay respect to her mental attractions and conversational powers.

On the other hand, Lola Montez has many of the faults which history has recorded of others in like situations. She loves power for its own sake; she is too hasty, and too steadfast in her dislikes; she has not sufficiently learnt to curb the passion which seems natural to her Spanish blood; she is capricious, and quite capable, when her temper is inflamed, of rudeness, which, however, she is the first to regret and to apologize for. One absorbing idea she has which poisons her peace. She has devoted her life to the extirpation of the Jesuits, root and branch, from Bavaria. She is too ready to believe in their active influence, and too easily overlooks their passive influence. Every one whom she does not like, her prejudice transforms into a Jesuit. Jesuits stare at her in the streets, and peep out from the corners of her rooms. All the world, adverse to her-

self, are puppets, moved to mock and annoy her by these dark and invisible agents. At the same time, she has, doubtless, had good cause for her animosity; but these restless suspicions are a weakness quite incompatible with the strength of mind, the force of character, and determination of purpose, she exhibits in other respects.

As a political character, she holds an important position in Bavaria, besides having agents and correspondents in various courts of Europe. The king generally visits her in the morning, from eleven to twelve, or one o'clock; sometimes she is summoned to the palace to consult with him, or with the ministers, on state affairs. It is probable, that during her habits of intimacy with some of the principal political writers in Paris, she acquired that knowledge of politics and insight into the manœuvres of diplomatists and statesmen which she now turns to advantage in her new sphere of action. On foreign politics she seems to have very clear ideas; and her novel and powerful mode of expressing them has a great charm for the king, who has himself a comprehensive mind. On the internal politics of Bavaria she has the good sense not to rely upon her own judgment, but to consult those whose studies and occupations qualify them to afford information. For the rest, she is treated by the political men of the country as a substantive power; and, however much they may secretly rebel against her influence, they at least find it good policy to acknowledge it. The last change of ministry, which placed Prince Wallenstein as foreign minister at the head of affairs, and Mr. Berx as minister of the interior, was her act. Whatever indiscretions she may, in other respects, commit, she always keeps state secrets; and can, therefore, be consulted, with perfect safety, in cases where her original habits of thought render her of invaluable service. Acting under advice, which entirely accords with the king's own general principles, his majesty has pledged himself to a course of steady but gradual improvement, which is calculated to increase both the political freedom and the material prosperity of his kingdom, without risking that unity of power which, in the present state of European affairs, is essential to its protection and advancement. One thing in her praise is, that although she really wields so much power, she never uses it either for the promotion of unworthy persons, or, as other favorites have done,

for corrupt purposes. During her early career, long before her influence or her position became consolidated, the most enormous and tempting offers were made to her to quit the country and leave the field open to the displaced party. These were rejected with disdain; and there is good reason to believe that political feeling influences her, not sordid considerations. Her creation as Countess of Landsfelt, which has alienated from her some of her most honest liberal supporters, who wished her still to continue in rank, as well as in purposes, one of the people; while it has exasperated against her the powerless, because impoverished nobility; was the unsolicited act of the king, legally effected with the consent of the crown-prince. Without entrenching too far upon a delicate subject, it may be added, that she is not regarded with contempt or detestation by either the male or the female members of the royal family. She is regarded by them rather as a political personage, than as the king's favorite. Her title of Countess is accompanied by an estate of the same name, with certain feudal privileges and rights over some two thousand souls, who find no reason to complain of the change. Her income, including a recent addition from the king of twenty thousand florins per annum, is seventy thousand florins, or little more than 5000*l*. In addition to this, she has private property of her own, in the English or French funds, a great portion of which consists of shares in, we believe, the Palais Royal at Paris, left her by Dujarrier in his will, made on the day he went out to fight that duel in which he lost his life, and for unfair proceedings in which his antagonists have recently been punished by the French criminal courts. While upon this subject of her position, it may be added, that it is reported, on good authority, that the Queen of Bavaria (to whom, by the way, the king has always paid the most scrupulous attentions due to her as his wife) very recently made a voluntary communication to her husband, apparently with the knowledge of the princes and other members of the royal family, that should the king desire, at any future time, that the new countess should, as a matter of right, be presented at court, she (the queen) would offer no obstacle.

In dismissing this part of the subject, we must beg to remind the reader that we do not attempt in any way to palliate or justify the kind of connexion subsisting between the King of Bavaria and his favorite. All

we have proposed to do is to explain the actual relations of the parties, and to counteract those false statements by which, we repeat, the cause of morality can never be truly served. A few words more, and we dismiss the subject. The relation subsisting between the King of Bavaria and the Countess of Landsfelt is not of a coarse or vulgar character. The king has a highly poetical mind, and he sees his favorite through his imagination. Knowing perfectly well what her antecedents have been, he takes her as she is, and, finding in her an intellectual and an agreeable companion, and an honest, plain-spoken councillor, he fuses the reality with his own ideal in one deep sentiment of affectionate respect.

GERMAN LITERARY PIRACY.—We find the following in a late number of the London *Athenæum*. It is from a correspondent:—

"I beg leave to trespass upon your attention for a few moments while I state a fact which concerns all those who are, like myself, not only readers but purchasers of German books. I wanted, a few days since, some tales for children in the above language; and having received from a German friend a strong recommendation of those by Gustav Nieritz, with a list, containing the titles of his works, I chose those which appeared most attractive, and ordered them from London. Among these was one entitled 'Der reiche arme Mann;' after reading a few pages of which I discovered it to be a translation of Miss Sedgwick's story, 'The Poor Rich Man and the Rich Poor Man.' On turning to the two title pages, I found the words 'Abgedruckt von Gustav Nieritz;' but this was all. There was not the slightest hint given that this was a translation; and moreover, on examining it carefully, I found that the scene was laid in the 'Elbthal,' instead of in New England—that New York was changed to Hamburg—the hero's name from 'Harry Aikins' to 'Heinrich Schmidt'—and one of the female characters is represented as going from 'Germany to England or America;' whereas in the original her transit is from New England to the Southern states. In short, the book is made as nearly as possible a German story. I do not know what the German laws are as regards translation, but surely this translation, with its various changes, ought to have been acknowledged by the editor. Otherwise it seems to me little short of literary piracy, misleading all those who, living at a distance from London, cannot see foreign books before ordering them. It ought also to be a lesson to the metropolitan booksellers to ascertain the real authorship of tales before they print the titles in their catalogues, for I must add that, upon referring to the catalogues of the principal foreign booksellers, I found this 'Reiche arme Mann' designated as a tale by Nieritz.

DRUIDICAL TEMPLES IN SCOTLAND.—Several of the Druids' places of worship are still to be seen in the Highlands. Above Dochmaluag, there is a pretty large one, the stones of which, it is maintained by many of the peasants in the district, are said to have been at one time human beings, which were overtaken with judgment for dancing on the Sabbath day. Hence the name Clachan Gorach, or foolish stones.—*Rosshire Advertiser*.

From the Westminster and Foreign Quarterly Review.

SWITZERLAND AND ITS CONDITION.

Die Schweiz und ihre Zustände. Reise-erinnerungen. (Switzerland and its Condition. Recollections of Travel.) By Theodore Mugge. Hanover: 1847.

IN the volume before us, the picture of the social, moral, and physical condition of the cantons during the year preceding the war, throws much light on the events that have subsequently occurred, and on what may prove to have been the last hour of the existence of the Swiss Confederacy.

The author is one long well-known in Germany, though, we believe, not yet to English readers, to whom, however, the interest of the subject he has chosen will now, perhaps, afford a favorable opportunity of introducing him.

Few countries in Europe have claims to attention so many and various as those of Switzerland, yet it has been its singular fate, while it has been more visited than almost any other, to be less generally understood. Its rocks and glaciers, and roaring torrents, and blue lakes, the magnificence of its mountains, and the charms of its pastoral valleys, have been gazed at and described until the returning tourist has become a terror to his friends. The name of their William Tell is a household word over all Europe, and been repeated till—in sheer weariness, we must imagine—our critical German friends have taken to declaring, “they don’t believe there ever was any such person.” But few have concerned themselves much with the subsequent fate of a people with whose early struggles they have felt so warm a sympathy, and the only class of the Swiss people with which strangers have formed much acquaintance has been that of the landlords and postillions. It is not very uncommon to hear the cantons spoken of as if they were provinces, and the Diet regarded in the light of a House of Parliament; instead of which it is a Congress of Ambassadors, who do but obey exactly the instructions given on every question, and have no further authority than is afforded by the Federal Pact or Treaty of Alliance.

Even the physical character of Switzerland is often mistaken, from the circumstance of tourists running so nearly in the same tract. It is by no means entirely a land of high mountains. The cantons of Aargau, Thurgau, Schaffhausen, Basel,

Zurich, and even part of Berne and St. Gallen, present little more than the gentle hills of the neighboring Wurtemberg and Baden, which, indeed, in the Black Forest, can show far more rugged and mountainous districts. They are merely Steppe countries, whose highest summits do not exceed two thousand feet. The range extending from the south of the canton of Freyburg to the lake of Constance, including the Rigi, and reaching to a height of 5,500 feet, may be considered to form the first mountain girdle of Switzerland. Southward of this, from the Lake of Geneva, stretches another and loftier range, forming Mount Pilate and the Schwyz mountains, and terminating with the Santis peaks on the Rhine. The third mountain wall lies still further south, running from Savoy through the Bernese Oberland, which it separates from the Valais. In this range rise the enormous masses of the Schneehorn, the Finster Aarhorn, the Jungfrau, &c., whose peaks are covered with everlasting snow and ice, and which link themselves with the mightiest chain of primitive granite and gneiss, which fill the Tyrol, and separate Switzerland from Italy. Towards the plains of Lombardy the descent is rapid and abrupt, forming a striking contrast with the gradual rise on the northern side.

Berne, Aargau, Zurich, Basel, and all the most important towns, lie in the milder and less elevated region, and it is not till we have passed this that we find ourselves in the true pastoral highlands.

The populations occupying western Switzerland and the shores of the Lake of Geneva speak French. The German language prevails over all the north and east; at the foot of the St. Gotthard, the Splügen, and the Simplon, it meets the Italian; and in the Grisons a dialect of the Latin, the Romansch, is chiefly used.

To this difference of language and physical character is added a still greater diversity in mode of life and occupation, in social institutions and religious faith, and, we may even add, in forms of government, for at all events, until lately, the cantons of Switzerland, though all bearing the same

common name of Republic, comprehended almost every variety, from the most complete democracy, through various forms of oligarchy, up even to the limits of absolute monarchy in Prussian Neufchatel.

Instead, therefore, of wondering that a confederacy composed of so many heterogeneous materials should not always remain perfectly united, we shall be rather inclined to ask what is the powerful bond which has hitherto cemented together elements so discordant. We believe that bond to be a deep and well-grounded conviction in the minds of the Swiss, that whatever may be the defects of their political institutions, they are, beyond comparison, preferable to those of the countries by which they are surrounded; and although the organs of arbitrary governments, in the German press in particular, lose no opportunity of expressing themselves shocked at the commotions of Switzerland, and of thanking heaven that they are "not as these men," yet the Swiss themselves are often greatly amused at the pity bestowed upon them, and could be tempted, by no possible inducement, to exchange a system which affords them so many solid advantages for tranquillity beneath a paternal gripe like that of Austria.

The unhappy dissensions to which the country is at present a prey need not make us forget the whole previous course of its history; and if we compare the amount of suffering experienced by Switzerland from war and civil discord in the five hundred years during which the Confederacy has subsisted, with that endured by any monarchy in the same period, the result of the comparison will certainly not be in favor of the latter.

One of the first symptoms by which the author perceived that he had entered the Swiss territory, although the soil and its productions, the people and their language, were exactly similar, was the negative blessing of the absence on the frontier of *gens-d'armes*, or custom-house officers, and the pleasant consciousness that neither he nor his luggage would have to be subjected to scrutiny in search of passports or contraband goods. He learned also that in the republic of Schaffhausen, which he had now entered, the taxes paid by the inhabitants did not amount to more than about eighteen pence a head per annum, while their neighbors across the frontier, who rejoice in a Grand-Duke, pay eight times that amount.

But how short-lived is human happiness!

M. Mugge soon found that though the imposts of the government were light, those of the innkeepers were enormously heavy.

In the little town of Schaffhausen, one of the branches of industry carried on with the greatest vigor is the "*exploitation*" of strangers who come to gaze at the beauties of the falls of the Rhine; and the approach of the migratory flocks of travellers is watched for as anxiously in its season as in some other countries that of the birds or fish, which make an important part of the people's subsistence. "A fine summer brings thousands of the welcome gold-scattering guests—a bad one keeps them back; and since every Swiss brings with him into the world as an original instinct, the propensity to money-making, it is an occasion of national mourning when the state of the weather seems to threaten a bad harvest of tourists." It is hardly necessary to say, that the concourse of idle visitors tends in Switzerland, as everywhere else, greatly to the demoralization of the people, and is unquestionably one of the obstacles in the way of their happiness and true progress.

The extortions of innkeepers had it seems at one time risen to such a height, as to threaten to work its own cure by depriving them of their accustomed prey; and they found it expedient to enter into a coalition, and agree to carry on their predatory occupation for the future with more moderation, since when, travellers enjoy the advantage of regular though severe laws, in place of being subjected to uncertain piracy. The allied innkeepers, whose names are to be found in most guide books, have established a price current, according to which every guest is to be fleeced; and whether his dinner be good or bad, abundant or scanty, he has the satisfaction of always knowing what he is to pay for it.

At the moment of M. Mugge's arrival, the city of Schaffhausen was preparing for the celebration of a festival of one of those many associations for rifle-shooting, music, or other purposes, ostensibly of amusement, which have arisen in Switzerland since 1815, and which have had, he thinks, no small share in bringing about the subsequent movements, "by contributing to keep alive the consciousness of freedom, and a feeling of brotherhood among the citizens of different cantons."

The ruling powers have not been blind, however, to the dangerous opportunities these meetings might afford—indeed have afforded—for the expression of discontent,

and for the formation of societies for very different purposes; but they could not attempt to suppress them; and the radicals, who have gained so entirely the upper hand in the largest cantons, have mostly been distinguished members of these associations. Counsellors, deputies, presidents and burgomasters have been taken from their ranks, and the societies have served as props to their power, and rallying points in times of danger; "but the old aristocrats have always kept aloof from them, and the great majority of their members has always consisted of young men of the middle classes."

"The present meeting at Schaffhausen was on the occasion of a musical festival, to be celebrated on the 14th and 15th of June, 1846, and guests were streaming in from far and near, not merely from various parts of Switzerland, but also from Germany.

"The quiet old town was dressed out in all the holiday finery that could be mustered; the old stone houses were hung all over with garlands of leaves and flowers, which were also sometimes suspended across the street; and the gates were decorated till they looked like triumphal arches; and mottoes and sentences—some of welcome to the visitors, some to the honor and glory of Switzerland, and sometimes exhortations to unity, or to faithfulness, and devotion to the cause of liberty, were introduced in a hundred places through which the throng was pouring in—in carriage, on foot, or in steam-boat.

"On the great market-place of the town, called the *Herrenacker*, or Lords' Field—where, in former days, knights and nobles held tournaments—was erected, at the expense of the city, the grand banqueting booth, where eight or nine hundred of the singers and their friends were entertained till a late hour in the night, and where were made the political speeches, never wanting at any Swiss meeting. There were, of course, a good many oratorical flourishes, introduced to tickle the vanity of the auditory; but there was also many a true, earnest, and kindling word uttered, that would not be readily forgotten.

"The president of the association, M. Schenk, made a very animated speech, in which he extolled his native country as having been for ages an island of freedom and refuge for many who might have perished in the political storms of surrounding nations. He declared that Switzerland was resolved never to shrink from any struggle which should lie in the way to a true victory, and feared only torpor, indifference, and a peace which was the peace of the grave.

"Several speakers rose after him who spoke forcibly on the subject of the present dissensions; and a M. Bentz, from Zurich, pronounced a philippic against the Jesuits and their allies,

who would fain keep the people in ignorance and slavery, and establish their own power on the ruins of Switzerland. A school director, from Aargau, 'followed on the same side,' warning the people against narrow-mindedness, spiritual darkness, lies, Jesuits and Jesuitism, and declaring he saw symptoms of a renewal of social harmony, in the love of music that had that day brought them together. The Landamman of Aargau condemned the caprice and insincerity of party, and exhorted his hearers to remain true to their personal convictions. The best of the really popular speakers were two clergymen, from the banks of the lake of Zurich, who made very humorous speeches, full of allusions, that were taken up with enthusiasm by the assembly."

To M. Mugge, as a German, there was something striking and attractive in the bold, free tone of the speakers on this occasion—their calling things at once by their names, instead of seeking to envelope their meaning in a thousand ambiguous coverings—and in the circumstance of their addressing themselves to the assembled people, without any one fearing any of the awful consequences which, in Germany, are supposed to result from their participation in political knowledge. "In Switzerland it is by no means necessary to be a Radical to admit that the people have a full right to hear whatever their fellow citizens may have to say to them."

The early history of the country, and the memory of the men who laid the foundation of its freedom, are sure to find a place among the *stock* topics of orators on these occasions. The valor, the fidelity, the purity of morals, the unquenchable love of liberty, which belong, or are supposed to belong, to the character of the Confederates, form appropriate subjects for compliment; and William Tell, Winkelried, or some other hero of the olden time, never fails to make his appearance in due season, and to produce his due effect. "William Tell is the weak side of the Swiss; they believe in him as in the Gospel, and will not yield to criticism one iota of his story; although it is in fact a matter of very little consequence to them whether such a person as the marksman of Uri ever lived or no."

Against this opinion of Herr Mugge we must take leave to protest; and the acknowledged powers of German criticism could, in our opinion scarcely be worse employed than in endeavoring to extinguish the glory of a name that has kept alive the fire of patriotism in the hearts of successive generations for five hundred years. In the

present divided and distracted state of Switzerland, there are but too few of such rallying points for the affections.

The enthusiasm with which the Swiss, sober as they are, look back to this period of their history, was exemplified on this occasion by the applause they bestowed on certain broad-shouldered men of Schaffhausen, who, attired in the costume of the thirteenth or fourteenth century,—with long beards and enormous halberts, and looking appropriately grim, were planted at the gates which the choruses of singers had to pass through, and greeted, as the play-bills have it, with “immense applause.”

We pass the remainder of the festival, and the natural but delusive anticipations of the restoration of peace and goodwill in the hearts of those who could thus unite, for purposes of social and refined enjoyment, to accompany the traveller to Zurich, “the intellectual centre of German Switzerland.”

Few if any of the Cantons are more favored by nature, for fertility of soil and mildness of climate. To its abundant productiveness in corn and wine and fruit, and the active industry which secures its material prosperity, it unites the advantage of a greater unity among the inhabitants, who are nearly all Protestants of German race, and followers of their native reformer, Zwinglius.

“Few great towns in Switzerland can boast of environs of such surpassing beauty; the country round is like one great garden full of orchards and vineyards, corn-fields and rich plantations of every kind. Not a spot of waste land is to be seen, and every foot of ground has yielded its tribute to the industrious hand of man; while scattered all round lie the clean, neat, comfortable dwellings of the owners of these industrious hands. Along the two shores of the lake of Zurich, runs a continued chain of country houses, manufactories, farms, villages, peasants’ cottages, and the dwellings of industrious weavers and artisans. The city seems to throw out two arms around the bright water—polypus arms of prosperity and industry, which reach even into the lap of the mountains.

“Fine roads also run along both shores of the lake, which form the frontiers of several Cantons, and meet in Zurich, which in the course of the last fifteen years, has begun a new era of political life. The ancient walls and bastions have been broken down; the remains of the dark prison tower on the lake, which has so often echoed to the sighs of the victims of the old aristocracy, have sunk in its waves, and a new and brighter day of freedom has dawned upon the people.

“There are indeed still among the old citizens those who sigh for the good old times, and shake their heads mournfully as they contemplate the

place where their fortified gates once stood. Many have for years not been able to resolve to set foot on any of these desecrated spots, though it is very hard to know what in fact they are grieving about. The old town of Zurich, with its dull narrow streets, and tall, gloomy, old houses, whose narrow windows admit scarcely any light, is assuredly no agreeable place of abode.

“But on the site of the ancient fortifications, magnificent mansions are to be found, built quite in the modern style, with gardens and all improvements. Far-stretching streets and roads, that reach up to the declivity of the mountain, stately public buildings—as, for instance, the Cantonal School, and the new Hospital, bearing witness to the impulse which its young freedom has given to their city—might, one would think, console these worshippers of the past for their lost privileges, and *if they could be induced to reflect on the transitory nature of all earthly advantages*, teach them not to think of these as of a property of which they have been robbed.

“The Commune of Hottingen, with its beautiful buildings, raising its head as if in triumph above the old town, is wholly the work of the last fifteen years. This is the place to live in for any one who wishes to make any stay in Zurich, and to become well acquainted with the country. A stranger will find himself more pleasantly situated here than in any other part of Switzerland. Zurich is not only most distinguished for intellectual activity, and the residence of many men of eminent attainments, it is also the gayest and most pleasure-taking place in the country, is surrounded with coffee gardens and taverns, whose name is legion, and which, by their beautiful situation, offer the greatest attraction to the visitor.”

Zurich has been particularly favored in the beauty of its position. It lies on the point of transition, just where the gentle hills begin to assume a mountainous character. The hill on the eastern shore of the lake, on whose slope lies the village of Hottingen, is not more than six hundred feet high; but on the south-west the waters bathe the foot of the Albis chain, whose summits reach a height of nearly three thousand feet above the sea. From these we obtain the first glimpse into the mountain world of the chalk formation—the Rigi and Mount Pilate, the peaks and horns of Schwyz, and the mountains of Glarus and St. Gallen—seldom visible, however, from Zurich, unless at sunset or before rain, when the atmosphere has a peculiar transparency.

One of the circumstances most striking to a stranger in Zurich, is the evidence of republican equality afforded by the mixture of ranks in the beer and coffee-houses. Reigning burgomasters, deputies, judges, presidents, counsellors—all the first men of the radical party—are to be met with smok-

ing their modest cigars and drinking their unpretending beer.

"By this abolition of all attempts at exclusiveness Zurich gains much in freedom of movement, and amalgamation of different classes, which must lead to good results, and is perfectly in harmony with a republic."

Whether it may be judicious in the chiefs of a republic thus to cast aside all the dignity of office, is a point that may, nevertheless, admit of discussion. The "divinity that doth hedge" a burgomaster can, we apprehend, hardly bear such familiarity, and they might, perhaps, be wiser to keep their state and eschew the beer-shops.

The following passage gives a pleasing picture of the condition of the people:—

"On a fine bright Sunday Zurich is full of life and movement. Troops of well-dressed people are seen pouring out over the hills and meadows, or the beautiful shores of the lake, while other pleasure-seekers float about in gaily decked boats and gondolas on its blue surface, or crowd the numerous and picturesque places of public resort, and the prosperity of the city is evidenced by the dress of the ladies and gentlemen, the style of the carriages and horses, and the mass of the people who are abroad in search of enjoyment."

The coffee-houses serve, it seems, as what artisans denominate "houses of call" for the various political opinions. Every one knows where his friends and partisans are to be found, and many of the citizens of Zurich find it, according to our author, indispensable to their happiness to visit some one of these places every evening to drink coffee, read the papers, and play at the interesting and intellectual game of dominoes.

As these are, however, pleasures, which, however delightful in enjoyment, are apt to be somewhat tiresome in description—we pass at once to the very different scenes presented by the still life of pastoral Switzerland.

"I went down the lake of the Four Cantons in a steamer to Brunnen, the landing place for Schwyz, and if any of the Swiss lakes resemble the fiords of Norway, it is this, with its high, rocky, wildly romantic shores, its deep bays and groups of firs crowning the most precipitous crags, and its air of profound loneliness. The old method of traversing these waters, by sail or oar, is both more expensive and more uncertain, for the art of navigation in either way is in its infancy here. The craft is of the clumsiest description, keel boats are unknown—oars are used crosswise—the man standing and pushing them from him with

arms and breast—a method of rowing that must be excessively fatiguing. The heaviest of the vessels employed sometimes carry a square sail, but on these mountain lakes these require the greatest caution—as sudden squalls often break through the rocky clefts and ravines, which throw the waters into such violent commotion as to compel all vessels to run immediately for shelter.

"The lake of the Four Cantons, though lying about thirteen hundred feet above the level of the sea, is nine hundred feet deep in some parts; in breadth very unequal. It is hemmed in by rocks from six to eight thousand feet high—of wild and magnificent form. On the banks of this beautiful lake the formations of sandstone separate from the chalk, which lies heaped upon its southern shores in vast piles.

"This lake is both geographically and historically the centre of Switzerland, and around its basin lie the four states which formed the first confederacy. Lucerne occupies the west; looking down the deep bays to the right we see the towers of Stanz, the principal town, or rather village, of Unterwalden; following the winding of the lake to its southern point Uri lies before us; and on the left rise the summits of Küssnacht and Rigi, beneath which, on the declivities of its mountains, reposes the beautiful canton of Schwyz. No other lake equals it in grandeur of scenery, or in variety of light and shade; in snowy peaks and glaciers, lovely meadows, valleys whose deep rich green contrasts alternately with the dark forest and dark grey naked rock, or the fertile sunny spots along its margin.

"This rapid change of scenery is, however, one of the peculiar characteristics of Switzerland, where fat cattle graze up to the very edge of the glaciers, and fruit trees blossom almost overhung by ice and snow.

"It is scarcely possible at a distance to conceive how these minikin pastoral states could ever have been able to offer the resistance they did to the Dukes of Austria. But at the sight of the steep rocky paths, the narrow passes, the deep valleys, with their smooth inaccessible walls, we cease to wonder at this, or at their similar success in the obstinate struggle with the French in 1798. A few hundred men could in many places easily maintain their ground against as many thousands. Behind projecting points of rock they might take aim and load and re-load deliberately, long before a foe less acquainted with the country could find the way to ascend the heights. In the attack on Stanz, for instance, at the above-mentioned period, an old man with his two sons-in-law, supported by their wives and children, who loaded their guns for them, shot hundreds of the French before they could find the path, by which they at last reached and surrounded the heroic family, but then bayonet and sabres did their work on every member of it. Against 20,000 of these men, properly armed, on their native mountains, the best army in Europe could do nothing. Their artillery and cavalry would be totally useless."

The canton of Unterwalden, small as it is, is divided into two half cantons—Nied-

wald and Obwald—each of which has its general assembly, its great and small councils, and other independent authorities. Nature has determined that it shall be, like Uri and Schwyz, wholly a land of herdsmen; cheese and butter are made in abundance, and cattle and wood also bring in money. The rushing mountain torrents set in motion more than forty saw-mills, and there has been a cotton-mill erected, besides paper-mills, rope-manufactories, &c., though these establishments are only in their infancy, and they have been chiefly set on foot by the monks of Engelberg and of other convents.

"The inhabitants live in small villages and scattered farms; there is no such thing as a town in all Obwald; whose inhabitants, cut off from the world, and following their cattle along their elevated valleys and Alpine pastures, are usually content to leave to the monks the care of all other temporal affairs, as well as the welfare of their souls. The monks have money and lands, and take very good care that no one meddles with their revenues; and they have it also in their power to prevent the establishment of any rivals to their commercial undertakings. With a few influential families they are on the best possible terms: and the mass of the people is so dependent, so humble, and so pious, that the abbot or the priest may say what he pleases, and be always sure that his words will be listened to as the commands of God."

The separation of Unterwalden took place as early as the year 1366, and its condition is very little altered from what it was at that remote period. Whatever changes were effected during the brief dominion of the Helvetic republic, were immediately reversed on its overthrow, and the state of things restored which had subsisted for ages past.

"It seems as if for these cantons time had been annihilated; the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries still hang over these mountains, and bring forth the men as unchanged as the herbs and grass beneath their feet. The men of Unterwalden and Uri live as their forefathers did; they have little book learning, and desire no more; they have faith in their Great Council and their Little Council, their Weekly Council and their Council Extraordinary, and willingly abandon to a few families all claim to offices of government, especially as these are either miserably ill paid, or not paid at all.

"In this circumstance lies one of the chief causes why the *caste* of reigning families has established itself so firmly in Schwyz, Uri, Unterwalden, and all the small cantons. None but people of some property can undertake the offices of government; and many of these are given for life, and some-

times even pass as if by inheritance from father to son, or at all events remain in the circle of certain families, which, becoming allied by blood and marriage, form an indissoluble league firmly united in the resolution to allow of no innovations."

Our readers perhaps may be inclined to ask how it has happened that a form of government, which on a superficial glance appears the extreme of democracy, should, while the letter remains the same, in spirit have become so much the reverse? We believe it arose in this way.* On first gaining their independence the cantons registered the names of all the inhabitants, and assigned to each a portion of land; but they were registered by their names according to families, and not to the districts they inhabited, and, therefore, though it was settled at that time that the whole body of citizens beyond the age of sixteen should be members of the General Assembly, in which the sovereign power resided, as the number of original families declined this body necessarily became smaller and smaller. Since 1681 no one in Unterwalden has been allowed to obtain citizenship by purchase. The jealousy with which this right is guarded is at least intelligible, when we consider that all who are recognised as citizens have a right to share in the wood, hay, and pastures of the Alps of the commune, and the old corporation is, of course, unwilling to admit new claimants. Those who, in addition to these rights of the commune, possess Alps and forests of their own, are the capitalists of the country, in whose hands, or in those of their families, the government has lain from time immemorial.

It is, of course, not very easy for property to be dissipated among a people whose customs and mode of life are so simple, and of the communal lands nothing can be alienated.

Women as well as men enjoy the economical, if not the political rights of commonality, but either must be of the age of twenty-five years, and have "light and fire" of their own, as not heads but fire-hearths are counted, as among the Tartar tribes who count the population by kettles. It is common, for this reason, for young men and women to keep house for themselves, and even those who go out to work for others have always a little abode of their own, that they may not lose the ad-

* It was thus at least in Appenzell, and probably in other cantons also.

vantages of their birth-right. They generally come home on the Saturday night, and make fire and light in their habitations for this purpose.

Families who have settled in these mountains later than the middle of the seventeenth century, cannot enjoy any share in these advantages; but if they date before 1756, they have a voice in the General Assembly, and can be chosen for any office. Below these stand the "Strangers," or Swiss from other cantons, who can produce the certificates of their citizenship and place of birth; then come "Foreigners," who are "tolerated;" and lastly, the "Homeless," who either from carelessness in the loss of papers, or from some other cause, cannot establish their claim to any canton. These three latter classes are entirely without political rights; they or their children may be driven from the country at any moment, at the pleasure of the government, and no length of residence can give them any further claims. The whole constitution of society appears to be as nearly as possible what it was among the ancient Germanic peasant communities of the tenth and eleventh centuries. The whole administrative and judicial power of Unterwalden lies with the small councils, consisting of fifty-eight members in Nidwald, and sixty-five in Obwald. These, as well as the deputies sent to the Diet, the Landammans, and all other government officers, are chosen by the General Assembly, which meets once a year, and the elections go off in general very quietly, though the appointments are often for life. To the outcast classes above described, even the right of petitioning is not freely granted, since it is forbidden (as it is in Prussia) to collect signatures, and a petition can only be presented by an individual.

The revenues of these little states are supplied by taxes on trade and commerce, property and land, the post, stamps, &c., and according to law, the accounts of the canton ought to be laid on a table in the chancery every year, for fourteen days, for public inspection; but this law appears to be usually evaded, and, according to Mr. Mugge, there have been instances of the treasurer roundly declaring he would give no account.

"This is what is called freedom in these democratic cantons. The old families are the sovereigns of the canton—the people are nothing. Change is impossible, for the chiefs and the priests take care to prevent even the thought of such a

thing; and the poor herdsmen cutting their wild hay high up among the Alps, have no means of comparing their condition with any other, and live for the most part a contented, peaceable life, and are not troubled with any wicked longings after shares in the privileges of the communes.

"Stanz, the chief town of the half canton of Nidwald, lies half buried in a forest of fruit trees in a beautiful valley, and thence the way leads still through fruit trees to Sarnen, the capital of Obwald. The most sublime mountain scenery fills these little cantons, and whoever has time to become acquainted with the communities that lie hidden in its recesses, will discover, indeed, much ignorance and superstition, but a simple and uncorrupted race of men. On the great roads, on the contrary, throughout these Catholic pastoral states, mendicity has erected its throne. One is surrounded by cripples, by cretins, by ragged children, who regard the traveller as their regular prey, and never cease their importunate song till they are silenced with a piece of money. Many of these urchins have parents by no means in a destitute condition, but they consider it as absolutely meritorious to levy this toll upon a stranger; and the parents often rejoice at seeing these talents for business thus early manifested by their offspring. Many, however, appear to be really in want, notwithstanding the assistance of the convents and the numerous charitable institutions; and there can be no doubt that the frequent holidays of the Catholic Church contribute much to the increase of poverty. One is enchanted with the poetical descriptions of this country, its Alpine shepherds and verdant vales, and icy mountains and glaciers, and thundering waterfalls; its grazing cattle, and the music of the *Ranz des Vaches* among the hills; but how mournfully is one undeceived at the aspect of these hordes of ragged beggars, the dirt of the Senne huts, and the greedy, covetous ways of their inhabitants, who will not offer a stranger so much as a glass of milk or a piece of bread without expecting an enormous payment."

This is somewhat at variance with the above remark on the "simple and uncorrupted race of men to be found in the remote valleys." The Senne or herdsmen's huts, we presume, are not situated on the high roads. Many of these beggars, it appears, come from the south of Germany as pilgrims, attracted by the reputation of the sacred shrine of Einsiedeln, and other places, and are induced to remain in this part of Switzerland by the advantages it affords, from the number of travellers, for their peculiar branch of industry. They are also, of course, encouraged by the assistance they receive at the convents.

On the mischief of this recognition of mendicancy there can be little difference of opinion; but the problem is not solved by having poverty merely hunted down and trodden out of sight, as it often is in great

ities. Our sight is not offended by a throng of destitute suppliants at our church doors; but is it because there is less destitution, or because it has less hope of relief?

In the canton of Unterwalden there are, it appears, no less than five convents, though the communities are mostly small. The most considerable is that of Engelberg.

"High up in the lap of the mountains, encircled by wild rocks, lies the rich and ancient Benedictine monastery of Engelberg, surrounded by the village of the same name. These Benedictines educate the children of the principal families of Unterwalden. They also carry on a considerable trade, and the abbot has found means to maintain the lands of the Church in tolerable independence of the state, to which he pays only a fixed yearly sum. In former days the abbots were called sovereign lords of Engelberg, and had the power of princes; but these fine old times are gone by. The abbey has often had within its walls princes, and even emperors, and has seen its days of feasting and rejoicing; but now the monks are more modest in their deportment, and seek a more artful method of securing their influence and position. The parish priests of the communes have very small salaries—scarcely ever more than 400 guilders (about £33); but they manage matters so that the pious gifts of their penitents always keep their larders and cellars well supplied; and the Capuchins plunder the country all round in their begging expeditions. The richer and more cultivated Benedictines know how to employ their capital—they farm Alps, give instruction, and trade in cloth and various kinds of wares, by means of their agents and commissioners.

"From Engelberg you obtain the most magnificent views of the mountains, and whoever has a mind to ascend the Titlis, may here find skilful and trusty guides. Beyond this ridge lies the Bernese Oberland, which may be reached by a wild pass: another still wilder between hills of everlasting snow, and lofty peaks of nine or ten thousand feet high, leads to Altorf, in the canton of Uri; and a descent of nine long Swiss miles brings you to the land of Tell, whose memory still meets the traveller at every turn.

"The whole story of the renowned shot of the apple is painted on the walls of an old tower; a figure of Tell with his cross-bow, is placed at the spring, which tradition says is the precise spot where it was taken; the place is shown where his house stood; in short, the people could be induced to part with the story on no consideration whatever, and wo betide the traveller who should be ill-advised enough to hint a doubt of its truth."

The little canton of Uri appears to be in almost every respect the twin-brother of Unterwalden. There is the same wild splendor of scenery,

"Mountains piled on mountains to the skies."

the same lovely sheltered valleys, with their quiet and picturesque cottages hanging on every declivity, sometimes alone, sometimes clustering in little hamlets,—the same constitution of society,—the same manners arising out of it;—only here and there a breath of Italian summer seems to have found its way into Uri, and ripened peaches and melons in favored spots. On some of the slopes of the St. Gotthard, the Italian language, too, is heard, and sparkling black eyes, and sharply cut features, proclaim the approach of a different race. The shepherds of these mountains are still remarkable for strength and agility as they are described to have been in early times; and these are qualities which their mode of life of course tends much to encourage. In the management of their dairies they are accustomed to carry the heaviest weights down steep declivities, and to seek their way through mist and rain and storm, along the edge of dizzy precipices, loaded with piles of their great cheeses, or with huge bundles of hay.

Through the canton of Uri passes the great road crossing the St. Gotthard, and leading through Ticino to Italy; by this road as many as twenty thousand travellers, it is said, yearly traverse the valley of the Reuss.

"It is one of the finest roads in all Switzerland, and the most glorious views accompany the traveller along every step of the way. Naked peaks and horns crowned with everlasting snows of dazzling white—the magnificent Uri Rothstock, the Blakenstock, the Galenstock, the Schneehorn, the enormous white pyramid of the Bristenstock,—these stand like lines of giants on either side,—while between them lies the valley of the foaming Reuss, at first green and pleasant, and thickly sown with human dwellings, but growing ever narrower and wilder and more desolate as it proceeds southward. The road winds right and left, crossing the mountain stream: here and there, hewn out of the solid rock, are places of refuge from falling avalanches,—and then up again it goes, zigzag, through steep, narrow ravines, which in winter are often suddenly filled by masses of falling snow, and at length across the Devil's Bridge and through the rocky gallery of the Urnerloch into the smiling valley that lies like an oasis in the desert.

"The Devil's Bridge is a bold work of human skill and industry, through whose mighty arch rushes the foaming Reuss, and then dashes down in a beautiful fall. The old Devil's Bridge lies far below, with the remains of the old road, and may well have appeared the work of more than mortal hands to the pilgrim as he stood on its now blackened arch, and felt the thunder of the cataract below him."

Herr Mugge mentions that the people of Uri take a very high toll from travellers on this road; but he does not mention that the snow often lies twenty feet deep on it, and that it is their business to clear it away.

It was on this road, and along the shores of the lake of the Four Cantons, in the valleys of Schwyz, that several severe struggles took place between the French, Austrians, and Russians, in 1798 and 1799. Towards the end of September in the latter year, Suwarrow crossed the St. Gotthard from Italy, with 80,000 Russians, driving the French before him. The latter had blown up the Devil's Bridge; Suwarrow cut down the wood and made a new bridge. The inhabitants of the valley where it had grown complained indeed, for the trees had protected them from destruction, by affording shelter from the falling avalanches: but their complaints did not disturb Suwarrow. "Things like this you know must be in time of war." His whole army crossed over, beat the French, and at length effected a junction with that of the Prince Korsakoff; and considering the nature of the way, it is not surprising that much of the baggage was lost, and that five hundred Russians disappeared over the precipice; but this was a trivial accident in the estimation of Suwarrow.

The canton of Schwyz, the third of the original confederacy, containing about forty thousand inhabitants, as many as Uri and Unterwalden put together, has always been regarded at the same time as the bulwark of pure democracy, as it is there understood, and the most zealous supporter of the power of the Catholic church.

The government, though in general resembling that of the other pastoral cantons, has been subjected to some modifications, calculated to lead the way to further progress,—such as the separation of the administrative from the judicial authorities, and the limitation of the hitherto life-long duration of offices. The communal system, with respect to economical rights, is, however, the same as in the other original cantons.

Alps and woods,—meadow and moorland,—belong to the old races who were the inhabitants of the country centuries ago; later comers obtained only political privileges. There is little of trade or manufacturing industry in Schwyz, the occupation of the people being almost wholly pastoral. There is little even of agriculture.

"On landing at Brunnen (on the lake of the Four Cantons) the whole land of Schwyz lies spread out in a beautiful amphitheatre before you. Fruitful and well cultivated, it extends from here to the Rigi and the Rossberg, and enclosing the grand rocky pyramids of the Mythe and the Haken, to the Lake of Zurich. It is full of mountains and valleys, and flowery meads. To the right opens the wild romantic gorge, twenty miles long, of the Muetta Valley, full of rich peasants and full-blooded people of the old stock. The village of Schwyz hangs on the slope of a mountain, surrounded by gardens and orchards. It is green and sunny on these hills, and the view of the lake, with its mountains and wild rocks, and lovely villages and meadows, richly varied."

In the hamlet of Schwyz itself there is little to be seen; it contains, of course, the buildings necessary to its small political life, and the Council House has its portraits of successive Landammans, all chosen for centuries from the families of Reding and Abyberg: but these are not worth looking at merely as works of art. The descendants of these and a dozen other families, which have furnished Colonels, Majors, and Deputies to the Diet, live in comparatively stately-looking houses, surrounded with gardens dignified by box hedges and iron gates.

"The Jesuits have an Educational Institute here, established in 1837, with the assistance of the Abbot of Einsiedeln and some of the principal families, which had some hundreds of scholars, but appears now to be somewhat on the decline. The Schwyzers, however pious, have no great partiality to the order. Indeed they refused for a long time to have anything to do with them; perhaps not so much on account of their principles, as because the rich monks in many of the convents hate the Jesuits, and fear, not without reason, a diminution of their revenues from the influence of these learned and crafty warriors of the Church of Rome. In 1758 the Landgemeinde rejected the proposal even of a Reding to admit them, although he offered to the canton a sum of 80,000 guilders and a large estate as an inducement; but the Jesuits have found their way here at last without any one giving a penny, though they still do not appear very popular. I talked with one of the men of Schwyz on the subject, and he spoke out very freely. 'They don't do us much harm at present,' said he, 'and don't seem to meddle with what does not concern them; if they did we would soon drive them out again. They are clever fellows and manage to bring many into their net, but they have not many real friends among the people. They lend money, however, help us here and there, buy many things at a good price. They use a great many wares for their schools, give employment to tradespeople and mechanics, and many strangers

come to visit them, whom they send to the inns, the landlords of which are on good terms with them; and you see,' Sir, he added, laughing, for he was himself an innkeeper, 'that's the reason why I don't like myself to say much against the Fathers.'

The great Protestant Canton of Berne is distinguished, above all others, for its advancement in agricultural science, and it is not less remarkable for the extreme order and neatness which everywhere meet the eye; there are no open pits or heaps of manure, such as may be seen at every door in the country of Zurich, offending two senses at once. The large houses, with their galleries and rows of bright windows, handsome domestic offices and green lawns, look most invitingly, and give a pleasing testimony to the prosperity of the inhabitants. The Berne people are the best farmers in all Switzerland, and as they enjoy many natural advantages, which they have turned to the best account, they have found little necessity for giving their attention to manufactures, and are willing to leave these to their neighbors in Zurich and Aargau. This may be partly explained from the history of Berne. The patrician families of the capital were nobles, who for many centuries possessed considerable landed estates, and were, therefore, naturally induced to turn their attention to agriculture. Those of Zurich were merchants and manufacturers.

"This exclusive occupation with agriculture seems to have communicated a certain heaviness and immobility to the character of the inhabitants of Berne, and, even when the dominion of the nobles was at an end, they felt little inclination to enter the lists with their more lively and active neighbors.

"The city of Berne itself, with its vast houses, built of massive free-stone from the foundation to the gables—their stone staircases, and long, vaulted passages telling of their Burgundian origin, is a type of their weighty and immovable character. These solid, gloomy mansions, grey with age, and untouched by modern coloring or decoration, look like rows of castles, rooted deep as they are into the rocky ground. In one quarter, houses in a newer style are to be found; but in general, if one of these grand old habitations becomes unsafe, another is built up as nearly as possible in the same style. And thus it is in many other departments. The burghers of Berne cannot forget the time when they held dominion over all the surrounding country; and they cannot yet reconcile themselves to the modern system of equality, and the presumption of peasants seeking to share in their privileges.

"There are in Berne eleven guilds or compa-

nies, and to one of these every citizen must belong. They cannot at all understand how a man can be settled in a town, without taking his place in a corporation; as if, according to the old Germanic notion, the protection of the individual could not be trusted to the state and the law, but must be the especial care of some association whose business it should be to protect its members. Every company has its hall, its bank, its fund, apart from all others; there are even associations of families, held together by private contract, which have estates and property in common. The families of noble descent, the merchants, the butchers, the tailors—all cling together; but it is not necessary that the members of the same company should all carry on the same occupation. A man may have himself proposed in any company, and if he is accepted, buy his freedom, which in the richer companies costs a considerable sum. The company of nobles alone refuses to admit any one who is not of noble birth. These rich old families generally live in great retirement on their estates in the country, taking no part in public business, and passing their time mostly in grumbling at the course affairs are taking. It is remarkable, too, that proud and worldly as these patricians formerly were, they have lately become immoderately pious. Some of the most distinguished among them—the Hallwyls, the Wattenwyls, and others—have fallen from the faith for which their ancestors so valiantly contended, and returned to the Catholic church.

"Berne is beyond comparison a less cheerful place than Zurich. There are few coffee-houses or places of public amusement; and in the beauty of its environs it is also greatly inferior to the above-mentioned city. The terrace near the cathedral, indeed, whence you look down on the river Aar, and part of the city, and beyond it, to meadows, fields, and mountains—and especially when the evening sun clothes the majestic ranges of the Oberland in robes of radiance; this deserves all that can be said of it: but there is no other equal to this. . . . In Zurich, long rows of wagons, heavily laden with goods, to and from many distant countries, are daily passing in and out. In Berne there are scarcely any; and though many travellers arrive, they are mostly on their way to the Oberland, or the Lake of Geneva, and remain a very short time.

"In Zurich, as I have said, the officers of government, including the Burgomasters, are to be met with, associating freely with the rest of the citizens in the coffee-houses and places of public amusement. They do not seek to envelope themselves in a cloud of mystic grandeur, which may be suitable enough to patricians and aristocrats, but not to the magistrates of a democracy. In Berne, the descendants of the ancient nobles have inherited all their exclusiveness. They never mingle among the people, far less make their appearance at coffee and beer-houses. The stiff, heavy, formal mode of life of Berne, in which every one confines himself to his own house, or to a limited circle of acquaintance, leaving the coffee-houses to students and young radicals, was strictly followed by the men who formed the go-

vernment of Berne in 1846. Neither Neuhaus, nor the most distinguished of his colleagues, Fetcherin and Weber, ever showed themselves in public, but preserved the importance of their position."

Neuhaus seems to have given great offence by placing at his door a bell, with a brass plate, on which was inscribed "*Ici on sonne et on attend.*" To keep people waiting at his door while some one came to open it, was thought a most unwarrantable assumption. It might have done very well for a Schultheiss in the old times, but it was not now "*the time of day*" for such airs of superiority. His whole government had, however, been left far behind in the rapid progress of the now victorious party, and their adherents in the clubs; and when, injudiciously, in our author's opinion, it undertook the prosecution of the Free-corps men, after having looked quietly on during their preparations, "instead of proving its strength, it hollowed the ground under its own feet."

The new constitution of 1846 has, of course, the advantage of standing upon the shoulders of its predecessor, by which it has been enabled to remedy many of its deficiencies. The system of indirect elections has been wholly put aside—the age at which all civic rights may be exercised, reduced from 23 to 20, and the competency to all offices of the republic, from the age of 29 to 25. Every ten years a census is to be taken; and since in the short duration of offices lies, it is thought, the best security for popular freedom in a republic—the Great Council is to be elected every four years, instead of every six, as before. According to the old constitution, the members of the chief tribunal, chosen by the Great Council, received their appointments for fifteen years; now they are to have them only for eight.

In another particular also an immense increase of power has been thrown into the popular scale. The Great Council itself must be dissolved and re-elected, if the majority of the people in the political assemblies demand it. On the requisition of 6,000 citizens, the matter must be put to the vote.

"Not less important is the regulation that all new laws and ordinances whatever—before they are brought under discussion, must be made known to the people time enough for them to express their opinion concerning them. In Berne the direct veto is not indeed conferred on the people as it is in

St. Gall—but they have the most effectual means of protesting and petitioning and enlisting the press against any laws to which they may object."

Such rights, indeed, if merely existing on parchment, and not animated by the spirit of a people, avail little; and, in Berne, the old principles of action have still such power and force—the character of the people in general is so opposed to innovation—every district, every community, clings so much to its old customs, that it will be long before this new constitution and its objects will be really absorbed and assimilated, so as to become a part of the national life.

"A reform of the poor-laws and of the system of finance, was, however, what above all things young Berne had at heart—and which this new constitution was intended to effect; but this it has only been able to do in part—and even that not without lively opposition; and yet, on this depends the whole success of an experiment, by which it has been attempted to raise Berne from the entangled historical deformities of the old German commonalty, to the freer position of a state constructed according to modern ideas. It is precisely this which gives so great an interest to its present position, and to the attempts of the young reform party.

"Before all things it is necessary, in German Switzerland, to sweep away the rude irregular foundation on which Swiss life has hitherto rested—and to strike a mortal blow at the manifold hindrances and separations by which its progress has been obstructed."

One of the most important paragraphs of the new constitution (paragraph 86) is that which treats of an equalization of public burdens in the various districts. At first it was desired that the whole poor-funds should be made over to the Government, which should take the duty of providing for the poor wholly on itself—but this could not be carried. There are certain cities and communes in Berne that possess poor-lands of immense value, the city of Mure, for instance; others have little or nothing, and are compelled to levy heavy rates for the purpose. All the communes who would have been losers by the proposed new arrangement, raised a tremendous opposition to it, and succeeded in obtaining a majority against it in the Constitutional Council—"but the blow struck at the independence of the commonalties," says our author, "was felt throughout Switzerland. People in Zurich, where I was at the time, were quite frightened, and prophesied that it would not come to good; so firm is still the attachment to old systems. Indeed, throughout Switzerland,

Berne by no means excepted, the attachment to the freedom of communal life is far stronger than to that of the state."

"The utmost that could be effected was that security should be given for the poor-funds, and that they should be placed under some control by the State with a view to their better administration; and where it appeared that the funds were not sufficient for the support of the poor, the State should supply at least one-half, but not more than two-thirds of the deficiency. By this, of course, a considerable burden is laid upon it, which must be supported by the citizens at large.

"Not less important, perhaps, is the second clause in the same paragraph, which sweeps away titles and feudal burdens of various kinds, ordering that they shall be purchased from the proprietors for the half of the price stated in the law of the 20th of December. On the other hand the government undertakes not only to indemnify the proprietors, but to return to those who had purchased them at that higher rate one-half of the purchase-money.

"It was quite natural that this measure should have the warmest support of the small land-owners, but the State will of course have several millions to pay; it must be recollected, however, that Berne has not only no national debt, but a fund in her treasury of twenty millions of francs—collected in old times, and which is now destined to serve the worthy purpose of clearing off the last remains of the feudal burdens."

The victory which Colonel Ochsenbein and his colleagues have achieved over their rivals has, it appears, been so complete, that the greater number of the members of the former government have not even been elected again as members of the Great Council.

Neuhaus, so long the first man in the republic, who struggled so manfully for the support of liberal principles, and who is as thorough a radical as his successor, and as much opposed to the Jesuits and the Sonderbund, has returned to his place in the counting-house, and seldom, according to Mr. Mugge, is any voice raised to give utterance to aught but blame of the man whom at one time no one could praise enough. Yet he possesses many qualifications most valuable in the chief of a party: courage, self-control, foresight, and an immovable strength of will. His manner is earnest and thoughtful, but eminently calculated to inspire confidence. Of his integrity a tolerable proof is offered in his present narrow circumstances.

The clergy of Berne are, with very few exceptions, opposed to the government of Colonel Ochsenbein; and the well-known "Parson Vizius," of Luzerne, who writes

under the name of "Jeremias Gotthelf,"* was a zealous adherent of that of M. Neuhaus.

The schoolmasters—a body of far more consideration in Switzerland than with us—are more favorably disposed towards it. The state of popular education in Switzerland is, it appears, by no means so satisfactory as has sometimes been supposed. Out of 70,000 children in Berne capable of receiving instruction, scarcely 20,000, according to the testimony of the above-mentioned Jeremias Gotthelf, really received it; and of their proficiency we may form some idea when we hear that the pupils of an elder class, at a school examination, confounded the three original Swiss Confederates with the three kings of Cologne, and asserted that Goliath lost his life at the battle of Sempach!

In this, and in many other departments, the party at present dominant in Switzerland is pledged to effect great improvements. How far it is likely to fulfil the expectations it has held out to various classes of the community, and the hopes most difficult to realize, which were greatly instrumental in raising it to its present position, must now soon appear. We cannot be so far dazzled by the success which has crowned the efforts of the victors, as not to perceive that they have obtained the prize by an act of unprincipled aggression, wholly unworthy of the principles they profess, and of the party to which they claim to belong. History, however, presents us with many examples of a usurped authority having been made the instrument of producing ultimate good, not to the aggressors but to the aggrieved; and whatever sympathy we may feel for the sufferers in the present instance, we do not overlook the fact that the state of society in the old cantons, now overthrown, was one of utter stagnation, wholly incompatible with the best interests and the noblest tendencies of the human race.

* In our last number, our readers may possibly remember, we took occasion to introduce some of his clever and popular productions to their notice.

HENRY FIELDING. — A correspondent of *Douglas Jerrold's Newspaper* says—"It may not be generally known to the public, that, in a humble lodging in the western suburbs of London, obscure and unknown, resides the grandson and legitimate offspring of the author of 'Tom Jones.' His present descendant is about 50 years of age, and albeit with the prestige of so great a name, and not without talent, is I believe, wholly unknown to the literary world. He is happily provided with a small independence."

From Sharpe's Magazine.

MEMOIR OF MARSHAL TURENNE.

CHAP. I.—THE GHOST.

"WILL you leave off your old ghost stories, Berthier? they are good for nothing but to frighten old women; just look at Marceline, how she opens her old eyes, and stares about on every side, and looks at those old armors as if she expected they would carry her off in their iron arms to the witches' nightly meeting. Come and give me a lesson in drilling; that will be better."

He who thus spoke was a child, of such a fair and delicate complexion that he would not at first sight have been taken for more than seven years of age. Berthier, whom he addressed, was an old soldier of the league, under Henri IV., and had lost a leg in 1594 at the taking of Laon. Retired into the principality of Sedan, his native country, he passed his time in polishing, arranging, and keeping in order those arms and warlike weapons which to his grief he was no longer able to use. Brave soldier as he was, and accustomed to make the enemies of France tremble, he often indemnified himself for this privation by telling the most absurd stories, in order to frighten the servants of the castle; but the most amusing part of this was, that the simple and good-natured old man, while relating those stories to others, used to become so frightened himself, that, almost invariably, both narrator and auditors remained in breathless suspense, the one being no longer able to proceed, or the others to listen.

He was at this time seated beside his sister, old Marceline, near a window of the armory, polishing an old halberd, and finishing a story he had commenced the previous evening, while his sister, unmindful of her spinning-wheel, sat with her eyes and mouth wide open, as if the better to take in her brother's story.

On hearing the child's interruption, Marceline cried out, "Softly, my lord, softly, you interrupt Berthier."

"I have given you a lesson this morning, my lord," said Berthier, "a second would fatigue you."

"Fatigue me! my good Berthier, for what do you take me, pray?"

"For the son of my lord and master."

"And one who will some day be your lord and master; do you hear, Berthier?"

"May God grant it, my lord."

"Then why will you not obey me?"

"I would willingly do so, my lord, but two lessons of drilling in one day at your age——"

"At my age! do you know that I shall soon be a man?" interrupted the child quickly.

"Do I know?" replied the old soldier, smiling, "were you not born in the second year of the reign of our ally the King of France, Louis XIII.?"

"The 11th September, 1611," said the child, haughtily.

"And is not this the 10th January, 1622, which makes you, let me see—one, two——"

And while Berthier was slowly counting on his fingers, the child quickly replied,—

"Ten years and four months to-morrow; am I not, Marceline?"

"You are right, my lord," answered the old woman, whose spinning-wheel had again resumed its motion.

"The age of your nephew, Gérard, whom you make *shoulder arms* all day long."

"You are right again," said Berthier, "but your lordship will have the goodness to recollect that Gérard is twice as big and as strong as you are."

"And what does that signify?" resumed the child, "am I not made of flesh and bones like him, and are the largest men anything better?"

"Certainly not, my lord, but you are still weak, and much fatigue might make you ill."

"Upon my word you are all queer people; I am weak,—I am weak, I must not be fatigued! I hear nothing else all day long—first my father, then my mother,—but that is not so surprising, mammas are always frightened about their children. In fact, every one about me seems to be greatly concerned for my health. This is bad, Berthier, for I am determined to be a soldier."

"And why, my lord?"

"That I may one day become a great captain."

"It would be fitter for me to talk of be-

coming a great captain," said another boy, who just then entered the armory, "for whatever you may do, you must be always illustrious."

"Illustrious! even if I should, like the old Duke de Valapide, pass my days in hunting and my nights in drinking."

"Gérard is right, my lord," replied the old soldier; "are you not the second son of my Lord Henry de la Tour d'Anvergne, Duke de Bouillon, and Sovereign Prince of Sedan?"

"Yes, what then?"

"And of Madame Elizabeth de Nassau, daughter of William I. of Nassau, Prince of Orange?"

"Well, what has that to do with it?"

"It has to do with it, my Lord Viscount de Turenne, that when one descends from the ancient and illustrious house of La Tour d'Anvergne, whose blood is intermingled with that of kings, and who has given princesses to all the courts of Europe——"

"I know my own history——"

"You have absolutely nothing to do but to fold your arms, or lie and rest yourself all day long, if that is your good pleasure; but as to becoming a soldier, believe me, my Lord Viscount, you are not strong enough for that."

"That is to say, that you know nothing at all about it," cried the young Turenne, angrily; "you are an old dotard, and it is you, who have labored all your life, that ought to fold your arms, and lie and rest yourself all day long, if such is your good pleasure; but as to me, I must fight in the wars; my brother will inherit the sovereignty of Sedan, and I must preserve and defend it for him, if required. Therefore, no more words; leave your old pikes, and come and drill Gérard and me; we are your army, you are our captain, command the movement."

"You would do much better, my lord," observed Marceline, "if you would sit down here, and let Berthier finish his story; it is so beautiful, my lord, so fearful!"

"Another ghost-story, I wager," said Turenne, shrugging his shoulders; "what nonsense!"

"Nonsense!" cried Marceline, making the sign of the cross, "a condemned soul that appears every night at twelve o'clock."

"In the castle?" inquired the child.

"No, my lord; upon the ramparts of Sedan," replied Berthier.

"Oh! it is the story of the phantom

with the fiery lance," said Gérard, seating himself on the floor of the apartment, and crossing his legs; "pray, my lord, ask my uncle to tell you that; it is wonderful, and, besides, it is true, is it not, uncle—you saw the phantom?"

"You saw it?" repeated the viscount, drawing near the group.

"Not exactly, my lord; but it was Peter——"

"Peter who saw it?" again interrupted the viscount.

"Peter did not see it himself, my lord; but his grandfather, who did not see it either, was assured that his great-uncle had seen it, and, what is more, had spoken to it."

"And from that time the phantom has disappeared, as no person has ever seen it since," said Turenne, seating himself on one of the velvet cushions that surrounded the armory.

"Pardon me, my lord, it is seen every night," replied, in the same breath, Berthier, Marceline, and Gérard.

"But how do you know, as none of you have ever seen it?"

"None of us have seen it, but we could see it if we wished," said Berthier, seriously.

"That is to say, if we dared," added Marceline.

"Speak for yourself, sister," replied the ex-leaguer, angrily; "for, if I have not gone to see it, it was not fear that prevented me. A man who has fought in the wars of the league, who has seen Henri IV. face to face, as I have the honor to see you, my lord, cannot be called a coward, I flatter myself."

"But, uncle," said Gérard, "I think one might look Henri IV., King Louis XIII., or even my lord, the Prince of Sedan, in the face, and even speak to them, yet, for all that, not like to go and broil one's-self in company with the phantom of the fiery lance."

"But what is this phantom of the fiery lance?" demanded the young viscount, stamping his foot impatiently.

"You have undoubtedly heard, my lord, of Tiger-heart, the miller?" said Berthier, leaning upon his halberd.

"No more than of the phantom," he replied.

"Well, my lord, this miller Tiger-heart, who lived a hundred, two hundred,—perhaps, as no one now alive knew him, three hundred years ago, was a miller.

"That is probable enough," said young Turenne, laughing.

"I must beg leave to observe, my lord," said Berthier, with a little uneasiness on his countenance, "that if you interrupt me, I can never recover the thread of my story."

"Go on, go on," said Henry laughing.

"It is very serious, my lord," said Berthier, with an air of mortification, "and you should not laugh while I am relating this story, or it may bring some harm upon ourselves."

"Now," continued Berthier, "it is a long time, a very long time, since, under the reign of Louis IX., in 1260, the insurgents caused so much tumult, and the town-bailiffs were so few in number, that the Parisians, and at their instance the other cities, requested leave to defend themselves. The Trades' or Citizens' watch was then instituted,—when one very cold evening, just like this, with two feet of snow on the roof of the castle, in the streets, and on the ramparts,—exactly such a day as this,—the door of the mill opened, and a pale and sickly young man entered. 'Brother,' said he to the miller, 'it is my turn to go to the ramparts to-night; I feel very ill, I have got the ague, do me the kindness to go in my place, and I will do the same for you another time.'

"'I thank you for the preference, brother,' said Tiger-heart; 'but though I am well, I can feel the cold as well as you.'

"'But, brother, it will kill me.'

"'Well! I shall have the better inheritance for that.'

"'Brother, I ask you once, twice, will you do me this favor?'

"'Thrice no!' answered Tiger-heart."

"At that moment the castle clock struck twelve. His brother exclaimed, 'May you be thrice cursed, and may you through all eternity mount that guard on every snowy night;' he then retired, and Tiger-heart went to bed. The next day his brother was found frozen to death upon the ramparts, and, behold, that night it was the miller's turn to mount guard.

"'Will you go?' asked his wife.

"'Yes, certainly, I will go,' he answered.

"'And if you should be frozen?'

"'Well, you would be a widow.'

"'You ought to confess, Tiger-heart, for recollect your brother's threat; you might die in a state of mortal sin.'

"Tiger-heart, who was an infidel, only laughed at these words of his wife; he took

his halberd, which glittered like gold, and went to the ramparts. He has never been seen since, my lord," added Berthier, in a low and trembling voice, "except on snowy nights, but then no person speaks to him."

At that moment the door of the armory creaked on its hinges, and a scream issued from every mouth.

"What is the matter?" demanded a young nobleman, advancing into the room, followed by a numerous retinue.

"My lord—my lord—" stammered out Berthier, bowing respectfully.

"It was Berthier who was telling us the story of the phantom with the fiery lance," answered the viscount, running towards the Prince of Sedan, and kissing the hand held out to him.

"And you took me for the phantom," said the prince, laughing. "That is good, very good. Come, my lords," added he, turning to his suite, "to horse; we shall have fine hunting to-day, let us not lose time."

"My lord and father," said a little beseeching voice, behind the Duke de Bouillon, who felt himself pulled by the end of his cloak, "will you permit me to follow you to the hunt?"

"You!" exclaimed the duke, taking his son by one ear, and presenting him to the company, "see the audacity of this child, my lords." The boy held down his head and blushed.

"Then at least order Berthier to fence with me," he muttered.

"What martial humor has taken hold of you to-day, Henry?" replied the duke, bursting out laughing, "you would hunt, you would fence; but, my dear child," added he tenderly, "you are too delicate to be exposed to the frosty air, and too weak for fencing. What have you to oppose to those objections?"

"But, my lord," said Henry, almost in tears, "if I am never allowed to mount a horse, and if I am always to be afraid of the heat and the cold, how can I ever become a great captain like you?"

"Oh! you want to become a great captain?" repeated one of the lords of the court. "Bravo, nephew, I will take care of that."

"I thank you for your kind intentions, Lord Maurice de Nassau," replied the Duke, "but the delicacy of this poor child's constitution will prevent his ever being able to take advantage of them;

choose some other profession, for, believe me, Henry, a military life would not suit you; how could you, weak and delicate as you are, bear to have sometimes nothing but the ground for your bed, and a stone or a gun-carriage for a pillow? Nature never intended you for a warrior, my son, and you must be satisfied; go, and find your mother, Henry; go and ask her to hear you read in her missal. A fine captain, truly, you would make!" added the Duke, laughing, and affectionately patting the pale cheeks of his little son—"a captain that is afraid of ghosts!"

Henry remained struck by this reproach. "Afraid of ghosts!" said he, after his father had departed, "I will soon show them whether I am or not."

"Tell me, Lord Henry," said Gérard, with rather a sarcastic expression, "why you did not answer your father when he said your constitution was too delicate for the military profession,—yesterday you had so many fine arguments."

"I have something better than arguments to-day," said Henry, "I will give an unanswerable proof."

CHAPTER II.

The curfew had long since sounded, the lords of the court were still in the banqueting hall, occupied with the pleasures of the table, and in relating anecdotes of the day's hunt, as well as of their own prowess; the duchess had retired to her drawing-room, where, surrounded by her ladies, she was employing herself in those works of tapestry which formed the amusement of all noble ladies in those days.

"Ivonette," said the duchess, suddenly breaking the silence which had continued for some time, "pray bring me that little box which is on the table."

A young lady rose at these words, and having brought the article requested, the duchess opened it, and took out a very large gold watch, curiously wrought, and which she hung round her neck by a chain of the same material.

"Oh! how beautiful!" exclaimed all the ladies, clasping their hands.

"It is the fashion at the French court," said the duchess; "a new invention, it is called a watch clock, and I am assured that it tells the hour as well as the great castle clock, only it must be wound up every night. It is very heavy," she added, pointing it in her hand, "but it appears they can-

not be made lighter; however, it is pleasing to be able at all times to tell the hour: what do you think of it, young ladies? It is a present from the duke."

The admiration which this new trinket excited kept every tongue enchained.

In the meantime, one of the ladies, who had left the apartment to transmit some order from her mistress, returned with a pale and embarrassed countenance. "What is the matter, Mademoiselle de Gouterot?" said the duchess, fixing her eyes on that young lady; "has anything happened to you, or to any person in the castle? Speak, mademoiselle, you terrify me!"

"Madame—madame," stammered Mademoiselle de Gouterot, "on leaving this room, I met Madame de Vienville, the Viscount de Turenne's governess."

"Well, go on," said the princess, seeing the hesitation of the lady.

"The young prince cannot be found."

"Impossible!" cried the princess, rushing towards the door of the apartment, "impossible! Henry is playing in some corner of the castle; it is some trick he wishes to play his governess: but for pity's sake, ladies, send out all my people, and let every place be searched."

And as the princess followed her ladies, to see that her orders were properly executed, she encountered Madame de Vienville, Berthier, Marceline, Gérard, and several other attendants.

"Oh! madame, pardon, pardon," said the governess, throwing herself at the feet of her mistress, "I assure you it was not my fault."

"I am willing to believe it," said the princess, whose uneasiness restrained her anger, "but what are you all doing here instead of searching for him? How long is it since you have seen my son, madame? Speak! You, Berthier, whom he loved so much, have you seen him lately?"

"Alas! madame," replied the old soldier, wiping his eyes, "not since morning."

"No," added Marceline, crying bitterly, "not since the story of the phantom; he laughed, the poor child, he laughed."

"And that has brought some misfortune upon him," added poor Berthier. "Alas! I warned him of it."

The steps of the duke being heard hastily advancing, put an end to this conversation; the duchess fell into his arms. "My son!" she faintly uttered.

"Compose yourself, my love," said the duke, tenderly; "I have given all neces-

sary orders; Henry cannot be far off; the gate-keeper of the castle saw him this evening cross the drawbridge."

"Alone?" asked the duchess, scarcely able to support herself.

"Alone," said the prince. "He was running; the gate-keeper wished to speak to him, but the child made a sign to him to be silent, and went on his way."

"But why did not this man inform us immediately?" said the princess. "To go out at night, and in such weather, is enough to kill him; but where can he have gone?"

"That is what I am going to try and discover, my dear Elizabeth; but I wished first to set your mind at rest. My friends, followed by my people, are scouring the town; they will inquire at every house. I am going to join them,—do you, my love, return, and rely upon me for bringing back your son."

As the duke was crossing the drawbridge to rejoin his friends, whose torches were visible in every part of the town, he met Bertier and Gérard. "Well! what tidings?" he exclaimed.

"None," said they, sorrowfully. "We met the citizens' watch, and they had not seen him."

Without waiting to answer them, the prince proceeded towards the ramparts.

The snow which covered the ground, besides giving additional brilliancy to the light of the moon, which had just risen over the town, and rendered useless the torches of the attendants, brought into strong relief a range of cannon which defended the ramparts of Sedan, at each end of which sentinels were posted. "Who goes there?" demanded the first sentinel, on perceiving the approach of the prince.

"It is I, your prince," replied the Duke de Bouillon. "Have you seen my son, the Viscount Turenne?"

"There, my lord," replied the sentinel, extending his arm, and pointing to a cannon, on the frame of which, in spite of cold, in spite of snow, a child was extended!

"Henry!" said the prince, moving towards him, then, stopping, and making a sign to impose silence, he added, "he sleeps!" But Henry had heard his father's voice; he opened his eyes and raised his head. "My lord," said he, without stirring from his place.

"What are you doing there, sir?" said the duke, rather sharply. "You have put the castle in an uproar; your mother is in

a state of the greatest uneasiness, and I myself——" The emotion of the prince prevented his continuing.

Henry rose, and bent his knee before the prince.

"Forgive me, my father, if I have caused you uneasiness; but I wished to convince you that your second son was not a little girl who dreaded the cold, nor yet a coward afraid of a ghost. You see I am not dead from either cold or fright."

"And you have thus, my dear nephew, proved the mistake of those who say you are not fit for the army. As for me, I repeat, that, with the permission of his lordship, my brother-in-law, and of Madame Elizabeth, my sister, I am ready to receive you into my company."

"As a soldier, uncle?" said young Turenne, with enthusiasm.

"As a soldier, nephew," answered the Prince de Nassau. "To know how to command, we must first learn to obey."

"Let us now go," said Henry, "to relieve my mother's anxiety."

The ardor of the young Viscount Turenne was not much longer repressed. He was scarcely fourteen years old when he followed his uncle to the army in Holland; and having successively passed through all the grades of a soldier, he got the command of a company of infantry under Frederic, the successor of Maurice de Nassau. On the death of Henry de la Tour d'Auvergne, his father, the young Viscount de Turenne was sent to the court of Louis XIII., as hostage for the parole which the Duchess de Bouillon had given to the King of France, never to separate her interests from his. Cardinal Richelieu, who undoubtedly foresaw the greatness of the Prince de Turenne, sent him, in 1631, to Lorraine, at the head of a company under the orders of the Marshal of the Forces: he there decided the success of the siege of La Mothe, and was appointed Adjutant-General.

Three years afterwards, he distinguished himself in the taking of the Château de Soire, in Hénault; in 1638, he took Brisac; he then went on in his brilliant career, adding conquest to conquest;—Cassel, Montcaulier, where, notwithstanding a severe wound, he forced the besieged city to capitulate.

At Roussillon (which he had powerfully assisted in conquering), he was made Marshal of France, in 1644, by the Queen Regent, Louis XIII. being dead.

The life of Turenne was one continued course of victories and of noble actions; having reached the height of glory, the young King Louis XIV. raised him to the rank of field-marshal of the king's army, joining to this new title the government of Upper and Lower Limousin, the commission of councillor of state, and the place of colonel-commandant of light cavalry.

After the peace which was concluded in 1668, Turenne rested from his labors, but this repose was not of long continuance; the invasion of Holland being declared in 1672, he again appeared at the head of his army. It was near the village of Salbach in 1675, a decisive affair was to have taken place; the cabinet of Vienna had opposed to Turenne the celebrated Montecuculli. Europe awaited in suspense the issue of this struggle; an unforeseen event decided it.

On Saturday the 27th July, at two o'clock in the afternoon, Viscount Turenne, then sixty-four years of age, prepared to inspect a site chosen for the erection of a battery, as he expected to give battle the next day. Previous to mounting his horse he ordered his chaplain to be informed that he would receive the communion before the action; he then rode off, followed by a numerous staff. When arrived within about thirty yards of the battery ground, which was on a height, his nephew, young D'Elbeuf, annoyed him by letting his horse wheel about quite close to him. "You do nothing but turn your horse about me, nephew," said he, "stay where you are; you will point me out to the enemy;" and ordering several of his attendants to wait for him, he advanced alone towards the camp. "They are firing from the side to which you are going, Sir," said Hamilton, following him, "come this way."

"You are right," said Turenne, laughing, "I should not at all like to be killed to-day."

But Heaven had decided otherwise; scarcely had he turned his horse when Mons. de Saint Hilaire advanced towards him, hat in hand. "Sir," said he, "will you look at that battery which I have just placed there?" Scarcely had Saint Hilaire pronounced these words when a cannon-ball struck off the arm which held his hat. The pain did not prevent this officer from looking towards his general;—he saw him no more, but he perceived a horse at full speed, dragging after him a bleeding and shapeless corpse.

The great Turenne was dead. Never

was a death more felt in France: all ranks of society wept and mourned for him. Honors were paid him that had never before been awarded to any one except to the Constable Duguesclin: his remains were laid in the king's vault of Saint Denis.

NEWSPAPERS IN PARIS.—During the past ten years a great reduction has been made in the price of newspapers in France, in many instances to half the original charge. The "Journal des Débats," however, still maintains its high rate of subscription—eighty francs a-year. The effect of the reduction on the aggregate sale is seen in the stamp-office returns. In 1828, the number of stamped sheets issued was 28,000,000; in 1836, it was 42,000,000; in 1843, 61,000,000; and in 1845, more than 65,000,000. Paris alone supports 26 daily papers, besides 400 other periodicals on all sorts of subjects—science, art, literature, industry, &c. The provinces maintain about 300 political papers, of which 125 are ministerial, 70 opposition, 35 opposition dynastique, 25 legitimist, the remainder of no party. The 26 Parisian papers muster about 180,000 subscribers, distributed in the following proportions:—Four papers count from 500 to 2000 subscribers; eight from 2000 to 3000; nine, among which are the "Charivari," "La Quotidienne," "Le National," 3000 to 5000; two, "Les Débats" and "L'Epoque" (since defunct), 10,000 to 15,000; two, "La Presse" and "Le Constitutionnel," 20,000 to 25,000; and one, "Le Siècle," more than 30,000. The "Moniteur" is distributed gratuitously to all the government functionaries, and has but very few paying subscribers.

The development of the feuilleton has kept pace with the increase in the number of newspapers and French editors at the present day depend more perhaps on literary than on political readers. The feuilleton consists of about a fourth of each page, reserved for the publication of novels, romances, &c., by the first writers of the day. It is no longer "a few timid lines stealing modestly along under the formidable political columns of which they are the futile accompaniment, the elegant embroidery;" on the contrary, it is the feuilleton which now bears the politics on its powerful shoulders.

ANECDOTE OF O'CONNELL.—He was once examining a witness, whose inebriety, at the time to which the evidence referred, it was essential to his client's case to prove. He quickly discovered the man's character. He was a fellow who may be described as "half foolish with roguery." "Well, Darby, you told the truth to this gentleman?" "Yes, your honor, Counsellor O'Connell." "How do you know my name?" "Ah! sure every one knows our own *patriot*." "Well, you are a good-humored, honest fellow; now tell me, Darby, did you take a drop of anything that day?" "Why, your honor, I took *my share* of a pint of spirits." "Your share of it; now, by virtue of your oath, was not your share of it *all but the powder*?" "Why, then, dear knows, that's true for you, Sir." The Court was convulsed at both question and answer. It soon, step by step, came out, that the man was drunk, and was not, therefore, a competent witness. Thus O'Connell won his case for his client.

From Hogg's Weekly Instructor.

REV. GEORGE GILFILLAN.

[A sketch of a writer so familiar to the readers of this Magazine, as Mr. Gilfillan, though imperfect, will not be without interest. Mr. G. has acquired the reputation of one of the best periodical writers of the age.—Ed.]

If a literary bias be not impressed on the mind in the early stages of a man's studies, he seldom receives it in the subsequent course of his professional labors. If he be entirely devoted to theology before he become a clergyman, there is little chance that afterwards, amidst the constant and severe pressure of the duties of his sacred calling, he will be attracted to literature. The church is his world, and all nature to him is burdened with a sermon. The glorious and musical sky is but the sounding-board above his individual pulpit. And even though he should at college have been a follower of the muses, and have sought to be penetrated and pervaded by the idea of the beautiful, instead of being crammed by the hard prelections of ethical and theological professors, yet, when he is ordained to the work of the ministry, it is difficult for him to cultivate his first aspirations, and as the requisite leisure is wanting, so the taste may gradually decline and at length be extinct; the *reverend* will grow and the literary man die. The once contemplated epic poem is metamorphosed into a discourse at the opening of synod; the revolution to be effected in the whole world of letters by some ideal and splendid novelty turns out to be an ecclesiastical project for the augmentation of stipends; and the Parnassian laurels which overshadowed the glowing dreams of ambitious youth have been changed into the plain yet satisfying honors of D. D.

Mr. Gilfillan's mental tendencies, however, were so definite and confirmed, and his temperament so enthusiastic, that when he was settled as a pastor in Dundee, he prosecuted with unabated vigor his early studies, and was resolved on reaching his first aims. We have heard that Shakspeare regularly for years lay open on his breakfast-table and made the coffee nectar. A copy of Shelley was the indispensable of his pocket in his extempore strollings, and of his portmanteau in his travels. Perhaps the several years in which he brooded over or secretly worked at his ambitious

projects have been of essential service to him.

Mr. Gilfillan had been introduced to Thomas Aird—a man of fervid genius, author of several works, in which the holiness of his character and the strength of his mind are alike displayed, a contributor to "Blackwood's Magazine," and editor of a newspaper in Dumfries. Mr. Aird was not slow to perceive the promise of rare ability in his friend, and wished him to write sketches of the leading men of our age, which accordingly, at intervals appeared in the "Dumfries Herald," and excited great notice and interest. These were not such trifles as Mr. Grant, author of the "Random Recollections of the House of Commons," was at nearly the same time giving to the world in expensive volumes. They had all the raciness and piquancy, without the malice, of the portraits in "Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk," and were characterized by a piercing insight into his subjects and a splendor of poetic illustration to which Lockhart can make no pretensions. They were obviously suggested by Hazlitt's "Spirit of the Age," and whilst they exhibit as much subtlety, unperverted however to paradox, they are also allied with a more daring imagination, a more copious fancy, and, of course, a far more candid and kindly heart. A newspaper was but too ephemeral a canvas for such original and striking sketches, and Raphael might as well have executed his immortal paintings on a handkerchief. They were liable to be neglected and forgotten, along with the column of advertisements and reports in which they appeared, and a more appropriate and permanent vehicle was necessary. A year or two ago, Mr. Gilfillan collected these sketches, and added a few new ones, in the volume entitled "Gallery of Literary Portraits," which introduced him forthwith to fame. We have read no book which contains such a varied and yet homogeneous mass of eloquence, poetry, and genuine criticism.

By the press it was most cordially and almost universally hailed, and seldom has a production, even in these days of gleanings, furnished so many quotations for the newspapers. In "Tait's Magazine," it was commented upon at great

length, and with much geniality, by De Quincey. We believe, however, that the "Gallery" has not been duly appreciated. Its brilliant and glowing style has greatly concealed its searching and subtle thoughts, and its popular manner has withdrawn proper attention from its philosophical matter. Its dashing rhetoric has kept the public view too exclusively fixed upon the surface. Its precision, flexibility, and rich texture of language, frequently rivalling the masterpieces of Walter Savage Landor, have disguised the boldness, grandeur, and value of the ideas which yet they expressed with such marvellous fitness and force. The lights were so beautiful that the objects which they defined were unnoticed. The analogies were so unexpected and vivid, that the principles of concord, the laws of harmony, along which the similes flashed, were not apprehended. It were idle in us to particularize some of the sketches in this well known "Gallery." Who can have forgotten that of Shelley, the "eternal child," though the introduction is singularly incongruous, since it represents the poet as allied to the prophets of Israel, who were stern men, whose cradle (if they ever knew one) had been rocked by the tempests of the wilderness and curtained by the flames of heaven? Who will fail to remember that of Thomas Carlyle? the most glorious frontispiece imaginable to Carlyle's "French Revolution—a History." We have seen the letter (and it was professedly a *grateful* one) written by this remarkable man when some fragments of the sketch first appeared in print, and we question whether any other reviewer ever obtained such words of cordial thanksgiving for the discharge of his functions. And small need be the wonder, for Carlyle felt that he must be a brother, though a younger one, who could appreciate him so entirely and describe him in a manner which drew out so forcibly all the characteristics of his grand nature. Who will not think of the magnificent sketch of Edward Irving, and of his pulpit-hour which gave a shock, as of an earthquake, to all the classes of London life? The genial notice of Charles Lamb might have been Lamb's own account of himself, and is worth a dozen of such biographies as even the accomplished and enthusiast Talfourd has written. The fierce face of Ebenezer Elliot, the Corn-Law Rhymist, stared with accurate outline and genuine expression out of an article which was solid, ornamental, and radiant as the shield

of Vulcan, Ebenezer's own master. And even those sketches which were comparative failures contain many paragraphs of transcendent beauty and power. Believing that the estimate which Mr. Gilfillan has given of Godwin is extravagant, there are yet many master-strokes of description in it, and especially the picture of the alchemist is of the highest merit. The one-half of the critique upon Keats is utterly and indeed professedly irrelevant, but the remainder amply redeems the whole. Though Wordsworth was entitled to a full-length portrait, yet the miniature likeness which Mr. Gilfillan has executed is a perfect gem. The pieces on Macaulay and Lockhart, though they are rather meagre outlines, have some very memorable points. Since the publication of the "Gallery," Mr. Gilfillan has finished several other sketches, some of which are decidedly his best productions, and will enrich a second series of collections. His supplement upon Foster and his estimate of Byron are the most remarkable. We cannot help noticing that latterly he has been somewhat capricious and unjust towards John Foster as well as Robert Hall. Mr. Gilfillan can see Hazlitt in a splenetic and raging mood against man—Ebenezer Elliot cursing landlords bitterly—Byron intensely sulky—but he will give no quarter to Foster's melancholy, nor will allow in the least that Foster did well to be sad. He can weep in concert with the misery of sinners, but he chastises an eminent saint for mourning over the world's character and destiny. At the bottom of his heart, we suspect that Mr. Gilfillan admires and sympathizes with Foster, and we are convinced that in punishing Foster for gloominess of view and feeling he is taking vengeance upon his own kindred moods. Why does he, in his articles, introduce Foster so repeatedly, if he is not under the fascination which one man of genius exercises over another? It will not be improper for us to give a brief extract from a letter which we received from Mr. Gilfillan after he had read Foster's "Life and Correspondence:"—"Some books are dumb, and deaf, and dead—this one speaks to me as few books have spoken for a long period. I have been startled by coincidences of thought and sentiment between this giant and my humble self. What a rich mind these miscellaneous reflections evince! What a self-flagellant soul he had! How profound and perpetual his gloom! How ardent his desire to be away from out "this belly of

hell'' into a clearer and better atmosphere! What a lingering minuteness in his observations on nature, as on a world he was to leave for ever, and on man as a species from whom he was and wished to be severed! How gentle, withal, is his gloom—gentle because habitual—a suit of sables from very childhood! I consider Foster now, in sublimity of conception, only second in this age to Coleridge, and perhaps for absolute originality his superior." We are also here reminded of what Foster himself once wrote to a friend who had been abusing him:—"Genius hails its few brothers with a most fraternal warmth. I have too much talent not to be attracted by yours and to attract it; you could not shake me off if you would. We are both elevated so much as to confront each other conspicuously through the clear space above the heads of the crowd, and cannot help a pointed recognition of each other's mental visage."

We believe that if Foster had been alive, Gilfillan's pilgrim steps, during his late visit to England, would have been directed to Frome, and that, after Carlyle, the Baptist would have been visited by him with emotions of deepest reverence. We can fancy the old preacher and the experienced man of letters cordially exchanging, in his low and gurgling accents, thoughts with the young one. But death often prevents kindred spirits from meeting.

It is but proper that we indicate the faults which may in our opinion, be chargeable upon the mass of Mr. Gilfillan's productions, and they are faults of which he could easily be cured.

It is but a guess, though we think it a warrantable and likely one, that whilst he is most careful and elaborate in summing up his judgments upon authors, he has neglected an immediately previous analysis and consideration of their claims. He labors in reproducing vividly and in recasting poetically his old verdicts, which, being youthful, are liable to be substantially in some particulars erroneous, or at least imperfect; whereas, it would have been better if he had entirely begun a fresh study of the authors to be reviewed. A new reading, though it had not modified former opinions, would have rendered them much more distinct and exact. But he works upon the materials of his old impressions, without strictly canvassing the justice of these, so that whilst he is applying, and that with unequalled skill, the most searching tests of criticism, it is to merits which are very vague in his

mind. He does not appear always to take the trouble of reading anew the books of the men upon whom he decides. Instead of revising the opinions which he had formed long ago, and which in many cases must have been influenced by contemporary criticism, he satisfies himself with an artistic exhibition of these. Thus he often *seems*, and is censured for *being*, deficient in the art of analysis, when the truth is that he has contented himself with dealing with vague impressions, recollections, and ideas. His criticism wants, therefore, the basis of scientific qualities, which no man is more competent than Mr. Gilfillan to have furnished. Or if he finds that his old opinions have been contradicted by eminent literary men with whom he has met in private, he adjusts and accommodates them accordingly without any re-examination, and generally he fails, for his mind is divided between two sets of opposite opinions which it would be vain to harmonize. It is sometimes amusing to witness this discrepancy. He forms a glowing image, a beautiful idol, and this evidently from his old and native impressions: but having met with some able sceptic, he himself too begins to sneer, and in a few pithy sentences, concluding an inspired rhapsody of admiration, he renounces altogether the character of a worshipper. Ought he not to have regarded his own memory or the insight of others as alike fallacious or fallible, and again have addressed himself to a close and thorough study? His eyes are opening wider and wider, and seeing more clearly every day, and his *present* not his *past* judgment should be given. In his sketch of Bulwer, it is quite plain that his own impressions, received years ago, were those of fervent admiration, but he had come into contact with some literary man who had received other and very different impressions, and he labors at developing both, and attempts at the same time a due blending of both, but signally fails. Had he studied Bulwer again, his criticism would have been more particular, vivid, consistent, and genuine. And with justice we could make the same remark in reference to his essay upon Robert Hall; an essay which, without the explanation we have volunteered, would look exceedingly capricious. Mr. Gilfillan is more than competent to judge entirely for himself, and, instead of falsifying or modifying his own impressions to suit those of others, he should once again subject them to the keen scrutiny of his own mental vision.

The same habit has occasioned another serious defect—the absence of a solid *substratum* of intellectual materials on which his imagination may work. The habit necessitates an undue exercise of imagination upon a very slight basis. We may also hint that, occasionally, mere gossip about literary chiefs, and that too, perhaps, of an unauthenticated kind, is too eagerly laid hold of, and too largely retailed by Mr. Gilfillan. Anecdotes are the lowest and the narrowest forms of truth known in the world, and they can give no full idea of character unless all the circumstances and the entire scene be introduced along with the actions or the words singled out by report.

The unpublished opinions which Mr. Gilfillan has heard from incompetent acquaintances are too freely mentioned, and although he himself would not agree with these, yet they receive no note of disapprobation. Of this we give a striking instance from the paper on Robert Hall: “A distinguished Scottish divine who visited him expressed to us disappointment with his preaching, which was chiefly remarkable, he said, for the flow and facility with which fine and finished sentences issued from his lips; but added that his conversational powers were unrivalled, and that altogether he was by far the most extraordinary specimen of human nature he had ever witnessed. *He gave him the impression of a being detained, among us by very slight and trembling tendrils.*” The last sentence (which we have put in italics) is a piece of most exquisite nonsense, and Mr. Gilfillan should not have given it any currency in conversation or writing, or even have kept it on his memory. Robert Hall, whose body and soul were so manly, resolute, and even fierce in their uniform expression, to suggest the idea of a tender and sensitive plant, shrinking from the breezes and the light of earth! Why, the great man was sturdy and defiant as a Scottish thistle, and would have proved himself such in debate with the distinguished “Scottish divine.” The “tendrils” which excited so much sympathy were somewhat more like prickles which would have occasioned pain. The “big-browed, keen-eyed,” man whom Mr. Gilfillan described, had no very sickly or ethereal aspect; and what spectator, save a very stupid one whom Mr. Gilfillan should have discarded, would have perceived in the heavy and gross mouth and chin, and in the rotund waist of Mr. Hall, any very heavenly tendencies—any indication that he was

fast “wearin’ awa’ to the land o’ the leal?” Some delicate and fragile creature, like Felicia Hemans or poor John Keats, and not Robert Hall, might have been sitting by the side of the Scottish divine. We cannot conjecture who this divine was, for clergymen in large troops crossed the border to hold an interview with the celebrated preacher, and, alas! (contrary to all the English proverbs anent Scotch emigrants) they *did* come back to rehearse daily the conversation, and to report their impressions.

In spite, however, of these and other faults, which could easily be amended, Mr. Gilfillan’s “Gallery” and the subsequent sketches are not only novelties, but, in the most important respects, they are models in the range of English criticism. To his hands, sooner than to those of any other professional judge, would we commit the grandest works of our literature.

Mr. Gilfillan, our readers will be glad to learn, is a young man, not very much in advance of thirty, and therefore a brilliant and influential career is before him. May it be long, peaceful, and profitable! At present he is contemplating a work upon the “Hebrew Bards and Prophets,” and if he do justice to himself, there is little fear but that he will do such justice to these bards and prophets of the Lord as they have never yet received. He is well qualified to take down the harp which hung upon the willows by the rivers of Babylon.

As a lecturer on literary subjects, he has frequently appeared, and with a success, it must be confessed, considerably less than his friends and admirers could have anticipated. His emphatic and earnest oratory, his brilliant style of composition, and the glowing character of his ideas, might have justified all in expecting a complete triumph. His audiences, indeed, could not have been the most select, for even in a large city few are the persons who would seek the philosophy rather than the easy science of a subject; and we believe, also, that Mr. Gilfillan did not do himself justice in the way of careful preparation. His themes were those on which he had already written largely, and his hearers got lengthy paragraphs awkwardly introduced, which they had previously scanned over as his readers. Besides, lecturing (such as it must be at present, if hearers are to be obtained) will fail to represent literature to advantage. An exposition of principles and rules would be thrown away, and the illustrations alone would be effective.

To all his friends, Mr. Gilfillan ever appears as the enthusiastic and accomplished literary man. His conversation and his letters are brief and easy, though original articles upon books and their authors. Often, when in solitude and gloom, have we been cheered by his epistles, until the postman was hailed as a Mercury from the sky; and on different occasions, when excitement was much needed, we have met him face to face. He himself has his dark hours and desponding moods, and his letters then are what he would call the "soul-spray" of fierce tumult within. But he is beginning to study sorrowful hearts, and even his own, with an artist's curiosity and aim. The man must suffer personally, or by such a sympathy as shall wholly identify him with the lot of the miserable, ere the artist can work successfully upon the materials of genuine human life.

We have seen Mr. Gilfillan in all his moods. Our first flying visit found him discussing and eulogizing a *sheep's head*; and as his knife kept clattering among the teeth, he expressed a warm preference of that simple table-delicacy. He walked out into the garden, and made his desert off the gooseberry-bushes. All the afternoon and evening, his conversation was in a gentle though elevated strain. In and out of doors, we noticed that the same poetic hues dyed all his discourse; and we questioned much whether his vivid imagination needs the presence and inspiration of beautiful scenery: for whether he looked to the summer *grate* (prosaic enough, of course, with its black and cold ribs) or to the summer *sky*, his remarks were equally fine in essence and form.

Our next meeting was in the beginning of the present year, on the occasion of commemorating the birth-day of James Watt. Before the hour of festival, a young couple, a mere boy and girl, came to be married by him. They had evidently just got their faces washed for the ceremony, and no ablutions, no cosmetics even, could have made them look interesting. Yet Mr. Gilfillan's imagination was excited: he spoke of love longer than life and stronger than death; he prayed for heaven and earth to be propitious on the match; and performed the marriage-service in the finest style we have ever heard, just as if he had been uniting the lady-moon and the dreaming Endymion in the cave of the silvery grove. It was only at the close, when he shook hands with them and wished them all happiness, that he seemed to become

sensible of the ludicrous elements in the scene. We repaired to the soirée. It was a crowded gathering, presided over by a nobleman whose eloquence was of the intermitting and hesitating kind, and who took as long to give out a second sentence as the stewards had taken to fill up a second cup of tea. We were then favoured with an *article* on personal cleanliness and on other kindred duties which the people owed to themselves. We often wished that the newly-wedded pair had been present to get the benefit of the lecture, especially as they would not have been shocked by the multitude of grammatical mistakes which the orator committed. Mr. Gilfillan then rose, and made a brilliant speech on the character and advantages of manly education. It was sadly out of tune with all the preceding and subsequent twaddle spoken by gentlemen—upon their legs. He urged the duty, not of keeping clean hands, but of gaining highly accomplished intellects, and would have sent his audience to the library rather than to the bath. He stood up like a prophet among school-boys, and concluded by a thundering denunciation of those who seek to separate or to alienate literature from religion. This was followed by a wretchedly weak attempt at a retort upon Gilfillan, by one who wisely said that he would not be ambitious in his eloquence! It was modesty most wise. With a servility becoming a page to his master, he very properly followed up what had been said about clean hands by recommending the use of gloves! And these are your improvement folks! Hands clean and gloved! Very good; but pray, what of souls? During the whole night there was not a sentence worth reporting, save what fell from Gilfillan.

Much boisterous fun had we in the house, over our joint recollections of the soirée. We sought to conjecture the place where James Watt was, for one speaker had represented him as *looking down* upon the meeting, another had sketched him as *peeping up* towards the same august assembly, and a third hinted that he was seated beside the president, as the public guest, and smiling very complacently upon the ladies. We had seen no face at the skylight, no eye winking in the seams of the floor, and certainly the seat beside the chairman was occupied by a person whom no imagination could conceive of as James Watt. In private we made much better entertainment than we had received in public.



From Sharpe's Magazine.

VISIONS OF THE PAST.

ALONE in the dreary night—
In the dark cold night alone—
I pine for the dawning light,
And the bird's first whispering tone.
Visions surround my bed,
A dim unearthly train,
And I close my eyes with dread,—
But I close my eyes in vain,
Alone in the dreary night!

O mournful, ghostly band!
Why do ye come so near?
O Guardian Spirit! wherefore stand
Far off, as if in fear?
Spread, spread thy sheltering wings;
Thou—only thou—canst save;
Protect me from these fearful things,
The tenants of the grave,
Alone in the dreary night!

Why does that little child
Come near and nearer now?
Her eyes are very pure and mild,
And heaven bright her brow.
But she fills my heart with woe,
And I shrink with a dreadful fear,
For thy baby features well I know—
O sister, fond and dear!
Leave me, thou little child!

In infancy she died;
Why did I live, O God?
In life we slumbered side by side,
Why not beneath the sod?
We played together then,
An undivided pair;
I live—the most accursed of men;
She died—an angel fair!
Leave, leave me, little child!

O mother! didst thou mourn
Beside that little bed?
And didst thou pine for her return,
And weep that she was dead?
That garb of misery—
Those tears—that bitter sigh—
Mother, they should have been for me,
Because I *did not die*!
Mistaken human love!

O Spirit, haunt me not!
Mother—away! away!
My heart is sick—my brain is hot—
I cannot—dare not pray.
Thy face is calm and sweet;
In thine unclouded eyes
A holy love I dare not meet,
A tender radiance lies.
O mother, haunt me not!

Or, if thou must appear,
Come in that latter time,
Come with that glance of woe and fear
Which marked my course of crime,
When thine eyes had lost their light,
When thy heart was sad within,
When thy clustering locks were white
With grieving for my sin:
Come, with thy broken heart!

All happy things and pure
Mine agony increase:
My sin-tost spirit can endure
All—save to dream of peace.
O childhood innocent!
O youth too bright to last!
Has *hell* a bitterer punishment
Than *Visions of the Past*?
Pure spirits, haunt me not!

From the Metropolitan.

THE RETURN HOME.

What varied emotions, how freely they rise,
After long years of absence, of trouble and
pain;
How the tear will, unbidden, oft start to the eyes,
When the home of our boyhood we welcome
again.
The ivy clad walls many old thoughts awaken,
Of pleasures that long since have fled away;
Though each chamber—desolate, drear, and forsaken,
My heart holds thee dearest, even in thy decay.

The happiest moments, the blythe of hours,
I have known in thy halls, when in childhood I
sung;
The choicest of garlands, the sweetest of flowers,
I have carelessly gather'd thy bowers among:
Even now thy sad fate, and thy crumbling glory,
For ever departed, and humbled so low,
Awakes in my heart, as I dwell on thy story,
Sad feelings that only my bosom can know.

Where are those happy youngsters, my playmates
in youth,
Whose spirits were free and unfettered as air?
Alas! how I fain would deny the stern truth—
They are gone, and I am a lone wanderer here.
The cold smile of strangers and sorrow has shaded
The hope that so bright in my bosom did burn;
Farewell, the fond dreams of my youth now are
faded,
Love greets not, friends cheer not, the exile's
return.

A VOICE FROM NATURE.

BY E. H. BARRINGTON.

Is it a tone from angels' lips
 My earnest spirit hears?
 O, listen, and the emerald earth
 Will be less sad with tears.
 This voice of truth is never mute,
 Nor hoarse its stirring tone;
 It sings around the peasant's cot,
 And round the monarch's throne.

I hear it 'midst the piercing shrieks
 Which come from screws and racks;
 Above the tyrant's rod, which makes
 A drum of human backs.
 And echoed is this music voice
 O'er every sea and sod,
 "He who doth love humanity
 Shall be beloved of God."

A father led two hungry boys
 Adown a princely street,
 And each one shivered with the cold,
 And all had bleeding feet.
 "They are impostors," muttered some—
 "Mere idlers," answered others;
 And few believed who looked on them,
 They looked upon their brothers.

Then passed upon a high-fed steed
 A lady proud and fair,
 And hurried by the beggar's side
 As if a snake were there;
 And then the beggar turned his eyes
 Upon his sons and wept:—
 A father never held that faith
 On which the stoics slept.

A laughing light sprung down the skies
 Like God's approving smile;
 And as the poor man's tears arose
 It silvered them the while.
 The lady's wealth, that beggar's rags,
 O, they were things apart!
 But who would give his weeping eye
 For her disdainful heart?

From Howitt's Journal.

MOTHERWELL'S GRAVE.

"When the great winds through leafless forests rushing,
 Sad music make;
 When the swollen streams, o'er crag and gully gushing,
 Like full hearts break,
 Will there then one whose heart despair is crushing
 Mourn for my sake?—MOTHERWELL."

Place we a stone at his head and his feet;
 Sprinkle his sward with the small flowers sweet;
 Piously hallow the Poet's retreat!
 Ever approvingly,
 Ever most lovingly,
 Turned he to Nature, a worshipper meet.

Harm not the thorn which grows at his head;
 Odorous honors its blossoms will shed,
 Grateful to him—early summoned—who sped
 Hence, not unwillingly—
 For he felt thrillingly—
 To rest his poor heart 'mong the low-lying dead.

Dearer to him than the deep Minster bell,
 Winds of sad cadence at midnight will swell,
 Vocal with sorrows he knoweth too well,
 Who—for the early day—
 Plaining this roundelay,
 Might his own fate from a brother's foretell.

Worldly ones, treading this terrace of graves,
 Grudge not the minstrel the little he craves,
 When o'er the snow-mound the winter-blast raves;
 Tears—which devotedly,
 Though all unnotedly,
 Flow from their spring, in the soul's silent caves.

Dreamers of noble thoughts, raise him a shrine,
 Graced with the beauty which glows in his line;
 Strew with pale flowerets, when pensive moons
 shine,
 His grassy covering.
 Where spirits hovering,
 Chant for his requiem, music divine.

Not as a record he lacketh a stone!—
 Pay a light debt to the singer we've known—
 Proof that our love for his name hath not flown—
 With the frame perishing—
 That we are cherishing
 Feelings akin to our lost Poet's own.

From Howitt's Journal.

ROOM FOR THE RIGHT.

BY J. B. MANSON.

The world is wide, the world is fair,
 And large as Mercy's heart can be,—
 'Twas, sure, a voice of fell despair
 That said, "There is no room for me."
 No room! O man, the fields are white,
 The harvest lags, the hands are few;
 And few are earnest, strong, and right—
 The human harvest lags for you,
 O man! and such as you.

In chariot rolls the millionaire
 Among the golden acres vast,
 With purple robes and sumptuous fare
 For every day—except the last.
 The poor man sighs, "For all the fields
 On which yon Harvest-moon doth shine,
 And all the stalks each furrow yields,
 Not one is, or will e'er be mine!
 No stalk will e'er be mine!"

The poor, the rich,—shall these the poles
 Of this fair world for ever be?
 Shall mankind never count by souls,
 Or aught, save purse and pedigree?
 If so, earth ripens for its blaze,
 So withered, and of love so bare,
 And there is room—much room—to raise
 A desert-prophet's cry, "Prepare!"
 Relent, repent, prepare!

Room! Valor carves the room he lacks,
 And Wrong—wherever dispossessed—
 Leaves vantage-ground for new attacks,
 And room for—anything but rest.
 Up, Worker! seek not room, but make it,
 And do whate'er you find to do;
 Ask not a brother's leave, but take it;
 Bide not your time—time bides not you;
 Let nothing wait for you.

THE PIONEER OF PROGRESS.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

A battle must be fought
In the clear and open plain,
Ere their long debated right
Freedom's soldiers can obtain.
But the road is dark and cumbered where they
go;
The feeble halt and doubt,—
The rash are put to rout :—
There are Pioneers of Progress wanted now.

Let the cowardly despair;
Time shall aid the working hand;
What shall baffle those who dare
Be first to lead the band?
Not prejudice, with darkly scowling frown;
Though her sentinels have long
Like scarecrows awed the throng
Where her moss-grown wall was built—pull it
down.

Where the crumbling ruin falls,
And scatters blank and wide;
Pile the remnants of the walls
Far apart on either side:
If the stones are in the way—leap across!
Cut the brambles round your feet,
Though the wounding thorns may meet;
Buy the glory of great gain with a loss.

Then "Onward" be the word,
For many a levelled mile;
Let the marching troops advance
Over mountain—through defile:
Marshal all, to the weakest and the last;
Till unwearied arms begin
The battle they shall win,
And their struggle be a memory of the past.

But forget not in that hour,
When the strife is all gone by,
The earnest hearts, whose power
First led you on to try
What the might of gathered multitudes might
do;
Turn back, and let your cheer
Sound gladly in their ear—
"We never should have conquered but for you!"

THE VOICE OF THE GRASS.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
By the dusty roadside,
On the sunny hill-side,
Close by the noisy brook,
In every shady nook,
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, smiling everywhere;
All round the open door,
Where sit the aged poor,
Here where the children play
In the bright and merry May,
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
In the noisy city street,
My pleasant face you'll meet,
Cheering the sick at heart,
Toiling his busy part,
Silently creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
You cannot see me coming,
Nor hear my low sweet humming;
For in the starry night,
And the glad morning light,
I come quietly creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
More welcome than the flowers,
In summer's pleasant hours;
The gentle cow is glad,
And the merry bird not sad
To see me creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
When you're numbered with the dead,
In your still and narrow bed,
In the happy spring I'll come,
And deck your silent home,
Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
My humble song of praise
Most gratefully I raise
To Him at whose command
I beautify the land,
Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

REMEMBRANCE.

BY EMMA BLOODWORTH.

We remember! all the sunshine
Of hours long passed away.
We remember, till we half forget
The shadows of 'to-day.'

How often when the brow is grave,
And all is dark around,
The heart from some sweet memory
An inward joy hath found.

And better far it loves to dwell
'Midst those visions of the past,
Than to watch the changing splendor
Upon the present cast.

We remember! all the sorrow
That met us on our way,
When our path seemed 'midst the flowers
Of the long, long summer day.

And often when the eye is bright,
And on the lip a smile,
We feel the heart-pulse sinking
With some hidden woe the while.

So we nurse perchance the brightest thought
Amid a thousand fears—
And we have not always done with grief
When we have done with tears.



THE NATIONAL CLOCK.—The publication of certain parliamentary papers furnishes us with several particulars respecting the great clock which it is proposed to construct in the tower of the new Houses of Parliament. It will be, when completed, the most powerful clock of the kind in the kingdom. According to the specification, it is to 'strike the hours on a bell of from eight to ten tons, and, if practicable, chime the quarters upon eight bells, and show the time upon four dials about thirty feet in diameter.' With the exception of a skeleton dial at Malines, the above dimensions surpass those of any other clock face in Europe. The dial of St Paul's is as yet the largest in this country with a minute hand: it is eighteen feet in diameter. Most of the clocks in Belgium which strike on large bells have to be wound up every day; but the new one is to be an eight-day clock: and, as we are informed, every resource of modern art and science will be made use of to render it a perfect standard.

—No better guarantee for accuracy can be had than the fact, that the whole of the work, from first to last, will be under the direction and approval of Mr. Airy, the astronomer-royal, who has been consulted throughout by the government. Among the conditions for the construction of the clock drawn up by this gentleman, we find—the frame to be of cast-iron, wheels of hard bell metal, with steel spindles, working in bell-metal bearings, and to be so arranged, that any one may be taken out to be cleaned without disturbing the others. Accuracy of movement to be insured by a dead-beat escapement, compensating pendulum, and going fusee. The first blow of the hammer when striking the hour to be within a second of the true time. We are glad to see that it is in contemplation to take advantage of one of the most interesting inventions of the day for a galvanic communication between the clock and the Royal Observatory at Greenwich. In Mr. Airy's words, 'The striking detent is to have such parts, that whenever need shall arise, one of the two following plans may be adopted (as, after consultation with Mr. Wheatstone or other competent authorities, shall be judged best), either that the warning movement may make contact, and the striking movement break contact, for a battery, or that the striking movement may produce a magneto-electric current. Apparatus shall be provided which will enable the attendant to shift the connection, by means of the

clock action, successively to different wires of different hours, in case it shall hereafter be thought desirable to convey the indications of the clock to several different places.' Should this plan be carried out, a signal may be conveyed to Greenwich with every stroke of the hammer, and thus insure an accuracy never before attempted.

The Royal Exchange clock is said to be at present the best in the kingdom, and so true, that a person standing in the street may take correct time from the face; the first stroke of each hour is accurate to a second. The papers before us contain the names of three candidates for the honor of making the national clock—Mr. Vulliamy, who states his grandfather to have been clockmaker to George II.; Mr. Dent, the maker of the Exchange clock; and Mr. Whitehurst of Derby. Two estimates have been sent in, one for L.1600, the other, L.3373; but owing to some differences of opinion, and the withdrawal of one or two of the names, the maker does not yet appear to have been decided on.

The explanations of the plans drawn up by the competitors contain remarks, among other matters, as to the relative merits of cable-laid, catgut, or wire rope, for lines to the new clock. Wire rope is used for the Exchange clock; and, according to the manufacturer, a wire rope half an inch in diameter will bear eighteen hundredweight without breaking. The four sets of hands, with the motion wheels, it has been calculated, will weigh twelve hundredweight; the head of the hammer, two hundred pounds; the weights, from one hundred and fifty to three hundred pounds; and the pendulum bob, three hundredweight. One of the candidates proposes to jewel the escapement pallet with sapphires, as preferable to the stones generally made use of. The hands are to keep going while the clock is being wound up; but the motion of the minute hand is not to be constant; it will move once every twenty seconds, when it will go over a space of nearly four inches.

In many of the public clocks on the continent the whole of the works are highly polished—a 'luxury,' which, it has been suggested, had better be dispensed with in the present instance, as it creates trouble from the rusting of the wheels, without adding in the least to the value or accuracy of the mechanism. Whatever, be the final decision of the Board of Works, we trust that the astronomer-royal's recom-

mendation, with regard to facilities for the admission of visitors, will be adopted to the letter. "As it is intended," he says, "that this clock should be one of which the nation may be proud, and in which the maker ought to feel that his credit is deeply concerned, I would propose that the access to it should be made good, and even slightly ornamented, and that facility should be given to the inspection of the clock by mechanics and by foreigners."—*Chambers's Journal*.

PERIODICALS OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.—The Revolution, which gave liberty and license to thought, speech, and action, no matter of what character, was not without its effect upon the press. The whole kingdom was inundated with newspapers representing every passion that agitated the popular mind. No sooner had the States-General assembled in 1789, than Mirabeau commenced the publication of his famous "Letters to his Constituents;" and a host of others started up to record or discuss the acts of the legislators. Whole volumes would be required to give a faithful sketch of the revolutionary press: we give some of the more prominent titles. "The Peep of Day, or Collection of what Passed the Night before in the National Assembly," by Barrère: "The Evangelists of the Day;" "The Revolutions of Paris," by the triumvirate Prudhomme, Loustalot, and Tournon, with its famous epigraph—"The great only appear great to us because we are on our knees: let us rise." "The Journal des Débats et Décrets;" "The Parisian Publicist, Free and Impartial Journal," by Marat, *the friend of the people*: "The Acts of the Apostles," a medley in verse and prose: "The National Gazette, or Moniteur Universel," date of the first number, November 24, 1789: in short, during the first year of liberty, more than 150 journals started into existence. The following year, 1790, the number was 140; among the latter we may quote—"The Iron Mouth," by the Abbé Fauchet: "The Friend of the King;" "The Friend of the Citizens;" "The Village Sheet." A gradual diminution appears to have taken place: in 1791, the number of new journals was 95; then 60, 50, 40, 35, 35, until 1797, when it went up again to 95; in 1798, it fell to 17; 26 in 1799; and in 1800, 7 only: making a total in the twelve years of 750 publications. The number was probably greater, as it is scarcely possible to determine it with accuracy. Every party had its organ—royalist, republican, or Jacobin. Robespierre brought out, "The Defender of the Constitution;" "The Old Cordelier" was edited by Camille-Desmoulins: "The Journal of the Mountain" had numerous conductors. There were more than 100 with the prefix of "Journal;" and as in an uproar such as the Revolution created it is difficult to gain a hearing, every one tried to cry louder than his neighbor; or, when this means failed, to sell cheaper, or to assume a more extraordinary title. There were "The Journal of the Men of the 14th July, and of the Faubourg St. Antoine;" "The Journal of the Sans-Culottes," inscribed—"The souls of emperors and those of cobblers are cast in the same mould;" "The Journal of Louis XVI. and of his People;" "Poor Richard's Journal;" "The Devil's Journal;" "The Journal of the Good and Bad;" "The Journal of Idlers," which "told everything in few words;" "The Journal of Incurables;" and "The Journal of Laughters." The title of fifteen others commenced with Bulletin; seven were Gazettes; half-a-dozen each of Annals, Sheets, and Chronicles; eight Couriers, and as many Postilions; twenty Correspondence; from

forty to fifty Friends and Defenders; besides an endless catalogue of Mirrors, Lanterns, and Enemies.

Among the more grotesque or pointed titles were—"The National Whip;" "For and Against;" "The Listener at the Door," motto—"Walls have ears;" "The Tocsin of Fearless Richard;" "The French Democritus," motto—"At everything to laugh is folly; he laughs best who laughs the last;" "The Evangelists of the Day;" "The Breakfast;" "Mustard after Dinner;" "To-morrow;" "All the World's Cousin;" "Hang Me, but Listen to Me;" "Stop Thief—Stop Thief;" "I Don't Care a Rap; Liberté, Libertas, the Deuce." Many others might be enumerated. This short list will, however, suffice to convey an idea of the press in France during the Revolution; years of liberty, as Malouet observes, speedily degenerated into libertinage. With the exception of the "Moniteur," the form of which was from the first such as it retains at present, and of two or three other double-columned quarto journals, all the newspapers of the Revolution were published in octavo, sometimes duodecimo. Each number contained from eight to twelve pages; the price from nine to twelve francs a quarter.

LITERARY SUPERANNUATION.—We understand that a petition is about to be presented on behalf of numerous characters—classical, historical and allegorical—to be permitted to retire from the service of literature, and to be placed on the Superannuation Fund, on the ground of their being completely worn out. The Lernean Hydra, Cincinnatus, Hercules, with his labors, and Garrick, whose position between tragedy and comedy, is becoming quite a bore, will, it is expected, be put upon the list, and allowed to retire into private life on the score of extreme age. Any writer found dragging them forward into public notice by attempting to make them do duty any longer, will be severely punished. The Augean Stable is also to be shut up until further notice, and literary trespassers will be prosecuted with the utmost rigor of the critical law. A handsome reward will be paid for any new historical or classical illustrations, to replace the veteran body, whose retirement has been considered advisable in consequence of its strength having become utterly exhausted by being too much employed.—*Punch*.

SHELLEY AND BYRON.—"The eternal child!" This beautiful expression so true in its application to Shelley, I borrow from Mr. Gilfilian, and I am tempted to add the rest of his eloquent parallel between Shelley and Lord Byron, so far as it relates to their external appearance. In the forehead and head of Byron, there was a more massive power and breadth. Shelley's had a smooth, arched, spiritual expression; wrinkles there seemed none on his brow; it was as if perpetual youth had there dropped its freshness. Byron's eye seemed the focus of pride and lust. Shelley's was mild, pensive, fixed on you, but seeing through the mist of its own idealism. Defiance curled Byron's nostril, and sensuality steeped his full, large lips; the lower portions of Shelley's face were frail, feminine, and flexible. Byron's head was turned upwards, as if, having proudly risen above his contemporaries, he were daring to claim kindred, or to demand a contest with a superior order of beings. Shelley's was half bent in reverence and humility before some vast vision seen by his eye alone. In the portrait of Byron, taken at the age of nineteen, you see the unnatural age of premature passion. His hair is grey, his dress is youthful, but his face is old. In Shelley you see the eternal child,

none the less because the hair is grey, and that "sorrow seems half his immortality."—*Capt. Medwin.*

THE BURMESE THRONE.—The celebrated Burmese Throne, or Rath, belonging to Mr. Batty, of Astley's Theatre, left that establishment, drawn by the team of enormous camels *en route* for Liverpool. The novelty of such an equipage attracted a vast crowd, which increased as it progressed. The animals becoming alarmed at the shouts of the people when in Parliament-street, started off at full gallop, the camel-drivers having much difficulty in keeping up with them. Opposite the Horse Guards the foremost animals fell down, and the entire team rolled over them, the Burmese throne narrowly escaping destruction. After a time the unwieldy creatures were extricated, and reached the railway at Euston-square without further mishap.

LONGEVITY.—A Trieste journal records the death of Luca Brissiac, an old soldier, at the age of 116 years, having enjoyed good health to the last. Of his life our authority says:—"He was born at Trieste, and baptized at San Guisto in 1731, according to the baptismal certificate, which we ourselves have examined, and which the old fellow was wont to show to the incredulous. He served in the Seven Years' War, and had seen Maria Theresa in Vienna, whom he could only describe as "a fat lady, attired in black." This was all he could tell us of the once famous Empress of Germany. He served as a soldier for ninety-six years; and for about forty years he "played the apostle," as he said, having been chosen from amongst the most aged for the office—more scriptural than savoury—of washing the feet of the rest. Such was his simple career."

AMERICANS INHERITING PROPERTY IN ENGLAND.—An important case was lately decided in the Court of Chancery in England, which may have its interest to our readers, respecting the right of Americans to inherit property in England. The Judgment was given by Sir J. Wigram. In this case a reference had been directed to the Master to inquire who was the heir at-law of Ann Taylor, the testatrix in the cause, living at the time of her death. The Master found that the testatrix was the daughter of one William Willock, who died in 1773. In 1839 the testatrix died without issue. The testatrix had a sister Elizabeth, who married one Butler, and had issue Thomas D. Butler, one of the claimants; and a sister Alice, who married one Sause, and died in 1772, leaving a daughter, Fanny Eglington. The testatrix had also a brother, Thomas Willock, who died in 1833, leaving a son, William Willock, who was born in 1778, was married in 1833, and died in 1835, leaving a son, William Willock. Thomas Willock left also a second son, J. T. Willock, and a daughter Catherine, who was one of the plaintiffs in the cause. The Master found that W. Willock, the grandson of Thomas, was the heir at law of the testatrix at the time of her death. By the report, it appeared that in 1784, Thomas Willock, a British born subject, had gone to reside in the United States, and in the same year had taken the oath of allegiance to that Government, by the terms of which he renounced and abjured his allegiance to any other State or Government whatsoever. The parties excepting to the Master's report were the descendants of testatrix's sisters and J. T. Willock, the second son of Thomas Willock. The case having been argued for several previous days,

His Honor now delivered judgment. According to the pedigree, which is not disputed, there is no

question but that the Master's finding is right. But a question arises, whether, under the circumstances of the case, the status of Thomas, and William, his son, is not such as to incapacitate William, the grandson, from taking lands by descent from the testatrix. The argument in that view was founded upon the two treaties of this country with the United States, of September, 1783, and November, 1794. I am clear that there is nothing in either of these treaties to affect the rights of William the grandson. The treaty of 1783 empowered British-born subjects, then residing in America, to become American citizens; it did not empower British subjects who afterwards should go to reside there, to become such citizens. "*Doe v. Mulcaster*" (8 Barn and Cr.) is a case in point. Thomas Willock never was in America until 1784, and therefore he was not a subject of that treaty of 1783. The treaty of 1794 was in the nature of a local act, and Thomas Willock did not reside in the locality. The correctness, then, of the Master's conclusion must depend upon the statutes of the 7th Anne, chap. 5, 4th George II., chap. 21, 13th George III., chap. 21, and 3d James I., chap. 4. Thomas Willock went to America in 1784, and his son and grandson were born there: the son, therefore, not being born within the King's allegiance, his capacity must depend upon the 7th Anne and 4th George II. By the third section of the former statute it is declared "that the children of all natural born subjects, born out of the allegiance of Her Majesty, her heirs and successors, shall be deemed, adjudged, and taken to be natural born subjects to all intents, constructions, and purposes whatsoever." The statute of the 4th George II., chap. 21, explaining that of Anne, requires "That the fathers of such children shall be natural born subjects at the time of the birth of such children respectively." The only question up to this point of the case would be, whether in 1788, at the time of the birth of William, the son, Thomas, had ceased to be a natural born subject of Great Britain. As to William, the grandson, the 13th George III., chap. 21, provides, "That all persons born out of the allegiance, &c., whose fathers were, or should by virtue of the statutes 7th Anne and 4th George II., be entitled to the rights and privileges of natural born subjects, should be deemed natural born subjects." From the words of the last act, it is clear that the capacity of William, the grandson, to inherit depends upon the question whether William, the son, at the time of his birth, was entitled to the rights and privileges of a natural born subject by virtue of the statutes of 7th Anne and 4th George II. The inquiry as to the capacity of William, the grandson, must be answered by transferring the inquiry to the capacity of William, the son, under those statutes.

The first question arises as to the disqualifications expressed in the second section of the 4th George II., chap. 21. Those qualifications are three: they extend, first, to children whose fathers, at the time of their birth, were or should be attainted of high treason by judgment, outlawry, or otherwise; secondly, to children whose fathers, at the time of their birth, were, or should be liable to the penalties of high treason or felony, in case of their returning to this kingdom without the license of the Crown; and thirdly, children whose fathers, at the time of their birth, were or should be in the actual service of any foreign prince or state at enmity with the Crown. The first and third disqualifications gave rise to no question, for no such attainted or foreign service has been shown in this case. With respect to the second disqualification, I think it was well argued, on

the part of the grandson, that the words of the second section as to returning into the kingdom without license clearly point to a well known class of offences; and the fact that such a distinct class of offences did exist and subject the offenders to the penalties of treason or felony, is a sufficient reason in my opinion to induce any court of justice to restrain the words of the statute within those limits. No construction of a statute could be more improbable than one which requires a court of justice to determine incidentally, that a person was actually guilty of treason or felony in the absence of that party. An argument, however, of another kind was resorted to; it was said that Thomas, in the circumstances found by the Master, had abjured his allegiance, and before the birth of William, his son, had become by his own acts an American citizen, and had ceased altogether to be a British subject. After giving this argument the fullest consideration, I think that it is fallacious. The privileges conferred by the statutes in question upon the children of subjects born out of the King's allegiance, are the privileges of the children and not of the fathers, and are conferred upon the children for the benefit of the state itself; though I do not say that if the parents are disqualified by their own acts the children may not lose the privileges conferred upon them by these statutes. But the parent may do acts short of this, subjecting himself to penalties or forfeiture, but if the question is, whether, by the act of the father, the child shall lose his privileges, it is not enough to show that the father has done an act which may possibly have a given effect; it must be shown that the acts of the father actually had that effect which the argument ascribes to them, and without that the rights of the children will be unaffected by the acts of the father. Nothing is more certain than that natural born subjects cannot get rid of their allegiance by any such acts as the Master has found to have been done by Thomas. I do not deny that Thomas may have subjected himself to pains and penalties, but the question is upon the rights and privileges of the children; and whilst the obligation of allegiance remains upon the father, the rights and privileges of the children will not be affected by the acts relied upon. I am not now called upon to say how far the acts of the Legislature of this country can make a man, born out of the allegiance, a subject against his will; all I am called upon to decide is, that a man, entitled under the statutes in question to such rights, cannot be deprived of them by such acts of his father as have been relied upon. The statute of 2d James I., chap. 4, sections 22 and 23, no doubt creates an offence; but in the absence of attainder, judgment, or outlawry the case falls under the foregoing observations. This appears to me to dispose of the question as between the descendants of the testatrix's sisters and William, the grandson. But it was contended on the part of J. T. Willock, that he was to be preferred to the grandson on the ground that the latter had not qualified himself by receiving the sacrament, taking the oaths, and subscribing the declarations within the five years, as prescribed by the statute. These acts were not done within the five years; but it does appear to me impossible to read that act and not to see that some reasonable time must be allowed before the party is required to do these acts. It certainly is not meant that the party should do them before the title has accrued by the death of the ancestor. It is within the meaning of Lord Coke that where a party is entitled to certain rights he has time allowed him to do the requisite acts to perfect his title. Being of opinion that the Master was right in his conclusion, the exceptions must be overruled, with costs.

WHAT ARE NEBULÆ?—As respects the idea conveyed by the word nebula, it seems not easy to draw any distinct and serviceable line of demarcation between objects optically and physically (*i. e.*, apparently and really) nebulous. We have no knowledge of any natural limit, in either direction, to the real size and lustre of those self-luminous bodies we call stars. Masses of luminous matter, as large as mountains or planets, if congregated by millions, at the vast distance of a nebula, would affect our sight, armed with any conceivable amount of telescopic power we can hope to attain, individually, no more than the undistinguishable particles of a cloud of dust on a sunny day, or than the constituent aqueous spherules of an actual cloud or fog, from which the term in question derives its origin. It is between discrete and concrete forms of matter only that any true physical line can be drawn between a multitude of distinctly separated bodies, whether greater or less, constituting a *system*, and continuous, solid, liquid, or gaseous matter, constituting a *whole*, or individual. No one has yet considered, or is likely, Sir John Herschel presumes, to consider, a nebula as a solid or liquid body (in our sense of the words), variously luminous in its different parts. The gaseous, or (to speak more properly) the *cloudy* form of matter, has rather suggested itself to the imagination of those who have speculated on this subject; for we must bear in mind that a cloud is not a gas, but a mixture of gasiform with solid or fluid matter, or both, in a state of extreme subdivision. It is certainly conceivable that a continuous transparent liquid or gaseous medium may be luminous throughout its whole substance; but it will be found, Sir John Herschel apprehends, on a careful examination of every case apparently in point, that nature furnishes no example of such a thing within the limits of direct experience. Ignited liquids (as glass, for example, or melted nitre, &c.) are demonstrably, only superficially luminous. Were it otherwise, their apparent intensity of illumination would be proportioned to the depth of melted matter, which is not the case. Air, however intensely heated (if perfectly free from dust), gives out no light. Even flames are more than surmised to owe their light to solid or fluid materials existing in them *as such*, and in a state of ignition. The flame of mixed oxygen and hydrogen can hardly be doubted to owe what little light it possesses to intermixed impurities; and in the flames of carbonaceous matters, and others, where metals or phosphorus are burned, and fixed oxides are generated, the intensity of the light bears an evident proportion to the *fixity* of the ignited molecules—on whose surfaces, it may be presumed to originate by some unknown electric or other process.—*Sir John Herschel.*

NATURE OF SPOTS ON THE SUN.—On the solar envelope, of whose fluid nature there can be no doubt, we clearly perceive, by our telescopes, an intermixture (without blending or mutual dilution) of two distinct substances or states of matter; the one luminous, the other not so; and the phenomena of the spots and pores tend directly to the conclusion that the non-luminous portions are gaseous, however they may leave the nature of the luminous doubtful: they suggest the idea of radiant matter floating in a non-radiant medium, showing a tendency to separate itself by subsidence, after the manner of snow in air, or precipitates in a liquid of slightly inferior density.—*Sir John Herschel.*

AN ACCOMPLISHED SOMNAMBULIST.—A curious circumstance has been related by a highly-beneficed member of the Roman Catholic Church. In the college where he was educated was a young seminarist who habitually walked in his sleep; and while in a state of somnambulism, used to sit down to his desk and compose the most eloquent sermons; scrupulously erasing, effacing, or interlining, whenever an incorrect expression had fallen from his pen. Though his eyes were apparently fixed upon the paper when he wrote, it was clear that they exercised no optical functions; for he wrote just as well when an opaque substance was interposed between them and the sheet of the paper. Sometimes an attempt was made to remove the paper, in the idea that he would write upon the desk beneath. But it was observed that he instantly discerned the change, and sought another sheet of paper, as nearly as possible resembling the former one. At other times a blank sheet of paper was substituted by the bystanders for the one on which he had been writing; in which case, on reading over, as it were, his composition, he was sure to place the corrections, suggested by the perusal, at precisely the same intervals they would have occupied in the original sheet of manuscript. This young priest, moreover, was an able musician; and was seen to compose several pieces of music while in a state of somnambulism, drawing the lines of the music paper for the purpose with a ruler and pen and ink, and filling the spaces with his notes with the utmost precision, besides a careful adaptation of the words, in vocal pieces. On one occasion the somnambulist dreamed that he sprang into a river to save a drowning child; and, on his bed, he was seen to imitate the movement of swimming. Seizing the pillow, he appeared to snatch it from the waves and lay it on the shore. The night was intensely cold; and so severely did he appear affected by the imaginary chill of the river, as to tremble in every limb; and his state of cold and exhaustion, when roused, was so alarming, that it was judged necessary to administer wine and other restoratives.—*Poyntz's World of Wonders.*

A VISIT TO MADAME CATALANI.—We called upon Madame Catalani, who leaves her palazzo, on the side of the mountains, in the winter months, to reside with her son Malabreque, in Florence. She presently made her appearance with that vivacity and captivating manner which so much delighted us in England. After a short conversation with Madame O——, I spoke to her in English, coupling my name with that of Mrs. Lorraine Smith, of Leicestershire, at whose house I spent a week with her 36 years ago. The incident directly flashed across her mind, and with obvious pleasure, she began to recount the honors paid her on that occasion, especially a banquet at Mr. Pochin's, of Barkby. She retains her English, and was pleased to talk to me in my own language. I observed that it was forty years since I first heard her at the Opera in London. She instantly replied,—"Thirty-nine. I was in Portugal in 1807, and though the war was raging, I ventured to make my way to England through France. When at Paris I was denied a passport. However, I got introduced to Talleyrand, and by the aid of a handful of gold, I was put into a government boat, and ordered to lie down to avoid being shot; and, wonderful to relate, I got over in safety, with my little boy seven months old." Great suspicion was attached to foreigners, who arrived from the Conti-

nent at that time. Viotti, I remember, was absurdly ordered out of the country, and Kelly, who was a manager in the Opera House, officially announced from the stage, that Madame Catalani and her husband Valabreque, were not objects of suspicion to the government. I was surprised at the vigor of Madame Catalani, and how little she was altered since I saw her at Derby, in 1828. I paid her a compliment upon her good looks. "Ah," said she, "I'm grown old and ugly." I would not allow it. "Why, man," she said, "I'm sixty-six." She has lost none of that commanding expression which gave her such dignity on the stage. She is without a wrinkle, and appears to be no more than forty. Her breadth of chest is still remarkable; it was this that endowed her with the finest voice that ever sang. Her speaking voice and dramatic air are still charming and not in the least impaired.—*Gardiner's Sights in Italy.*

THE GENEVA PROFESSORS.—Dr. Malan is near seventy and looks considerably older—his snow white hair falling on his shoulders, but the glance of his eye and his general manners are those of a man of sixty. He speaks English fluently, and has a very clear, melodious voice, and rare skill in singing—as I can personally testify. His missionary tours among Roman Catholics, as described by himself, are most interesting. As a popular preacher and speaker in his own way, it is not probable that many excel him.

Prof. Gausson is about fifty-seven, but youthful for that age; his face very intelligent and of a most pleasant expression, with nothing French in his features. If the impressions, which I received, are those which are usually made by him on strangers; few men are so winning; rarely have I so regretted the obstacles to a free, fraternal conversation, which are interposed by comparative ignorance of each other's language. Of his work on Theopneusty, so peculiar for its originality and acuteness, I need not here speak.

Dr. Merle D'Aubigne must be six feet two, and of large frame. His countenance is massive in its features, his complexion dark, and the engraving—prefixed to the American reprint of his History of the Reformation would be generally deemed a flattery. As a resemblance, it is of little value. I understood him to say in answer to a friend accompanying me, that he had as yet made but little progress in the 5th volume, in consequence of other engagements.

STEAM PLOW.—A French paper, "La Semaine," announces the invention of a steam plow, or rather a mode of digging by means of steam, from which great results are anticipated. The inventor is a young medical man, named Baraff. The paper states that one of two horse power was in operation at the residence of the maker, who was constructing another of double that power. The machine proceeds along the field, and digs the ground with the greatest precision. Two beams, furnished with five mattocks each, act successively upon the soil, loosening it to the depth of 12 or 15 inches, and pounding it as small as compost. By using only one of the beams, a tillage of the usual depth can be effected.

THE RAILWAY KING.—According to the "Carliste Journal," my lord, the railway king, "has received the degree of doctor of philosophy from one of the German universities." Doctor of philosophy! But it may not be so very inappropriate; *Manfred* calls philosophy—"of all our vanities the mostiest."—*Jerrild's Newspaper.*

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 CHICAGO, ILL. 60607
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THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

MARCH, 1848.

From Hogg's Weekly Instructor.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

ALFRED TENNYSON is an English clergyman's son. He was born in Lincolnshire, was taught Greek and "the humanities" at Trinity College, Cambridge, imbibed a species of poetic mysticism from Shelley, learned metaphysics and simplicity of diction from Wordsworth, and studied poetry from nature. There is little known of Tennyson personally. All that can be said of him individually might be written upon his tombstone, and his epitaph would neither be redundant nor very particular. He is said to be of a retiring, reflective disposition, and this is almost the only characteristic of the man that you could discover through the medium of his poetry; for you might as well seek to discover the peculiar mood and chief mode of Shakspeare's spirit in his plays as Tennyson's in his two little volumes. The one is an impersonality, an abstraction, with no material form, but soul enough to supply a legion of inferior beings to himself with vitality, sensation, and thought; his creations tremble on the verge of his own spirituality, and graduate down from a Prospero to a Caliban. You feel Shakspeare in his dramas, you know him to be superior to all you read, or all that even his electric thoughts, clothed in radiant words, can suggest, but you cannot see him; he is too subtle to be grasped like a palpable essence; he is too spiritual to be seen; he is the soul that permeates through and vivifies the modifications of his

thoughts, investing them with life and motion, but which loses its personality in the multiplicity of forms which it assumes. There are no distinctive marks of a wool-comber, or a poacher, or a second-rate player, or a punch-quaffing wit, that could make the shafts of raillery flash round the brow of jolly Ben like the lightnings of Jove round the brow of old Titan. There is nothing of Shakspeare's self, but the philosophy of human nature, which belongs more or less to all men as well as to him, in all he says or sings, so that it is not to his writings that man will go for a history of his habits. It is not in Tennyson's poems that men will discover the great lineaments of his nature. It is true that the individual human soul may be said to have no particular aspect, that even in its successive passions and moods there is a seeming but no real identity; still there is an individuality of mind when in repose—a uniformity in its periods of rest which all men believe they can perceive, and even this Tennyson's mind-mirror fails to show us. Tennyson is a poet, even a great poet, although his productions are not numerous, and these productions cannot be said to be popular. If present popularity is the only safe passage of future glory, then Alfred may not anticipate the brightening of his star in the horizon of posterity; but if even the "prince of critics" is fallible, and the precedent of Wordsworth is a reed worth the

leaning on in faith, then he may without presumption hope to emerge from the dim, indefinite, abysmal region where flickers the nebulae of neglected or ostracized genius into a bright place in the galaxy of fame. Indeed, the sphere of Tennyson's influence is already steadily widening, and men are seeking to know more of him, so it is likely that in this age of calm revision and correction—in this period of examination and amendment of extreme opinions and sentences, passed by a proximate but now decayed censorship, he may assume his true position at the poetical roundtable. His literary career has been a counterpart of his own—quiet and unassuming as regards the author, but, like his own passion-painting, as relates to the world of criticism, torn and fondled between extremes.

In 1831, his first offering was laid upon the altar of his country's poetic genius; and while it was savagely mangled by some of the fierce tribunes of the republic of letters as a rescript of the puerilities and absurdities of a presumptuous, would-be-mystical boy-dreamer, others exalted it to a high place in their veneration. To his first volume succeeded a second, not larger in dimensions than its predecessor, and possessing less of the properties of style and thought. This production, even the small but zealous coteries of Tennyson's admirers were forced to admit, exhibited less poetic excellence than his first; and the revision and weeding of his two books for a third edition, in 1843, showed that the poet himself acquiesced in the decision of his friends. It is to be lamented that in this censorship over himself, however, he was too severe, as he expelled with the huge "krakens" of his distempered fancy the mild and lovely "syrens" of his better dreams—an indiscriminateness of expulsion which his admirers regret and his friends condemn.

Tennyson we conceive to be excellent in all the forms of poetry—in the descriptive, enthusiastic, dramatic, and reflective. His verse is generally as soft and mellifluous as the sweet-singing waters of Paradise; it is a form of song with heart-chords that can thrill in the wild delirium of passion, tremble amidst the doubts and fears of a morbid, half-misanthropic scepticism, or enunciate strains of gentlest love. In description he ranges from an extreme minuteness and precision that may appear finical and feeble, to a grandeur and power that inspire the listener with awe. You are at one moment looking with him into a "long green box of

mignonette," and listening to the prattle of a pretty youth regarding the charms of a pretty girl; in the next your eyes are fixed on the broad expanse of a wild dreary world, with a dull unbroken sterility before you, where you can see

"Far as the wild swan wings, to where the sky
Dipt down to sea and sands."

As you gaze with this magician upon this dull, ideal region of his darker mood, and behold

"The ragged rims of thunder brooding low,
With shadow streaks of rain,"

you imbibe a dreamy sense of agony from the earnestness of his temper; your heart grows cold as you look through the dim and lurid vista which he opens to your vision, and nightmare seems to ride upon your strangled sleep as his intense, too real landscape hangs like a changeless circumstance upon your eyes. When you are attempting to rouse yourself to wrestle with the power, however, that raised this dismal picture in the phantasmagoria of your soul, behold he changes the scene:—

"And one, an English home—grey twilight pour'd
On dewy pastures, dewy trees
Softer than sleep—all things in order stored—
A haunt of ancient peace,"

rises, like a dream of the spirit-land, before your enraptured sense of inward sight. You roam in restless wonder with this mighty painter, who combines the distinctive palpable power of individualizing and grouping possessed by Raphael, the grandeur of M. Angelo, and the richness of Titian's vehicle, together with the softness of Claude, through all gradations and changes of nature's aspects. You are with him in the soft twilight-haunted chambers of his father's parsonage, or you are scanning with the wonder of Vathek the thousand-throned hall of Eblis, and he is at home in them all. In richness and profusion of metaphor, in a full luxuriant amplitude of descriptive imagery, perhaps Coleridge alone surpassed him, as he hardly excels him even in the soft musical cadence of his numbers. Tennyson has been a poet since his earliest years; he has fed since earliest boyhood upon all the phenomena of nature that observation could lay before his ken, and he has revolved all the images and aspects of things in his ideality, fancy, and reason, until he has made them parts of

himself; there is a confident abandonment in his fancy that takes captive the spirit of his auditor, and reduces it to his own mood, when he gets abroad to the world or valley. You feel that every blade of grass and every flower is known to him, and that the voices of the winds, and trees, and purling brooks, and sobbing streams, are all familiar to his ear as the laugh of the "airy fairy Lillian."

Critics have been almost universally agreed upon the surpassing beauty of his "Recollections of the Arabian Nights." They are indeed a poetic dream of beauty, whose elements, like ore of gold, have lain refining in the crucible of a soul familiar with beauty's quintessence, until they have resolved themselves into the symmetry, consistency, and melody of an almost perfect poem. It was

"When the breeze of a joyful dawn blew free
In the silken sail of infancy,"

that the germ of this exquisite orient spectacle implanted itself in his memory; and no sooner do we step into the shallop with him, which rides upon the fragrant, glistening deeps, over which hang the low and bloomed foliage of the groves of his recollections, than the "tide of time" flows back with us, and away we are borne again to the "sheeny summer morn" of youth, on which we used to sit enraptured amidst the gem-clad groves of Aladdin. The golden prime of good Haroun Alraschid rises like a galaxy of suns before our vision, and onward we float with the poet,

"By Bagdad's shrines of fretted gold,
High-walled gardens green and old,"

cleaving with the prow of the shallop, which sparkles like a thousand prisms, with colors as bright as the plumes of the peacock, "the citron shadows in the blue;" we pass with a whirl through folded doors flung open for our admission; we bathe ourselves in the rays of the gold-reflected light that falls with a dim, luxurious, mellow radiance on the brodered sofas that ranged on either side along the walls of that gorgeous palace whose grandeur was only fit for, and commensurate with, the "goodly time," the golden prime of good Haroun Alraschid. Never did Mussulman, amidst the luxury and languor of the harem of harems, and surrounded by all the attributes of the East—with eastern odors, and sunshine, and magic, and beauty—dream such a

dream of Paradise as does Alfred Tennyson, or people it with such a houri as she—but let the poet describe her: it were almost profanation for other to attempt it—

"Then stole I up, and trancedly
Gazed on the Persian girl alone,
Serene with argent-lidded eyes
Amorous, and lashes like to rays
Of darkness, and a brow of pearl
Tress'd with redolent ebony,
In many a dark delicious curl,
Flowing beneath her rose-hued zone;
The sweetest lady of the time,
Well worthy of the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid."

Tennyson's ideal of woman is almost Shakspearian. It is a chaste and ethereal conception, such as we would suppose to germinate in the imagination of one who had a dim traditional idea of Milton's Eve in her conditions of purity and sin. His women are as beautiful as Byron's, with less of dross about them. They are outlined with a free yet delicate pencil; you can perceive the very bend of their soft feminine forms, as, sitting amongst roses, lilies, and delicate carnations, they turn their large swimming eyes upon their worshipper, nor chide him that "he gazes too fondly on each face." Each of his women may be termed an articulation in the anatomy of love; one might almost construct a complete economy of the passion, from its dawn to its death, by studying the Clarabels, Lilians, Marianas, Isabels, and Enones of his fancy, and observing the phenomena of the "consuming fire" in the spirits of each.

"Airy, fairy Lillian,
Flitting, fairy Lillian,
When I ask her if she loves me,
Claps her tiny hands above me,
Laughing all she can;
She'll not tell me if she love me,
Cruel, little Lillian."

Portia does not more distinctly draw her own portrait, and at the same time give us an insight into her mind, where woman's wit and woman's tenderness combine, when she declares, "My little body is aweary of this great world," than does Tennyson in these few glowing words, cut out from the elements that store the studio of his imagination, a palpable, rosy-cheeked, beautiful, "airy fairy" girl. You see her little feet, that scarce could crush the rose, and from the pressure of which the resilient daisy would raise its dew-crowned head and smile

again: you see her fitting like another Ariel round the young boy-bard, and you listen to hear the tinkle of silver bells chiming to the music of her footfalls; but instead, you hear her clap her tiny hands, and laugh in the unrestrained joyousness of a girlhood that has known no sorrow. And this Lilian, you may perceive, has wit, and, what is more, she has capacities for deep and eternal love:

"When my passion seeks
Pleasance in love-sighs,
She, looking through and through me,
Thoroughly to undo me,
Smiling never speaks."

Why does she not speak? are an undistinguishable throng of feelings, subdued and cherished long, crowding from the deep fountains of her heart into her voice and eyes? And doubts, too; for she is not yet into the vortex of love; perhaps doubts impel her to look

"So innocent—arch, so cunning—simple,
From beneath her gather'd wimple,
Glancing with black-beaded eyes
Till the lightning laughter's dimple
The baby-roses in her cheeks;
Then away she flies."

The sunshine of this "May" Lilian's spring of life has never known a cloud; the song of "Pan, knit with the graces and the hours in dance," has ever found an echo in her young, fresh, crystalline spirit; and however "gaiety without eclipse" may weary a young transcendentalist lover, Lilian will laugh until she feels the first agony of sorrow; and then we are mistaken in her nature if the shadows of deep and consuming thoughts will not flit across her pale transparent brow, to reveal how strongly she can feel, as well as rejoice.

Amongst the most popular of Tennyson's poems, as well as one of the most perfect of his pictures, is his "Mariana in the Moated Grange." There is not in the whole circle of literature a more beautiful illustration perhaps of the process of poetical accretion than is this sense-satisfying system of delineations; for it is not one excellence placed amongst many subdued, ill-executed crudities, which it is expected to eclipse, and whose blemishes, it is anticipated, will enhance by contrast its own beauties; but it is a picture perfect in outline, filling up, tone, keeping, and execution. The words from Shakspeare's "Measure for Measure," of "Mariana in the Moated Grange," to speak physiologically, is the corpuscle

which, in the womb of the poet's fancy, grew particle by particle into a complete organization of female loveliness, framed in every circumstance of life's and love's cold sorrow. She is the sister of that wealthy, honored Frederick, whom the cold, calculating, selfish Angelo wooed and won, when she was in the full flush of her charms, and surrounded by all the pomp of wealth-bringing circumstances; she is the sister of that Frederick who perished at the sea, when the argosie went down that bore his sister's nuptial dowry; and she is the deserted of that same Angelo who lavished so much of his love upon her gold that he had none for her. From these suggestive words, uttered by the Duke—"At the moated grange resides this dejected Mariana"—Tennyson creates a scene of dull desolation, which the mind becomes drowsy in contemplating. A woman, forsaken of the man she loved and still loves, stands listlessly looking from her casement across the "glooming flats." She does not look to mark his coming. Her eye used to light his path, like Hero's torch, and it grew brighter as he approached; but it is only from habit, or from a hidden, unrevealed impulse that she approaches her window now. She is dejected; and how finely in keeping with that dejection, how true to the philosophy of sympathy, is the decay of those surrounding objects which when her heart was fresh and green, were trim, and neat, and full of her soul-reflect-ed beauty! The flower-plots no longer tended by her tender care and sunned in her smiles, are "crusted by blackest moss;" the peach-trees—sure mark of desertion—hang trailing on the ground, and the rusty nails drop from the walls of the crumbling tenement, whose rotten thatch moulders from the broken roof. Ah! it was once a pleasant home; when her mother bustled through the rooms; when her father sat at this very casement, and, gazing on the setting sun, circled her waist with his strong arm; when her young, buoyant brother climbed that poplar whose trunk is now "all silver green, with gnarled bark," and shook its branches, as he laughed, and shouted "Mariana!" She sees these faces again: these old familiar faces rise in the vista of her memory, and flit before her sight; she hears their voices awake with the night-wail of the wind, and whisper recollections of youth's holy loves; but she retains neither the memories of youth nor love: her soul is full of one thought, one corroding agony:

"The night is dreary:
He cometh not," she said.
She said, "I am weary, weary,
I would that I were dead!"

All our sympathies are won from us by a strong yet sad necessity, as we gaze upon this lonely woman through the speculum which Tennyson holds up to our senses. Her beauty; her desolateness of condition and heart; the dreary, bleak silence of the scene in which she resides; the half-cherished recollections that would fain rise with the vibrations of her sighs and reflect themselves in her tears, but which vanish in the soul-absorbing, melancholy cadence of that sweet, low-toned, sorrow-stricken overture;—all these electric agencies of sympathy operate so powerfully upon the sensitive heart, that we are almost impelled to declare that this is no accretive vision, no child of imagination, no skilful combination of analogies, but a too sad, too vivid reality.

There is no doubt but that one of the strongest evidences of high art is this same power of sympathy which Tennyson so eminently possesses. He loses himself in his subject, and thus, in some intangible form of beauty, gains admission to the heart and sympathy of his sympathetic auditor. Was it the "Isabella" of Shakspeare that his fancy dissociated from the relations amongst whom the "sweet singer of Avon" placed her, and idealized, in tints as soft and beautiful as those of Murillo, into the glowing individuality which he calls "Isabel?" She is only the meet companion of a poet this Isabel; and not of a poet who has an equipoise of "dirt and deity," but of a transcendentalist. It was not meant that such an one as she should listen to the ribald jests of Lucio, or to the coward cravings of the licentious Claudio; but we feel that "Isabella" or "Isabel," is in proper society when she has become for a season one of the dream-goddesses of Alfred Tennyson.

There is one essential, identical element in Tennyson's pictures of women, which bears the same relation to them all that the true or beautiful bears to poetry; it is indeed the poetry of his women varying only in its aspects, not in its essence, and that is beauty. "Madeline," who ranges through light and shadow, "darting sudden glances sweet and strange," and luxuriating in

"Delicious spites and darling angers,
And airy forms of fitting change,"

is the same spirit of beauty which he imparts to the frame of "Cleopatra," that

"Queen with swarthy cheeks and bold black eyes,
Who govern'd men with change."

His "Margaret," dressed with a Trojan maiden's robes, and roused to a highly dramatic state of passion, might easily pass for the twin-sister of "Enone." Tennyson's mind is haunted with visions of beautiful women; and they would seem to us not to be at home save in the elysium which his glowing imagination has painted for them. His "gardener's daughter" lives in a paradise of roses, as beautiful as are the shades where the "Fair Rosamond" and "Jepthah's daughter" flit about in their disembodied loveliness; yet they are all women, although refined and elevated to a kinship with the poet's mind. "Dora" is one of Miss Mitford's beautiful little tales rendered in blank verse; perhaps the prose version of the story is the more ornamental. There are two instances, however, in which he gives us glances of women, which we would specially notice—they are so true to what woman is, if his other pictures are only visions of what she should or might be. The one is of "Lady Clara Vere de Vere," the other is of "Cousin Amy" in "Locksley Hall." We feel something like a proud sense of Tennyson's manliness in looking with him at the former; we tremble with him as he repeats a few bitter but prophetic words regarding the latter. "Lady Clara Vere de Vere" will never break a heart like his; for, like Scott's "Lila," she is merely a "lady"—a cold, soulless, aristocratic damsel, like one of her forefathers' devices wrought in china. She would kill a world of plebeian men with the sound of her name, if she could; but what effect could this one phonetic attribute have upon the heart of him who can say—

"Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere,
From yon blue heavens above us bent
The gardener Adam and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent.
Howe'er it be, it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good:
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood?"

So say we; and if Tennyson had proclaimed more cognate truths in this same strain, the world would not only have been the more beautiful but better on his account. It would be well if the "Lady Clara Vere de Veres" of this land would take the following lesson to heart; and it

is a pity that Alfred Tennyson had not infused more of the didactic element into his strains:

"Clara, Clara Vere de Vere,
If time be heavy on your hands,
Are there no beggars at your gate,
Nor any poor upon your lands?
Oh! teach the orphan boy to read,
Or teach the orphan girl to sew;
Pray heaven for a human heart,
And let the foolish yeoman go!"

"Locksley Hall" is one of those combinations of the mystical, the beautiful, the true, and the passionately ironical, which, from its internal contrasts, becomes a better remembered whole. M. Michelet could write a volume of philosophy upon the following propositions:

"As the husband is, the wife is: thou art mated
with a clown,
And the grossness of his nature will have weight
to drag thee down."

How true! This is poetry; for it suggests a long train of thoughts—of the fall of a superior nature to the condition of one which is brutal, but which will be dominant because it is man's. Woman, if she associates much with a man, assimilates to him; it is her nature to be moulded in conformity with what, by a moral necessity, becomes her ideal of strength. "To wish and think as man does, to act and suffer with him," is marriage; and Amy, as certainly as Tennyson has said it, will become as gross as the clown whose love vibrates between a horse, a hound, and woman.

It were almost supererogatory to say that Tennyson is an original poet. This fact has been often repeated, yet we think that we can trace resemblances in his poems to many of his predecessors. In his ballad of "Oriana," and it is a powerful one, there is much of the distinct, sonorous echo of Campbell's "Hohenlinden." The imagery is as palpable, the verse, if it wanted the second last repeat of "Oriana," as free. There are touches of Keats, Coleridge, and Wordsworth in his pictures, but so slight that you see they are half tints which have been acquired from reading and not from study. Tennyson's style is English; indeed his language is as much, so as Cobbett's; but it is almost unpardonable of the poet, when commentators and modern editors are translating the obsolete words and phrases of Shakspeare, that he should dim the light of his meaning, or break the even tenor of our sympathy with him, by

recalling from disuse words which are only known to the antiquarian etymologist, and which can have no other tendency than to confine him to the few who have leisure to rest with him at his pauses.

Tennyson's morbid, changing, doubting, unsatisfied spirit, which he so finely allegorizes in his "Palace of Art," with its passionate love of the "good and true" and its fine capacities for a Joshua-like position in the van of progressive man, has been content to take refuge from its own vague hypochondriac sorrows in the past. He suffers and he is dissatisfied; he creates a region in which his own soul may dwell, and he keeps himself from contact with man, in order that he may live and suffer in this egotistical ideal world of his. But poets, of all men, do not live for themselves; they rule the world whether they will or no. They may see far beyond the present ken of other men, and may speak so unintelligibly that they will for a time be set aside and neglected; but, if they have discovered one phase more of truth, they will yet operate upon the living mind; for humanity requires all forms of truth and beauty, and the original poet must, although his body has gone away, reign over at some time the intellectual and consequently the bodily world.

Tennyson's young, fresh muse was nursed in a time of fierce human action. The world had reached one of its climacterics. The people were "awearied, awearied," but, instead of wishing that they were dead, they panted for more light, and a more spiritual life, when he appeared upon the stage of thought. His poems, however, hardly allude to the era of their birth, and they certainly are not colored with the light of that era. He suffers, and he knows that *we* suffer; but he only develops himself in the spasmodic throes of his doubt, or in the mnemonical glory of his innocence; he does not speak to us in the language of sympathy, and of hope. He is indeed what George Gilfillan calls him—an "artist, but no prophet."

Genius is a rare gift, and it is given to man for a high and holy purpose; it will shine of its own native lustre, and it will illumine all who recognise it; but it depends upon its possessor whether it will be expended in phantasmagoric displays that merely minister to the senses and the educated imagination, or whether it will glide before man like the pillar of fire, leading him on towards a new region of life. The

poet has his mission to perform as well as the more prosy portion of his brother men; he has duties devolving on him, and he is responsible for the performance or introduction of those duties. If the impulse of the world is forward, he is the first to feel and know so; for that impulse was born at some former time of a poet, and the living one intuitively recognises his departed brother's voice. He has no excuse, therefore, for expending his precious hours, his glowing thoughts, and his sweet-toned voice, in painting the hues of the peacock's tail, or in contemplating the variations of those hues, while the poor bird suffers and cries to him, the man of thought, for sympathy and aid. We have had enough of the past; we have had enough of description, and passion, and cold reflection; we now want sympathy, and hope, and direction. Alfred Tennyson was born and lives at a time when men are shouting in the wilderness of the world, "Oh, for a better time!" He might have been the herald of a new era; the prophet-preacher of a "good time coming." He has a right appreciation of human nature; knows man to be what nature says he is. Conventional titles are not so high in his estimation as that of man. But he wanted courage to become a teacher, and left to far less capable men the direction of the mind of the masses. He rests upon the downy couch of his study, with a pension of two hundred pounds per annum, to assist in preserving his dream-language; and the images of an elegant but too ethereal fancy flit round his brow. He is content to be styled "Tennyson, the star of the new poetic era;" we had rather that he had chosen, with his fine genius and magic song, to have been "Tennyson, the poet of a new and better moral era." He has capacities for such a position, and he knows that he has; "but, sickening of a vague disease," he is too tremulous to attempt to preach. He tells us that

"Meet is it changes should control
Our being, lest we rust in ease;
We all are changed by still degrees,
All but the basis of the soul."

We know this; this is true. Tell us, Alfred Tennyson, if thou knowest, or ask thy master, Thomas Carlyle, to tell us our destiny. The Hebrew prophet led the children of Israel from a Goshen of slavery and toil to a better land; the children of Jacob cried, like thy "Lotos-Eaters," "Ah!

why should life all labor be?" and the prophet, inspired by the Infinite, did not answer them with contemptuous hopeless moralizings, such as

"But pamper not a hasty time,
Nor feed with crude imaginings
The herd, wild hearts and feeble wings,
That every sophister can lime."

He sympathized with his people, and, leaving the land of his exile and seclusion, he came and wept with and encouraged them. Why does not Alfred Tennyson leave the Midian of his retirement to point the people's way to the coming Canaan? What does he mean when he says,

"Nor toil for title, place, or touch!
Of pension?"

We wish he had been more literal and less abstract; we wish he had toiled for his kind with the same success with which he has dug up the shapeless ores of poetry and fashioned them into a diadem of exceeding beauty. Long may he live, however, and wider may his fame spread! We are not singular in believing him to be one of the greatest of living poets.

WHAT MAKES MARRIAGES UNHAPPY.—Let it be remembered that marriage is the metempsychosis of women; that it turns them into different creatures from what they were before. Liveliness in the girl may have been mistaken for good temper—the little perversity which at first is attractively provoking, at last provokes without its attractiveness; negligence of order and propriety, of duties and civilities, long endured, often deprecated, ceases to be tolerable, when children grow up and are in danger of following the example. It often happens, that if a man unhappy in the married state were to disclose the manifold causes of his uneasiness, they would be found, by those who were beyond their influence, to be of such a nature as rather to excite derision than sympathy. The waters of bitterness do not fall on his head in a cataract, but through a cullander; one, however, like the vases of the Danaides, perforated only for replenishment. We know scarcely the vestibule of a house of which we fancy we have penetrated into all the corners. We know not how grievously a man may have suffered, long before the calumnies of the world befell him as he reluctantly left his house-door. There are women from whom incessant tears of anger swell forth at imaginary wrongs; but of contrition for their own delinquencies not one.—*Walter Savage Landor.*

VERY TRUE.—We should not preach so much to people; we should give them an interest in life—something to love, something to live for; we should, if possible, make them happy, or put them on the way to happiness—then they would unquestionably become good.

From the Edinburgh Review.

HUMBOLDT'S KOSMOS.

Kosmos. Entwurf einer Physischen Weltbeschreibung. Von ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT. Ersten Band. Stuttgart und Tübingen. J. G. Cotta'scher Verlag, 1845.

Cosmos. Sketch of a Physical Description of the Universe. By ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT. Vol. I. Translated under the superintendence of Lieut. Colonel EDWARD SABINE, R. A., For. Sec. R. S., London. Printed for Longman, Brown, Green, and Longman, Paternoster Row, and John Murray, Albermarle Street, 1846.

Kosmos, the adornment, the orderly arrangement, the ideal beauty, harmony, and grace, of the universe! Is there or is there not in the mind of a man a conception answering to these magnificent, these magical words? Is their sound an empty clang, a hollow ringing in our ears, or does it stir up in the depths of our inward being a sentiment of something interwoven in our nature of which we cannot divest ourselves, and which thrills within us as in answer to a spell whispering more than words can interpret? Is this wondrous world of matter and of thought, of object and of subject, of blind force and of moral relation, a one indivisible and complete whole, or a mere fragmentary assemblage of parts, having to each other no inherent primordial relations? If the former, contradiction and ultimate discordance can have no place. All that is to us enigmatical *must* have its solution, however hidden for a while the word which resolves the riddle. All that shocks us as irreconcilable, *must* admit of satisfactory interpretation could we read the character of the writing with ease and fluency. If the latter, Chaos is a reality, Polytheism a truth; since arbitrary, self-existent, and independent Powers must, on that view of the subject, agitate, without end and without hope of final prevalence, the field of Being.

It is something to have put the question in this form, uncomplicated with the idea of responsibility for its answer to any tribunal but that of the pure reason and the inborn feeling. So put, we might well leave it to be decided by the acclamation of the human race, were it not for the healthful and invigorating exercise of our faculties, and the rich enjoyment it affords to pass before us in review those grand features in the constitution of the frame of Nature which render the conclusion irresistible, and invest it with the character of a demonstrated truth rather than that of an admitted opinion.

It is true that to grasp, as by a single mental effort—to embody and realize to our conceptions the UNITY OF NATURE—to soar so high as to perceive its completeness, and enjoy the fulness of its harmony, is given neither to Man nor to Angel. The feebleness and limitation of our faculties repress such longings as presumptuous, and forbid such flights as impracticable. Yet to spring a little way aloft—to carol for a while in bright and sunny regions—to open out around us, at all events, views commensurate with our extent of vision—to rise to the level of our strength, and, if we must sink again, to sink, not exhausted but exercised—not dulled in spirit but cheered in heart,—such may be the contented and happy lot of him who can repose with equal confidence on the bosom of earth, though for a time obscured by mists, or rise above them into empyrean day.

To some it is given to soar with steadier wing and more sustained energy; to sweep over ampler circles and treasure up the impressions of more varied imagery. To such the ambitious but sublime idea may occur of attempting to throw off, in broad and burning outline, a picture of THE WHOLE as it has presented itself to their aspiring conceptions. Far be it from us to reprove such aspirations. Their failures may yet be immeasurably grander than our best successes; and, as we contemplate them, a glimpse, a shadow, may impress itself which may aid us to remodel our own conceptions according to a higher ideal than any we could have formed from our more limited opportunities. Such outlines, struck with a bold hand and true to nature, though confessedly imperfect and partial, suggest in their turn, to imaginative intellects, groupings and combinations of a more recondite and deep-seated order. Transplanted onward, thus, in progressive development from observer to observer, and from mind to mind, with a constant reference to nature and experience as their pro-

totype, it is easy to see how, while gaining in comprehensiveness, they may lose at every transfusion somewhat of their speciality, without a corresponding loss of general truth; and how, thus, a larger and more entire conception of nature in itself may by degrees arise, and come to be recognised as the common property of humanity, the permanent and ennobling inheritance of generation after generation to the end of time.

The difficulties to be encountered in such an attempt are of two opposite kinds; on the one hand that of embracing with distinctness and truth a sufficiently extensive view, on the other that of duly suppressing detail. Such a view of nature, to be in any way successful, ought to be, in the highest possible sense of the word, *picturesque*, nothing standing in relation to itself alone, but all to the general effect. In such a picture every object is suggestive. However beautiful in itself, it is less for the sake of its intrinsic beauty than for that of the associations it calls up, and the lights which it reflects from afar, that it holds a place as an element of the work. And, as in art, intense and elaborated beauty in any particular defeats picturesqueness by binding down the thought to a sensible object, annulling association, and saturating, as it were, the whole being in its single perception; so, in throwing off such a picture of nature as the mind can take in at a view, no one portion can be suffered to appear in single completeness and ideal roundness. Nature, indeed, offers all in her profusion, and complete in all its details; and the contemplative mind finds among them paths for all its wanderings, harmonies for all its moods. But such exuberance is neither attainable nor to be aimed at in a descriptive outline, where leading features only have to be seized, which imagination is stimulated to fill up by the grandeur of the forms, and the intelligible order of their grouping.

The origin and fount of all good writing, however, is sound and abundant knowledge. To the successful execution of such a work, a thoroughly scientific acquaintance with each component feature; a mind saturated with information, and at home in every department, is above all things requisite. The classification of the naturalist, the surveys of the geologist, the catalogues and descriptions of the astronomer, the theories of the geometer, and the inductions of the experimentalist, must all be alike familiar,

and not merely ready at a call, but present to the thought at every instant. It is, therefore, by no simply clever writer, by no mere man of vivid imagination and fluent command of language and imagery—least of all, by any ideal speculatist who may have devised a system of philosophy spun from the abstractions of his own brain, and resolving all things into some single principle, some formula embodying all possible knowledge, that such a work can be entered upon without the certainty of utter and disgraceful failure. The highest attainments in science, though necessarily inadequate to complete success in such an attempt, can alone save the adventurous mortal who shall make it from merited reproach on the score of presumption.

The author of the remarkable book before us is assuredly the person in all Europe best fitted to undertake and accomplish such a work. Science has produced no man of more rich and varied attainments, more versatile in genius, more indefatigable in application to all kinds of learning, more energetic in action, or more ardent in inquiry; and, we may add, more entirely devoted to her cause in every period of a long life. At every epoch of that life, from a comparatively early age, he has been constantly before the public, realizing the ideal conception of a perfect traveller; a character which calls for almost as great a variety of excellences as those which go to realize Cicero's idea of a perfect orator. To such an one science in all its branches must be familiar, since questions of science and its applications occur at every step, and often in their most delicate and recondite forms. The habit of close attention to passing facts, which seizes their specific features, and detects their hidden analogies, must join with the broad *coup d'œil* which generalizes all it sees, and stereotypes it in memory in its simplest and most impressive forms. To these must be added a knowledge of man and of his history in all its phases, social and political; a ready insight into human character and feelings, and a quick apprehension of local and national peculiarities. Above all things is necessary a genial and kindly temperament, which excites no enmities, but on the contrary finds or makes friends everywhere; in presence of which hearts open, information is volunteered, and aid spontaneously offered. No man in the ranks of science is more distinguished for this last characteristic than Baron Von Humboldt. We believe that he has not an enemy. His jus-

tice, candor, and moderation, have preserved him intact in all the vexatious questions of priority and precedence which agitate and harass the scientific world; and have in consequence afforded him innumerable opportunities of promoting the objects and befriending the cultivators of science, which would never have fallen in the way of a less conciliatory disposition, and of which he has not been slow to avail himself. The respect of Europe, indeed, has gone along with him to a point which has almost rendered his recommendations rules. It has sufficed that Von Humboldt has pointed out lines of useful and available inquiry, to make every one eager to enter upon them.

The idea of a physical description of the universe, as a work to be accomplished, and an object, to amass materials for which during a whole lifetime, would be a worthy and satisfactory devotion of it, had, it appears, been present to his mind from a very early epoch. For almost half a century, indeed, it had occupied his thoughts. At length, in the evening of life, he felt himself rich enough in the accumulations of thought, travel, reading, and experimental research, to reduce into form and reality the undefined vision which had so long floated before him. Not entirely, however, without some preliminary trial of strength. A course of lectures, as he informs us, had been delivered by him, both in Berlin and Paris, on the subject, about the end of 1827, previous to his departure for Northern Asia, a journey for which he had prepared himself by a course of study without example in the history of travel. On his return, after giving to the world the results of that journey, or rather the epitome of all the knowledge acquired by himself and by former travellers on the physical geography of Northern and Central Asia, in a work which would alone have sufficed to form a reputation of the highest rank; he resolved no longer to defer this realization of his early aspirations, and the result has been the work of which the volume now before us is only a commencement.

Though we cannot blame an arrangement which brings any portion of the fruits of M. de Humboldt's labors earlier before us, though aware of the hazard which passing years entail on the ultimate appearance of a work of great extent deferred already so long; and though only too glad to receive by instalments, at the convenience of the author, the payment of a self-imposed debt

of such magnitude and value, yet we cannot but consider the publication of the three volumes, of which it is understood the whole will consist, separately and at long intervals, as in many respects unfortunate. Although it is now nearly four years since the work was completed, the second volume is only just on the eve of publication, and the third may possibly be yet longer delayed. Yet no work could have been undertaken, in which it would appear so needful that the impression produced be one and undivided, the unity salient and conspicuous. That the contrary course, though perhaps unavoidable, has been pursued, renders the task of duly appreciating and correctly criticizing it doubly difficult; since it is impossible to say to what extent, and in what manner many things, which appear in the light of omissions in the first portions of such a performance, may be supplied in the sequel; or how differently the philosophy of the whole subject may come to be judged as presented by the author on a complete and on a partial view of his entire meaning. This would have been less the case, and the probability of doing injustice to the author's philosophical views greatly diminished, had the general plan of the whole work been chalked out with more precision in the introductory portion, and the nature of the contents of the subsequent volumes indicated in somewhat less vague and general terms than we find them actually to be. And the necessity for thus holding a reserve on our judgments in this respect, while considering that portion of the work which we possess, is the more imperatively pressed upon us, inasmuch as the scope of the proposed third volume as we understand it, seems to us by far the most important in its philosophical bearings, and as that by which the character of the whole as a great philosophical work will of necessity come to be finally judged.

Such, however, we are aware, is not exactly M. de Humboldt's own impression. He must here be allowed to speak for himself: 'The first volume,' he says, 'contains a general view of nature, from the remotest nebulae and revolving double stars, to the terrestrial phenomena of the geographical distribution of plants, of animals, and of races of men; preceded by some preliminary considerations on the different degrees of enjoyment offered by the study of nature and the knowledge of her laws; and on the limits and method of a scientific exposition of the

physical description of the universe. I regard this as the most important and essential portion of my undertaking, as manifesting the intimate connexion of the general with the special, and as exemplifying, in form and style of composition, and in the selection of results taken from the mass of our experimental knowledge, the spirit of the method in which I have proposed to myself to conduct the whole work. In the two succeeding volumes I design to consider some of the particular incitements to the study of nature,—to treat of the history of the contemplation of the physical universe, or the gradual development of the idea of the concurrent action of natural forces (Kräfte), co-operating in all that presents itself to our observation; and lastly, to notice the specialties of the several branches of science, of which the mutual connexion is indicated in the general view of nature in the present volumes.'

A large portion (nearly one-fifth of the text) of the volume before us, is occupied with an introductory exposition of the various kinds or gradations of enjoyment afforded by the contemplation of nature and the investigation of her laws, and with an essay on the limitation and methodical treatment of a physical description of the universe considered as a separate and independent science—'the science of the Kosmos.' The mere aspect of nature, as has been often and well observed, is a source of positive and high enjoyment; and exercises, even on rude minds, and under the sway of wild passions, if only suffered to claim attention at all, a calming and elevating influence. In all her scenes, 'there is everywhere revealed to the mind an impression of the existence of comprehensive and permanent laws governing the phenomena of the universe;' before the idea of whose vastness and regularity the turbulence of human passion feels itself reprov'd and shrinks abashed. Whatever be the peculiar inherent or temporary character of the scene contemplated—even in her most agitated moods—this sense of the regulated and the imperturbable is never wholly effaced. We know that the storm will rage itself to rest, the angry billows subside, the earthquake roll away, and that holy calm which is her habitual mood be restored as if it had never been broken. 'That which is grave and solemn in such impressions is derived from the presentiment of order and of law, unconsciously awakened by the simple con-

tact with external nature; it is derived from the contrast of the narrow limits of our being with that image of infinity which everywhere reveals itself—in the starry heavens, in the boundless plain, or in the indistinct horizon of the ocean.'

Enjoyment of a different, and, in some respects, of a richer, because of a less overwhelming and more exciting kind, is that which depends on the peculiar physiognomy of natural scenes. Harmonizing, like music, with internal trains of thought and imagination, and with every conceivable state of mind, they awaken of themselves, as soon as presented, sentiments congenial to them, and lead the spirit, by strong associative links, through every phase of feeling. The barren monotony of one region, the varied fertility of another, the gloomy and romantic horrors of a third—the peaceful dwelling rising by the torrent's side—the misty region, where the mule seeks his track amid eternal snows—the tropical night, 'when the stars, not sparkling as in our climates, but shining with a steady beam, shed on the gently heaving ocean a mild and planetary radiance,'—the deep and doubly wood-clothed valleys of the Cordilleras—the volcanic peak cleaving the clouds, from a base of vineyarded slopes and orange-groves washed by a tropical sea—the dense forest, of giant and primeval growth, swarming with every form of vegetable and animal life, now resounding to savage yells, and now to the thunder-clap, extinguishing and crushing down all other sound,—these and a thousand other combinations find each its response in some train of human emotions and affections, which, like the lyre of Timotheus, they by turns excite and soothe.

As the poetical enjoyment of nature springs out of this its endless variety, so, on the other hand, the unity of plan, which even uncultivated minds fail not to recognise amid so much diversity, calls forth the latent germ of the philosophic spirit. When—

'—far from our native country, after a long sea voyage we tread for the first time the lands of the tropics, we experience an impression of agreeable surprise in recognising, in the cliffs and rocks around, the same forms and substances, similar inclined strata of schistose rocks, the same columnar basalts which we had left in Europe: this identity, in latitudes so different, reminds us that the solidification of the crust of the earth has been independent of the differences of climate. But these schists and these basalts are covered with vegetable forms of new and strange aspect. Amid the luxuriance

of this exotic flora, surrounded by colossal forms of new and unfamiliar grandeur and beauty, we experience (thanks to the marvellous flexibility of our nature) how easily the mind opens to the combination of impressions connected with each other by unperceived links of secret analogy. The imagination recognises in these strange forms nobler developments of those which surrounded our childhood; the colonist loves to give to the plants of his new home names borrowed from his native land; and these strong untaught impressions lead, however vaguely, to the same end as that laborious and extended comparison of facts, by which the philosopher arrives at an intimate persuasion of one indissoluble chain of affinity binding together all nature.'

One word on this last sentence:—Is it really true, that the uninstructed mind of man, thus turned loose upon nature, *does* spring, as a matter of course, to just conclusions? Are his homely analogies always *opposite*? his extempore classifications correct? his rude inductions legitimate? If so, what need of study and research? How is it, then, that we are to understand what is here intimated, and is there any sense in which it can be received as true? No doubt there is so. There are truths so large, so general, so all-pervading, that they make a part of all our experience, mix with our whole intellectual being, and imbue all our judgments, erroneous as well as correct; in this sense, at least, that we never err so far as to place ourselves in conscious opposition to them. Distorted and perverted as such truths may be in their enunciation, by their mixture with extraneous error, we find them still outstanding, redeeming by their presence, and even consecrating, that error, by placing themselves in prominent and ostentatious union with its dogmas. No absurdity would ever obtain a moment's credence, but for the presence in it of some saving particle of one of these great natural truths.

But it is to the instructed only that the contemplation of nature affords its full enjoyment, in the development of her laws, and in the unveiling of those hidden powers which work beneath the surface of things, and which, operating as physical causes, lead back the mind in the chain of causation, through the phenomena of organized life, to powers of a higher order; which, connecting themselves with the idea of Will, involve the conception of Intelligence, from which we are necessarily led to infer Design, and from Design find ourselves forced on the conclusion of Motive. It is thus, and thus only, that the contemplation

of nature can be said to lead us up, by legitimate induction, to its Author,—to so much of his character, at least, as he has thought fit to reveal to us through his works. But, that it may do so, we must educate our perceptions by practice and habit, till we learn to disregard specialties, whether of objects or laws, and see rather their relations and connexions, their places in a system, their fulfilment of a purpose, their adaptation to an interminable series of intersubservient ends. And this we must endeavor to do without losing sight of the objects themselves, which come at length to stand in intellectual relation to these more spiritualized conceptions, as the notion of substance does to that of quality in some of our older metaphysical theories,—as that substratum of being in which such conceptions inhere, and which serves to bind them together, give them a body, and coerce them from becoming altogether vague and imaginary. And, moreover, we must be careful to raise up no self-created phantasms of our own minds, interposing an impassable barrier to further progress, and cutting off the chain of connexion by a stern *ne plus ultra*. As the distinction drawn in the Aristotelian Philosophy between celestial and terrestrial motions, operated for ages to cut off the possibility of arriving at any just views of the Planetary System, so it is perfectly conceivable that, by gratuitous assumptions of another kind, we may willfully sever ourselves from the possible attainment of knowledge of a far higher order. Against certain notions of this description, which have obtained, or may be obtaining, currency; and others which, without being expressed in words, appear to be extensively, though tacitly, received in science, we consider it worth while to enter our protest:—

The first is, 'that ancient belief, that the forces inherent in matter, and those which regulate the moral world, exert their action under the government of a primordial necessity, and in recurring courses of greater or less period. It is this necessity, this occult but permanent connexion, this periodical recurrence in the progressive development of forms, of phenomena and of events, which constitute nature, obedient to the first imparted impulse of the Creator. Physical science, as its name imports, limits itself to the explanation of the phenomena of the material world by the properties of matter. All beyond this belongs, not to the domain of the physics of the

universe, but to a higher class of ideas. The discovery of Laws, and their progressive generalizations, are the objects of the experimental sciences.' (Transl., p. 33.)

The frame of nature, moral as well as physical, according to this idea, is a piece of mechanism, which wound up and set going, has been abandoned to itself, to evolve its changes in variously superposed periods, without choice or option, according to the combinations of an occult wheelwork. If, indeed, there were no such phenomenon as Will; if we were conscious of being thus blindly hurried along by the uncontrollable swing of the system of which we form a part, at every moment, and in every action, such a system might be tenable. Periods of unknown length, superposed according to no discoverable law, lose their character of periodicity to the eye of the observer; and *periods of event*, apart from the notion of the measurement of time, similarly superposed, resolve themselves, so far as observation is concerned, into that imperfect and inadequate idea of causation which considers it as simply a determinate rule of sequence. But *Will*, admitted into any part of such a system, destroys the whole of it. The blind, unintelligent portions of the mechanism must be invested with the power, and be urged by the necessity of conforming themselves to that will, as to the original impulse which set the whole in motion; and how are we then to distinguish between those evolutions which result from a will of which we are conscious, and those which, for aught we know, may be continually resulting from a will continually in action, though concealed from our knowledge and perception?

Another notion, equally destitute, in our eyes, of positive foundation, but much more likely than the former to act prejudicially in limiting the progress even of physical knowledge, is the assumption, as old as Aristotle, that all the phenomena of nature are referable to *motions* performed in obedience to what we are in the habit of calling *mechanical laws*; that, in other words, there is no such thing as *qualitative change* unaccompanied by change of place—no causation at work other than mechanical push and pull. It is high time, we think, that this assumption should be formally called in question. We are disposed to believe that science has outgrown it. At the same time, we are quite aware into what a licentious career of wild speculation the mind is ready to rush on the removal of

such a limitation; what extravagant theories we must expect to see broached, and what confusion of ideas, nay, what positive charlatanries, we must be prepared to encounter, before any clear and definite conception can emerge from the mass of images which crowd upon us on the suggestion of such a change of ground. We may indicate, however, one or two, which may perhaps carry with them some degree of distinctness, viz.: first, The intension, remission, or creation of mechanical force dependent on the presence or absence of agents, such as electricity and heat, of whose *materiality*, in the usual sense of the word, we have no proof, seeing that inertia (at least, in the case of heat) forms no part of our conception of them; and secondly, the successive *quasi-undulatory* propagation of qualities—powers of affecting either the senses or material bodies by something different from mechanical impulse. It is perfectly true, that on the properties of matter only we must rely for the explanation of physical phenomena. But we conceive that those properties are only just beginning to become known to us, that we shall have to reject some which have been assumed as unquestionable, and that it is by no means improbable, that science will ere long make us familiar with others, calculated to stretch to the utmost our conception of *material* existence. Entertaining this expectation, we must here, once for all, observe, that the continual use of the word *forces* in the work before us, in such phrases as 'the forces of nature'—'the concurrent action of natural forces'—grates with something approaching to a painful harshness on our ears. We should be inclined to substitute for it, wherever it occurs, the expression 'physical powers,' a sense which the German *Kräfte* might bear, we think, without violence.

A third dogma, which has of late been placed in prominence, much, as we conceive, to the detriment of sound philosophy, is that of the so called, or rather miscalled, *positive philosophy*—an extravagant and morphological transformation of that rational empiricism, which professes to take experience for its basis; resulting from insisting on the prerogatives of experience in reference to external phenomena, and ignoring them in relation to the movements and tendencies of our intellectual nature:—a philosophy which, if it do not repudiate altogether the idea of causation, goes far, at least, to put it out of view, and with it,

everything which can be called *explanation* of natural phenomena, by the undue predominance assigned to the idea of Law:—which rejects as not merely difficult, not even simply hopeless, but as utterly absurd, unphilosophical, and derogatory, all attempt to render any rational account of those abstract equation-like propositions, in which it delights to embody the results of experience, other than their inclusion in some more general proposition of the same kind. Entirely persuaded that, in physics, at least, the inquiry into causes is philosophy; that nothing else is so; and that the chain of causation upwards is broken by no solution of continuity, constituting a gulf absolutely impassable to human faculties, if duly prepared by familiarity with the previous links; we are far from regarding the *whole* office of experimental philosophy as satisfactorily expressed, by declaring it to consist in the discovery and generalization of laws. There are two ways of expressing every law of nature,—one which does, the other which does not, bear reference to the cause, which lies at the root of the phenomenon. It is something distinct from, and more than a mere generalization of law, which refers the planetary motions to *Force* as a Cause of motion. No acuteness would ever have sufficed to conclude the laws of perturbation from those of elliptic motion, and to detect a new planet by the mere knowledge of these latter laws, had this word, the key of the whole riddle, remained unpronounced. The craving of the philosophic mind is for *explanation*, i. e., for the breaking up of complex phenomena into *familiar* sequences, or equally familiar transitional changes, or contemporary manifestations; which, under the names of cause and effect, we are content to receive (at least temporarily) as ultimate facts, and which nothing but perfect familiarity divests of that marvellous character which they really possess,—*which are only not looked upon as miraculous because they are usual*.

- When we work our way up to facts of this character, physical inquiry ends, and speculation begins. Very few such ultimate facts have hitherto been arrived at in physics; and it is to the increase of their number, by future inquiry, that we must look for any prospect of erasing any one of them from the list, i. e., of explaining it. No doubt explanation must ever be imperfect, if quantitative laws be wanting as a feature. But the first, at least the most necessary office of experimental philosophy, is, the

detection of the *influential thing*, the *ultimate fact*, or facts, on which explanation hinges—its subsequent, and, in that sense, subordinate, though still most useful and important one; to discover the formal and quantitative laws of that influence. If, indeed, it be said, that the proposition announcing these ultimate facts is a *law*, in the sense of the word intended, we protest against the abuse of language, which confounds, under one form of expression, the detection of the law itself, and the subject matter of the law—the *quod loquimur*, with the *de quo*.

With the richness of idea and command of resource which natural knowledge confers, civilization goes hand in hand. The remarks of M. de Humboldt on this part of his subject are so pointed and impressive, that we cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of quoting them:—

‘The clearer our insight into the connexion of phenomena, the more easily we shall emancipate ourselves from the error of those who do not perceive that, for the intellectual cultivation and for the prosperity of nations, all branches of natural knowledge are alike important, whether the measuring and describing portion, or the examination of chemical constituents, or the investigation of the physical forces by which all matter is pervaded. . . . An equal appreciation of all parts of natural knowledge is an essential requirement of the present epoch, in which the material wealth and the increasing prosperity of nations are in great measure based on the more enlightened employment of natural products and forces. . . . The most superficial glance at the present condition of European states shows that those which linger in the race cannot hope to escape the partial diminution, and, perhaps, the final annihilation of their resources. . . . The danger . . . must be averted by the earnest cultivation of natural knowledge. . . . Knowledge and thought are at once the delight and the prerogative of man; but they are also a part of the wealth of nations, and often afford to them an abundant indemnification for the more sparing bestowal of natural riches.’

To all this, of course, we heartily subscribe; and we only wish that the limit M. de Humboldt has prescribed to himself would have permitted him to extend the scope of his remarks, clothed, as they are, in such animated language, to embrace a far wider range of application. The frame of Nature is not bounded by that narrow limit which is commonly understood by the term *Physics*. Life, thought, and moral and social relation, are all equally *natural*—equally elements of the great

scheme of the Kosmos with matter and magnetism. The only imaginable reason why the sciences growing out of these ideas are not regarded and handled, or have not hitherto effectually been so, as branches of natural science and inductive inquiry, is the great difficulty of arriving at true statements of facts in some, owing to the conflict of partial interests, and the great danger and consequent heavy responsibility attending experiments in others. These obstacles can only be removed by the general enlightenment of mankind, enabling them to perceive that their true interests require truth in the statement of facts; deliberate caution in undertaking, and patience—long, calm, enduring patience—and hearty co-operation, in watching the working out of social and legislative experiments.

A great and wondrous attempt is making in civilized Europe at the present time: neither more nor less than an attempt to stave off, *ad infinitum*, the tremendous visitation of war; and, by removing or alleviating the positive checks to the growth of population, to diminish the stringency of the preventive ones, and to subsist continually increasing masses on a continually increasing scale of comfort. May it be successful! But the only conditions on which it can be so are, that nature be laid yearly more and more under contribution to human wants; and that the masses themselves understand and go along with the exertions making in their favour in a spirit of amicable and rational conformity. To no other quarter than to the progress of science can we look for the least glimpse of a fulfilment of the first of these conditions. Neither the activity of hope, nor the energy of despair, acting by stationary means on unvarying elements, can coerce them into a geometrically increasing productiveness. Science must wave unceasingly her magic wand, and point unceasingly her divining rod. The task now laid on her, however, is not of her own seeking. She declines altogether so dread a responsibility, while yet declaring her readiness to aid, to the utmost of her powers; claiming only the privilege, essential to their available exertion, of free, undisturbed, and dispassionate thought, and calling upon every class to do its duty; the higher in aiding her applications, the lower in conforming to her rules.

In that part of his work which treats of the limits and method of exposition of the

physical description of the universe, M. de Humboldt takes considerable pains to represent the 'Science of the Kosmos' as a separate and independent department of knowledge, distinct in scope and kind from a mere encyclopædic aggregation of physical sciences. We concern ourselves little whether in this he have succeeded in making out a useful and available distinction; admitting, as he does, that in his mode of conceiving and handling it, it is, in effect, the aggregate, by simple juxtaposition, of two separate and very unequal portions, similar in character so far as the *less* can be similar to the *more* complex. He regards it, in short, as physical geography enlarged by such a description of the heavens and their contents as shall correspond in plan and in conception (so far as our knowledge extends) to that description of the earth and its denizens which is intended by the former designation. In so far, then, as physical geography is entitled to be termed a separate and independent science, Kosmography, or the science of the Kosmos, is so also, and a more general one, including the other. A Chinese map of the globe is a map of the globe, and not a mere map of China, though the Flowery Land figure therein in rich detail of city, stream, and province; and though Europe, Asia, Africa, and America exist, for the most part, in mere outline, and occupying an extent of surface altogether disproportioned to their true extent and importance. This is not the fault of the Celestial Arrowsmith. Had he known more of the globe, he would have given his countrymen a better map.

Our simile, however, is faulty in one respect. What we know of the contents of space exterior to our globe we at least know truly,—at all events, we can separate our knowledge from our ignorance; and it happens, fortunately, that what escapes our view is precisely that which, if seen, would merely serve to puzzle and perplex us; while the great and obvious features which strike us are precisely those which we are best able to reduce to general laws, and to view in systematic connexion, and which reveal to us, in its grandest form, the unity of the Kosmos. The all-pervading power of gravitation, that mysterious reality by which every material being in the universe is placed in *instant* and influential relation with every other, springs forward in a state of disengagement and prominence on the contemplation of the cele-

tial movements which it, perhaps, might never have assumed had not the opportunity been afforded us of so contemplating it, apart from the distracting influence of corpuscular forces which, in innumerable instances, mask and overlie it in its exhibition on the surface of our planet. And again: the phenomenon of light, its uniform properties and equal velocity from whatever quarter of space it reaches us, and the certainty those properties afford of the existence of a perfectly uniform mechanism, co-extensive with space itself, continually occupied in the discharge of the most important of all offices, that of conveying at once information and vital stimulus from every region of space to every other—facts of this kind, were there no other, would suffice to force upon our minds the clear perception of a unity of plan and of action in the constitution of nature. 'A connexion is maintained, by means of light and radiant heat, both with the sun of our own system, and all those remoter suns which glitter in the firmament. The very different measure of these effects must not prevent the physical philosopher, engaged in tracing a general picture of nature, from noticing the connexion and co-extensive dominion of similar forces. (*Kosmos*, p. 146. Transl.)

We therefore entirely agree with our author in the propriety of that arrangement of his work which gives the precedence of treatment to the celestial over the 'telluric' view of nature; and prefaces the description of our own globe by that of the sidereal and planetary system. And whether such description be properly regarded as the exposition of a body of science, or (as we should rather feel disposed to look upon it) a sort of epos, a noble oratorio, or a grand *spectacle*, we are delighted to receive it at his hands, and to throw ourselves into that frame of mind for its reception which shall be best calculated to heighten the impression, and do justice to the exponent.

Taking our stand, therefore, on the extreme verge of the visible creation, let us for an instant look about us, ere we descend with him, like the angelic messenger in Milton, through stars, nebulae, and systems, to this planetary sphere and its central sun. Where are we? Is there such an extreme verge? This question, which lies at the very threshold of an exposition of the *Kosmos*, *per descensum*, is one which has so little to recommend it as

a matter of discussion that we certainly should not mention it here, had it not got involved in an astronomical speculation of a very singular nature. The assumption that the extent of the starry firmament is literally infinite has been made, by one of the greatest of astronomers, the late Dr. Olbers, the basis of a conclusion that the celestial spaces are in some slight degree deficient in *transparency*; so that all beyond a certain distance is, and must for ever remain, unseen; the geometrical progression of the extinction of light far out-running the effect of any conceivable increase in the power of our telescopes. Were it not so, it is argued, every part of the celestial concave ought to shine with the brightness of the solar disc; since no visual ray could be so directed as not, in some point or other of its infinite length, to encounter such a disc. With this peculiar form of the argument we have little concern. It appears to us, indeed, with all deference to so high an authority, invalid; since nothing is easier than to imagine modes of systematic arrangement of the stars in space (entirely in consonance with what we see around us of the principle of subordinate grouping actually followed out) which shall strike away the only foundation on which it can be made to rest, while yet fully vindicating the absolute infinity of their number. It is the conclusion only which it appears to us important to notice, as having recently been attempted to be established on grounds of direct statistical enumeration of stars of different orders of brightness, by the illustrious astronomer of Pulkova, in a remarkable work (*Etudes d'Astronomie Stellaire*), and even some rude approximation made to the rate of extinction. It would lead us far beyond our limits to attempt even to give a general idea of his reasonings, but one remark on the whole subject we cannot forbear. Light, it is true, is easily disposed of. Once absorbed, it is extinct for ever, and will trouble us no more. But with radiant heat the case is otherwise. This, though absorbed, remains still effective in heating the absorbing medium, which must either increase in temperature, the process continuing, *ad infinitum*, or, in its turn becoming radiant, give out from every point at every instant as much heat as it receives.

Of the supposed luminiferous æther itself, as one of the material or quasi-material contents of space, M. de Humboldt says nothing. He waives, designedly, at least in

the present volume, any allusion to that, and all other theoretical conceptions. The view of creation which he takes, and which we must take with him, is so purely and entirely objective, so closely confined to what Mr. Mill would call the *collocations* of the Kosmos, that even the Newtonian law of gravitation, with its noble train of mathematical consequences, is excluded from all direct and special notice. We must not, therefore, wonder, but accept it as part of the determinate plan of the work, that light itself is spoken of only incidentally, as affording a measure of sidereal distance by its velocity, and as conveying to our eyes the images of remote sidereal objects, not as they now exist, but as they existed years or ages ago; or that no account is given of the Gaussian generalizations of the theory of terrestrial magnetism,—a subject, of which M. de Humboldt is so pre-eminently cognisant, that it must have required the greatest self-control, and the most entire satisfaction with his pre-conceived views of the limits of his subject, to have avoided dilating on it.

The most remote bodies which the telescopes disclose to us are, probably, the nebulae. These, as their name imports, are dim and misty-looking objects, very few of which are visible to the unassisted sight. Powerful telescopes resolve most of them into stars, and more in proportion to the force of the instrument; while, at the same time, every increase of telescopic power brings fresh and unresolved nebulae into view. A natural generalization would lead us to conclude, that all such objects are nothing but groups of stars, forming systems, differing in size, remoteness, and mode of aggregation. This conclusion would, indeed, be almost irresistible but for a few rare examples, where a single star of considerable brightness appears surrounded with a delicate and extensive atmosphere, offering no indication of its consisting of stars. Such objects have given rise to the conception of a self-luminous nebulous matter, of a vaporous or gaseous nature, of which these photospheres, and, perhaps, some entire nebulae, may consist, and to the further conception of a gradual subsidence or condensation of such matter into stars and systems. It cannot be denied, however, that the weight of induction appears to be accumulating in the opposite direction, and that such 'nebulous stars' may, after all, be only extreme cases of central condensation, such as two or three

'nebulae,' usually so called, offer a near approach to. Apart, then, from these singular bodies, and leaving open the questions they go to raise, and apart from the consideration of such peculiar cases as planetary and annular nebulae, the great majority of nebulae may be described as globular or spheroidal aggregates of stars arranged about a centre, the interior strata more closely than the exterior, according to very various laws of progressive density, but the strata of equal density being more nearly spherical according to their proximity to the centre. Many of these groups contain hundreds, nay, thousands, of stars.

Besides these, there exist nebulae of a totally different description; of vastly greater apparent dimension, and of very irregular and capricious forms, of which the well-known nebulae in Orion is an example. They form, evidently, a class apart from the others, not only in aspect, but also as regards their situation in the heavens; for whereas the former congregate together chiefly in a great nebulous district remote from the Milky Way, or are otherwise scattered over the whole heavens (though by no means so as to form what M. de Humboldt terms a 'nebulous milky way,' or zone of nebulae surrounding the sphere), these only occur in the immediate vicinity of the galaxy, and may fairly be considered, if not as integrant portions, at least as outliers of it. Their forms, therefore, may be considered as in some degree indicative of the true form of that starry stratum, could we contemplate it from a distance, so far, at least, that we may reasonably suppose it quite as irregular and complex as we observe these, its appendages, actually to be.

M. de Humboldt leans, as might be expected from one especially conversant with organic forms, to that view which represents the nebulae as sidereal systems, in process of gradual formation by the mutual attraction of their parts, and by the absorption of the strictly nebulous element into stellar bodies. 'The process of condensation,' he says, 'which was part of the doctrine of Anaximenes, and of the whole Ionic school, appears to be here going on before our eyes. The subject of conjoint investigation and conjecture has a peculiar charm for the imagination. Throughout the range of animated existence, and of moving forces in the physical universe, there is an especial fascination in the recognition of that which is becoming, or about to be, even

greater than in that which is, though the former be indeed no more than a new condition of matter already existing; for of the act of creation itself, the original calling forth of existence out of non-existence, we have no experience, nor can we form any conception of it.'

That the whole firmament of stars visible to us, even with the help of telescopes, belongs to that vast sidereal stratum which we call the Galaxy, seems hardly to admit of doubt. The actual form of this stratum, further than that it is not improperly characterized as such, can hardly be said to be known with any approach to certainty; but that its extent in a direct line outwards is enormously greater in some directions than in others, and that in one portion of its extent it is, as it were, cleft and contorted, in others lengthened into processes stretching far into space, seems to rank among the positive conclusions of astronomy. In certain directions its extent would seem to be unfathomable to our best telescopes; in others, there is reason to believe we see through and beyond it, even in its own plane.

Of the distance of the stars of which this vast stratum consists, at least of some of the nearest of them, we are beginning, at length, to possess some certain knowledge. The bright star α Centauri has a measured parallax (as the observations of Henderson and Maclear teach us) of nearly a second ($0''.9128$), which places it a distance from us equal to 226,000 radii of the earth's orbit. That of β Cygni has been ascertained by Bessel to be no less than 592,200 such radii, while the observations of Struve place α Lyrae at 789,600 of similar units from our system. Such is the scale of the system to which we belong, such the magnitudes we are led to regard as small, in comparison with its actual extent! The number of stars whose distance is imperfectly known to us at present is about thirty-five, seven of which may be considered as determined, with some approach to certainty, by the recent researches of Mr. Peters.

Among the countless swarm of what are commonly called fixed stars, there is not one, probably, which really merits the name. In by far the great majority, a minute, but regularly progressive change of place is observed to take place; and, from a careful examination of these movements, as observed in stars visible in Europe, it has been concluded, that a portion at least of

them is only apparent, and arises from a real motion of our own sun, carrying with it the whole planetary system, towards a point in the constellation Hercules, in R. A. $259^{\circ} 35'$ decl. $34^{\circ} 34'$ north. This extraordinary conclusion, resting as it does on the independent and remarkably agreeing calculations of five different and eminent astronomers, from data afforded by northern stars, has, within the last few months, received a striking confirmation by the researches of Mr. Galloway, who has arrived at the very same conclusion, from calculations founded on the proper motions of stars in the southern hemisphere, not included among those used by his predecessors. In this path the sun moves with the prodigious velocity of 400,000 miles, or nearly its own semi-diameter, *per diem*.

Independent of the movements of translation not accounted for by this cause, several of the stars have a rotary motion, forming pairs or binary systems, called double stars, revolving about each other in regular elliptic orbits, governed by the Newtonian law of gravitation. This sort of connexion, suggested as theoretically probable by Mitchell, and demonstrated as a matter of observation by Herschel, has now been distinctly traced in fifty or sixty instances (M. de Humboldt, anticipating what will doubtless one day prove to be a fact, says 2,800), among which occur examples of periodic revolutions of 200, 182, 117, 61, 44, and even 17 years, and of orbits, in some cases so eccentric as to be quite cometary, in others nearly circular. Some again are concluded, with much probability, to revolve on their axes, from the observation of regular periodic changes in their lustre; while others vary in no regular and certain periods, undergoing great and abrupt changes, for which no probable cause has yet been assigned. In one remarkable instance a change of color would appear to have taken place. Sirius, which is now one of the whitest of the stars, is characterized by Ptolemy as red, or at least ruddy. 'Ο δὲ Σείριος, ὑπόκρινος, is his expression, speaking pointedly of its color, and not of its scintillations.

Not the least surprising, is the actual and positive knowledge we have obtained of the weight or quantity of matter contained in at least one of the binary stars, β Cygni; from whose orbital motion, compared with its distance, Bessel has concluded that the conjoint mass of its two individuals is 'neither much more nor much less than half

the mass of our sun.' It appears as a star of the sixth magnitude. From the photometric experiments of Wollaston on α Lyrae, compared with what we know of its distance, its actual emission of light may be gathered to be not less than 5 1-2 that of the sun. Sirius, which is nine times as bright as α Lyrae, and whose parallax is insensible, cannot, therefore, be estimated at less than 100 suns.

Non-luminous stars have been conjectured to exist, and Bessel even considered that some irregularities, supposed to subsist in the proper motions of Procyon and Sirius, could no other way be accounted for than by supposing them to be revolving about invisible central bodies. The illustrious astronomer of Pulkova, in the work we have already had occasion to cite, has, however, by destroying the evidence of irregularity by a careful revision of all the recorded observations, rendered it unnecessary to resort to such a hypothesis.

Neither have attempts been wanting to deduce from the proper motion of the stars, the situation in space of the 'Central Sun,' about which the whole firmament revolves. Lambert placed it in the nebula of Orion; Maedler, very recently, in the Pleiades, on grounds which, however, appear to us anything but conclusive.

The vast interval, which separates our system from its nearest neighbors among the fixed stars, is a blank which even the imaginations of astronomers have been unable to people with denizens of any definite character, other than a few lost comets slowly groping out their benighted way to other systems, or torpidly lingering in *aphelio*, expecting their recall to the source of light and warmth. In the utter insulation of this huge intervening gulf, it is impossible not to perceive a guarantee against extraneous perturbation and foreign interference, or to avoid tracing an extension of the very same principle of subordinate grouping which secures the satellites of planets from too violent a perturbative action on the part of the central body. It thus assumes the character and importance of a cosmical law; and, while it affords another and most striking indication of the unity of plan which pervades the universe, may lead us to believe that, if other systems yet exist in the immensity of space, they may be separated from our own by intervals so immense as to appear only as dim and nebulous specks, or utterly, and for ever, to elude our sight.

Descending, now, with our guide through this *vacuum inane* to our own system, we shall for a moment depart from his arrangement to strike at once upon its central body—our own sun. This, indeed, can hardly be called a departure, since, by an extraordinary emission, we find no special notice taken by M. de Humboldt of this magnificent globe. Yet, surely, there is matter of sufficient interest in what is known and seen of its physical constitution and important peculiarities, to have justified, indeed to have required, their not being passed *sub silentio* in a physical description of the universe. If there be much, as yet mysterious in its inexhaustible emission of light and heat, there is also much in the mechanism by which that emission is produced which is matter of ocular inspection. We know for instance, that the sun is not simply an incandescent mass; that the luminous process, whatever its nature, is superficial only, being confined to two strata of phosphorescent clouds, floating in an atmosphere of considerable, but imperfect transparency, extending to a vast distance beyond them: that these clouds are often driven asunder by tumultuary movements of astonishing energy and extent, disclosing to our eyes the dark surface below; that the region in which these movements take place, is confined to an equatorial belt of about sixty degrees in breadth, being, however, comparatively much less frequent in the immediate vicinity of the equator itself. We know, moreover, that the time of its rotation ($25\frac{1}{2}$ days) stands in decided and pointed dissonance with the Keplerian law of the planetary revolutions, and that therefore the sun has *most certainly not* been formed by the simple subsidence of regularly rotating planetary matter gradually contracting in dimension by cooling; a fact which the advocates of the nebulous hypothesis must, therefore, render some other account of.

The primary planets known to us at the present moment are sixteen in number, including no less than five which have been added to the list since the publication of the *Kosmos* in 1845. The discovery of one of these, Neptune, by the mere consideration of the recorded perturbations of the remotest planet previously known, by the theory of gravitation, as delivered by Newton, and matured by the French geometers, will ever be regarded as the most glorious intellectual triumph of the present age. If any thing could enhance its claim to be so

considered, it is the assurance given us of the exceedingly firm grasp by which theory has seized on this most complicated subject; by the fact of the discovery having been made almost simultaneously by two geometers of different nations, pursuing different courses of investigation, each in entire ignorance of the other's proceedings, and arriving at what may fairly be termed the same identical place of the yet unseen planet. It is not a little remarkable that astronomy, the oldest, and, as it might be considered, the maturest among the sciences, is perhaps at this moment the most rapidly progressive of any, such is the novelty as well as the magnitude of the facts which every year brings forth.

M. de Humboldt in this division of his subject, presents us with a rapid, but an extremely striking and well-digested view of the 'collocations' of our system; that is to say, of the actual arrangement and distribution of its masses in respect of their magnitudes, densities, and distances from the sun, their times of rotation on their axes, and the extent of their provision with satellites. We have never met with a better *exposé* of these particulars, grouped as they are under a variety of aspects, with the object of bringing into view the general relations, if any, which exist between them.

'It has been proposed to consider the telescopic planets,' now eight in number, between Mars and Jupiter, 'with their more eccentric, intersecting, and greatly-inclined orbits, as forming a middle zone, or group, in our planetary system; and if we follow out this view, we shall find that the comparison of the inner group of planets, comprising Mercury, Venus, the Earth, and Mars, with the outer group, consisting of Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, (and Neptune), presents several striking contrasts. The planets of the inner group, which are nearer the sun, are of more moderate size, are denser, rotate round their respective axes more slowly, in nearly equal periods, differing little from twenty-four hours, are less compressed at the poles, and, with one exception, without satellites. The external planets . . . are of much greater magnitude, five times less dense, more than twice as rapid in their rotation round their axes, more compressed at the poles, and richer in moons in the proportion of seventeen' (eighteen) 'to one.'

So soon as we descend to particulars, however, we find these general relations broken in upon by continual exceptions. The history of the discovery of Neptune has afforded a signal instance how little reliance could be placed on a *law of collo-*

cation, which had begun to be considered as a fundamental relation pervading the whole system. Still, as such laws, partially carried out, they possess a peculiar interest, especially when we consider the exactness of numerical relation which holds good in several instances, and which leads irresistibly to speculate upon causes, as is the case with all close numerical coincidences, which nothing can persuade us to believe purely accidental when they take place in matters of fact. *Why*, we are tempted to ask, do the diurnal rotations of Mercury, the Earth, and Mars, agree to a minute? *Why* are the densities of the Sun, Jupiter, Uranus (and? Neptune), exactly alike, and just one fourth of the Earth's? Again, among the satellites, *why* are the periodic times of Saturn's third and fourth satellites respectively, *precisely* double those of the first and second? And *why* are the rotations of the satellites, generally, on their axes performed in *precisely* the same times as their revolutions about their respective primaries? Of this last-mentioned coincidence, indeed, a mechanical explanation is given (Kosmos, p. 155. Transl.), which we are aware rests on high authority. It pre-supposes, however (which our author does not appear to have recollected), an original, *very near* adjustment to exact coincidence; and even with this admission we remain by no means satisfied of its validity. It appears to us that the very smallest deviation from *perfect* coincidence, originally subsisting, would destroy all tendency to that accumulation of matter on one diameter of the satellite, and consequent permanent elongation of its figure, which the further steps of the so-called explanation require.

By far the most wonderful and mysterious bodies of our system are the comets. Their number is immense, their variety of aspect infinite, their magnitude astounding. Apart from the magnificence of their appearance, and the interest attaching to their eccentric orbits, and utter contempt of the ordinary planetary conventions in their excursions into space, they have become to us instruments of physical inquiry; and the study of their motions has disclosed to us features in the constitution of our system of which we should otherwise have had no idea, and afforded opportunities, which, but for them, had been altogether wanting of completing our knowledge of the masses of the planets themselves. Their almost spiritual tenuity enables them to feel as it were, and to manifest by a sensible retar-

dation the resistance of a medium pervading the planetary spaces, while the direction of their tails always turned from the sun, and the enormous velocity with which these singular appendages have appeared on some occasions to be projected in the opposite direction to the solar gravity, has afforded more than a presumption of the existence of repulsive as well as attractive forces in our system. It would be endless to recount the singularities presented by these bodies. Some have had two tails, one (1744) six, and some none at all, though otherwise large and conspicuous. Many have been seen in bright sunshine and at noon-day, as was the case with the recent magnificent one of 1843. The tails of some have equalled, and even surpassed in length, the radius of the earth's orbit; and through those of the comets of 1819 and 1823, the earth itself is supposed to have passed. The famous comet of Lexell passed twice (1767 and 1779) among the satellites of Jupiter, and approached the earth in 1770 within six times the distance of the moon. Several of them return in known periods: the celebrated comet of Halley in 76·871 years; that of Encke in 3·316; that of Biela in 6·599, and that of Faye in 7·29 years. The climax to the bizarreries of these singular bodies was afforded in 1846 by one of these last-mentioned comets (that of Biela), which was actually seen to separate itself into two; which, after thus parting connexion, continued amicably journeying along side by side without further mutual disturbance.

The fall of masses of stone, of iron, and of ashes and other substances from the heavens, is a fact now so thoroughly well attested, that every doubt as to its reality has long since vanished. The latter phenomenon may not unreasonably be attributed to volcanic eruptions, or to matter swept from the surface of the earth by tempests and whirlwinds, carried to a vast height, and deposited at great distances from its origin; and such, indeed, appears to have been the case in many well authenticated instances. We have before us a portion of a sheet of 200 square feet, of a substance exactly similar to cotton felt, and of which clothing might be made, which fell at Carolath, in Silesia, in 1839. On microscopic examination it is found to consist of delicate matted and bleached confervæ containing infusoria; and was therefore, doubtless, raised from its natural site, the dried bed of some lake or

marsh, and wafted to the place of its fall by a storm.

But when no such explanation will apply to the astounding phenomenon of the sudden fall of blocks of stone or iron of several pounds, nay tons in weight.

'A presumptuous scepticism,' says M. de Humboldt, 'which rejects facts without examination of their truth, is, in some respects, even more injurious than unquestioning credulity. It is the tendency of both to impede accurate investigation. Although for upwards of 2,000 years the annals of different nations had told of falls of stones, which, in many instances, had been placed beyond doubt by the testimony of irreproachable witnesses; although the Bætylia formed an important part of the meteor worship of the ancients, and the companions of Cortes saw, at Cholula, the aerolite which had fallen on the neighboring pyramid; although calliphs and Mongolian princes had had swords forged of fresh-fallen meteoric iron; and even although human beings had been killed by the falling stones (viz., a friar at Crema on the 4th of September, 1511, a monk at Milan, 1650, and two Swedish sailors on board a ship in 1674); yet, until the time of Chladni, who had already earned for himself imperishable renown in physics by the discovery of his figure-representations of sound, this great cosmical phenomenon remained almost unheeded, and its intimate connexion with the planetary system remained unknown.'

We can pardon some degree of scepticism, on a subject apparently so marvellous, before the assemblage of recorded facts had brought a mass of independent and agreeing evidence to bear upon the general mind, nauseated as it had become by tales of monkish miracle and travellers' wonders. Chladni wrote in 1794, and his work had effectually shaken this scepticism, and excited general attention, when, on the 26th of April, 1803, a shower of stones, thousands in number, and several of them weighing many pounds, was hurled over a district of between twenty and thirty square miles in extent, by the explosion of a globe of fire in mid-day and in a clear sky, vertically over the town of l'Aigle, in Normandy. This was precisely the opportunity to inquire minutely into all the circumstances of the event, and to place them on official record. Accordingly, at the instance of the French Academy of Sciences, the government commissioned M. Biot to proceed to the spot, examine witnesses, and collect every particular. His report on this event, which forms part of the memoirs of the Institute for 1806, leaves no room for doubt as to its reality. Trees were broken, houses struck, the

ground ploughed up, the actual stones picked up or dug out in vast abundance. Many persons had narrow escapes, and one was slightly wounded. A list published by Chladni (Ann. du Bureau des Longitudes, 1825), enumerates upwards of 200 instances of similar occurrences, collected from the annals of all nations, China included; among which we observe no less than sixteen recorded in the British Isles subsequent to 1620, one of which (May 18, 1680) took place in London. Subsequent research has added largely to this list, and new occurrences of the kind are continually happening. Many of the masses which have so fallen have been of great magnitude. To say nothing of the enormous weight of some of the blocks of iron supposed to be of meteoric origin; the stone which fell at Ægospotamos was as large as two mill-stones; and that which fell at Narni, A. D. 921, formed a rock projecting four feet above the surface of the river. A mass of this magnitude, so distinct in its nature from the materials of the surrounding rocks, and in a locality so very definite, might surely yet be found by persevering search. Facts of this kind preclude all idea of their being formed in the air from floating vapours, while their difference from all known volcanic products or minerals excludes their reference to a terrestrial origin. Volcanoes in the moon were for a time resorted to, and M. de Humboldt (note 69), is at some pains to prove this opinion untenable. We believe it to be now entertained by no one. Their planetary nature is the only remaining account which can be given of their origin; and this opinion he of course adopts, classing them with the other admitted members of our system. The phenomena of their explosion, and the violent, though transient and merely superficial heat which they undergo at the moment of their fall, may perhaps be considered as militating against such an origin. But we perceive nothing in these circumstances incompatible with the necessary consequences of such a rencontre. Arriving with planetary velocity at the confines of our atmosphere, where the air is many thousand, perhaps million times rarer than at the surface of the earth, such a body would carry before it the air on which it immediately impinged, compressing it to an enormous *relative* extent against its own surface, before the *absolute* compression could reach such a point as to determine its lateral escape. Now, it has been shown by

Poisson (Ann. de Chim., xxiii. 341), that the latent heat of a given weight of air is greater, the lower the pressure under which it exists. A given quantity (by weight) of air, therefore, at those elevations contains more latent heat than the same quantity at the earth's surface. When condensed, therefore, it will give out *more* heat than would be elicited by the same extent of *relative* condensation from air of ordinary density, which we know to be capable of producing ignition, even under very moderate degrees of sudden compression. A source of sudden and transient heat of almost any conceivable intensity, is thus provided in immediate contact with the surface of the stone, which it would fuse and partly vaporize, while the sudden and violent expansion of the parts immediately beneath the fused film must necessarily cause decrepitation and disruption of fragments. In short, there is no part of the phenomenon which this explanation does not reach. Mere friction against the atmosphere, as suggested by Poisson, seems quite insufficient to produce incandescence.

That a resemblance should be conceived to exist between those globes of fire which throw down stones and those which only gleam and are extinct, or which terminate with a harmless, though often very terrific explosion, is not to be wondered at. Yet the analogy founded on mere optical resemblance would hardly suffice to prove a community of nature or origin. Accordingly, little or no attempt was made to connect these formidable visitors with the innocuous spectacle afforded by shooting stars or train-accompanied meteors, till 1833, when a brilliant display of the November meteors, on the 12th and 13th of that month, repeated on the same days of the following year, brought to recollection a similar display witnessed by M. de Humboldt in 1799, in America. On comparison of dates, it was perceived, with astonishment, that they precisely coincided. The extraordinary fact has since been established by observation, and by the assemblage of ancient and modern records, that meteoric showers occur *periodically* on certain given days of the year, though not of every year, and especially on the 12th—14th November, and the 9th—11th of August; the latter epoch being the most uniform in respect of the intensity of the phenomenon. Another fact, not less striking, has emerged in respect of the directions affected by the meteors in their flight. They diverge, ap-

parently, from fixed points in the heavens, whose longitudes are 90° in advance of the actual places of the earth in the ecliptic at the epochs in question. Such apparent divergence, by the rules of perspective, is the criterion of a real parallelism; and we are thus carried onwards to the inevitable conclusion of a cosmical origin and common direction of motion, in groups or flights of these bodies, which the earth encounters in its annual path, and which are presumed to form rings or planes more or less interrupted about the sun, revolving according to planetary laws. We agree with M. de Humboldt in considering the general conclusion as perfectly well established, and as justifying his admission of them into the rights of recognised membership of the planetary system.

The zodiacal light is another of those luminous phenomena to which a cosmical origin has always been ascribed:—

‘The earliest distinct description’ of it ‘is contained in Childrey’s *Britannia Baconica* (1661). Its first observation may have been two or three years earlier. Dominic Cassini has, however, incontestably the merit of having been the first (in 1683) to investigate its relations in space. . . . It may be conjectured with much probability that the remarkable light, rising pyramidally from the earth, which, in 1509, was seen in the eastern part of the sky for forty nights in succession from the high table land of Mexico (and which I find mentioned in an ancient Aztec manuscript in the Codex Tellerio-Remensis, in the Royal Library at Paris), was the zodiacal light.’ (Transl., p. 189.)

This light, as M. de Humboldt justly reasons, cannot be the solar atmosphere in the ordinary sense of the words. But we cannot so readily admit the conclusion he draws, that it is an extremely oblate ring of lucid vapors revolving in space between the orbits of Venus and Mars. An extent much beyond the earth’s orbit, at all events, seems incompatible with its pointed or pyramidal form and termination at a certain apparent distance from the sun, instead of being continued all around the heavens. Nor can we perceive any good reason for ascribing to it an annular form, wholly exterior to the orbit of Venus. The passage which he cites from Cassini (note 96), in support of this opinion appears to us by no means susceptible of this interpretation; nor are we aware of any observations which necessitate such a conclusion, contrary as it is to the opinion generally received on the subject.

Descend we now to our own globe, ‘from

the region of celestial forms to the more restricted sphere of terrestrial forces; from the children of Uranus to those of Gea;’ from the contemplation of matter obedient to comparatively few and simple impulses and laws, offering no indications of qualitative diversity—to matter under the influence of molecular forces of excessive complication, and laws very imperfectly understood, exhibiting fundamental diversities of quality, affording endless scope to agencies which scarcely appear to resolve themselves into the simple conception of mechanical effort, and whose active principles, electricity and heat, present themselves to us under aspects now reminding us of the ordinary forms of matter by their quantitative relations to tangible bodies, and now eluding our grasp by a subtilty which seems to transcend our notions of corporeal existence. Here, too, we become conversant with organic life in all its infinite diversities and stages of manifestation, and in all its adaptations to external conditions; as a something superposed upon and subsequent to matter. Here, too, we encounter voluntary motion as something again superposed upon mere organic development; and here, too, the life of instinct and the life of thought, rising higher and higher by successive but gradual steps, till at length one vast bound lands us in HUMANITY, with all its hopes and visions of something yet beyond. Such is the field we have now to enter upon—

‘The wide, th’ unbounded prospect lies before us; but its richness, no less than its extent, forbids our lingering on its outskirts in idle contemplation of its glories.

The path followed by M. de Humboldt in threading the labyrinth of this vast mass of knowledge, is, perhaps, on the whole, the best which could have been adopted to preserve a continuity of course, and to bring the phenomena to bear on each other with due regard to causal sequence.

He first, under the general head of ‘Terrestrial Phenomena,’ gives us an outline of those broad features which have relation to the mass of the earth as a whole; and in which the acting forces and powers are considered in their mean or average intensity, or as acting on the largest scale, unaffected by local causes. The features which admit of being so presented, are those which refer to the dimensions and figure of the earth, its mean density and temperature; and the evidences, such as we possess them, of an increase in both these respects, in de-

scending from its surface to its centre. Terrestrial magnetism, too, and the disturbances, whatever be their origin, which the magnetic power of the earth undergoes upon the great scale, during 'magnetic storms' and auroral displays, as well as those secular variations which modify all its local manifestations, according to laws yet unknown, but whose influence extends to the whole globe, find a natural place in this division of the entire subject.

Under the general notion of the 'reaction of the interior of the earth on its exterior,' which affords, as it were, the canvas on which to depict the phenomena of earthquakes, volcanoes, hot springs, &c., we recognise the impress of that theory of geological dynamics which represents the external solid crust of the globe as in a continual though exceedingly slow process of contraction, by refrigeration, on its internal liquid contents, by which it becomes placed in a state of strain, which from time to time, and according to local circumstances affording facilities for disruption, relieves itself by fracture and by the ejection of a portion of the liquid matter. Such, at least, seems to be the conception implied in the word *reaction*, which pre-supposes *action*. The want of an original *primum mobile* competent to the production of the volcano and the earthquake as general, and not as local phenomena, is imperatively felt in geology.

As consequences of this reaction, appearing indifferently on every part of the earth's surface, we have ejection of *erupted* or '*endogenous*,' and the production of *metamorphic* rocks, together with upheavings and subsidences of portions of the earth's crust of greater or less extent, which in the course of ages modify the distribution of sea and land over the surface of our planet. Simultaneous with these changes, but referring themselves to a totally different order of causes the seat of which is wholly exterior to our globe, and which depend entirely on the action of the sun and moon as the ultimate causes—the *prima mobilia*—of all those oceanic and atmospheric movements to which continents owe their destruction and reproduction, we have the continual formation of new strata at the bottom of the ocean; their gradual condensation by increase of pressure as more and more of their materials become accumulated; and their ultimate consolidation by the invasion of heat from beneath, in virtue of those general laws which regulate the

movement of heat from point to point of bodies, the surface of which is maintained at a temperature, which, for this purpose, may be regarded as invariable. From the combination of the two orders of events arising from the continued action of these two classes of causes, each proceeding in perfect original independence of the other, but each in its progress continually modifying the conditions under which the other acts; and so producing a compound cycle, or rather interminable series, of excessive intricacy; depend all geological phenomena, properly so called. Meanwhile, on this interwoven tissue, as if not yet sufficiently complex, is superposed another cycle of causation in the electro-magnetic relations of the globe, which, though unimportant as respects the movement of masses, is no doubt powerfully so in the mineralogical arrangement of their particles, in the production of planes of false cleavage in the strata, and in the filling up, by metalliferous and other mineral veins, of the fissures which intersect them. To this class of mineralogical causes (on whose action the researches of Becquerel, Fox, and Hunt have thrown some light, but which stands in need of much more extensive and assiduous inquiry), we are somewhat surprised to find no allusion made in the work before us.

Among the materials of subverted and reconstructed continents, occur the buried remains of their former inhabitants. Palaeontology, therefore, and the evidence it affords, in conjunction with other circumstances attending the materials and position of strata, leads us naturally to the consideration of the state of the surface of our globe in former epochs, in relation to its habitability by various orders of organic beings, and more especially to its distribution into sea and land.

'We here indicate a connecting link between the history of the revolutions our globe has undergone, and the description of its present surface,—between geology and physical geography—which are thus combined in the general consideration of the form and extent of continents. The boundaries which separate the dry land from the liquid element, and the relative areas of each, have varied greatly during the long series of geological epochs: they have been very different, for example, when the strata of the coal formation were deposited horizontally upon the inclined strata of the mountain limestone and the old red sandstone; when the lias and the oolite were deposited on the keuper and the muschelkalk; and when the chalk was precipitated on the slopes of the green sand and the oolitic limestone. . . . Maps have been drawn representing the state of the

globe in respect of the distribution of land and water at these periods. They rest on a more sure basis than the maps of the wanderings of Io, or even than those of Ulysses, which at best represent but legendary tales, whilst the geological maps are the graphic representations of positive phenomena.'

We find ourselves thus introduced to the domain of physical geography, or the description of the actual state of the earth's surface in its three great divisions,—those of land, sea, and air,—as prepared for the habitation of organic beings, and as exhibiting the play of all those complex agencies on which depend the distribution of temperature and moisture, aerial and oceanic currents, and those conditions which, under the general title of climate, determine the abundance and limits of vegetable and animal forms. A general view of organic life and the distribution of plants and animals, infinitely less copious in detail than we should have expected from the exceeding richness of M. de Humboldt's information on this subject, and a short chapter on Man close the text; which is followed by a series of notes, indicating the authorities from which the statements throughout are derived, and full of a vast mass of other information, so interesting, so recondite, so various, as to leave us lost in admiration, both of the reading which could amass, and the discrimination which could select it.

The dimensions and figure of the earth constitute a branch of inquiry on which, perhaps, more pains, labour, and refinement have been lavished than on any other subject of human research. 'The history of science,' says M. de Humboldt, 'presents no problem in which the object obtained, the knowledge of the mean compression of the earth, and the certainty that its figure is not a regular one, is so far surpassed in importance by the incidental gain which, in the course of its long and arduous pursuit, has accrued in the general cultivation and advancement of mathematical and astronomical knowledge.' In fact, however, the benefit conferred has not been confined to these. The continual heaping on of refinement upon refinement, in respect both of instruments and methods, has been far from a mere barren and ostentatious accumulation. On the contrary, it has overflowed on all sides, and fertilized every other field of physical research, by the example it has set and the necessity it has imposed of exactness of numerical determination, mathematical precision of statement, and rigorous

account taken of every influential circumstance; as well as by the numerous physical elements whose exact measures and laws it has incidentally required to be known as data. By the improvement of our knowledge of these, the aspect of all science has been changed, and the apparently disproportionate application of talent and cost which have been brought to bear upon the subject, repaid with interest. The fixation of national standards of weight and measure, which has become indissolubly interwoven with it, has ever marked, and will ever continue to mark, the highest point to which human skill and refinement in the application of science to practical objects are capable of attaining.

In stating the result of these inquiries, M. de Humboldt follows the determination of Bessel in 1841. A better authority he could not have selected, and it is worth while to notice (since he has omitted to do so) the precise coincidence of this determination with that of Mr. Airy in 1831, from the assemblage of all the geodesical measurements then procured,—a coincidence amounting in fact to identity, the difference between the two statements of the earth's equatorial diameter being but 234 feet, between those of the polar only 296, and of the compression 38. Neither can we omit to mention here the only considerable accession to our knowledge on this head since the publication of 'The Kosmos,' viz., the rectification of Lacaille's erroneous arc at the Cape, by the admirable and indefatigable Maclear (performed at the hazard and almost at the sacrifice of his life), which has removed for ever one of the great stumbling-blocks in the way of general and exact conclusions on this subject.

The ellipticity of the earth, as Playfair has shown, can by no means be taken as affording even the slightest evidence of the entire primitive fluidity of its whole mass. Even when that of the internal strata is taken into the account, if there be any degree of mobility, from whatever cause arising short of entire and simultaneous fluidity, among its materials, this would ultimately conform its internal arrangement, as the sea does its external form, to the elliptic model. We do not mean to deny the strong presumption, however, that such fluidity does prevail at a certain depth: 'Tolerably accordant experience has shown that in Artesian wells the average increase of temperature in the strata passed through,

is 1° of the Centigrade thermometer for 92 Parisian feet of vertical depth (54.5 English feet for 1° Fahr.) . . . If we suppose this increase to continue in an arithmetical ratio, a stratum of granite would be in a state of fusion at a depth of nearly 21 geographical miles.' The phenomena of hot springs in countries where volcanic eruptions have long since ceased; 'direct observation of the temperature of rocks in mines; and, above all, the volcanic activity of the earth, ejecting molten masses from open clefts or fissures, bear unquestionable evidence of this increase for very considerable depths in the upper terrestrial strata.' Still we can determine nothing with certainty respecting the depth at which the materials of our rocks exist, 'either in a softened and still tenacious state, or in complete fusion; respecting cavities filled with elastic vapors; *the condition of fluids heated under enormous pressure*; or the law of the increase of density from the surface to the centre.' One thing only is certain, that the density *does* so increase, since the wonderfully agreeing conclusions arrived at by Cavendish, Reich, and Baily (for such they ought assuredly to be considered, the difference between Baily and Reich amounting to no more than one twenty-eighth part) abundantly demonstrate a mean density for the whole mass of five and a half, which is double that of basalt, and more than double that of granite; substances which undoubtedly emanate from very great depths beneath the surface.

The mean temperature of the globe is supposed to have attained so nearly an invariable state, that since the time of Hipparchus, and in an interval of 2,000 years, it has not diminished by one three-hundredth of a degree of Fahrenheit's thermometer. This conclusion rests on the records of ancient eclipses, which having taken place in conformity with the theory of gravitation, implies the invariability of our unit of time or of the length of the day, during the interval. Hence Laplace has concluded, and the conclusion may be regarded as certain, that the length of the day, or the time of rotation of the earth on its axis, has not diminished by one hundredth part of a second. Hence also we are entitled to conclude that its mean radius has not diminished by a single yard in that interval. So far we are on sure ground: and if we consent to disregard as merely superficial, the transfer of matter from a higher to a lower level by oceanic

and atmospheric abrasion, and the counter-acting effect of volcanic ejections,—if, moreover, we set as in a balance one against the other, the upheavings of mountain chains, such as our own times have witnessed in the Andes, and the subsidences of extensive districts, such as are going on in Scandinavia, the conclusion, as relates to temperature, must be admitted as valid, however it may be supposed to militate against the refrigeratory theory above alluded to.

The mean temperature at which the surface of the earth is maintained, if we consider the average of the whole globe, depends solely on external causes, the only one of which, worth considering as really influential, is the sun's radiation. Of the constancy or variability of this from year to year, or from century to century, we know nothing, though from the analogy of periodical or changeable stars we may surmise anything. But it by no means follows that this ignorance, on a point of such immense importance, is to continue. It is to the temperature of the ocean, continually and carefully observed in those parts of its surface where its changes are least (in the equatorial region, from 10° N. to 10° S.), that we must look, with the greatest probability of ultimate success, for the solution of this difficult but interesting problem. In these regions, the observations and researches of M. de Humboldt himself have established the fact of 'a wonderful uniformity and constancy of temperature over spaces of many thousand square miles.' It is here, therefore, that observations directed to this object can be made to the greatest advantage, and least exposed to the influence of casual and temporary disturbance. We know of no class of observations deserving more the attention of voyagers: and the more so, as the recent results of Mr. Caldecott respecting the temperature of the *soil* at considerable depths in India, have brought into evidence *enormous* differences, amounting to 6° between the *mean temperatures* of the earth and air at the same spot. Such might indeed have been expected on a careful consideration as to the different agencies of wind and rain on the one hand, and solar and nocturnal radiation on the other, in determining the respective averages, but they stand in striking contradiction to the generally received opinion of the necessary equality between the two means in question. It ought to be remarked, that M. de

Humboldt, when stating this opinion (p. 165. Tr.), and the practical application of it recommended by Boussingault, expresses himself with hesitation, if not with doubt on its subject.

The power of magnetism, and the polarity of the magnetic needle, appear to have been known to the Chinese from the most remote antiquity. Extracted from the annals of See-ma-thsian, a Chinese historian contemporary with the destruction of the Bactrian empire by Mithridates I., we find the following extraordinary relation: "The emperor Tching-wang (1110 years before our era) presented to the ambassadors of Tong-king and Cochin China, who dreaded the loss of their way back to their own country, five magnetic cars, which pointed out the south by means of the moving arm of a little figure covered with a vest of feathers." To each of these cars, too, a hodo-meter, marking the distances traversed by strokes on a bell, was attached, so as to establish a complete dead reckoning. (Humboldt, *Asie Centrale*, xli.; *Kosmos*, 171.) Such inventions, we cannot but observe, are not the creation of a few years, or a few generations. They pre-suppose long centuries of previous civilization, and that too 'at an epoch contemporary with Codrus and the return of the Heraclides to the Peloponnesus'—the obscure dawn of European history! Even the declination of the needle, or its deviation from the true meridian, was known to this extraordinary people at the epoch in question.

Two views of terrestrial magnetism may be taken. The one is that which makes the earth itself, or a large portion of the substance of it, intrinsically magnetic in that sense in which a loadstone is so. This view (which is at all events general, and but for the secular variations of the magnetic curves, would be even now perhaps the best which could be taken), is vindicated by M. de Humboldt to our admirable countryman Gilbert, whose ideas were in all physical matters, far in advance of his age (note 142). It was the knowledge of these variations which led Halley to the formation of his wild as well as inadequate theory of an internal globe revolving within the external shell of the earth. If the mass of the globe be magnetic in the sense of the loadstone, it is scarcely conceivable that the local distribution of magnetic power on its surface should be otherwise than permanent. That it is not so—that the magnetic curves, one and all, are in a con-

tinual state of slow but regular change, *sweeping round upon the two hemispheres in contrary directions* (by which very act their forms are undergoing continual modification), we cannot help receiving as an indication that the seat of the earth's magnetism, if not entirely atmospheric, is at least so far superficial as to be subject to a large amount of external influence: seeing that they bear relation neither to any fixed lines in the globe itself on the one hand, nor to any determinate directions in external space on the other. The explanation of these secular variations is perhaps the obscurest problem which the '*Physique du Globe*' has yet offered for solution; and its solution, when known, cannot fail to carry with it the explanation of every other part of the phenomena.

Meanwhile it is certain that the phenomena of the magnetic needle, and its direction at each point of the surface, may, to a certain extent, be imitated on an artificial globe, by passing round it at the surface a due system of electro-magnetic currents. This was actually done by the late Professor Barlow. To a slowly and *secularly variable* system of electric currents, therefore, whether atmospheric or terrestrial, all probability refers us as the cause of the earth's magnetism. And here we are brought to a stand, not only by the very imperfect state of our knowledge in respect of atmospheric electricity, of all the branches of meteorology the least advanced; but also by our ignorance of the actual forms of the magnetic curves over many and extensive regions of the earth, to say nothing of their secular changes. This blank area, however, is happily diminishing rapidly under the pressure of surveys set on foot in pursuance of that noble plan of co-operative magnetic research which (thanks in the first instance to M. de Humboldt's powerful recommendation), has been adopted and acted on by our own and other Governments upon a scale and with a sequence and energy to which no age has furnished a parallel. Within the interval, short of ten years, since the adoption of this system, the whole area of the Antarctic Ocean has been added to the domain of exact magnetic knowledge by the expedition under Sir James C. Ross, and by the subsequent survey of Lieutenants Moore and Clerk. British North America has become in like manner known ground by the survey of Lieutenant Leffroy, to which has been, or is in the course

of being, added, that of the United States by Locke, Loomis, Bache, and other able and indefatigable observers. The expedition of Sir John Franklin, speedily, we trust, to return crowned with merited success, taken in conjunction with the survey of Hudson Bay, accomplished in the course of last summer by Lieutenant Moore, will complete our knowledge of the northern coast, and give to the continent of North America its due significance on the magnetic chart of the globe. Nor are these the whole, or anything like the whole, of the acquisitions recently made and still making in this direction, which, however, our limits will not permit us further to dilate on, or to give their merited tribute of applause to the indefatigable exertions of the able editor of the work before us, in deducing from the vast mass of observations thus continually pouring in, the true forms of the magnetic curves, and in particular of the isodynamic lines and ovals which, although the last to be received into the list of magnetic elements, have proved the most interesting and important of any. The service thus rendered to magnetic science, it is in fact impossible to over-appreciate.

Whatever idea we may form of the greater and more regular magnetic system of our globe, there can hardly remain a doubt as to the reference of the diurnal and annual periodic fluctuations of the magnetic elements to electric currents in the earth or atmosphere caused by solar excitement. Nor can there be any hesitation in referring to sudden and violent disturbances of electrical equilibrium, from whatever cause arising, those mysterious phenomena to which M. de Humboldt (the first to observe, or at least strongly to draw attention to them), has given the expressive name of magnetic storms, and in which the needle is agitated simultaneously over vast regions, whole continents, nay, even in some cases, *over the whole surface of the globe*. Of these the most remarkable on record is that of the 24th and 25th of September, 1841, which was observed at Toronto, in Canada, at Prague, at the Cape of Good Hope, at Van Diemen's Land, and at Macao. And here we cannot omit to notice the very remarkable coincidence of date between this and a great and extraordinary disturbance, which has quite recently been observed at Toronto, and of which the account by Lieutenant Lefroy is before us. The range of the needle, in respect of

horizontal direction, on this occasion exceeded 4° , and the fluctuation in respect of horizontal intensity surpassed *a twentieth part of its total amount*. Now this disturbance (which was observed at Greenwich, though to not quite so great an extent) also took place on the 24th of September! A coincidence of this kind, should it be repeated, like that of the meteoric showers, would lead us irresistibly, and as an *instantia lucifera*, to look outwards, into the planetary spaces for the cause of these singular phenomena.

Intimately connected with these irregular magnetic disturbances, and characterized by M. de Humboldt as the final discharge which restores the magneto-electric equilibrium, wrought to a climax of tension during their continuance, is the aurora or polar light. Of one variety of this superb phenomenon, that which consists in luminous beams and dancing streamers, terminating in a corona round the place of the elevated magnetic pole, he gives a most picturesque and beautiful description. The other, rarer, and less vivid in its phases, but perhaps in some respects even more interesting; that which consists in quiet luminous masses, either insulated or forming more or less regular arches, transverse to the magnetic meridian, and *drifting constantly with a slow and steady movement* southward, he passes in silence. In both we recognise, by many indications, the presence of matter in the higher regions of the atmosphere, rendered luminous by the passage of electricity, but differing in the two cases in the mode of its arrangement, and perhaps, too, in elevation; the arrangement in the former being in lines parallel to the dipping needle; in the other sometimes in amorphous masses, at others with a strong tendency to a transverse position. Is it possible that the distinction between the magnetic and diamagnetic forms of matter, brought to light by Faraday's late researches, may play a part in these arrangements?

The height of the auroral phenomena has been a subject of very varying estimation, and if we allow that, as M. de Humboldt expresses it, 'every observer sees his own aurora as certainly as he sees his own rainbow,' it must be evident that no paralytic mode of determining its height is practicable. This, however, applies only to the first of the above-mentioned species of aurora, where, from the number and rapid coruscations of the streamers, no one can be individualized and definitely fixed. The

luminous masses and transverse arcs of the other variety have assuredly an optical reality—are objects, and capable of being seen in their true geometrical places by any number of spectators at once. It is impossible, in short, that a body of light, steady enough to be definitely referred by one observer to one given direction in space, and by another to another at the same instant, should not have an objective locality. The arcs of October 17, 1819, and March 23, 1826, whose heights, as calculated by Dalton from very positive data, appear to have been nearly equal (100—110 miles), were certainly in this predicament; nor do we consider his conclusions as at all shaken by the objections advanced against them by Dr. Farquharson. On the other hand, M. de Humboldt appears disposed to doubt the reality of auroral *streamers* having been seen below the clouds; but on this head the observations of the last-named excellent observer on the aurora of February 24, 1842, are so positive and circumstantial, as to leave no room for doubt. The crackling or hissing sound, reported to accompany their displays in high latitudes, he considers as altogether apocryphal. It is not among the least puzzling features of auroral phenomena, that although so intensely *magneto-electric* as actually to interfere with the free transmission of messages along the electric telegraph, experiments made during their continuance with very sensitive electrometers have hitherto given only negative results, since, during the finest auroras, no change in the electric tension of the atmosphere has been detected. (Kosmos, 186. Tr.)

On the subject of earthquakes and volcanoes, those great manifestations of internal telluric activity, there is probably no geologist now living who can speak so largely from personal knowledge as M. de Humboldt—who has had such opportunities of studying their phenomena in that region of the globe where they are habitually developed on the grandest and most terrific scale, as an eye-witness, or by diligent and immediate inquiry on spots the recent scenes of some of the greatest catastrophes on record. The tremendous convulsions which, in 1797, destroyed Riobamba, with the loss of between 30 and 40,000 lives in a few minutes, with 'a sudden and mine-like explosion, a vertical action from below upwards,' which hurled the corpses of many of the unfortunate sufferers several hundred feet in height on a neighboring mountain, and across a

river, took place only three years before his arrival in Quito, the city lying still in ruins, and every particular of course, vividly fresh in the recollection of the survivors. The catastrophe which destroyed Cumana took place in the same year. The personal narrative of his travels has made us familiar with the volcanoes of Quito, Mexico, and Chili, and given to the names of Cotopaxi, Pichincha, Tunguragua, and Jorullo, a terrible, yet fascinating celebrity. With his extraordinary account of the last-named volcano, with its Malpais and Hornitos, there are probably few of our readers unacquainted.

We shall not enter here into any of the speculations current among geologists which have for their object to render an account of the ultimate origin of earthquakes, and the immediate seat of their first impulse. It is to their propagation along the superficial strata, and especially with the mode in which that propagation is dynamically effected, that inquiry can be most usefully, because most effectively, directed. Every one, indeed, is agreed that it is in some sense undulatory; but probably no two geologists have hitherto exactly agreed as to the sense in which that term is to be taken: whether, for instance, the undulation be analogous to that of a fluid surface, or of a stretched sheet, or, lastly, to that by which waves are propagated through elastic media in the conveyance of sound and light, viz., not by lateral tension or by gravity but by the direct elastic action of the particles on each other. It is here that experience furnishes us with an unequivocal indication in the recorded velocity of their propagation, estimated by M. de Humboldt at twenty-eight geographical miles per minute, which, however, is probably underrated, and which, at any rate, exceeds double that of sound; a velocity, as Mr. Mallet has justly remarked in a paper read before the Royal Irish Academy in 1846, incompatible with any imaginable mode of propagation but that last alluded to. This is, accordingly, the view of the subject which Mr. Mallet adopts, and which, on the whole, appears to render a clear and intelligible account of many of the apparently bizarre and capricious phenomena with which the records of these events abound; such, for example as the reversal of the stones of a pavement, and the twisted obelisks of Stephano del Bosco by the Calabrian earthquake; the confusion of fields and boundaries; and strangely irregular in-

termixture of lines of violent action with others of comparative repose, resulting from nodal intersections and interferences of shocks arriving at the same point from different origins or by routes of different lengths. Such interferences, we must observe, are expressly indicated by M. Humboldt (p. 192), as resulting from intersecting earthquake waves, 'as in intersecting waves of sound;' adding, moreover,—

'The magnitude of the waves propagated in the crust of the earth will be increased at the surface, according to the general law of mechanics by which vibrations transmitted in elastic bodies have a tendency to detach the superficial strata.'

What may be the mechanical law here alluded to we know not. Probably the scaling off of brittle coatings from hard bodies by a blow. But we cannot help supposing the true mode of earthquake propagation (by waves of elastic compression) to have been apprehended with very considerable distinctness in penning this passage, though not seized and worked out, as it might have been, into a regular theory. We will only notice, in further illustration of the explanatory power of this mode of conceiving the matter, the facility with which the singular effect of vorticoose motion is accounted for by the crossing of two waves of horizontal vibration, which, as in the theory of the circular polarization of light, compound, at their point of intersection, a rotary movement.

That a theory so simple, and, we may add, so obvious, has not been earlier propounded and received, can only be accounted for by the vast scale of the phenomena and the amplitude of the earthquake wave, which causes the wave itself, as 'an advancing form,' to escape notice, and the molecular motions only by which it is propagated to be perceived. For in this theory we are to bear in mind that man and his works are but, in respect of these gigantic movements, what the sand spread by Chladni on one of his vibrating plates is to the sonorous vibration it furnishes the means of examining.

What the auroral discharge is to the 'magnetic storm,' in M. de Humboldt's view of that phenomenon, and, as appears to us, with far more correctness, the volcano in eruption is to the earthquake—the relief of tension and the restoration of equilibrium. Innumerable instances of this connexion might be adduced, but the subject is rather trite, and our limits begin to

warn us that we have yet a wide extent of ground to travel over, and we must therefore pass over, not without regret, the evidences of diminishing volcanic action afforded by the phenomena of Solfaterras and hot springs, as well as those of interior heat generally, as manifested in the continued ejection of carburetted hydrogen, of which See-tehuan, in China, and Fredonia, in New York, offer the most striking examples; as well as those of carbonic acid which, in many parts of Germany and on the Rhine, 'indicate the last remains of volcanic activity in and near its ancient foci in an earlier state of the globe.'

In the 'Geological Description of the Earth's Crust,' two distinct classifications or arrangements are followed, which, perhaps, we can hardly better characterize in contrast with each other than as *genetic* and *historical*. The former is in consonance with that view of superposed causalities which we have taken of geological phenomena in general. It refers itself to the presumed origin, and not to the historical order of the matters classified. This would naturally divide the rocks of which the earth's crust is composed into two orders: *endogenous*, having their origin from the internal activity of the earth; and *exogenous*, arising from the degradation of continents by external force, and their reconstruction in new localities by aqueous deposition. But these causes being in perpetual and simultaneous action, it becomes necessary to admit two other members into this general classification, in whose formation as they exist at present both orders of genetic cause have had a share; those namely, first, in which deposited rocks have been altered in texture, density, and mineralogical characters by subterranean heat either slowly invading them by conduction from below, or suddenly applied by eruptive energy forcing melted matter into contact with them, and introducing new materials into their composition by sublimation (as in the view taken by Von Buch of the Dolomitic limestone of the Tyrol). The second number of the series resulting from this complex action comprises rocks constructed by recementation of fragments and pulverized matter, whether produced by the violence of eruptive agency, or by the slower process of water washing and the action of torrents or debacles. Thus we have at length a fourfold division of the materials of the earth's exterior, into erupted, sedimentary, metamorphic, and conglomerate rocks.

In subdividing the erupted rocks little importance would attach to oryctognostic character, except in so far as it can be connected with indications of the depth from which they may have been erupted, the scale upon which their expulsion from the bosom of the earth may have been effected, and the state of fluidity at which they may have arrived at the surface. These give rise to a system of characters partly mineralogical and partly geological, in which granite and syenite stand at the lower end of the scale, and basalt and superficial lavas at the upper, while porphyries, greenstones, serpentine, hypersthene rock, and trachyte, fill up the intermediate stages. Some particulars, given by M. de Humboldt, respecting the superposition of granite, will be found interesting, when we recollect at how comparatively late a period the idea of overlying granite was considered almost to amount to a contradiction in terms:—

‘In the valley of the Irtysh, between Buchtarminsk and Ustkamenogorsk, granite covers transition slate for a space of four miles, and penetrates it *from above downwards* in narrow branching veins, having wedge-shaped terminations. . . . As granite covers argillaceous schists in Siberia and in the Departement de Finisterre (Ile de Mihau), so does it cover oolitic limestone in the mountains of Oisons (Fermonts), and syenite and chalk in Saxony near Weinbohl.’

To these instances we may add the valley of Lavis, in the Tyrol, near Predazzo, where it overlies dolomite. The true reason for the rarity of these granite superpositions is doubtless to be sought in the very slight degree of fluidity of the upper portions of the upheaved masses, and their vast thickness, which permits but rare opportunities for escape of the more liquid matter from below. A beautiful granite dyke is seen intersecting granite perfectly similar, and no doubt nearly contemporaneous, on the summit of the Paarl Rock near Stellenbosch, in South Africa, as if the fissured rock had been re-cemented in the very act of rising by an upward injection, which in cooling has arranged itself in parallel layers, nearly at right-angles to the general direction of the vein.

Sedimentary rocks are necessarily classified according to their geological order of superposition, and are made to consist of—
1. Argillaceous schists of the transition series, including the Silurian and Devonian formations; 2. Carboniferous deposits; 3. Limestones; 4. Travertin; 5. Infusorial

masses. From this series M. de Humboldt excludes all purely mechanical deposits of sand and detritus, regarding them as in strictness belonging to the conglomerate division. The abundance of limestones in the latter portions of this series he considers as a result of the decreasing heat of the superficial waters allowing of their absorbing carbonic acid from an atmosphere overcharged with that element.*

The process of metamorphism (a term first introduced into geology, we believe, by Lyell) is very obscure. That electrical action is often concerned in it, we can hardly doubt. The portion of M. de Humboldt's work which treats of it is full of interest, but we cannot afford room for remark or extract, further than to notice the singular difficulties which beset any geological account of the vast beds of pure quartz, from *seven to eight thousand feet in thickness*, characteristic of the Andes of South America. In the older Plutonic theories, indeed, these would be easily dealt with. Modern speculation, however, is scarcely hardy enough to draw so largely on internal heat as would be necessary to fuse and erupt such masses of so intractable a substance. Their consolidation from sandy deposits by partial fusion under the transforming influence of adjacent rocks (as Murchison proposes to account for the phenomena of the Caradoc sandstones) is subject to hardly less difficulties. The chemistry of long-continued heat, under pressure, the production of artificial simple minerals, and the imitation of metamorphic changes on rocky substances, by contact with heated matter, open a field of inquiry deserving of more cultivation than it has hitherto obtained.

The same reason which renders it necessary to limit our remarks on this portion of the subject of geology compels us to pass over entirely the view which M. de Humboldt takes of the historical department of that science, and the order of succession of the forms of animal and vegetable life which modern geological research has revealed to us as the denizens of our planet in the previous stages of its existence. We should do so with extreme regret (since the sketch which is given, though in the utmost degree

* The exceeding readiness with which newly precipitated carbonate of lime subsides in warm water, compared with what takes place in cold, especially when certain saline substances are present, is a chemical fact which may have some bearing on this point.

condensed, is arranged in a very luminous and masterly manner), were it not that, although ranking high as a geologist, his own personal contributions to that science belong rather to the lithological than to its palæontological department; and were it not too that an extensive knowledge of the main features of these grand disclosures is very generally diffused in this country. We shall prefer, therefore, to devote what room remains to us to those subsequent portions of his work, where the light which he directs upon them is mingled with many and bright rays emanating immediately from himself.

Among the leading features of that part of the general contemplation of nature which relates to the PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY of our globe in its actual state, we must regard, first, the quantity of land raised above the water; next, the configuration of each great continental mass in horizontal extension and vertical elevation. That all, or nearly all, the existing land has been so raised, M. de Humboldt regards as an established truth, and considers a considerable part of the height of all the present continents to be due to 'the eruption of the quartzose porphyry, which overthrew with violence the first great terrestrial Flora, the material of our coal beds.' Previous to this, the portion supporting land vegetation was exclusively insular; nor was it until the epoch of the older tertiary formations that the great continents approached to their present form and extent.

The ratio of sea to dry land is stated at 270 or 280 to 100, or in round numbers as about 3 to 1, the islands amounting to one twenty-third of the continental masses. As regards the general distribution of sea and land, M. de Humboldt confines himself to observing that the northern hemisphere contains nearly three times as much land as the southern, and the eastern (from the meridian of Teneriffe) far more than the western. This mode of statement, however, conveys a much less lively and distinct impression of the law of distribution than the division (suggested by Colson, *Phil. Trans.*, vol. xxxix., p. 210) of the globe into two hemispheres, a terrene and an aqueous one, the former having Great Britain, the latter her antipodes, for its vertex.* In fact, if we endeavor to include the maximum of land in one hemisphere, and that of water in the other, according to our present knowledge

* See a chart of the two hemispheres on the horizon of London. Hughes: London, 1839.

of the globe, we shall find as the centre of the terrene hemisphere a point in the south of England somewhat eastward of Falmouth. With exception of the tapering termination of South America, the land in the other is wholly insular, and were it not for New Holland, its amount would be quite insignificant. As protuberance above the sea level indicates comparative levity, are we not thence entitled to conclude the non-coincidence of the centre of gravity of our globe with its centre of figure, the denser portion being situate beneath the South Pacific?

On the general form of the land we find some striking remarks. The southern terminations of the great continental masses affect the pyramidal form, which is repeated on a smaller scale in the peninsulas of India and Arabia, &c., while generally, prolonged appendages, both to the northward and southward, affect a meridional direction. Eastern and western coasts, we may add, are for the most part rounded, though the eastern occasionally present instances of angular forms (as Brazil, and Labrador in America, Azania (Adel) in Africa, Oman in southern and Tschutschki in northern Asia. The major axis of the Asiatic continent (to which Europe is a peninsula) is at right angles to that of the American; though perhaps South America is rather to be considered as analogous to Africa, not only from its remarkable similarity of general form, but also from the singular thread-like adhesion of each to its neighboring northern mass. Were these threads broken, every commercial relation, and almost every climate of the civilized world, would undergo the most remarkable changes.

'The general direction of the land of Europe is from south-west to north-east, and is at right-angles to the direction of the great fissures, which is from north-west to south-east, extending from the mouths of the Rhine and the Elbe, through the Adriatic and Red Sea, and the mountain system of Puschti-koh in Luristan, and terminating in the Indian Ocean. This rectangular intersection of the Continent in the direction of its principal extent, has powerfully influenced the commercial relations of Europe with Asia and the north of Africa, as well as the progress of civilization on the formerly more flourishing shores of the Mediterranean.'

M. de Humboldt has been at great pains to arrive at a knowledge of the mean elevations of the chief continental masses, above the sea-level, which (in English feet) he

states as follows. For Europe 671 feet, North America 748, Asia 1132, South America 1151. For Africa we have no sufficient data. 'Laplace's estimation of 3078 feet (French) as the mean height of continents, is at least three times too great. The illustrious geometer was conducted to this erroneous result by hypothesis as to the mean depth of the sea' (note 360). The chain of the Pyrenees, if equably spread over France, would raise its surface according to his estimate 115, and the Alps over Europe 21·3 English feet. The former of these estimates certainly gives us a greater idea of the magnitude of the natural barrier between France and Spain, than any ordinary exaggeration of language or poetical description would do. M. de Humboldt closes this part of his subject with the following comfortable reflection:—

'Since Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa, Sorata, Illimani, and Chimborazo, the colossal summits of the Alps and the Andes, are considered to be among the most recent elevations, we are by no means at liberty to assume that the upheaving forces have been subject to progressive diminution. On the contrary, all geological phenomena indicate alternate periods of activity and repose. The quiet which we now enjoy is only apparent; the tremblings which still shake the surface, in every latitude and in every species of rock,—the progressive elevation of Sweden, and the appearance of new islands of eruption,—are far from giving us reason to suppose that our planet has reached a period of final repose.'

The phenomena of the ocean may be considered with reference to its depth, temperature, density, and to its motions as agitated by waves, tides, and currents. With respect to its depth, except near shores and in frequented tracks, we know almost nothing. Theoretical considerations indicate a *mean* depth of 'a small fraction of the ellipticity of the earth,' which can hardly be interpreted at more than four or five miles. Ross sounded (in 15° 3' south, 23° 14' west) without finding bottom at 27,600 feet (about five miles and a quarter), which is the greatest depth yet attained.

As regards the temperature of the ocean, the observations of Kotzebue in his voyage round the world appear first to have indicated, those of Beechey in his voyage to the Pacific to have (so far as they go) supported, and those of Sir James C. Ross in his recent Antarctic voyage to have established almost beyond a doubt, the ex-

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condensed, is arranged in a very luminous and masterly manner), were it not that, although ranking high as a geologist, his own personal contributions to that science belong rather to the lithological than to its palæontological department; and were it not too that an extensive knowledge of the main features of these grand disclosures is very generally diffused in this country. We shall prefer, therefore, to devote what room remains to us to those subsequent portions of his work, where the light which he directs upon them is mingled with many and bright rays emanating immediately from himself.

Among the leading features of that part of the general contemplation of nature which relates to the PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY of our globe in its actual state, we must regard, first, the quantity of land raised above the water; next, the configuration of each great continental mass in horizontal extension and vertical elevation. That all, or nearly all, the existing land has been so raised, M. de Humboldt regards as an established truth, and considers a considerable part of the height of all the present continents to be due to 'the eruption of the quartzose porphyry, which overthrew with violence the first great terrestrial Flora, the material of our coal beds.' Previous to this, the portion supporting land vegetation was exclusively insular; nor was it until the epoch of the older tertiary formations that the great continents approached to their present form and extent.

The ratio of sea to dry land is stated at 270 or 280 to 100, or in round numbers as about 3 to 1, the islands amounting to one twenty-third of the continental masses. As regards the general distribution of sea and land, M. de Humboldt confines himself to observing that the northern hemisphere contains nearly three times as much land as the southern, and the eastern (from the meridian of Teneriffe) far more than the western. This mode of statement, however, conveys a much less lively and distinct impression of the law of distribution than the division (suggested by Colson, *Phil. Trans.*, vol. xxxix., p. 210) of the globe into two hemispheres, a terrene and an aqueous one, the former having Great Britain, the latter her antipodes, for its vertex.* In fact, if we endeavor to include the maximum of land in one hemisphere, and that of water in the other, according to our present knowledge

* See a chart of the two hemispheres on the horizon of London. Hughes: London, 1839.

of the globe, we shall find as the centre of the terrene hemisphere a point in the south of England somewhat eastward of Falmouth. With exception of the tapering termination of South America, the land in the other is wholly insular, and were it not for New Holland, its amount would be quite insignificant. As protuberance above the sea level indicates comparative levity, are we not thence entitled to conclude the non-coincidence of the centre of gravity of our globe with its centre of figure, the denser portion being situate beneath the South Pacific?

On the general form of the land we find some striking remarks. The southern terminations of the great continental masses affect the pyramidal form, which is repeated on a smaller scale in the peninsulas of India and Arabia, &c., while generally, prolonged appendages, both to the northward and southward, affect a meridional direction. Eastern and western coasts, we may add, are for the most part rounded, though the eastern occasionally present instances of angular forms (as Brazil, and Labrador in America, Azania (Adel) in Africa, Oman in southern and Tschutschki in northern Asia. The major axis of the Asiatic continent (to which Europe is a peninsula) is at right angles to that of the American; though perhaps South America is rather to be considered as analogous to Africa, not only from its remarkable similarity of general form, but also from the singular thread-like adhesion of each to its neighboring northern mass. Were these threads broken, every commercial relation, and almost every climate of the civilized world, would undergo the most remarkable changes.

* The general direction of the land of Europe is from south-west to north-east, and is at right-angles to the direction of the great fissures, which is from north-west to south-east, extending from the mouths of the Rhine and the Elbe, through the Adriatic and Red Sea, and the mountain system of Pushti-koh in Luristan, and terminating in the Indian Ocean. This rectangular intersection of the Continent in the direction of its principal extent, has powerfully influenced the commercial relations of Europe with Asia and the north of Africa, as well as the progress of civilization on the formerly more flourishing shores of the Mediterranean.

M. de Humboldt has been at great pains to arrive at a knowledge of the mean elevations of the chief continental masses, above the sea-level, which (in English feet) he

states as follows. For Europe 671 feet, North America 748, Asia 1132, South America 1151. For Africa we have no sufficient data. 'Laplace's estimation of 3078 feet (French) as the mean height of continents, is at least three times too great. The illustrious geometer was conducted to this erroneous result by hypothesis as to the mean depth of the sea' (note 360). The chain of the Pyrenees, if equably spread over France, would raise its surface according to his estimate 115, and the Alps over Europe 21·3 English feet. The former of these estimates certainly gives us a greater idea of the magnitude of the natural barrier between France and Spain, than any ordinary exaggeration of language or poetical description would do. M. de Humboldt closes this part of his subject with the following comfortable reflection:—

'Since Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa, Sorata, Illimani, and Chimborazo, the colossal summits of the Alps and the Andes, are considered to be among the most recent elevations, we are by no means at liberty to assume that the upheaving forces have been subject to progressive diminution. On the contrary, all geological phenomena indicate alternate periods of activity and repose. The quiet which we now enjoy is only apparent; the tremblings which still shake the surface, in every latitude and in every species of rock,—the progressive elevation of Sweden, and the appearance of new islands of eruption,—are far from giving us reason to suppose that our planet has reached a period of final repose.'

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state of temperature, it must be in consequence of the descent of water rendered saltier by evaporation at the tropics, unless indeed (as is conceivable) the circulation of salt as well as of heat should be also confined to the superficial strata. Enough, however, of these considerations, which are leading us astray from our guide.

M. de Humboldt passes very cursorily over the vast and complex subject of the tides, into the somewhat flagging interest of which a fresh vitality has been of late years infused by the striking researches of Whewell into the laws of propagation of the tide wave, which he has taken up as a matter of inductive inquiry; thereby exchanging the slow and arduous struggle of the geometer with almost insuperable obstacles, for the animating pursuit of practical laws. The elaborate inquiries of Airy also into the combined theory and practice of tide observation, have added to this reviving interest, and their joint labours have made this part of the Newtonian doctrine once more an English subject, which it had long well nigh ceased to be. On the other hand, the great ocean currents resulting from the general set of the trade winds and the friction of the tide wave on the bed of the ocean (adopting Weber's view of undulatory motion), are described with much spirit. The great current of the gulf stream, to which we are indebted for the genial warmth of our south-western coast, is one result of this movement, and is too well known by the descriptions of all voyagers, and the elaborate researches of Rennell, to require notice here. Not so the counterpart of this current in the South Pacific, first brought into notice by M. de Humboldt in 1802. This current drifts the cold water of the South Seas along the western coast of South America, as far as the extreme north-westerly projection of that coast, where it is suddenly deflected outwards in a due west direction into the open ocean, and there ultimately lost. At this point its waters are nearly 24° Fahr. colder than those of the general surrounding ocean, and so sharply marked is its course, that a ship sailing northwards passes quite suddenly from cold into hot water.

As the scene of a wonderfully diversified and exuberant life, both vegetable and animal, but especially the latter, the ocean, also claims our attention. To say nothing of those colossal forms which, divested by the buoyancy of the medium in which they

subsist, of the incumbrance of weight, are left free to exert the whole of their giant power to overcome its resistance, we find in the minuter forms of animal existence an unbounded field of admiring contemplation.

'The application of the microscope increases still farther our impression of the profusion of organic life which pervades the recesses of the ocean. since throughout its mass we find animal existence, and at depths exceeding the height of our loftiest mountains the strata of water are alive with polygastric worms, cyclidæ, and ophrydinæ. Here swarm countless hosts of minute luminiferous animals, mammaria, crustacea, peridinea, and ciliated mereides, which, when attracted to the surface by peculiar conditions of weather, convert every wave into a crest of light. The abundance of these minute creatures, and of the animal matter supplied by their rapid decomposition is such that the sea-water itself becomes a nutritious fluid to many of the larger inhabitants of the ocean. If all this richness and variety of life,'—

M. de Humboldt goes on to add, in that vein of thoughtful poesy in which he indulges in several parts of this work, and to which, in truth, it owes much of its charm,

'—containing some highly organized and beautiful forms, is well fitted to afford, not only an interesting study, but also a pleasing excitement to the fancy; the imagination is yet more deeply, I might say, more solemnly, moved by the impression of the boundless and immeasurable which every sea voyage affords. He who, awakened to the inward exercise of thought, delights to build up an inner world in his own spirit, fills the wide horizon of the open sea with the sublime idea of the infinite; his eye dwells especially on the distant line where air and water join, and where stars arise and set in ever renewed alternation. In such contemplations there mingles, as in all human joy, a breath of sadness and longing.'

As the sea, no doubt, holds in solution some small proportion of every soluble body in nature, so, besides the two great chemical elements of which dry air consists, and its variable constituent of aqueous vapour, there is probably no vaporizable body of which the atmosphere does not contain some trace. And from what we know of the influential part played in the economy of nature by one or two of these subordinate constituents, we can hardly doubt that others, whose presence has not hitherto been actually detected by analysis, have functions of high importance assigned to them in that economy. On the carbonic acid which constitutes less than the two thousandth part of the atmosphere, all vegetation depends for its supply of car-

bon; and Liebig has shown that to the presence of ammonia, in far less proportion, the rain water owes its fertilizing power. To the occasional production of ozone, the most powerfully bleaching and oxydating substance in nature, by electric discharges, though in proportion inconceivably minute, we probably owe the disinfection of the air from a variety of noxious miasmata, thus verifying by one of the most delicate results of scientific inquiry, the vulgar notion of the purifying agency of thunder storms.

Meteorology, however, has no concern with these minute chemical admixtures—the only distinction it recognises is that of air and vapor, and this only because these form, in fact, two distinct, and to a great extent independent atmospheres, subject each to its own peculiar laws (and those laws widely different), and each reacting on the other solely by mechanical impulse and resistance. In the movements and affections of these two atmospheres by the sun's heat, the one permanent in material and constant in quantity, the other in a continual state of renovation and destruction; we recognise, as in geology, the simultaneous agency of two distinct systems of causation, superposed and modifying each other's effects—but with this advantage on the side of meteorology, that their agency is limited to definite annual and diurnal cycles, corresponding to those of the supply of solar heat, rendering their study, so far, easier. Here also we have to deal with electricity as a third element, but we strongly incline to the opinion, that its agency as a meteorological cause, is exceedingly limited, indeed that it may be altogether left out of the account as productive of any meteorological effect of importance on the great scale.

It is by no means, however, in its general connexion as a science, that M. de Humboldt considers this vast and complex subject. The view which he takes of it regards only its final and practical bearings on climate as a part of physical geography, and that under very general heads, viz., the variation of atmospheric pressure, the climate distribution of heat, the humidity of the atmosphere, and its electric tension. Each of these heads will afford us room for a few remarks.

All these meteorological phenomena whose period is diurnal may be studied, as he very justly observes, in their greatest simplicity, and therefore to the greatest advantage, be-

tween the tropics and especially under the equator. For this there are two reasons: first, that the sun's meridian altitude varies but little throughout the year; and secondly, that the equatorial zone is symmetrically related to the two hemispheres. In particular the diurnal fluctuation of barometric pressure pursues a march so regular that we may infer the hour of the day from the height of the mercurial column, without an error, on the average, exceeding fifteen or seventeen minutes. 'In the torrid zone of the new continent,' he says, 'I have found the regularity of this ebb and flow of the aerial ocean undisturbed either by storm, tempest, rain, or earthquake, both on the coasts and at elevations of nearly 13,000 feet above the sea.' The total diurnal oscillation amounts, under the equator, to 0.117 in., diminishing gradually as the latitude increases. This fluctuation has usually been compared to the tides of the ocean, but has, in fact, no theoretical connexion with it. It is a compound phenomenon arising from the superposition of two perfectly distinct diurnal oscillations, each going through its complete period in twenty-four hours; the one taking place in the aerial atmosphere, and arising from its alternate heating and cooling, which produce a flux and reflux over the point of observation; the other arising in the aqueous atmosphere by the alternate production and destruction of vapor by the heat of day and cold of night. The resolution of the hitherto puzzling part of this phenomenon, viz., its double diurnal wave into two single ones, following different laws, and non-coincident in their phases, does honor to the sagacity of Dove, followed up as it has since been by the laborious researches of Colonel Sabine, to whose discussion of this point (note 382) we particularly direct our readers' attention.

The gradual depression of the barometer in proceeding from tropical latitudes either way to the equator, was first noticed by M. de Humboldt himself. Its explanation is easy, viz., the continual efflux of heated air upwards from the equator towards the poles. Hence, by the effect of the earth's rotation on the currents setting in below to supply the void, arise the trade winds, and in the amount of this depression, which does not exceed two tenths of an inch, we have a measure of the motive power which originates these great currents. The connexion of the trades with the monsoons, and the varying winds of higher latitudes, is

beautifully placed in evidence by the law of rotation of the wind lately discovered by Dove, a conclusion following so simply and naturally from the very same principle on which Hally originally explained the constant easterly direction of the trades (the difference of rotary velocity on different terrestrial parallels), that it is only astonishing it should so long have escaped notice. As regards the local distribution of barometric pressure, the most extraordinary fact which has yet appeared in meteorology is, perhaps, the general depression of the mercury to the enormous amount of an entire inch over the whole Antarctic Ocean, established by the late observations of Ross.

The chief elements of climate are heat and moisture; but it is neither on the extremes of heat or cold, moisture or dryness, experienced on rare occasions, that the character of a climate depends. Climatology is throughout a matter of averages, and is best studied and best understood by the graphical depiction of such averages, obtained by many years of careful observation according to a method proposed and carried out by M. de Humboldt himself, in 1807. In this system, all those points on the earth's surface which have equal mean annual temperatures are connected by a system of curves called *Isothermal*; those, again, in which the mean temperatures of the hottest summer months are alike, by another system of *Isothermal* curves; and those in which the mean winter temperatures agree, by a third, or *Isocheimönal* system.

The law of distribution of heat over the surface of the globe, is best apprehended by the study of the first of these systems of curves, respecting which researches subsequent to those of M. de Humboldt have led to general and very remarkable conclusions. In the northern hemisphere only, are the forms of the *Isothermal* curves known with any degree of exactness. In this Sir D. Brewster places two points, or *poles of maximum cold*, on the 80th parallel of latitude, and in nearly opposite longitudes (95° W. and 100° E.), of which the mean temperature is 3½° Fahr., and about which as foci the *Isothermal* lines form a system of spherical lemniscates, imitating in general form those beautiful curves exhibited by polarized light in biaxial crystals. The meridians of these poles pass almost diametrically through the main bodies of the American and Asiatic continents, while two other meridians nearly at right angles to them traverse the Polar sea, running out along

the north Atlantic down the west coasts of Europe on the one hand, and nearly through Behring's Straits into the Pacific on the other. These then are the meridians respectively of greatest cold and warmth, and it is impossible not to recognise in them the effect of extensive tracts of land in high latitudes in increasing, and of sea in diminishing the intensity of cold as we approach the pole. Kamtz's projections confirm this result, so far as the general form of the isothermic ovals is concerned, but place their foci in rather lower latitudes, the one near Chatankoi in the Samoiede country, the other nearly upon Barrow's Strait. The succession of these lines followed along their intersections with the east coast of America, as compared with the west coast of that continent and of Europe places the mean climate of the whole of the former coast in striking and disadvantageous contrast with that of both the latter, and abundantly explains the early prevalent, though mistaken impression, of a general deficiency of genial warmth in the New World as compared with the Old.

The influence of great tracts of land remote from sea coasts, owing, doubtless, to the greater clearness of sky arising from the defect of moisture, tends to exaggerate both the summer heat and the winter cold, but the latter in a higher degree than the former. Accordingly we find the *Isothermal* curves in the interior of the great continents of the northern hemisphere affecting a greater convexity towards the north, and the *Isocheimönal* less so as compared with the lines of mean temperature. The effect of this is to produce in those regions *extreme* or excessive climates in which violent summer heat is succeeded by intense winter cold. Of such, M. de Humboldt gives instances in Tobolsk, Barnaoul, and Irkutsk, in whose summers, for weeks together, the thermometer remains at 86° or 87° Fahr. while their winters exhibit the severe *mean* temperature of -0°·4 to +4°·0 of the same scale, or 40° lower than the mean winter temperature of London.

On the other hand, the proximity of the sea for many and obvious reasons tends to mitigate and equalize the fluctuations of temperature, and where this tendency, as on the west coast of Ireland and the south-west coast of England, conspires with a generally favorable position as regards the *Isothermic* curves, an approach to perpetual spring prevails. 'In the north-western part of Ireland, in lat. 54° 46', under the

same parallel with Königsberg,' (where even our holly cannot survive), 'the myrtle flourishes as luxuriantly as in Portugal.' The winter mean temperature of Dublin is actually $3^{\circ}\cdot6$ higher than that of Milan.

The effect of such local peculiarities is, of course, strongly marked in vegetation, which M. de Humboldt exemplifies in the growth of the grape, and the production of *drinkable* wine. This condition, he observes, necessitates a mean summer temperature of at least $64^{\circ}\cdot4$ Fahr., a mean annual temperature not below $49^{\circ}\cdot2$, and a mean winter one above $32^{\circ}\cdot8$. These conditions are all amply satisfied and exceeded along our southern coasts; so that it is clear that not merely drinkable, but respectable, wine might be grown there: and if, at very early periods of our history, we find that such was the practice, we may observe that, owing to the diminution of the obliquity of the ecliptic, we are placed, so far as summer temperature is concerned, in a *somewhat* less favourable situation than at the epoch of the Roman occupation. The difference amounts to $13'$, by which the summer sun comes less northward than at the epoch alluded to.

'I have, in no part of the earth, not even in the Canary Islands, in Spain, or in the south of France, seen more magnificent fruit, especially grapes, than at Astrachan. With a mean annual temperature of 48° , the mean summer temperature rises to $70^{\circ}\cdot2$, which is that of Bordeaux; while not only there, but still more to the south, at Kislar (in the latitude of Avignon and Rimini), the thermometer sometimes falls, in winter, to -13° or -22° Fahr.

Ascent into a higher region of the atmosphere has the same depressing effect on temperature with increase of latitude. The fact is universally known—the cause, perhaps, less familiarly so. Were there no atmosphere, a thermometer freely exposed (at sunset) to the heating influence of the earth's radiation, and the cooling power of its own into space, would indicate (if the dip of the horizon be neglected) a medium temperature between that of the celestial spaces (-132°) and that of the earth's surface below it (82° at the equator, $-3\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ of the Polar Sea). Under the equator, then, it would stand, on the average, at -25° , and in the Polar Sea at -68° . The presence of the atmosphere tends to prevent the thermometer so exposed from attaining these extreme low temperatures; first, by imparting heat by conduction; secondly, by impeding radiation outwards.

Both these causes are more effective in proportion to the density of the air in contact with the thermometer, which is, therefore, always maintained at a degree higher than those named, and approaching more nearly to the temperature of the soil, the lower the level of the station.

The habitual dryness of the upper regions of the atmosphere is another general fact, the causes of which are not usually neatly conceived. It is partly apparent, partly real. In proportion to the rarity of the air about any moist surface, evaporation is freer, the drying process goes on more rapidly, and superfluous moisture is more speedily exhaled. Mere facility of exhalation, however, is not to be construed as any proof of extreme deficiency of moisture in the air. On the other hand, however, such deficiency really and necessarily exists. If there were never any rain, snow, or dew, the aqueous atmosphere would be co-extensive with the aerial one, and each stratum of the latter in a state of exact saturation. Every act of precipitation (no matter how produced) unsettles this state of things, and withdraws from the total mass of the air some portion of its entire amount of vapor. As such precipitations, therefore, are constantly going on in some place or other, the atmosphere, as a mass, though incumbent on a wet and evaporating surface, is necessarily always deficient in moisture. And for the very same reason, every superior stratum is relatively deficient in comparison with that immediately beneath it, from which its supply is derived. In point of ultimate causation, there is a constant drain upon the aqueous contents of the atmosphere, arising from changes of temperature. This drain extends to all its strata; but while the lower renew their losses from a surface hygrometrically *wet*, the upper draw their supply intermediately from sources more and more deficient in moisture.

In intimate connexion with these general relations stands the striking and picturesque phenomenon of perpetual snow on mountain summits, and the causes which determine the altitude of its inferior limit in different regions. The snow-line necessarily descends to the level of the sea, in latitudes where the mean temperature is beneath the freezing point, and rises, generally speaking, as we approach the equator, where, in South America, or Cotopaxi and Chimborazo, it attains a level not inferior to that of the summit of Mont Blanc. On the southern

declivity of the Himalayas, in latitude 31° , its level may be stated at 13,000 feet, while yet, on their northern slopes, under the influence of radiation from the high lands of Thibet (11,500 feet in mean elevation) it attains a height of 16,600 feet. Such, indeed, is the influence of local circumstances, and especially of the extreme dryness which prevails aloft in the southern prolongation of the chain of the Andes, that in the western or maritime part of that chain, in lat. 18° S., the snow-line is found nearly 2,700 feet higher than under the equator; and even so far as $32\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ south, the volcano of Aconcagua, 1,400 feet higher than Chimborazo, has, on one occasion, been seen *entirely free from snow, by the mere effect of evaporation*, being not at the time in a state of eruption. (Kosm. Tr., p. 329.)

According to the alternation of the seasons, the lower line of *actual* snow oscillates between limits more or less extensive, according to the difference of the summer and winter temperatures at the place; but besides this annual oscillation, successions, which appear to us casual, of cold, warm, dry, and wet seasons, winds, &c., give rise to fluctuations in the amount of accumulated snow, which manifest themselves in the slow alternate prolongation and recess of glaciers, a subject which M. de Humboldt passes over with slighter notice than we should have expected. The arduous and indefatigable researches of Professor Forbes, one of the greatest, if not the very greatest, of Alpine travellers since Saussure, and his ingenious theory of glacier motion, have heightened to an extraordinary degree the interest of this branch of terrestrial physics, and might, we think, have secured his name a place beside those of Vernetz, Charpentier, and Agassiz, in the briefest possible mention of the subject.

The electricity of the atmosphere is a subject too inconsecutively studied, and too little understood, to admit of any distinct, general, and positive conclusions being drawn respecting it. We have ventured to hazard an opinion that the part it plays in phenomena, properly called meteorological, is rather that of an effect than a cause; whatever influence its development may have on organic life in stimulating the nerves and promoting the circulation of the juices (both, we apprehend, much overrated). Our limits, however, forbid us to assign the grounds for this opinion, and the mention of organic life reminds us that we

have yet another field to traverse in M. de Humboldt's guidance. But here too we shall imitate his own brevity; confining himself as he does to the *general* influence of temperature and climate on the distribution of organic form; to the physiognomy of different countries imparted by the greater or less predominance of those families of plants which are called 'social,' and to the similar influence of elevation above the sea and increase of latitude; and waiving, as it would seem designedly and of purpose, all mention of a subject the most prominent and the most interesting in natural history. We allude to the local distribution of genera and species, not as affected simply by diversity of climate and soil, but by locality *as such*, according to laws which almost seem to have had reference not so much to the mere fitness of this or that climate, &c., for this or that species, as to some more general object, such as that of superinducing the utmost possible diversity of organism and assemblages of organized beings on the face of material creation. This forbearance is the more disappointing, because it is precisely from M. de Humboldt himself that the first impulse of philosophical speculation and inquiry in this direction was given, and that there is, therefore, no one to whom we should more naturally look up for large and general views on the subject, or for satisfactory impressions as to the aspect in which the facts actually present themselves to those who alone are fully competent to judge of them. In stating these great facts, it is by no means necessary to go into questions of origin (which he very properly declines to do). There may or there may not have been local centres of creation, whence, in all geological epochs, species have spread themselves. But the matter of fact, the observed *laws of collocation*, strongly marked as they are, appear of paramount importance, and constitute the most salient features of the geography of plants and animals. 'Each hemisphere,' says M. de Humboldt in his *Personal Narrative*, 'produces plants of different species; and it is not by the diversity of climates that we can attempt to explain why equinoctial Africa has no Laurineæ and the New World no heaths; why the Calceolarieæ are found only in the southern hemisphere; why the birds of the continent of India glow with less splendid colors than those in the hot parts of America; finally, why the Tiger is peculiar to Asia, and the Ornithorhyncus to New Holland.'

The total diversity of all the plants and animals of New Holland from those of all other countries; the complete separation of the Old from the New World in their representation of natural families, not only in their living, but in many of their fossil productions, is part only of a general system of regional repartition which pervades the whole scheme of organic life: a fact of the first magnitude, whatever be the speculative aspect in which it may be regarded.

Man, 'subject in a less degree than plants or animals to the circumstances of soil and to meteorological conditions, and escaping from the control of natural influences by the activity of mind and the progressive advancement of intelligence,' forms everywhere an essential part of the life which animates the globe. In considering the great questions which ethnology presents, M. de Humboldt avows his conviction of the superior weight attributable to those arguments which support, over those which combat a community of origin and a gradual branching forth into established varieties or races. He observes, however, that,

'As in the vegetable kingdom and in the natural history of birds and fishes, an arrangement into many small families proceeds on surer grounds than one which unites them into a few sections embracing large masses; so, also, in the determination of races, it appears preferable to establish smaller families of nations. In the opposite mode of proceeding, whether we adopt the old classification of Blumenbach into five races, . . . or that of Prichard into seven . . . it is impossible to recognise in the groups thus formed any true typical distinction—any general and consistent natural principle. The extremes of form and color are separated indeed, but without regard to nations which cannot be made to arrange themselves under any of the above-named classes.'

Language is the main clue we have to guide us through the labyrinths of ethnology; but it is one which must be followed with caution, and with all the light which history can throw upon its application.

'Subjection to a foreign yoke, long association, the influence of a foreign religion, a mixture of races, even when comprising only a small number of the more powerful and the more civilized immigrating race, have produced in both continents similarly recurring phenomena; viz., in one and the same race two or more entirely different families of languages; and in nations differing widely in origin, idioms belonging to the same linguistic stock.'

Where history fails, however, as is the

case with the barbarous nations of the New World, and those which in other regions are fast disappearing before European encroachments, language, physical resemblance, and similarity of customs (when not traceable to general principles of human nature) are all the guides which are left to us in tracing the affiliation of races. That aiding and warning light withdrawn, it behoves us to be all the more scrupulously careful in collecting and preserving unimpaired and undistorted whatever vestiges of human language still subsist. And here we must enter our protest, we fear an unavailing one, against the supineness which suffers those invaluable monuments, the unwritten languages of the earth, to perish with a rapidity yearly increasing, without one rational and well-concerted effort to save them in the only mode in which it can be done effectually, viz., by reducing them to writing according to their exact native pronunciation through the medium of a thoroughly well considered and digested Phonetic alphabet. About sixty well chosen, easily written, and unequivocal characters, completely exemplified in their use by passages from good writers in the principal European and eastern languages, would satisfy every want, without going into impracticable niceties; and we earnestly recommend the construction and promulgation of a manual of this kind for the use of travellers, voyagers, and colonists, as a matter of pressing urgency, to the consideration of philologists, ethnologists, and geographers, in their respective societies assembled.*

We have been so intent on the subject matter of the work before us, as to have

* Many attempts at the construction of such alphabets have been made, but none at all satisfactory. That of Young (Lectures, ii. 276) is perhaps the most complete in its analysis of speech, though still defective, and in some points erroneous—his system of characters wretched. Gilchrist's is perhaps the best known, and in profession nothing short of absolute universality, but its author (a Scotsman) was altogether defective in ear, and his examples in consequence self-contradictory—his system of writing confusion itself. The *Fontotipik karikatur*, devised by the ingenious Mr. Pitman and his associates for the speedy and effectual abrogation of the English language, would have considerable merit were it not founded on an essentially English instead of a cosmopolitan view of the vowel sounds as represented by European letters, and therefore sure to be rejected by every foreign philologist. Yet even this, enlarged to suit the exigencies of the case, would be preferable for temporary use to the present no-system in which each traveller in his diary, and each missionary, in formal grammar and dictionary, confounds and for ever mires, as seems good in his own eyes, the pronunciation he pretends to fix.

left little space for comment on the mode of its presentation to the English reader. The author has been especially fortunate in his translator (translatress we should rather say, since, in the style of its execution, we have no difficulty in recognising the same admirable hand which gave an English garb to Baron Wrangell's Expedition to the Polar Sea). So perfect a transfusion of the spirit and force of a very difficult original into another language, with so little the air of a translation, it has rarely been our fortune to meet with. To the editor it is indebted for several very interesting and instructive notes (to some of which we have had occasion specifically to draw the reader's attention) relating to a variety of subjects, on which, either from personal observation on the most extended scale, or from laborious and systematic discussion of the observations of others, he is entitled to every attention.

While the preceding pages were in progress, we have been favored with the perusal, in proof sheets, of a portion of the second volume of the 'Kosmos,' (translated and edited as above), containing, under the title of 'Incitements to the Study of Nature,' a series of beautiful and brilliant essays of the highest literary merit, and full of scholarship, classical research, and artistic feeling, on the reflex action of the imaginative faculty when excited by the contemplation of the external world, as exemplified in the production of poetic descriptions of nature (especially of wild and landscape scenery), and in landscape painting. For examples of the former kind, M. de Humboldt lays under contribution the literature of all ages and nations, from ancient India to modern Europe, entering largely into the influence exercised by the peculiar aspect of society in each on the development of this form of the poetic sentiment, which he regards, and justly, as the first expansion of the heart towards a recognition of the unity and grandeur of the Kosmos. In like manner the art of landscape painting is traced from its first origin as the mere background of historical composition or scenic decoration, to its grand developments in the seventeenth century—to 'Claude Lorraine, the idyllic painter of light and æria distance, Ruysdael's dark forest masses and threatening clouds, 'Gaspar and Nicholas Poussin's heroic forms of trees, and the faithful and simply natural representations of Everdingen, Hobbima, and

Cuyp.' The gradual emancipation of the art from its trammels, as a subordinate auxiliary, and its assumption of an ideal of its own embodying, are shown to be ever found in connexion with increasing knowledge and observation of nature consequent on advancing cultivation. To such poetic descriptions and depicted scenery, as well as to the view of exotic products assembled in collections, hot-houses, and museums, he traces much of that lively impulse which stimulates young and excitable minds to foreign travel for the sake of knowledge, and to the prosecution of physical study at home. These essays form a graceful and elegant episode, interposed between the more massive and austere divisions of the general subject, the 'Physical Description of the Universe,' which we have passed in review, and the 'History of the Contemplation of Nature;' and will be read with equal enjoyment by the poet, the artist, and the philosopher.

Of the 'History of the Contemplation of Nature' one section only has reached our hands: sufficient, however, to convey a notion, and to correct an impression we had formed, as to our author's intended mode of handling this part of his matter. The history with which he proposes to present us would appear to be not so much a history of Physical Science in the gradual development of its theories, as a *history of objective discovery*, a review of those steps in the progress of human cultivation which have prepared the way and furnished the materials for science such as we now possess it. With every successive expansion of society the views of mankind have become enlarged as to the extent and construction of the globe we inhabit, the objects it offers to contemplation, the elaborate structure of its parts, and its relation to the rest of the universe. Great events in the world's history have from time to time especially facilitated and promoted this enlargement of the horizon of observation; such as the migrations of nations, remarkable voyages, and military expeditions, bringing into view new countries, new products, new relations of climate. Great epochs too in the history of the knowledge of nature are those in which accident or thought has furnished artificial aids, new organs of sense and perception, by which man has been enabled to penetrate more and more deeply either into the profundity of space, or into the intimate constitution of the animate or inanimate objects which surround him. In

tracing these epochs and following out the course of these events so far as they bear upon the object in view, availing himself of all the light which modern research has thrown on the early history of civilization, whether from the study of ancient monuments, or the critical comparison of written records, M. de Humboldt has opened out for himself a field nearly co-extensive with literature itself, and one peculiarly fitted to his own powers and habits of thought, which, as our readers need not to be informed, have made its higher walks—*Æsthetics*, History, and Antiquarian and Monumental

Lore—quite as familiar to him as those of Science. We should do injustice, however, both to him and to those whose office it may be to render an account of the further progress of this work, by further anticipation, and shall, therefore, content ourselves with adding that, should the conclusion correspond (as we doubt not) with these beginnings, a work will have been accomplished, every way worthy of its author's fame, and a crowning laurel added to that wreath with which Europe will always delight to surround the name of Alexander von Humboldt.

From the London Quarterly Review.

THE LAST YEARS OF FREDERICK THE SECOND.

1. *Œuvres de Frédéric le Grand, Roi de Prusse*. Nouvelle Edition. Berlin: chez Rodolphe Decker, Imprimeur du Roi, vols. I., II., et III. 1846.
2. *Friedrich der Grosse: eine Lebens-Geschichte*. Von J. D. E. Preuss, Berlin, 4 vols. 1832.
3. *Urkunden-buch zur Lebens-Geschichte*. Von J. D. E. Preuss, Berlin, 5 vols. 1834.

In a Convocation held at Oxford on the 1st of July, 1847, 'it was proposed and agreed that the University Seal should be affixed to a Letter of Thanks to His Majesty the King of Prussia for his Majesty's gracious present of the three first volumes of a magnificent edition of the Works of King Frederick the Great.' We have no doubt that the good taste of the Royal Donor will limit his gift to the earlier volumes, which comprise such writings as the *Mémoires de Brandebourg* and *L'Histoire de Mon Temps*. Were his Majesty to send the complete collection, with what feelings could the Reverend Heads of houses be expected to read—or with what expressions to acknowledge—the *Commentaire Théologique sur Barbe Bleue*, or the Ode, in the style of Petronius, on the French fugitives after Rosbach!*

This new edition comes forth with a splendor well befitting, if not the value of the works, yet certainly the rank of the author. No expense has been spared on the paper or the types; and the editor, Dr. Preuss, is eminently qualified for the task from his most full and valuable, and on the whole impartial and discriminating, Life of King Frederick, which appeared in 1832.

* *Congé de l'Armée des Cercles et des Tonnelliers, Œuvres Posthumes*, vol. XV., p. 217.

We shall not be tempted, however, by this opportunity to enter into any minute discussion of the writings of the Prussian monarch. On his general demerits as an author, the department of letter-writing alone excepted, his imperfect mastery of the French in which he chose to write, and his peculiar tediousness, both in his prose and verse, or rather in his two kinds of prose, the rhymed and unrhymed—we imagine that all critics of all countries (unless possibly his own) are entirely agreed. Nor do we propose to descant either upon the freaks of his youth or the glories of his wars. Both are sufficiently well known—the former through his own sister, the Margravine de Baireuth, and his favourite, Voltaire;—the latter from the pages of more than one historian. But it seems to us that his system of administration in peace has by no means received the same degree of attention as his military exploits. Nor are the habits of his declining age so familiar to us as those of his early manhood. It is therefore to these—the life of Frederick, public and private, since the Peace of Hubertsburg—that we now desire to apply ourselves. For this investigation the biography of Dr. Preuss, with his five volumes of appended documents, will supply our best, though by no means our only, materials.

From the Peace of Hubertsburg in 1763 until his death in 1786, Frederick may be said to have enjoyed uninterrupted peace. For although a declaration of war was called forth by the Bavarian Succession in 1778, it was merely, as he might have termed it in his adopted language, *une lésée de boucliers*; it led scarcely even to a skirmish, far less to a battle or a siege. But these twenty-three years of public peace were to the King himself very far from years of repose. A slight sketch of his daily life at Potsdam or Sans Souci will best portray his unremitting activity.

The value of early hours had been felt by Frederick in his campaigns, especially when opposed to indolent and luxurious courtiers like the Prince de Soubise. 'Je pense bien,' says Voltaire, 30th March, 1759—(he is addressing Frederick and alluding to Soubise)—'que celui qui met ses bottes à quatre heures du matin a un grand avantage au jeu contre celui qui monte en carrosse à midi.' These early habits of Frederick were continued in his years of peace. In summer he usually rose at three, seldom ever after four; in winter he was scarcely an hour later. During the prime of his manhood five or six hours of sleep sufficed him; but in his old age the term was extended to seven or eight. His ablutions, when performed at all, were slight and few. While still in the hands of his hair-dresser he opened his first packet of letters from Berlin; this packet contained only such letters as, either by their seals or by Post-office notices, were known to come from Prussian nobles. All other letters of subjects not of noble birth were opened by some one of the four Cabinet-Secretaries. How would his Prussian Majesty, thus nice in matters of epistolary etiquette, have stared at Sir Robert Walpole, of whom it is recorded that, whenever a batch of letters reached him from the country, that from his gamekeeper was always the first which he perused!

The King next proceeded to dress himself, and put on his hat, which he wore almost constantly within doors, and took off only during interviews with persons of high birth and at dinner time. His strict economy was manifest in his dress, for his uniforms were usually patched and threadbare, while his boots from age and want of blacking appeared of a tawny red. Two of the Cabinet-Secretaries now laid before him extracts of the letters which they had opened, together with various petitions and

memorials. The Adjutant of the Royal Guard brought a Report of all strangers who had either arrived at or departed from Potsdam the day before. A similar report as to Berlin had already reached the King, inclosed in the first packet of letters. Next came the Adjutant-General, with whom Frederick was wont day by day to discuss and decide all the affairs of the army.

Having despatched these affairs, Frederick passed into his writing-room, where he began by drinking off several glasses of cold water flavored with fennel-leaves, and employed himself with replies to his letters and notes on his memorials. At intervals he used to sip several cups of coffee, which, in the last twenty years of his life, were always mingled with mustard. Not unfrequently, also, he indulged in a little fruit which stood ready on the side-table; of stone-fruit, above all, he was passionately fond. Parsimonious as he seemed on most occasions, he would buy the earliest forced cherries in the months of December and January for his private eating at the rate of two dollars each.

It was the object of Frederick in this, as in other matters, to bring forward hidden merit. In a remote district an avenue of cherry-trees led, and still leads, from the village of Helmsdorf to the village of Heiligenenthal. It excited little notice until Frederick, on one of his journeys, having tasted the fruit, was struck with its peculiar richness of flavor; and gave orders that some basketfuls of it should be sent every summer to Potsdam.

While still in his writing-room Frederick allowed himself daily half an hour's relaxation with his flute. But even this short relaxation was by no means lost time so far as business was concerned. He once said to d'Alembert that during his musical exercises he was accustomed to turn over in his mind his affairs of state, and that several of his happiest thoughts for their administration had occurred to him at those times.

Between eight and ten o'clock the King received the Cabinet-Secretaries separately, and gave them his instructions. These men, though inferior both in rank and salary, were the chief instruments of his sovereign will: for it is not the least among the singularities of his government, that only by exception, and on special occasions, did Frederick ever see his own Ministers. It was in writing that they sent him their reports,—it was in writing that he sent them his commands.

After the Cabinet-Secretaries had been despatched, the occupations of Frederick until dinner were not so uniformly fixed as the preceding. Sometimes he attended the review of his guards at eleven; sometimes took a ride, sometimes a walk, sometimes read aloud to himself, and sometimes granted audiences. In these—at least with respect to his own subjects who were not of noble birth, nor admitted to his familiar intercourse—no Eastern Sultan ever maintained more haughty state. We have now lying before us two reports of interviews, as printed in the appendix to one of Dr. Preuss's volumes; the one from a President of the *Chambre des Domaines* at Cleves, the other from his colleague, a second President at Aurich; and it appears incidentally that although both of them parted from the King with full assurances of his approbation and favor, they were not admitted to kiss his hand, but only his coat!

But whatever might be the previous occupations, as the clock struck noon Frederick sat down to dinner. In his youth twelve had been the dinner-hour for all classes at Berlin; nay, his ancestor the Great Elector had always dined at eleven. But before the close of Frederick's reign the people of fashion gradually extended the hour till two; and ever since at Berlin, as elsewhere, it has become later and later. Well may a French novelist of our own time exclaim, 'Tous les jours on dine plus tard; incessamment on ne dinera plus du tout!'

Since the close of the Seven Years' War Frederick had renounced suppers, and dinner became with him, as with Prince Talleyrand, his single daily meal. The King was a *gourmand* of the first water; and had he survived till 1802, would no doubt have received the honorary presidency of the *Jury Dégustateur*; or the dedication of Grimod de la Reynière's 'Almanach,' preferably even to the Second Consul Cambacérès. The bill of fare was daily laid before his Majesty, comprising not merely a list of the dishes, but the name of the cook by whom each dish was to be dressed; and these bills of fare were always well considered, and often corrected and amended by the Royal hand. Sometimes, when they gave promise of some novel experiment or favourite dainty—as *potentas* and eel-pies—the King, in his eagerness, would order the dinner to be brought in ten or twelve minutes earlier than the appointed hour. After dinner he used to mark with a cross the names of those dishes which had afford-

ed him particular pleasure. Of wine he drank sparingly; his favorite vintage being from the banks of the Dordogne, and in general diluted with water.

The King's meals, however, were highly social as well as gastronomic. He frequently invited guests in numbers varying from seven to ten, and entertained them with a varied and never-failing flow of conversation. There was no limitation as to rank in those whom he invited, nor any arrogance of Royalty in his behavior towards them; but they suffered unmercifully from his wit, or as his butts, for he especially delighted in such jests as were most likely to give pain. Thus, then, came his guests, half pleased and half afraid:—

'In quorum facie miserae magnaeque sedebat
Pallor amicitiae.'

Politics, religion, and history, with anecdotes of Court and war, jocular and serious, were his favorite topics, and were always treated with entire freedom and unreserve. When the guests amused him, or when the conversation took a more than usually interesting turn, the sitting was sometimes protracted from noon till past four o'clock; in general, however, it ended much sooner.

On rising from table Frederick allowed himself another half hour with his flute; after which the Cabinet-Secretaries brought in the letters which he had directed or dictated, and which now came before him again transcribed and ready for his signature. It was not unusual for the King when signing to enforce the object of the letter by adding to it a few clear sharp words. Many of these postscripts are still preserved. Thus, when he replied to an application for money, there are sometimes found appended in the Royal handwriting such phrases as 'I cannot give a single *groschen*,' or 'I am now as poor as Job.' Thus, when the celebrated singer Madame Mara sent him a long memorial against some intended arrangements at the Opera, the King's postscript is—'Elle est payée pour chanter et non pas écrire.'^{*} Thus, again, when a veteran General had asked permission to retire, the official answer bids him reconsider his request, and there follows *manu propria*, the significant remark—'The hens that will not lay I will not feed!'[†]

* June 30, 1776.

† To General Von Lax-Dehnen, January 8, 1773. Two days after the King (according to his hint)

But, perhaps, the most curious of all is the following in five words to Baron Arnim, in which five words it will be seen that three languages are blended, and each of the three incorrectly :—'Scriptus est scriptus ; nicht raisoniren.'*

In some, though not numerous, cases the postscript seems to us utterly at variance with the letter. Thus when Colonel Philip Von Borcke wished to retire from the army and to live on his estates in Pomerania, the King (May 30, 1785) desired a letter to be drawn out for his Royal signature, stating 'that the said Colonel has been always found faithful, brave, and irreproachable in times of war, and that his Majesty has been constantly satisfied with him ;' but in signing this document the King added with his own hand some German words to the following effect :—'Abschied for a Prussian who will not serve, and one ought therefore to thank God that one gets rid of him.' Surely, whatever satisfaction or advantage the letter might be intended to confer must have been turned into the very opposite by such an addition.

When this correspondence was completed, the King sometimes took a walk—out of doors if the weather was fine, or through his saloons if it rained. Sometimes he conversed with his friend Colonel Guichard, whom he had by patent new-named Quintus Icilius, or some other staff-officer ; sometimes he received the artists who had executed his commissions, or who brought him their works to view. But whenever his leisure served, the hours between four and six, or what remained of them, were devoted to his literary labors. It was during this interval that he composed nearly all the volumes in prose and verse which are now to be reprinted. Numerous, indeed, they are. As Voltaire says of him and to him (March 24, 1772), 'Il a fait plus de livres qu'aucun des princes contemporains n'a fait de bâtards !'

It is very remarkable, however, and not easily explained, that though Frederick practised authorship for almost half a century—though every day he was reading and writing German for business and French for pleasure—yet he never in any degree mastered the spelling of either language. To the last we find the strangest errors even in the most common words. Thus he writes winter *HIVERD*, old *VIEU*,

granted the General his retirement, but refused him his pension.

* Oct. 26, 1776—*Urkunden-buch*, vol. III, p. 196.

flesh *CHER*, actress *ACCTRISE*, and the word which in private life he most disliked, *PEYER*.

It is also singular that up to the close of May, 1737, his Majesty always signed his name in French according to the usual manner, *FREDERIC*, but ever afterwards *FEDERIC*.

From six till seven o'clock the King had usually a small concert, in which only musicians or a few amateurs of the highest rank were admitted, and in which he himself played the flute. By long practice he had acquired excellent skill with that instrument. In his very last years, however, the decay of his front teeth deprived him of this daily recreation. Thus losing the power to execute, he lost also the wish to hear, music ; and from that time forward he seldom appeared at any concert.

During Frederick's earlier years his suppers had become justly renowned from the wit of the guests whom he there gathered round him and from his own. Voltaire thus alludes to them in a sketch at that period of his Royal Patron's daily life :—

'Il est grand Roi tout le matin,
Après dîner grand écrivain,
Tout le jour philosophe humain,
Et le soir convive divin ;
C'est un assez joli destin :—
Puisse-t-il n'avoir point de fin !'

But when, after 1763, the King discontinued his suppers, the void thus left in his evenings was supplied by still frequently receiving a circle of distinguished men, as some of his generals, the Marquis d'Argens, Lord Marischal, and Lucchesini. His usual plan was to begin by reading aloud to them a passage from some book, which served as a kind of text for the lively conversation which ensued. During the rest of the evening, or for the whole of it when no visitors came, the King was read to by one or more *lecteurs*, selecting either original French works or translations into French of the Greek and Latin classics. At about nine o'clock he went to bed.

Such was the daily life of Frederick ; a life not at all varied on Sundays or other holidays, but diversified by annual reviews of his troops and journeys to his provinces. From his alternate toils in the field and labors in the administration, it might be supposed that he had in truth an iron frame : on the contrary, however, his health from his childhood was delicate and variable. But the want of bodily strength was well

supplied by his ardent and indomitable soul. The following are his own expressions in a letter to Voltaire of the 7th September, 1776 :—

‘ Quant à ma méthode de ne me point ménager, elle est toujours la même. Plus on se soigne et plus le corps devient délicat et faible. Mon métier veut du travail et de l'action : il faut que mon corps et mon esprit se plient à leur devoir. Il n'est pas nécessaire que je vive, mais bien que j'agisse. Je m'en suis toujours bien trouvé. Cependant je ne prescrais cette méthode à personne, et me contente de la suivre.’

It may be observed that the sketch of the King's daily life makes no reference whatever to a Queen Consort; yet in 1733, under his father's dictation, Frederick had espoused the Princess Elizabeth of Brunswick-Bevern, who survived not only through his whole reign of almost half a century, but even for eleven years afterwards, namely, till 1797. This Princess was of exemplary character, filled with admiration for the great deeds of her husband, and grateful for the slightest token of his notice; and so benevolent, that of the 41,000 dollars assigned her yearly she devoted no less than 24,000 to purposes of charity. Like Frederick she had a taste for literature; but, unlike him, loved to encourage the German rather than the French; and, unlike him also, she was imbued with a deep and fervent, though unostentatious, feeling of religion. For some years Frederick, dreading the resentment of his imperious and brutal father, had lived with her on apparently good terms; but on his own accession to the throne he allotted to her the château of Schönhausen for her separate residence. To the end of her life she never even saw the new palaces at Potsdam. At Berlin, however, during winter, she had apartments in the Royal Palace: the King used to dine with her in state three or four times every year, and on all occasions showed her, as her character deserved, marks of his high respect and esteem. But the union had been, from the first, a constrained one; and he had little taste for hers, or indeed for any female society; men were, on all occasions, his chosen and favorite companions.

There are some points however, real or alleged, in Frederick's private life, which we do not wish to discuss at large. We shall waive any further testimony, and merely insert without comment the following extract from a despatch of our own distinguished countryman, Lord Malmesbury, when Envoy at Berlin :—

‘ At these moments when he (Frederick) lays aside the monarch and indulges himself in every kind of debauchery, he never suffers the instruments or partakers of these excesses to have the smallest influence over him. Some few he has rewarded; discarded several; but left most of them in the same situation he found them.’*

The conduct of Frederick, as a master and in his household, cannot be held deserving of praise. Some of his warmest admirers, as Dr. Preuss, acknowledge that he was extremely harsh towards his servants, chary in wages or rewards to them; but, on the other hand, liberal of sharp reproofs and of blows both with his fist and with his cane. These, however, were their lighter punishments; when their offences seemed more serious they were at once discarded, or sent to prison, or enlisted as common soldiers. Thus, for instance, one valet de chambre, named Deesen or Deiss, was thought to have embezzled some money, and had been ordered to enter the army as a drummer, when, on the 23rd of July, 1775, the unhappy man put a pistol to his head, and fell a corpse in Frederick's own ante-chamber. The king was startled at the noise, and asked what had happened; on being told, he only remarked, ‘ I did not think that the fellow had so much courage.’†

Frederick used to show especial anger and displeasure whenever any man-servant contracted either matrimony or a less legitimate connexion with the other sex. The same prejudice subsisted against the marriages of his familiar friends and associates, as D'Argens, Quintus Icilius, and Le Catt. It is said, however, that in the last few years of Frederick's life, and when himself probably conscious of decay, he had become in all respects less ungracious and exacting to his household.

But although gusts and sallies of passion were by no means uncommon with Frederick, we scarcely ever find them impel him in the transaction of state-business. A few cases to the contrary might be gathered from Dr. Preuss's volumes, but should be considered as only exceptions. Thus, on one occasion, a young man, a *Land-Rath*, in Brandenburg, wrote to the King to state that a flight of locusts had appeared in his district. The King, in his

* Despatch to the Earl of Suffolk, Berlin, March 18, 1776.

† Compare Preuss, *Lebens-Geschichte*, vol. I., p. 424, note, with the despatch of Lord Malmesbury of July 29, 1775, giving a milder version of the King's reply.

answer, expressed his disbelief that any of the plagues of Egypt could have strayed so far north. Upon this the young *Land-Rath* sent to Court some of the locusts in a box with air-holes, which box was no sooner opened by Frederick than the locusts emerged and flew about the room, to His Majesty's great annoyance and ire. He immediately despatched a cabinet order, which still exists, under the date of September 27, 1779, directing that in future no man shall be admitted a *Land-Rath* without being at least thirty-five years of age—his Majesty, it adds, being determined to have henceforth no 'children nor pert young fellows' in office—[*Kinder und junge Naseweise*.]

Another curious point in Frederick's private life was his passion for snuff and for lap-dogs. Of the former, Lord Malmesbury (*Diaries*, vol. I., p. 6) speaks as follows:—

'The King is a great taker of snuff. I could not even get a sight of his snuff-boxes, of which he has a most magnificent collection. That he carries is of an enormous size; and he takes it not by pinches, but by handfuls. It is difficult to approach him without sneezing. They pretend that the perquisite that comes to the *valets de chambre* from the snuff they get by drying his handkerchiefs, is very considerable.'

With respect to his four-footed favorites, the King had always about him several small English greyhounds; but of these only one was in favor at a time, the others being taken merely as companions and playmates to the fondling. Thus the others were carried out at night and brought in again in the morning, while the chosen one slept in his Majesty's own bed, and by day was allowed a special chair, well cushioned, and close at his side. All of them, however, had license as they pleased to jump over or to sprawl upon the most costly articles of furniture; and stuffed leather balls, as playthings for them, were provided in the several apartments. Even during his campaigns Frederick went attended by these canine companions. Thus, on the 8th of December, 1760, when the Marquis d'Argens entered the King's quarters at Leipsick, he found Frederick seated on the floor with the dogs around, and a dish of fricasseed chicken before him, out of which his Majesty with a stick was pushing the most dainty morsels to his favorite. As these greyhounds died they were buried on the terrace of

Sans Souci, with the name of each on a gravestone; and Frederick in his will expressed his desire that his own remains might be interred by their side—a parting token of his attachment to them and of his contempt for mankind! On this point, however, his wishes have not been complied with.

Of fine horses, also, Frederick, like most eminent commanders, was fond. Several chargers which he rode were killed or wounded under him during his wars. Many of them bore the names of celebrated and contemporary ministers, as Choiseul, Brühl, Kaunitz, Pitt, and Bute, not as being gifts from these statesmen, but as a compliment to them. But poor Bute's was a hard fate. When his namesake, the Scottish peer, forsook the alliance with Prussia, and concluded a separate peace with France, Bute, the thorough-bred steed, was in requital condemned to be yoked with a mule, and employed in drawing to and fro the orange-trees on the terraces at Potsdam.

During the last ten years of his life, Frederick's favorite horse for his own riding was called Condé. Almost every day he was brought before his Royal Master, and fed with his own hand with sugar, figs, and melons.

The strict economy of Frederick had been at first enforced from the straits in which his father left him: it was afterwards recommended by the poverty of his provinces. From such provinces it was no light matter to raise the sinews of war against Austria, Russia, and France combined. From such provinces, even during the later years of peace, it was no easy task to maintain the largest standing army in Europe, and to accumulate as treasure in reserve several millions of dollars in the vaults of Magdeburg. Yet still this great virtue of economy, to which, next to his military genius, Frederick owed his triumphs, when it came to be extended to trifles, or applied to points where splendor is one element of usefulness, seems to belong to the domain of Molière, and grow into the part of Harpagon. Thus, at the King's own table, not a bottle of champagne was to be opened without his own special command. Thus again, as we are told by Müller, the historian of Switzerland, Frederick on one occasion, when examining the budget of his principality of Neuchâtel, detected and exposed an error of only three *sous*. Thus, also, to the very close of his reign, he never enabled

the Prussian Envoys at foreign Courts to assume a state at all commensurate to the importance which their country had acquired, but condemned them to languish in obscurity on most inadequate stipends, as during his father's reign. The tragic fate of Luicius, who had been the Prussian Envoy at the Hague in the time of Frederick William I., is told by Voltaire with much humor, and no doubt some exaggeration. During a severe winter this poor man had no money to buy fuel, and ventured to cut down for fire-wood some trees in the garden of his official residence; but the fact came to the ears of his Royal Master, who by return of post sent him a reprimand, and told him that he should be mulcted on that account a whole year's pay! Upon this, says Voltaire—'Luicius désespéré, se coupa la gorge avec le seul rasoir qu'il eut. Un vieux valet vint à son secours, et lui sauva malheureusement la vie.'

There were only two of the King's tastes in which he ever allowed himself to step beyond the bounds of the most exact economy—in eating and in building. As to the former, we have shown already that he belonged to the Apician school. But even there he closely weighed the cost. He might sometimes, though rarely, be extravagant beforehand, but when once the dainties were devoured, he would often murmur at the bill. Here is an instance. On the 9th of November, 1784, there were several additional dishes at his table, and an account of the extra expenses then incurred was next day presented to him. It amounted to 25 *thaler* 10 *groschen* and 1½ *pennigs*. But his Majesty, with his own hand, wrote upon the margin: 'A robbery; for there were at table about an hundred oysters, which would cost 4 *thalers*; the cakes 2 *thalers*; the quab's liver 1 *thaler*; the cakes of Russian fashion 2 *thalers*: altogether it might be, perhaps, 11 *thalers*; the rest a robbery. To-day there was one extra dish; herrings with pease; it may cost 1 *thaler*; therefore everything above 12 *thalers* is an impertinent robbery.'

(Signed) FREDERICK.'

As to building—if we observe the passion for it, whenever it is once engaged in, it may perhaps deserve to be ranked among the highest and most engrossing of human pleasures. The case of Frederick was no exception to this rule. He took an ever fresh delight in the construction of new palaces and in the adornment of the old.

In this department, as in most others, he had by his indomitable application acquired both knowledge and skill, and was able, though not always quite successful, to direct his architects. There commonly lay at his side the volumes of Palladio and Piranesi, from which he would give designs, or suggest ideas, for any of the new constructions in progress. He never issued any order for a building without a previous estimate of its expense. Yet, notwithstanding this wise precaution, when his palace of Sans Souci came to be completed, he was himself startled at the cost, and ordered that the accounts should be burned, so that no exact knowledge of them might reach posterity.

The correspondence of Frederick was most multifarious, extending not only to ministers and statesmen but to many eminent authors and familiar friends. On business his letters were always clear, brief, and to the point, and frequently deserve the praise of a humane and benevolent spirit greatly in advance of his age. Thus, when one of his subjects, in 1782, applied for the use of the Prussian flag in carrying on the slave trade, the King replies as follows:

'La traite des nègres m'a toujours paru flétrissante pour l'humanité, et jamais je ne l'autoriserai ni la favoriserai par mes actions. D'ailleurs vous prétendez acheter et équiper vos vaisseaux en France et décharger vos marchandises de retour dans tel port de l'Europe que vous jugerez à propos, et c'est encore un motif de plus pour vous refuser mon pavillon. Toutefois si ce négocier a tant d'appas pour vous, vous n'avez qu'à retourner en France pour satisfaire votre goût! Sur ce, je prie Dieu qu'il vous ait en sa sainte et digne garde.
FREDERICK.'

To estimate the full merit of this letter, let it be remembered how far in the rear was still the feeling of England on this subject at this date of 1782. How large a majority amongst ourselves were still firmly determined to maintain that infamous traffic! How many years of unrewarded toil were still in store for Wilberforce and Clarkson!

The letters of Frederick to his friends, personal and literary, seem to us greatly superior in merit and interest to any of his other writings. Though sometimes to our misfortune studded with his own mawkish verses, they are often instructive and almost always entertaining. The following

* Potsdam, ce 18 Avril, 1782. *Urkunden-buch*, vol. IV., p. 296.

may serve as a short but agreeable specimen of his lighter style. It is addressed to one of his Chamberlains, the veteran Baron Pöllnitz, who had just presented him with an unusual dainty—a turkey fattened upon walnuts.

'MONSIEUR LE BARON—Le dindon que votre Sérénité a eu la bonté de m'envoyer a été servi ce midi sur ma table. On l'a pris pour une autruche, tant il était grand et pompeux; le goût s'en est trouvé admirable; et tous les convives ont convenu avec moi que vous étiez fait pour vous acquitter bien de tout ce que vous entrepreniez. Il me serait douloureux, Monsieur le Baron, de rester en arrière vis-à-vis de vous, et de ne pas songer à votre cuisine comme vous avez eu la bonté de penser à la mienne; mais comme je n'ai pas trouvé parmi les volatiles d'animal assez grand, et digne de vous être offert, je me suis rejeté sur les quadrupèdes. Je vous avoue que si j'avais pu trouver un éléphant blanc du Chah de Perse, que je me serais fait un plaisir de vous l'envoyer. Faute de cela, j'ai eu recours à un bœuf bien engraisé. Je me suis dit à moi-même; un bœuf est un animal utile, laborieux et pesant; c'est mon emblème; l'âge qui me mine m'apesantit tous les jours; je voudrais être laborieux et utile, et pour vous l'être en quelque façon vous voudrez bien accepter, Monsieur le Baron, le petit meuble de basse-cour que je prends la liberté de vous offrir; et comme je ne me suis pas fié sur ma propre habileté, je l'ai fait choisir chez le plus expert de tous les engraisseurs. Sur ce, je prie Dieu, &c.

FÉDERIC.

'à Potsdam, ce 6 Février, 1765.'

We will subjoin the Baron's reply:—

'SIRE—Je supplie très-humblement votre Majesté d'agréer mes très-humbles remerciemens pour le bœuf qu'elle a bien voulu m'envoyer. Si je ne l'ai pas adoré comme le Dieu Apis, je l'ai du moins reçu avec toute la vénération que mérite son air respectable. Une foule de peuple l'a admiré à ma porte, et a cru que je l'en régèlerais, et l'a vu conduire avec envie dans mon écurie, dont il ne sortira que pour être sacrifié au plus grand des Monarques; cérémonie qui sera accompagnée de cris sincères de Vive le Roi! Votre Majesté me permettra de finir ma lettre par ce cri, que je réunirai toute ma vie au profond respect avec lequel je suis, Sire, &c.

PÖLLNITZ.'

'Berlin, ce 7 Février, 1765.'

But the favorite correspondence of Frederick at the time, as the most interesting to us now, was with Voltaire. Considering the violent and public breach between them in 1753—the contumelious arrest on one side, and the biting pleasantries on the other—it might have been

supposed that these two eminent men would have ever thenceforth stood asunder; but the King's admiration for his late prisoner at Frankfort was most ardent and sincere. He thoroughly believed, as he says in more than one passage of his writings, that Voltaire, as an epic poet surpassed Homer, as a tragic poet Sophocles, and as a philosopher Plato. He never doubted that the author of the 'Henriade,' and of the 'Annales de l'Empire,' would be the main dispenser of fame for his own day. On the other hand, Voltaire was by no means insensible to the honor of numbering a monarch amongst the imitators of his versification and the pupils of his philosophy. Nor can any man who writes history be insensible to the higher merits of him who makes it—who, instead of merely commemorating, performs great deeds. Thus, even in the midst of their quarrel, the seeds of reconciliation remained; and within a very brief period there again arose between them a regular correspondence, and an exchange of graceful compliments. In 1775, for example, the King sent to Ferney a bust of Voltaire in Berlin porcelain, with the motto IMMORTALI; and Voltaire replied in the following lines:—

'Je dis à ce héros, dont la main souveraine
Me donne l'immortalité,
Vous m'accordez, grand homme, avec trop de
bonté,
Des terres dans votre domaine!'

'Avoir vécu dans le siècle de Voltaire; cela me suffit!'

exclaims the King. 'Je mourrai,' cries the philosopher, 'avec le regret de n'avoir pas achevé ma vie auprès du plus grand homme de l'Europe, que j'ose aimer autant qu'admirer!'

† The two friends, however, while thus exchanging laurel crowns, knew each other well; and whenever they wrote or spoke to third parties were far from gentle in their epithets. Sir Andrew Mitchell, for many years our Envoy at Berlin, informs us: 'What surprises me is, that whenever Voltaire's name is mentioned, his Prussian Majesty never fails to give him the epithets he may deserve, which are the worst heart and greatest rascal now living; and yet with all this he continues to correspond with him!'

† Voltaire, on his part, handled the character of Frederick with more wit, but equal rancor. In his secret correspondence with D'Alem-

* A Voltaire, le 24 Juillet, 1775.

† Au Roi de Prusse, le 11 Février, 1775.

‡ See the Chatham Papers, vol. II., p. 30.

* *Urkunden-buch*, vol. III., pp. 134, 135.

bort and others he often—besides other bitter jests—gives the King a covert nickname intended to convey a most foul reproach. And whenever during the Seven Years' War any disaster befell the Prussian arms, there went forth two sets of letters from Ferney—the one to Frederick expressing his sympathy and sorrow—the other to some Minister or General on the opposite side, urging the Allies to pursue their victory and to complete the ruin of his friend.

The rich flow of Frederick's conversation is acknowledged and praised by all who had approached him, and chiefly by those who had themselves a similar skill. In that respect there can be no higher testimony than the following from the Prince de Ligne:

‘Il avait un son de voix fort doux, assez bas, et aussi agréable que le mouvement de ses lèvres, qui avait une grâce inexprimable; c'est ce qui faisait je crois qu'on ne s'apercevait pas qu'il fût, ainsi que les héros d'Homère, un peu babillard mais sublime. On ne pouvait certainement pas trouver un plus grand parleur que le Roi, mais on était charmé qu'il le fût!’

It is plain, however, that the King, who was, as we shall presently see, a warm partisan of monopolies in commerce, used to extend the same system to his conversation. The Prince de Ligne, in the same account of his interview, adds with much naïveté: ‘Encore, me disais-je à moi-même, il faudra bien que je dise un mot!’*

With his own dependents Frederick loved to season his conversation with practical jests. Thus, finding that the Marquis d'Argens was a hypochondriac as to health, he was wont sometimes in their interviews to interrupt himself with an exclamation on the ill-looks of his friend, upon which the poor Marquis used to hurry home in affright and keep his bed for the twenty-four hours following! Thus again, one day with the Baron de Pöllnitz, who was always in want of money, and who had already changed his religion, the King slyly threw out some hints as to a rich canonry in Silesia then vacant and ready for a friend, upon which Pöllnitz, as Frederick had foreseen, swallowed the bait, and that very evening publicly abjured the Protestant for the Roman Catholic faith. But when next day he hastened back to Court to announce his conversion and to

claim the benefice, he was told by Frederick, to his great dismay, that the prize had just before been granted to another candidate. His Majesty added with a bitter taunt, though with affected sympathy, ‘Que puis-je faire pour vous maintenant? Ah! je me rappelle qu'il me reste encore à nommer à une place de Rabbín; faites-vous Juif, et je vous la promets!’*

With strangers, on the contrary, or with those whom he wished to please, Frederick knew how to pay a compliment with inimitable taste and skill. How graceful, for example, his exclamation to General Laudohn, the most able of all his adversaries, during the interviews with the Emperor's Court in 1770, when he saw the General seated on the other side of the table: ‘Pray, Sir, take a place at my side; I do not like to have you opposite!’

In his correspondence, as in his conversation, the King seldom referred to the Christian faith without a scoff or a sneer. Having entirely made up his mind against its truth, he seems to have considered it unworthy of serious argument or even of reverent mention. He alludes with peculiar contempt to the piety of the poorer classes: ‘Ce paysan,’ says he in one passage, ‘qui parlait du Seigneur Dieu avec une vénération idiote.’† But there were several points of philosophy or natural religion which Frederick loved to discuss and to hear discussed in his presence. Foremost among these was the immortality of the soul. It is not easy to say to which side of the great question his own belief inclined. Passages on both sides might be cited from his writings. Nay, there is one letter to Voltaire which, as it seems to us, assumes each opinion by turns in the course of the same sentence:—

‘Ma santé baisse à vue d'œil, et je pourrais bien aller entretenir Virgile de la *Henriade*, et descendre dans ce pays où nos chagrins, nos plaisirs, et nos espérances ne nous suivent plus, où votre beau génie et celui d'un goujat sont réduits à la même valeur, où enfin on se trouve dans l'état qui précède la naissance.’ (31 Oct. 1760.)

Now, if, as the latter part of the sentence intimates, Frederick really held the gloomy faith of the ancient Roman:

‘Queris, quo jaceas post obitum loco?
Quo non nata jacent!’—

* Thiebault, *Souvenirs de Berlin*, vol. III., p. 84, ed. 1804.

† A. Voltaire, le 3 Février, 1742.

* *Lettres du Maréchal Prince de Ligne*, vol. I., p. 46, ed. 1809.

—it is plain that there could be no prospect, as in the first part of the sentence, of communing with the spirit of Virgil or with any other. So inconsistent with itself is infidelity!

The private life of Frederick in his later years as we have now portrayed it, without, as we believe, either exaggeration or concealment, contains beyond all question much that is harsh and strange, many things which may be laughed at, and many which must be lamented. With such a life it seems at first sight incredible how even the interested adulation of the French philosophists could award him the epithet of 'Great.' Perhaps, too, our satisfaction at this epithet will hardly increase when we are told how freely it was adopted by himself,—how frequently the words, 'FREDERICVS MAGNVS' appear on his own inscriptions. But how changed the scene when we come to view the same character from another aspect—as a statesman or a warrior! The injustice of all his wars—since all arose in fact from his robbery of Silesia in the first year of his reign, with no other right than the right of the stronger, and no better plea than the wolf in the fable gives the lamb—this injustice, great and grievous though it be, can scarcely dim the lustre of his victories. Who could forget that immortal strife of Seven Years, when, with no other ally than England, Frederick stood firm against all the chief powers of the Continent combined? Who could fail to admire that self-taught skill with which he overthrew his enemies, or that lofty spirit with which he bore, and at last retrieved, reverses? How heroic he appears at Rosbach when scattering far and wide the threefold numbers of France! How heroic when, after that battle, which as he said himself had merely gained him leisure to fight another battle elsewhere (so closely was he then beset with foes), he marched against the Austrians in Silesia, disregarded their strong position, contemned the winter season, and declared that he was resolved to assail them even though they had intrenched themselves on the church-steeple of Breslau! How glorious the day of Leuthen which followed, and which Napoleon has pronounced a master-piece in war! How not less glorious in the succeeding summer the day of Zorndorf, when Frederick looked down on the heaps of Russian slain, and beheld the Czarina's army destroyed rather than defeated by his arms!

Nor, again, is the honor slight of having maintained in perfect discipline, and with unimpaired renown, during twenty-three years of peace, an army of 150,000 men. To the last, while Frederick lived, the well-earned military fame of Prussia was worthily upheld. Twenty years after his death on the field of Jena it was clearly proved how much the high merit of that army depended on his own. When at St. Helena Napoleon was asked which were the best troops that the world had ever seen, he answered—(not perhaps without some injustice both to himself and to his adversary at Waterloo)—'The Carthaginians under Hannibal, the Romans under the Scipios, the Macedonians under Alexander, and the Prussians under Frederick!'

Yet even this discipline had its dark side. In our own times experience has proved that the due obedience of soldiers does not depend on their ill-treatment. But far different maxims prevailed in Frederick's age, and the good order of his troops was maintained by a large amount of individual suffering. In the first place, the non-commissioned officers applied the cane without stint or mercy on the common men. If we were required to draw an emblematic picture of a Prussian soldier of those days, we should portray him covered with scars in front from his enemy, and covered with scars behind from his corporal! A veteran of Frederick's army, who was still alive in 1833, recently described the dreadful effect of those cruelties which he witnessed in Silesia—how many poor soldiers were flogged to desertion, how many to suicide, how many to madness!† Amongst the Prussian peasants such was the horror of entering the army that it became necessary to promulgate an edict against those who had cut off their own thumbs, hoping by such mutilation to disqualify themselves for the service! We may observe in passing, that according to Saumaise and Horno Tooke a similar practice gave rise to the French word *Poltron* (quasi *pollice truncatus*).

Among the officers the grievances were different, but scarcely less. Noble birth was in nearly all cases held indispensable for promotion. On any vacancy occurring in a regiment, the Colonel was required by the rules to recommend to his Majesty for appointment the most deserving subaltern,

* *Mémorial de St. Hélène*, par le Comte de Las Cases, vol. VI., p. 6.

† *Schlesische Provinzial-blätter*, ix., p. 241, as quoted by Preuss.

provided only that he was noble. In several instances, even foreign noblemen were, avowedly on the ground of their birth, preferred for officers' places to native plebeians. In like manner, none but youths of good family were allowed admission into the College of Cadets. So late as 1784 we find Frederick directing the expulsion of three brothers named Stephani as being deficient in this essential qualification—'not of true and right nobility,'* says the King himself. Celibacy, though recommended in most services, has never yet been so rigidly enforced in any other; as an instance, it is mentioned that when in 1778 the Baireuth regiment of dragoons was reviewed by the King, it contained seventy-four officers, and of these not one—from the commander, General Bülow, down to the youngest Ensign—was a married man! In other respects the duties were very severe, and the least departures from them punished by long arrests, while the pay was extremely small, and leave of absence seldom granted.

Scanty, however, as were the allowances of the Prussian army, they absorbed the larger share of the revenues of the state. In 1740, just before the accession of Frederick, it is stated that from a total income 7,137,000 dollars, not less than 5,977,000 were devoted to the military department. At Frederick's decease in 1786, when the provinces had more than doubled in extent and population, and much more than doubled in productive industry, the income was twenty-two millions, and the expenses of the army thirteen. Yet notwithstanding this constant and enormous drain on his resources, such was the wise economy of Frederick, that he never seemed to want money whenever any object of public utility seemed to need assistance. We have already noticed his taste for building, as shown in his costly palaces, but it would be doing him great injustice to suppose that it was confined to them; not only his capital, but his principal cities, such as Breslau, owed him the construction of libraries, theatres, and other stately public edifices, besides new streets and squares for private houses. In one of his letters of 1773, he is able to boast with just pride that he had that very year begun to rebuild some towns in Prussian Poland, which had lain in ruins ever since the pestilence of 1709.† In the same year he made arrangements for founding sixty new villages among the waste lands

of Upper Silesia, and for rebuilding two towns in the same district, which had been destroyed by conflagration; 'they were of wood,' says he, 'but they now shall be of brick or of stone from the neighboring quarries which we have opened.' In 1775 we find him establish and endow at once an hundred and eighty schools in his new Polish province—some, of the Protestant, and others of the Roman Catholic communion.* Were there any veins of metal discovered in the mountains—did any district suffer either from drought or inundation in the plains—did any new manufacture call for bounties—was there any attempt of producing at home instead of importing from abroad—in all these, and many other such cases, and without distinction of province or of creed, the succoring hand of Frederick was extended. His subjects found that he would not give alms to compassion, but only aids to restoration or improvement; he would help them whenever they would bestir themselves. On his yearly journeys through his states he was always on the watch for old abuses to correct, or new works of public benefit to commence. His questions were ever: Why not drain yonder marshes? why should that range of hills remain bare? might not this sheltered hollow bear fruit trees? should not a new bridge span that river, or a new road pierce that forest? Nor were these mere vague recommendations: they became the first germ of speedy plans and estimates, and when the King passed by in the ensuing year, or summoned his provincial officers to Potsdam, he insisted on ascertaining what real progress had been made. Activity of any kind is rare, when great wealth and power of indolence exist; but how much rarer still to find it thus well-directed and steady in its aim! We had once the high honor of being for a short time in the company of a Prince, whose mind struck us as a curious contrast to Frederick's; he asked nearly the same questions, but seldom paused to hear the answer, or cried, 'Right—quite right—exactly so'—whatever the answer might be!

To show more clearly how close and minute was Frederick's superintendence of his provincial affairs, we will give an account of one of his 'Ministers' Reviews,' as they were termed—that is, a conference which he held every summer with the principal holders of office. Of the one which took place at Sans Souci on the 1st of June, 1770,

* Von wahren und rechten Adel.

† To Voltaire, Oct. 24, 1773.

* Letter to D'Alembert, June 19, 1775.

a summary was drawn up by the Minister of State Von Derschau, for the information of an absent colleague:—

‘His Majesty received us with a most gracious countenance, and said, “Gentlemen, I have caused you to come that we might examine our household affairs together.” We replied that we had duly prepared ourselves for this investigation: upon which he proceeded to say that he had himself inspected in the Oder-bruch the district which had suffered this year by the inundations of the Oder, and had found the damage by no means so great as it had been represented to him. “One ought not,” he added, “to be too much dismayed by such calamities of Nature, however frightful they seem at first; since Nature is apt herself to repair, and at no long interval, the havoc she has made.” At Freienwalde there were only two small breaches in the dam, and only about twenty-five houses slightly damaged, so that the whole real loss of the inhabitants would be scarcely more than a few cartloads of hay and the growing crops on the ground. His Majesty then proceeded: “I do not therefore see the necessity of such large sums as you have proposed to me to grant in remission of taxes and compensations for losses. However I will allow 60,000 dollars. When the water shall have flowed off again the Minister of State Von Hagen shall go to the spot and examine everything more exactly. But I cannot conceal from you how much I was dissatisfied at finding the new church in the Oder-bruch not yet completed. I desire that you will again send a sharp order to Lieut.-Colonel Petri to take measures for having the church ready soon, or it shall be the worse for him.”

‘Upon this his Majesty took up the account of the sums proposed to be allotted, and said: “1. That as to the funds for repairing the Olerdam they were already assigned. 2. That in addition he would gladly grant the 13,000 dollars proposed for the new sluice at Plauen. 3. That he would undertake the cost of the stables for the Cuirassiers’ horses at Kyritz, and of the hospital and orphan-asylum at Belgard, since these expenses were both needful and useful. 4. That he would refer to the Board of General Direction the charges required for the harbors of Rügenwald and Colberg.

‘When this was over, the King looked through with a keen eye the accounts of the *Chambre des Domaines* and of the *Caisse Militaire*, and signed them respectively. He then opened his desk, drew out a paper, and read to us a statement of the considerable sums which he intends this year, as far as he finds it possible, to devote to the benefit of his dominions. Among these sums we especially noticed 300,000 dollars for the nobility of Pomerania, 20,000 for the province of Hohnstein, and 30,000 on account to restore the towns in the March of Brandenburg. On the first item the King observed:—“Gentlemen, I recommend to you especially the upholding and supporting my nobility. I lay great stress upon that order, for I require it both for my army and my civil administration. You know how many valuable

men I have already drawn from it, and what I have been able to do by its means.”

‘Before dinner the King spoke to us on sundry other matters, and said, amongst the rest, that it gave him pleasure whenever any of his subjects travelled into foreign states with views of improvement, and brought back useful knowledge to their native country. He added, that during his last journey through Pomerania he had seen at Colbatz the *Ober-Amtman* Sydow, who, together with his son, had been lately in England, and had studied the English system of husbandry. They understand how to grow lucerne, and what are termed TURNIPS (a white root for fodder, of which nine or ten often reach an hundred weight); and experiments in the culture of both have been made in Pomerania with excellent success. His Majesty wishes that the same may be done in Brandenburg. We are, therefore, to put ourselves in correspondence with these gentlemen, and receive from them the necessary instructions; and we are, also, to send some sensible *Wirtschafts-Schreiber* from various *Amtler* in Brandenburg to Colbatz, to observe and afterwards adopt at home the cultivation not only of these turnips and lucerne, but also of the hops, which last his Majesty has recommended to us in the most pressing terms. The King observes that the country-people in Brandenburg are still too stubborn and prejudiced against any new discovery, however good and useful it may be. Therefore, says his Majesty, the men in office should always make a beginning with whatever promises well; and if it answers, then the lower classes will be sure to follow. “You would not think,” added his Majesty with much animation, “how eager I feel to make the people advance in knowledge and welfare; but you must have often experienced, as I have, how much contradiction and thwarting one meets with, even where one has the best intentions.”

Our limits warn us to carry no further the report of this remarkable interview. We will therefore omit, though reluctantly, the King’s remarks and directions as to the better manuring of pasture-lands—the reclaiming of several sandy plots near Löwenberg, Strausberg, Alt-Landsberg, and Werneuchen which he had noticed on his last journey—the draining of the great marshes at Stendal, and with the profits bringing over to the spot a colony of Dutchmen—the encouragement of bee-hives and silk-worms, for which last large plantations of mulberry-trees had been made several years before—the establishment of extensive nursery-gardens near Berlin to be manured from the sweepings of the streets and drains in that city—the planting of fruit-trees in other places likewise, so as to check the importation of dried fruit every year from Saxony, and ‘to keep,’ the King added, ‘our money at home’—the working

of the cobalt and coal-mines in Silesia, and how the coals should be transported, and how applied in bleaching-grounds, tile-kilns, and lime-kilns. After so many and such manifold orders this 'Ministers' Review' ended, we may observe, in a manner more agreeable than most Cabinet-Councils in England—by a general invitation to the Royal table that same day. 'During the repast,' adds our reporter, 'his Majesty was especially condescending and gay, made a great number of jests, and then bade us go—highly delighted at his gracious reception.'

In thus considering the administration of Frederick we must always bear in mind that his authority over his people was entirely and in all respects uncontrolled. Not only the treaties with foreign powers and the systems of foreign policy, the army, the ordnance, the shipping, the questions of trade and protecting duties, the imposition or remission of new taxes, and the application of the revenue received, were subject to his despotic sway, but even the decisions of the courts of law, which most other tyrannies hold sacred. Nay more, even beyond the frontiers of the state, personal freedom was so far controlled that no Prussian subject could travel without special permission from the King, and even when that permission was granted there was a Royal Ordinance of October 29, 1766, fixing the amount of pocket-money which he might take with him: if a nobleman or an officer, 400 dollars; if neither, 250. The government was, in fact, one of those which, when well administered, as was Frederick's, are called by friends Patriarchal or Paternal, which leave little to individual choice or enterprise, but direct every man to the path in which he should go.

It is remarkable that Frederick, who not only possessed, but actively wielded this uncontrolled authority, and who never to his dying day manifested the slightest idea of relaxing it, yet in many of his writings expresses the most ardent aspirations for freedom. Thus in his epistle to the Marquis d'Argens:—

• Vous de la liberté héros que je révère,
O mânes de Caton, o mânes de Brutus !'

Or when he thus upbraids *Hermothème* :—

• Votre esprit est imbu des préjugés vulgaires,
Vos parchemins usés ne sont que des chimères.'

We remember that in 'Emile' Rousseau points an eloquent invective against those mock-philanthropists who profess unbounded zeal for the Tartars, but who will never help a poor neighbor at the door. In like manner we confess that we feel small reverence for those Kings who never part with one iota of their inherited despotism, who give a subject the hem of their garment to kiss, who bound their promotions to nobles, and who leave their peasantry serfs, and yet with all this love to prate of republicans and regicides—provided only that these lived many hundred years ago!

It is certainly true that Frederick, upon the whole, administered his despotic power with enlightened views and with public spirit for the good of his subjects, and it may perhaps be argued, as Montesquieu has done, that despotic power while thus administered, is the best of all forms of government. Take any Prussian town or district during the peaceful years of Frederick, and it will, we believe, appear that amidst very many cases of individual grievances and hardships the general progress of prosperity was rapid and unceasing. No instance can be stronger than that of Silesia. Here was a province won without a shadow of real right from Maria Theresa—a sovereign who, besides her legitimate title, had all the claim to her subjects' sympathy which womanhood, youth, and beauty can bestow. Here were nobles of high lineage and loyalty compelled to acknowledge an usurping conqueror; here was a people of bigoted Catholicism ruled over for the first time by a Protestant prince. Under such circumstances what else could be expected than that Silesia should become to Prussia what Ireland has been to England—a perennial fountain of bitterness—an object to all statesmen of anxious solicitude, and to nearly all of afflicting disappointment—a battle-field of ever-recurring political and religious animosities, and, like other battle-fields, laid waste by the contention! Yet so prompt and so prudent were the measures of Frederick in behalf of his new conquest—neither neglecting the interests of his subjects, as, for instance, Joseph the First, nor yet wounding their prejudices, like Joseph the Second—that within a few years' space Silesia became as firmly bound to him as Brandenburg, and that Maria Theresa, in her later attempts to recover the province, found no effective or general assistance from the Silesians themselves.

We must confess, however, that this praise of the general result of Frederick's government is not easily borne out on examining the particular steps of the process. Wide as are the differences amongst ourselves on questions of trade and taxation, we do not suppose that one man could now be found to vindicate the former system in Prussia. Severe Government monopolies laid on main articles of consumption, and farmed out to speculators from a foreign country, form perhaps the very worst system of finance which human ingenuity has yet devised. And such was Frederick's—as a short review of the items will show.

On meat there was established an excise-duty of one *pfennig* per pound; and moreover varying but always considerable *Droits d'Octroi* at the gates of towns on cattle and sheep. Thus at Berlin there was demanded for each ox one *thaler* thirteen *groschen* of *entrance-excise*, and ten *groschen* more of *market-excise*; besides which there was another duty on the hide and another on the tallow. Bread was not excised; but the *Octroi* on wheat and on flour amounted to four and six *pfennigs* the bushel respectively: the effect being, of course, to make bread dearer in the towns than in the villages or open country. On brandy there was an excise of one *groschen* the quart; on beer of eighteen *groschen* the barrel. Coffee, tobacco, and salt were not merely excised, but administered by and for the state as monopolies. For the most part the coffee was only sold ready roasted for use—the right of roasting it being reserved as a special favor for certain privileged classes, as the nobles, the officers of the army, and the clergy in towns. The duty retained by the Government was at first four *groschen* the pound; but, in 1772, was increased to six *groschen* and two *pfennigs*. It was calculated, that, deducting the duty, a pound of coffee could not possibly be sold by the fair trader at less than four *groschen* and three-quarters; yet the price of the pound of coffee at Berlin in the retail trade never exceeded ten *groschen*; a clear proof of the prevalence and success of smuggling. Redoubled vigilance and severity on the part of the French revenue-officers in this department—the 'coffee-smellers' (*Kaffee-Riecher*), as the mob called them—were wholly unavailing, except to increase the animosity against themselves. Thus, in 1784, the King found it necessary to reduce the amount of the duty by one half, and it

is remarkable that the revenue derived from it almost immediately doubled. In the preceding year this revenue had been only 300,000 dollars; in the subsequent year it rose to 574,000.* It must however be observed that the King's object in the higher rate was perhaps not so much financial as prohibitory. When the *Land-Stände* of Pomerania ventured to remonstrate against the increased duties on coffee and wines, his Majesty's views were explained in his own Royal Rescript of August 27, 1779:—

'The great point,' says that Rescript (which is written in the style of familiar conversation), 'is to put some limits to the dreadful amount of consumption. It is quite horrible how far the consumption of coffee goes—to say nothing of other articles! The reason is, that every peasant and common fellow is accustoming himself to the use of coffee, as being now so easily procured in the open country. If this be a little bit checked the people must take again to beer, and that is surely for the good of their own breweries, as more beer would then be sold. Here then is the object—that so much money may not go to foreign parts for coffee; and if but 60,000 dollars went yearly, that is quite enough. As to the right of search, which the *Land-Stände* object to, it is needful to keep order, especially among their own domestics, and, as good subjects to the King, they should not even say a word against it. Besides, his Majesty's own Royal Person was reared in childhood upon beer-soups (ale-berry), and why not then just as well the people down yonder? It is much wholesomer than coffee. The *Land-Stände* may therefore set their minds at rest on the matter, especially since all noblemen residing on their own estates shall continue to have free of duty as much coffee and wine as they require for their own and their families' consumption; only care must be taken that this their privilege be guarded from abuse, and that no contraband traffic be carried on under their names. That cannot possibly be winked at for the future.'

Bad as was this system of impost, with the like monopoly of tobacco and salt, Frederick may be reproached for introducing another still worse. In 1763 there were first established in Prussia Government lotteries. At first the annual profits from this source were small, only 60,000 dollars, but they gradually increased, both during Frederick's reign and after it. The net proceeds in 1829 are stated at 684,000 dollars.

No mode of administration, as we conceive, could have made the main Government monopolies welcome to the people. But certainly they were much aggravated in practice by the system which the King selected. Three years after the peace of

* De Launay, *Justification du Système*, p. 39.

Hubertsburg, Frederick summoned over from Paris several French farmers-general, the chief of whom was La Haye de Launay, and by them exclusively he administered his principal monopolies, as tobacco and coffee. This system, under the name of *La Régie*, was steadily maintained for twenty years, that is, during the remainder of Frederick's reign, but was immediately afterwards cancelled by his successor.

Nor was the French importation limited to the principal contractors; they drew over in their train several hundred of their countrymen, who were forthwith distributed over the Prussian states as men in office, with various grades and denominations: *Directeurs, Inspecteurs, Vérificateurs, Contrôleurs, Visiteurs, Commis, Plombiers, Contrôleurs ambulants, Jaugeurs, Commis rats de cave*, and, above all, *Anti-contrebandiers à pied et à cheval!* To these were adjoined also a great number of Germans, but always in a subaltern situation to the French. The whole establishment was far too numerous and costly, Frederick himself being the judge; for when, in 1783, he came to revise its details, he found himself able to suppress no less than 834 *employés*, and to effect a saving of 150,000 dollars yearly. Nor was the general financial result satisfactory. It has been ably shown by Dr. Preuss that the average annual receipts since the French financiers came in exceeded the former ones by only 857,000 dollars; a result not at all commensurate to the additional taxes imposed, nor to the growing population and prosperity of the Prussian states.

Undoubtedly, however, the main fault of the system was the deep humiliation of the Prussians at finding themselves thus excluded from the administration of their own finances, and declared incapable of filling the best employments in their native country. It may likewise be imagined that ignorant or careless as were many of the French excisemen of any foreign language, the collisions between them and the native population were both frequent and angry.

We are far from disputing the financial merits of our nearest neighbors whenever employed at home. But we really doubt whether even the Egyptian locusts, whose appearance so greatly irritated Frederick, could have proved a worse plague to his subjects than these French excisemen. It will be observed that they (although the excise itself was of long standing) were not appointed until some years after the Seven

Years' War. Had they been at work previously, we are strongly of opinion that the King would have felt their ill effect from the anger and alienation of at least his Silesian subjects.

Passing to another branch we may observe, that in many parts of the Prussian monarchy the peasants continued to be feudal serfs—*ascripti gleba*. Such Frederick found them at his accession—such he left them at his death. It is due to him, however, to observe that he issued several edicts to secure them as far as possible from any wanton ill-usage of their masters. With regard to these, the proprietors of the soil, there was a wide distinction maintained between those who were and those who were not of noble birth. None of the former class were allowed to alienate their lands to the latter without a special Royal license; and this license, for which we find many applications in Frederick's correspondence, was almost invariably refused; the object being, that if even some noblemen should be ruined, the estates of the nobles as a class should undergo no diminution.

This system, however irreconcilable with the French philosophy of Frederick, was no doubt in accordance with the temper and feelings at that time of his principal subjects. But it is difficult to understand what prejudice was gratified, or what advantage beyond facility of taxation it was expected to secure, by another system not less rigidly adhered to—the confinement of all manufacturing industry within town walls. By an Edict of June 4, 1718, which was not repealed till 1810, no kind of handicraftsmen were allowed to ply in the villages or open country, except these six: smiths, wheelwrights, carpenters, masons, weavers, and tailors. There were certain exemptions for breweries and distilleries, especially in the provinces between the Oder and the Vistula, but the general rule stood as we have just described it. Thus the many new manufactories and branches of industry which Frederick loved to found or foster had to struggle against both the confined space and the larger expenses of the towns.

All such new manufactories, however, during Frederick's reign, were not only guarded by protective duties against their foreign rivals, but propped and encouraged by bounties. Large sums were often and readily devoted to this end. Some points, however, in Frederick's commercial policy,

as in his financial, would be in the present day universally condemned. Thus, wishing to secure to the woollen manufactures of Prussia a cheap and constant supply of their raw material, he absolutely prohibited the export of wool from his dominions; nay, more, by an Edict of April 3, 1774, he decreed that the export of wool or fleece thenceforward be a capital offence!

The Corn-Laws of Frederick were also, to say the least of them, rather stringent. There was a general order issued at the very outset of his reign, that whenever in any district or at any season the land-owners were unwilling to dispose of their stocks of grain, it might be seized by the Government officers and forcibly sold by auction. He also insisted that in common years his granaries and garrisons should be supplied at a low fixed price as named by himself. On the other hand, however, these granaries were always opened in a year of scarcity, and their contents being sold at moderate prices tended in no small degree to counteract the prevailing dearth.

'For Universities and schools,' says Dr. Preuss, 'Frederick did much less than might have been expected from so warm a friend of civilization and knowledge.' On one occasion indeed, as we have elsewhere mentioned, he founded nearly 200 schools for his new province of West Prussia; but in general he supplied for the schools in his dominions only his advice, and not his money, of which they stood in urgent need. The office of village school-master was so wretchedly paid that of course it was wretchedly filled; most of them, as the King informs us, being tailors! Still far worse, however, grew the state of things when Frederick, in 1779, hit upon this expedient for providing without expense to himself for his invalided soldiers. The veterans thus turned into pedagogues were found for the most part wholly unequal to the task, as many of them frankly owned; nay, we are even assured that in the better-conducted schools the new master appeared to know much less than his pupils. Wretched, however, as must have been such attempts at teaching, the subjects of Frederick had no choice or option in resorting to them. It was enjoined on every Prussian of the lower class to send their sons to these, and no other schools. In like manner Frederick attempted to prop up his defective Universities by his expedient—monopoly. He had issued a Decree that any Prussian subject educated abroad or passing less than two

years at a Prussian University should be held disqualified for any civil or ecclesiastical appointment in his service.

But though in the Prussian states one form of education was thus made imperative, every form of religion was left perfectly free. Viewing as did Frederick all sects of Christianity with most impartial contempt, it cost him of course no effort to treat them all alike. Every zealot in exile or under persecution—from the Jesuit down to the materialist, like La Metrie, to whom indeed he granted a pension—found in his states a cordial welcome and a quiet refuge. With equal readiness did he apply himself to provide churches for the Lutherans at Breslau, and a Cathedral for the Roman Catholics at Berlin. It may, however, be observed that he made no attempt to conciliate the good will of the latter by increasing their endowments or remitting their taxation. From all the convents and religious houses of Silesia he claimed the payment of 50 per cent. from their net incomes, and on the partition of Poland we find him establish the same scale in this new province of West Prussia.

We may likewise remark that, in corresponding with clergymen of whatever persuasion, Frederick was not led by any views of policy to refrain from his customary scoffs and sneers. He loved especially to taunt them with texts of Scripture misapplied. Once, he was building arcades around the windows of the town-church at Potsdam, and received a remonstrance from its clergy, entreating his Majesty to suspend the work, for that otherwise they would not be able to see. The King answered, 'Blessed are they which have not seen and yet have believed!' On another occasion the Pastor Pels of Bernau, finding that he could not subsist on his yearly stipend of less than 40*l*. English, applied for some augmentation—a request which in England at least would not be thought unreasonable; but he received the following as the Royal reply—'The Apostles did not thirst after lucre. They have preached in vain, for Herr Pels has no Apostolic soul!'—It is surprising that such mockeries do not seem at that time to have stirred up any of the religious resentment and indignation, which would undoubtedly be found to result from them at present.

The tolerant maxims of Frederick scarcely extended to the Jews. He appears to have felt a prepossession against that race; founded, perhaps, on their real or supposed

unaptness for war. Alone among his subjects they were liable to an ignominious poll-tax, like so many heads of cattle—a tax not abolished until 1787, the year after Frederick's death. Many branches of trade were prohibited to them, as breweries and distilleries, or the sale of any article of food, except amongst themselves. Several towns, as Ruppin, were confirmed in the privilege, as they deemed it, that no Jew should ever sleep within their walls. In all other towns the number of Jewish families, as once settled, was on no account to be exceeded—(a rule, however, relaxed in practice); and these families were held liable collectively for the imposts due by any one of them. And such were the shackles in Prussia even on the more privileged, or, as called by courtesy, the 'protected Jews' (*Schutz-Juden*); and, heavy as they seem, yet lighter than those they bore in many other parts of Germany! Even down to 1833, as we learn from Dr. Preuss; and as we believe even to the present year, no Jew, though of the highest character, was considered in the Prussian courts of law as what they term *testis omni exceptione major*; nor can his testimony ever be held fully equivalent to a Christian's! * Surely the resisting any further political concessions to that race is by no means incompatible with the denouncing such civil restraints upon them as most oppressive and unjust.

Nor can it be said that these restraints and hardships in the Prussian states under Frederick's reign were lightened by any peculiar gentleness of manner in his Majesty. Thus in November, 1764, we find him issue an angry order against the presumption of certain Jews who had taken cows on hire. And when Benjamin Meyer of Magdeburg, in 1765, applied for equal rights with the Christian tradesmen of that town, the Royal reply was as follows:—'Let the Jew immediately take himself away from Magdeburg, or the commandant shall kick him out!'

In Prussia, as in other German states at that period, the press was far from free; there was both a censorship before publication, and after it at any time a power of seizure. Frederick was not a man to bear any attacks upon his policy, if by such at-

tacks that policy could be thwarted or endangered; but when his own person and character only were concerned, he displayed the most magnanimous forbearance. During his whole reign libels against him might be circulated, and libellers go free. Thus, in 1761, a little pasquinade, whose venom may be discovered even in its title, *La Laïs Philosophe*, was sold without obstruction in the Prussian capital. Frederick himself with a lofty spirit declared, 'C'est à moi à faire mon devoir, et laisser dire les méchants.' In the same tone he writes to Voltaire on March 2, 1775:—

'Je pense sur ces satires comme Epictète: "Si l'on dit du mal de toi, et qu'il soit véritable, corrige-toi; si ce sont des mensonges, ris-en!" J'ai appris avec l'âge à devenir un bon cheval de poste; je fais ma station et ne m'embarrasse pas des roquets qui aboient en chemin.'

In 1784 a severer trial awaited the King's magnanimity from Voltaire himself, when there came forth the witty and scandalous *Vie Privée*—that Parthian arrow which Voltaire had drawn on his flight from Berlin in 1753, but had concealed until his own death. Yet of this *Vie Privée*, teeming as it does with every topic of invective and ridicule upon the King, a whole edition was leisurely disposed of by Pitra, the King's own bookseller, at Berlin!

Caricatures upon Frederick were treated by him with the same lofty unconcern. One day, as he was riding along the *Jäger-Strasse* at Berlin, he observed a crowd pressing forward and staring at a paper stuck high upon the wall. As he drew near, he perceived that it was a satirical representation of himself, as engaged in the coffee-monopoly, with one of his hands turning a coffee-mill and with the other greedily picking up a single bean which had fallen to the ground. Frederick turned coolly round to the Heyduke who attended him and said, 'Take down that paper and hang it lower, so that the people may not strain their necks in looking at it.' And this the Heyduke was proceeding to do, when the people, struck at their King's magnanimity, broke into loud huzzas, and tore the injurious portrait into a thousand pieces.

It was once observed by Dr. Johnson, with his usual admirable sense, that 'no man was ever written down, except by himself;' and certainly it was not from the publications of others, but from his own, that King Frederick suffered both in fame

* We find, however, from the *Allgemeine Preussische Zeitung* of August 7, 1847, that a *Projet de Loi*, to remedy most of the remaining grievances of the Jews, has been recently submitted by the Government to the States, and in part adopted.

and fortunes. To this day his leaden volumes of poetry, of that kind of mediocrity, not, as Horace says, to be borne by gods or men, form a counterpoise to his military glories and administrative skill. And during his lifetime it was truly surprising to find a prince so provident and wary on any other affair, beyond all measure rash and reckless in his satirical attacks on Madame de Pompadour at the height of her favor, and on the Empress Elizabeth of Russia. There is no doubt that the biting verses, imprudently written, and still more imprudently promulgated, on the private life of both these ladies, were among the main causes of the greatest danger which he ever ran—of that all but irresistible confederacy formed against him in the Seven Years' War.

At other times, however, Frederick, versed as he was in the secrets of the press, made use of them for his own objects in a manner seldom tried by princes. Thus, in 1767, the King found the public at Berlin inclined to tattle on the chance of another war. To turn their attention he immediately composed and sent to the newspapers a full account of a wonderful hail-storm stated to have taken place at Potsdam on the 27th of February in that year. Not only did this imaginary narrative engross for some time, as he desired, the public conversation, but it gave rise to some grave philosophical treatises on the supposed phenomenon!

Over the administration of Justice, Frederick, as we have already said, held despotic sway. Whenever he found fault with the decision of a Court of Law, he thought himself entitled not only to reverse the sentence but to punish the judges. But it is due to him to add that he never exercised this authority on any grounds of powerful influence or personal regard. His state-papers and correspondence teem with applications from persons of the first rank in the Prussian monarchy, entreating him to suspend some decree of the courts which they found inconvenient, but the King invariably refuses, 'since,' as he often adds, 'the laws must govern all alike.' It was his maxim, that before a judicial court a prince and a peasant should be entirely equal; and this was not, like some of his others, a mere holiday maxim, to be paraded in a French poem or a French pamphlet, and never thought of afterwards; but again and again did he press it on his Chancellor and judges, both

urging it in words, and enforcing it in action.

In explanation of this last point it is to be observed, that although Frederick would never consent to reverse a judgment from motives of friendship or favor, he was prompt to do so whenever he thought that the poor had been injured or despoiled by the rich. Nor was it merely such a case of oppression, real or supposed, which roused him: his keen eye discerned how frequently a delay is equivalent to a denial of justice. Sometimes, therefore, he would interfere to simplify and shorten the wearisome forms of jurisprudence, and cut through, as it were, with his sword those Gordian knots which lawyers love to weave. Of the technicalities in other countries he spoke with caustic disdain. Thus he writes to Voltaire, January 27, 1775, on the case of a French officer preparing to enter his service and perplexed by a law-suit at home:—

'A vue de pays son procès pourra bien traîner au moins une année. On me mande que des formalités importantes exigent ces délais, et que ce n'est qu'à force de patience qu'on parvient à perdre un procès au Parlement de Paris. J'apprends ces belles choses avec étonnement et sans y comprendre le moindre mot.'

It must be owned, however, that Frederick did not join to his horror of injustice sufficient thought and care, and that he sometimes caused the very evil which he dreaded. The story of the miller Arnold has been often told. The King, believing that here a poor man had been wronged through the undue influence of a nobleman, his neighbor, took up the affair most warmly, discarded his Chancellor, sent three of his Judges to Spandau, and forcibly reinstated Arnold in possession of the mill. It was afterwards proved by incontrovertible documents, and is now universally acknowledged, that the miller was a knave; that the Chancellor had taken no part in the business; and, above all, that the Judges had decided according to right, and were therefore punished without reason. Nay more, we are assured that the King himself admitted his error to one of his familiar attendants, but added, that the mistake being already made, could not, without loss of dignity, be recalled. Such painful cases imply (for really the arguments here lie upon the surface) great want of care and attention in the Royal arbitrator. They also prove that no prince should

ever in any country be invested with a despotic power above the laws. But while we deprecate despotic power, and while we demand vigilant care, we must, even in the teeth of such cases, express our sympathy in any endeavors to clear from rubbish and to open wider the portals of the Temple of Justice. In our own Court of Chancery we may perceive how, by never swerving from established forms, a most faulty system may consist with the most upright intentions, and with the most learned men. Our Lord Chancellors for the last century and upwards have been above all suspicion and reproach. We had lately Lord Lyndhurst, eminent as a judge, orator, and statesman. We have now Lord Cottenham, eminent as a judge. Every legal decision of either would command implicit and deserved respect. Yet in the courts over which they presided or preside, how often are old technicalities more powerful than they; how often are large fortunes lavished to secure the clearest right; how often is the clearest right relinquished or forborne rather than be asserted at such cost and time! Surely, even a 'killing Decree,' as poor Aubrey called it in Lord Bacon's time, would weigh more lightly on the suitors than the prospect of no Decree at all—the prospect that by the time the suit has grown to years, and the solicitor's bill to thousands, they should still be met by some fresh *Demurrer* or some renewed *Reference to the Master*!

We ask pardon of our readers for this digression, and are warned by it to forbear from entering upon other topics—as of Frederick's foreign policy—which might lead us too far. The partition of Poland especially is so momentous an episode that it cannot be disposed of in a single paragraph. Yet, perhaps, not merely that transaction, but the whole foreign policy of Frederick was once aptly described by some Polish borderers in a single word. When they saw displayed on the flagstaff of the newly gained frontier the Prussian Eagle, with the motto *SUUM CUIQUE*, they slyly wrote beneath *RAPUIT*! These questions, however, we shall for the present pass by, and proceed to relate the circumstances of Frederick's last illness and death.

During many years he had sustained periodical fits of gout, and also frequent stomach disorders, the result of his errors or excesses at table. Still, however, by early hours and regular exercise, his constitution had since his early youth gained

much in vital strength, and enabled him to recover promptly and completely from such attacks. When sick, he invariably became far more gentle and forbearing to all around him; and thus also, as we are told by his chief valet-de-chambre, Schöning, the surest sign of his convalescence was his ill treatment of those with whom he had seemed well satisfied during his sickness. In August, 1785, when the King was directing the annual review in Silesia, in the presence of many foreign generals and princes, the weather became cold and stormy, and he was earnestly entreated to forbear from appearing on the ground. But Frederick was determined never until the last necessity to relax from a single one of his kingly duties; accordingly he sat on horseback to see the troops defile during six hours of heavy rain, and on his return home was seized with fever and ague. Those for the time he shook off; but, through the whole of the ensuing winter, his health grew subject to daily variation; many slight attacks soon recovered from, but ever again recurring.

It is probable, however, that his life might have been prolonged during several years, had he been only willing to use some degree of prudence and restraint in his diet; but on this most tender subject he would hearken to no counsel. Thus, for instance, while at Breslau after his short campaign of 1778, he was suffering severely from colic and indigestion; and his physician, Dr. Möhsen, ventured to intimate, with the utmost deference and humility, that it might be better for his Majesty to abstain from Parmesan cheese in his favorite *polentas* until after his Majesty's stomach had by proper remedies recovered its tone. '*Alle Teufel!*' cried the King, with a loud and angry voice, 'are you reprimanding me? Get you gone, I have no further occasion for you!' Poor Dr. Möhsen hastened back to Berlin with all precipitation, and greatly discomfited. Nearly in the same way it fared with his successor, Dr. Selle, at the commencement of the King's last illness. In other respects likewise he was a far from tractable patient. As in state-affairs, he would take nothing on trust, but required to have everything made clear to his own perception; and he expected from any medicine some decisive and speedy effects—otherwise, the medicine itself was soon discarded.

Under these circumstances the King grew worse and worse in the first months of 1786. He was often sleepless at nights,

but, on the other hand, would fall into short and uneasy slumbers by day. His strength was so far reduced that he could only ride occasionally, and when lifted on his horse. A short dry cough set in, and his breathing became so difficult that he could not lie down in bed, but only sit through the twenty-four hours bending forwards on the same arm-chair. Symptoms of dropsy also began to show themselves both in his body and his limbs.

With all this, however, the King's activity and zeal in transacting business never for one moment abated. He continued to read every despatch and memorial, to dictate and sign his answers, and to carry on all the current business for the public good with the same punctuality and clearness as ever. Such was the intention which he had long ago expressed in his 'Epître au Maréchal Keith :—

'Oui, finissons sans trouble, et mourons sans regrets,
En laissant l'univers comblé de nos bienfaits;
Ainsi l'astre du jour au bout de sa carrière
Répand sur l'horison une douce lumière,
Et ses derniers rayons qu'il darde dans les airs,
Sont ses derniers soupirs qu'il donne à l'univers.'

This is the only piece of poetry by Frederick with which we intend to trouble our readers, and we think that they will be inclined to forgive its poverty of versification and confusion of metaphor (sunbeams turned into sighs!) for the sake of its noble and lofty sentiment—a sentiment, be it observed, not merely put forth in high health thirty years before, but courageously fulfilled and carried through when there came the hour of trial.

Nor yet, amidst all his suffering, did his gaiety and love of jest forsake him. When the Duke of Courland came to see him at this period, the King asked him whether he stood in need of a good watchman, 'for if so,' added his Majesty, 'allow me to offer myself, being well qualified for such a post by my sleeplessness at nights.'

Finding little benefit from medicine, and unwilling to try abstinence, Frederick placed his own hopes on the return of fine weather, and as the spring advanced often caused himself to be set in a chair on the sunny side of the palace to inhale the balmy air. But no real improvement having ensued, the King, in the course of June, wrote to summon from Hanover the celebrated Swiss physician, Dr. Zimmermann. Accordingly, Zimmermann came, and on a

careful consideration of the symptoms, prescribed as a stomachic the daily use of the Extract of *Taraxicum*—the common meadow Dandelion. But he heard with dismay, from the valet-de-chambre Schöning, how great continued to be the King's errors of diet. 'The most indigestible dishes,' said Schöning, 'are the favorites with his Majesty; and whenever he is prevailed upon by a physician to try any medicine, he does not on that account put any restraint on his immoderate eating.' The truth of such accounts was soon apparent to Dr. Zimmermann from his own observation. We will give in his very words his report of the King's dinner on the 30th of June :—

'This day the King took a very large quantity of soup, and this consisted, as usual with him, of the very strongest and most highly spiced ingredients; yet, spiced as it was already, he added to each plate of it a large spoonful of pounded ginger and mace. His Majesty then ate a good piece of *boeuf à la Russe*—beef which had been steeped in half a quart of brandy. Next he took a great quantity of an Italian dish, which is made half of Indian corn and half of Parmesan cheese: to this the juice of garlic is added, and the whole is baked in butter until there arises a hard rind as thick as a finger. This, one of the King's most darling dishes, is named *Polenta*. At last,' continues Zimmermann, 'the King, having expressed his satisfaction at the excellent appetite which the Dandelion gave him, closed the scene with a whole plateful of eel-pie, which was so hot and fiery that it seemed as though it had been baked in Hell! Even before leaving the table on this occasion he fell into a doze, and was seized with convulsions. At other times again,' adds the Doctor, 'the King would eat a large quantity of chilling and unwholesome fruits, especially melons, and then again a vast number of sweetmeats.'

With such irregularities on the part of a septuagenary invalid—still persevered in, notwithstanding all Dr. Zimmermann's warnings—our readers will not be surprised to learn that his ailments during the month of July became greatly aggravated, and that every hope of amendment, or even alleviation to them, disappeared. The last time that he mounted Condé was on the 4th of July, when he was with great difficulty placed in his saddle, and after a short gallop manifested extreme exhaustion.

Through the whole of his long illness there was no word or deed of the King which referred to religious feelings or betokened any idea of a future state. All his thoughts apparently were of this earth—to

fulfil his Royal duties and also enjoy his personal pleasures to the last. On one occasion when he received a letter from some zealous persons urging his conversion, he handed the letter to one of his Secretaries for reply, merely saying with unusual gentleness, 'They should be answered kindly, for they mean well!'

Frederick does not appear, during his last illness, to have seen or wished to see any member of his family; but almost every evening he received as usual his circle of literary friends. He never wearied them with complaints of his painful state, nor even mentioned it, but conversed cheerfully on the events of the day, and on various points of history and horticulture, literature and philosophy. He also continued both to read himself and to read to. The last works which he perused were a 'History of Henry IV. of France;' the 'Siècle de Louis XV.' by Voltaire; and the 'Twelve Cæsars' of Suetonius as translated by La Harpe.

Conscious as was Frederick of his daily declining health, and hopeless as his state had now become, it is not clear how far he was himself aware of his near approaching dissolution. On the 10th of August he wrote as follows to his sister, the Duchess of Brunswick:—

'MON ADORABLE SŒUR—Le Médecin de Hanovre [Zimmermann] a voulu se faire valoir chez vous, ma bonne sœur, mais la vérité est qu'il m'a été inutile. Les vieux doivent faire place aux jeunes gens pour que chaque génération trouve sa place; et à bien examiner ce que c'est que la vie, c'est voir mourir et naître ses compatriotes. En attendant, je me trouve un peu soulagé depuis quelques jours. Mon cœur vous reste inviolablement attaché, ma bonne sœur. Avec la plus haute considération, je suis, etc.,

'FEDERIC.'

Next day, however, we find the King, as if in expectation of a longer life, dictate a letter to the bookseller Pitra, for a supply of new publications to his library in the ensuing year.

To the last, Frederick displayed the same unconquerable application, the same ardent zeal for the improvement of his states. Thus, on the 1st of August, we may observe that he dictated both instructions and inquiries as the first step towards the reclaiming of a large morass near Tilsit. To the last, also, there continued the same care and thought for the gratification of his palate. Some of the daily bills of fare laid before him within a fortnight of his

death, and corrected by his own hand, are still preserved. Thus on the 4th of August, one of the dishes proposed to him was *Des gateaux à la Rothenbourg*, to be executed by one of his culinary artists with the classic name of *Dionysius*; but on reflection his Majesty deemed it better to substitute another dish and another cook to dress it. Accordingly he effaced the names which we have just quoted, and wrote upon the margin: '*Gosset—Filet de Poulets au Basilic*'; mais que la sauce ne soit pas trop épaisse.'

On the morning of the 15th, Frederick, far contrary to his usual habit, dosed till eleven o'clock; then, however, he received his Cabinet-Secretaries, and gave them directions with a feeble voice, but with his customary clearness. He also drew out for General von Rohdich, the Commandant of Potsdam, a plan of some manœuvres which he wished the garrison to execute on the morrow—a plan perfectly accurate, and well adapted to the ground. At dinner he ate half a lobster, the last food which passed his lips. In the afternoon he fell into a kind of stupor, which continued more or less through the night. Early on the 16th a rattle was heard in his throat, and he seemed at the very point of death.

When it was announced to him, as usual, that the Cabinet-Secretaries had come, and were ready in the ante-chamber, he could scarcely gasp out words to desire that they should wait, and that he would see them presently. They remained outside, but in the course of the morning General Von Rohdich entered his room. As that officer appeared before him, it was painful to observe how the dying Monarch strove to collect his failing energy and fulfil his daily task; how he labored, but all in vain, to raise his drooping head from the corner of his chair, to fix his glassy eye, and to move his speechless tongue. The General put up his papers, and withdrew in silence, with a handkerchief before his face. When, in the afternoon, at the desire of the Prince of Prussia, Dr. Selle came from Berlin, he found that his Royal Patient had slightly rallied, being able to stir a few steps, and articulate a few words;—but for the first time during his long reign, he never mentioned, and seemed to have forgotten, the current business, not yet despatched, of the day—a surer symptom than any other, observed Dr. Selle, of his close approaching dissolution. About seven o'clock the King had a short but quiet and

refreshing interval of sleep. As the clock placed above his head struck eleven, he inquired the hour, and on being told, he added, 'At four o'clock I will rise.' About midnight his Majesty observed that his favorite dog had sprung from the allotted cushion by his side, upon which he inquired where he was, and desired that he might be put back again. These were the last words he spoke. Soon after the rattle in his throat returned, his breathing grew fainter and fainter, and at twenty minutes past two on the morning of the 17th of August he expired. He was seventy-four years and six months of age.

It is remarkable that during all this time—so strict was the discipline in the Royal Household—the King's imminent danger remained a secret not only to most of the Foreign Ministers at Berlin, but also to most members of the Royal Family. Even on the 16th, when the King was at the last extremity, the Queen gave an afternoon party at Schönhausen. Mirabeau, who had just returned from a visit to Prince Henry at Rheinsberg, was present, and states that the Envoy of France was by no means aware of the crisis being so near at hand, and that the Queen herself was equally unconscious. In Mirabeau's own words, 'La Reine ne s'en doutait pas; elle ne me parla que de mon habit, de Rheinsberg, et du bonheur qu'elle y avait goûté étant Princesse Royale.*' Thus was her Majesty talking of her honeymoon in the last hours of her married life!

In the portrait which we have now endeavored to draw of Frederick's private character in old age and his system of administration in peace, we are conscious that many of the features may appear scarcely consistent with each other, or as appertaining to one and the same mind. As in the giant figure of Dante's vision:—

• Dentro dal monte sta dritto un gran veglio:

La sua testa è di fin' oro formata,
E puro argento son le braccia e 'l petto;
Poi è di rame infino alla forcata;
Da indi in giù è tutto ferro eletto,
Salvo che 'l destro piede è terra cotta,
E sta 'n su quel, più che 'n nell' altro eretto:
Ciascuna parte, fuor che l'oro, è rotta!'

Thus also in King Frederick the clay was strangely blended with the gold; it is impossible to deny with truth the presence of

either, and it remains only to assign precisely the different proportions.

Mr. Macaulay, in a most able sketch of Frederick's early life and campaigns—a sketch which first appeared in the pages of a contemporary journal, but since among his own collected Essays—calls his Prussian Majesty 'the greatest King that has in modern times succeeded by right of birth to a throne.' With very sincere respect for Mr. Macaulay's critical authority, we must here however dissent from his conclusion. Several Royal and legitimate names occur to us as deserving to stand higher on the rolls of fame. Thus, upon the whole, and not without a consciousness of many blemishes and errors in our hero, we should prefer to Frederick, the Fourth Henry of France. But without any doubt or hesitation we should assign the palm over both to Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden. As with Frederick, his grandfather was the first King of his race; to that King, like Frederick, he was lineal and peaceful heir. Succeeding to the throne at a far earlier age than the Prussian monarch, he fell in the field of glory when only thirty-seven—that age so often fatal to genius—yet within that narrow space, during those few and youthful years, how much had he already achieved for immortality! As a statesman he may be held to have surpassed; as a warrior to have equalled, Frederick. And if lofty principles and a thought of things beyond this earth be admitted as an element of greatness (as undoubtedly they should be), how much will the balance then incline to the side of Gustavus! The victory gained by the Prussian King at Rosbach was, we allow, fully equal to the victory gained by the Swedish King at Leipsick on nearly the same ground one hundred and twenty-seven years before. The two Monarchs were alike in the action; but how striking the contrast between them in the evening of the well-fought day! Gustavus kneeling down at the head of all his troops to give God the glory! Frederick seated alone in his tent, and composing his loathsome Ode!

The character of Frederick is now, we rejoice to think, viewed by his own countrymen in a fair and discriminating spirit. On the one hand there is, and there ought to be, the greatest admiration for his military genius and renown; on the other hand there is no leaning to his infidel philosophy, or to his iron despotism, or to his fantastic notions of finance. The French

* *Histoire Secrète de Berlin*, vol. I., p. 84, ed., 1799.

language is not now preferred to the German by the Germans themselves, nor is the literature of Berlin any longer the pale reflex of that of Paris. On the contrary, there appears to grow on the banks of the Elbe and the Rhine the inclination to a careful study of the kindred tongue—to a generous emulation with the kindred race, of England. Even now such names as

Humboldt and Hallam, as Eastlake and Cornelius, may worthily stand side by side. Nor, we hope, is the day far distant when the progress of Prussia in her constitutional rights shall enable her statesmen to vie with ours in the principles of free institutions, and in that manly and unpremeditated eloquence which free institutions alone can produce or preserve.

From *Tait's Magazine*.

OLD SONGS.

BY ELIZABETH YOUATT.

In ancient times, the Muses were said to be only three, Mneme, or "Memory;" Metele, or "Meditation;" and Aoide, or "Song." According to the poet Alcman, they were the daughters of Uranus and Gæa, dwelling in Mount Helicon, but nevertheless children of Earth. It is of the last-mentioned of these three gentle sisters that we are about to write, claiming her as one of the sweetest of our household deities to this day.

Music has been called "an artistic union of inarticulate sounds and rhythm, exciting agreeable sensations, and raising mental images and emotions directly or indirectly pleasing. As an adjunct, it is a beautiful illustration of language; combined with the sister art, it becomes a highly ornamental kind of eloquence." It is a tuneful link between the present and the past—a sweet and mysterious voice, whispering of by-gone days—and friends—and scenes—and bright, fairy hopes that may never come again. "Musical floods of tears!" to quote the words of one of its most enthusiastic votaries—"gushes of pure joyfulness! exquisite embodiments of fugitive thoughts!" A thing of dreams, and memories, and beauty! Melodious outpourings of genius, that slip into the heart, as dear old Christopher North says, just like light, no one knows how, filling its chambers sweetly and silently, and leaving it nothing more to desire for perfect contentment.

Madame De Staël advocates the infinite superiority of instrumental over vocal music, on account of the vagueness of the former leaving so much to the imagination; while Metastasio describes it as possessing that advantage over poetry, which a universal

language has over a particular one. But this is a subject upon which we have no intention of entering, the present paper being devoted to the thoughts and reminiscences indissolubly connected with Old Song—and who has not some such?

We are told by Lucretius, that "the birds taught man to sing." "And did God teach the birds?" asked one who was too bright and pure for this world, and is now, we trust, among the angels in heaven. The expression of that childish face, with the clear earnest eyes, and thoughtful brow, is haunting us yet "Did God teach the birds?" or did they burst out singing all at once, when they opened their eyes upon so beautiful a world? I do not think I should have required teaching, it seems so natural to sing when we are happy! Like that young child, many of our ancient philosophers believe song and speech to have been coeval.

Music among the Greeks is a comprehensive term, signifying poetry sang with some sort of accompaniment. According to tradition, Cadmus with his Phœnicians originally introduced music into Greece. But Plutarch, in his "Dialogue on Music," first makes Lycias a professor of the art, repeats the statement of Heraclides, that Amphion, the son of Jupiter and Antiope, taught the Greeks to compose and sing lyric poetry; then by a second interlocutor, Soterichus contradicts the first, assigning to Apollo the merit of having converted Greece into a musical nation—Apollo, *the singer*, as he is termed by Horace.

"By what is called Greek music, therefore," writes the able author of that article in Knight's *Cyclopædia*, "we understand

the union of poetry and music, the former of the two exercising the greatest sway over the mind, because expressing noble sentiments—gracefully inculcating religion and morality—teaching obedience to the laws—exciting generous feelings—and inspiring patriotism and courage. It is thus only that we can account for the effects said to be wrought by ancient music.” And again, he repeats his belief that it is the blending of harmony and song, which undeniably operated with such amazing force on all classes of the people—music being but the ally of verse. According to Plato and Aristotle, the Greeks, too, had their old songs, some of which have descended to the present day, full of classical and traditional associations.

Homer is said to have sung his own epics. What is so delightful as to hear a poet sing his own compositions? The expression, the soul of the poetry, coming from his lips just as it welled up from the deep fountain of inspiration, the mysteries of which are so little understood by the uninitiated. What is so delightful as to set some favorite rhyme to a tune of our own, and sing it to weariness—if that were possible? It is pleasant enough for an author to find his works translated into a foreign language; but to hear his own songs, unexpectedly, in a far land—ah! that is fame indeed!

Rousseau describes song (*chanson*) “as a very brief, lyrical poem, founded commonly on agreeable subjects, to which a melody is added for the purpose of singing it on familiar occasions, either at table among friends, or to a beloved object; and even when alone, to dissipate the *ennui* of the rich, and to lighten the care and labors of the poor”—but their principal charm must ever rest in *association*. It is scarcely needed that they should possess any peculiar merit of their own, but will be quite sufficient if they serve to call up a faint remembrance of the last time we heard them; and of the dear ones who might have been with us then. If they bring back the past, even though it be in sorrow—the melody remaining when the voice that warbled it so sweetly is hushed in death!

“A well-known tune
Which in some dear scene we have loved to hear—
Remember’d now in sadness!”

“We would liken music,” says L. E. L.,
“to Aladdin’s lamp, worthless in itself—
not so for the spirits which obey its call.

We love it for the buried hopes, the garnered memories, the tender feelings it can summon with a touch.”

“As children,” writes a celebrated authoress, “and before the sister-band was broken and divided by death and change, we had, I well remember, a pleasant custom of singing in turns, either at our needle-work, or after we retired to rest. And I have many a time, when I happened to lie awake at night, heard my little sister still singing on in her sleep. The memory of my gladsome and innocent childhood comes back like a spell, whenever I hear those old songs!”

How truly has the Poet said—

“There is delight in singing, though none hear
Beside the singer!”

It is so natural to sing when one is happy. On a bright sunny day for instance—or as we sit alone—or go about our household tasks—ay, and even at our desk, when the mood is on us, the invisible *Aoide*, and the heart’s music will have vent! How an old song, or sometimes only a few lines of one, heard long since, comes back all of a sudden, like a flash of lightning, haunting us for days and weeks, ever in our thoughts and on our lips, breaking forth half-involuntarily into words—and, then, as strangely it fades away, and returns not again for years; just as if its memory had gone to gladden some one else. How often, when sorrow has stricken us into silence, has a few notes of some old familiar song broken the spell, and compelled us irresistibly, as it were, to join in that well-loved melody, so that we have wept to find ourselves singing, and yet sang on until we forgot our weeping!

We can remember, years ago, going on a visit to one who, although personally unknown to us at the time, we had been accustomed to regard with no little awe and reverence, and feeling, as the young are apt to feel in a strange house, and among strangers, until on opening the window the following morning, we chanced to hear our hostess singing in the garden beneath, as she tended her flowers. That old song acted like a charm in removing the barrier between us, and dissipating those causeless fears, which never returned again during that happy and memorable visit.

What a large proportion of people, even in the most elevated and intellectual society, there are who prefer hearing a simple

old ballad before anything else ; although very many want the courage to confess it. Look round you, for instance, at the *soirée* or concert-room—first, perhaps, comes an instrumental performance by a brilliant and popular musician, whose spirit, as Bellini says of Beethoven, “actually seems to create the inconceivable, while his fingers perform the impossible!” A few enter into the beauty of the conception, others admire and marvel at the rapidity, and at the same time the exquisite finish of his execution. Some, lulled by those sweet sounds, suffer their thoughts to wander away in a pleasant, dreamy, idleness, the spell of which is only broken at last by their cessation. And not a few wonder when it is to end, and the singing begin.

And now follows an Italian air from the last new Opera. Half the people present, in all probability, do not understand the language, and are trying to look as if they did : but in spite of that splendid voice, it is a dull affair for them. And even when the talent of the singer rises, as we have known it to do superior to all language, electrifying, and taking the admiration of her hearers, as it were by storm, with her charming cadences, and bird-like notes, and drawing down one unanimous burst of applause—it is still but a poor triumph compared to that achieved by old songs.

“Now, Fanny, dear,” whispered an elderly gentleman nearest to his companion, “they are going to sing *your song*!”

We turned involuntarily : but one glance was sufficient to assure us that the simple little woman who looked up to him with her sweet, loving smile, was no authoress or song-writer, but his wife ; and the air, one which in all probability she had sung to him years ago—before they were married perhaps.

The song was touching and plaintive. Old enough to have its memories—no light recommendation in these days of “new music”—all could understand—many *felt* it. Tears rushed unbidden into eyes, albeit unused to weeping. Those who smiled then, and there were not a few glad young hearts to whom sorrow and sadness were but names, will weep perchance when they hear it again, at the recollection of that happy evening, and those who made its happiness for them. There were less apparent manifestations of applause, and more deep and silent gratification. The elderly gentleman was the only one who did not look quite satisfied—nothing could equal

the remembrance of Fanny’s singing for him ; and yet as he said, “it was pleasant enough to listen, and think of old times.”

A venerable-looking woman, with the tears still glistening on her pale cheeks, and mourning in her dress, but still more in her face, turned to whisper something to her companion :—

“That was our poor Mary’s song—bless her!”

We thought of “she—the silver tongued,” so exquisitely described by Christopher North, in his paper on Christmas Dreams, “as about to sing an old ballad, words and air alike, hundreds of years old—and sing she doth, while tears begin to fall, with a voice too mournfully beautiful long to breathe below. And ere another Christmas shall have come with its falling snows, doomed to be mute on earth, but to be hymning in Heaven.”

But, after all, the Mary referred to might have been married only, and gone away from the home of her youth, or unhappy. The word “poor” has a thousand significations, and is used in endearment as well as commiseration.

Why is it that we are “never merry when we hear sweet music?” That, according to Shelley,—

“Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought!”

Can there be aught of truth in the wild and poetical creed of the Hindoos, regarding musical effect, which they strictly connect with past events, believing that it arises from our recalling to memory the airs of Paradise, heard in a state of pre-existence—mistaking the inspirations of genius for the dreams of immortality? The Egyptians believe that men were spirits fallen from a brighter world, and that a genius stands at the entrance of mortal life with a Lethean cup in his hand, from which every soul before it wanders out, is forced to take a deep oblivious draught, awakening with only a confused and indistinct recollection of the past. Among these glimpses of the “better-land,” harmony is supposed to be one of the most frequent occurrence. Plato has a similar faith, and looks upon the human soul as an exile from its radiant home, followed by infinite aspirations, and haunting recollections of the Beautiful in sight and sound. How exquisitely has this idea been shadowed forth by one of the sweetest of our living poetesses :—

• Miss E. B. Barrett.

"A yearning to the Beautiful denied you,
 Shall strain your powers;
 Ideal sweetness shall over-glide you,
 Resumed from ours!
 In all your music our pathetic minor
 Your ears shall cross;
 And all fair sights shall mind you of diviner,
 With sense of loss!"

How often do we hear some sweet air which seems strangely familiar, and yet, if we ever heard it before, it must have been thus—or in our dreams!—a wild creed which Fancy revels in, at the same time that Reason rejects. But we willingly quit the mysteries of philosophy, for the realities of truth and experience.

A few years since, at a large *soirée*, where half the company were unknown to us, we chanced to sit opposite a lady, who, but for subsequent events, would in all probability have been passed over unnoticed in our eager search after the principal stars in the literary hemisphere—those wandering lights which had ever a strange charm for us. She was below the middle size, with nothing striking either in dress or manner—one of those every-day faces which Professor Longfellow happily compares to "a book, where no line is written, save perhaps a date!"

On a sudden the hum of eager voices was hushed into silence, or only heard in suppressed whispers; and some one commenced singing an old Scotch ballad, simple and characteristic, but not remarkable for any depth of sentiment. The heart creates its own pathos. The lady before mentioned shuddered, and changed color as she listened. Her bosom heaved with some hidden and painful emotion. She struggled evidently and vainly against it, becoming at length so fearfully pale, that we could not help asking if she were ill. She looked up half-unconsciously—the look was no longer a fair unwritten scroll, but deeply indented with the traces of sorrow and anguish.

"Take me away!" exclaimed she wildly, and imploringly. "I cannot bear this!"

We went into the ante-room. Fortunately there was no one there; and sitting down, she covered her face with her hands, and wept and sobbed like a child, evidently forgetting that she was not alone. And then recovering herself by a strong effort, and with a convulsive laugh, that was sadder far than tears, began to apologise for the trouble she had given, and to murmur something about the heat and the crowd, as she carelessly arranged her dark hair, so

that it fell like a shadow over her pale face. Just then, one of her party, who were all strangers to us, came in search of her, and we re-entered the room together.

We saw her once again in the course of the evening, laughing and talking with much animation, and apparent *gaieté de cœur*; but failed in all our endeavors to learn her name. Nor could our kind hostess, among her two hundred guests, be brought to recollect and identify that particular one who had so much interested us. And having no means of ascertaining her real history, we were forced to content ourselves with imagining a dozen different ones, all more or less connected with Old Songs.

"Show me a heart," writes L. E. L., "without its hidden wound!" And we verily believe, that however outwardly calm and self-possessed, each have their secret sorrow, unguessed, unpitied, unrevealed, but for those lightning touches of association, which, unlocking the barriers of a cold, but necessary reserve, give us transient glimpses of a sad and sorrowful romance, oftentimes when least expected.

Song-love, if we may so express it, is a home feeling—Aoide, a household deity. The maiden sings among her flowers, or at her daily tasks. The mother sings to the infant on her breast; and again, the little children, as they grow up around her, sing at their merry play. But by-and-bye, all of a sudden perhaps, one young voice is hushed! and the mother weeps to hear the same song warbled by other lips; and then smiles again in the trusting faith of her meek heart, to think that little one, through the merits of the Redeemer, may be singing still—in heaven. The young wife sings to her husband, and he is a lover once again. The daughter sings to her father and mother when the toils of the day are over, and and they gather round the hearth, some ancient ditty for the hundredth time, to which the old people listen with tears in their eyes; she thinking the while of other things; for that song has no charm for her, save that they love to listen to it. They calling to mind the scenes and hopes of the Past, and hearing in imagination the voices of those who had been resting in the quiet grave years ago, the mother remembers how she used to sing it when a girl, gathering wild flowers in her native wood, and the father that memorable day when he heard it for the first time. It was a bright epoch in both their lives.

Mrs. Ellis imagines a sweet scene, which

may not be altogether ideal—of a brother, a prodigal—an alien from the paths of peace—a dweller in distant lands, still haunted by this fireside music, telling him, as it were, to return, until he exclaims at length, in the beautiful language of Scripture, “I will arise, and go to my father!” How readily—how joyfully is he received and forgiven. Nevertheless, a feeling of estrangement steals over them almost imperceptibly—the inevitable result of a long absence. Presently the sister sits down to the instrument; she touches a few chords, and begins to sing. It is the evening hymn. How often have they sang it together years ago, and now once again their voices blend; but his has grown manly since then, and yet, when he first began, it trembled like that of a little child. The whole family join in the sacred melody—heart and voice united, as of old. That hymn has broken down the barriers of time and change, and made them all one again.

We have known the memory of a hymn, under the blessing of God, to be more powerful even than this in recalling the wanderer back to penitence and peace, and realizing the cry of the returning prodigal, in its true and Scriptural sense;—a sweet and touching reminiscence, but scarcely suited to the character of our present paper.

How exquisitely simple and natural is Burns’ description of “Bonnie Jean:”—

“And aye she wrought her mammie’s wark,
And aye she sang sae merrilie;
The blithest bird upon the bush
Had ne’er a lighter heart than she.”

We knew just such a one, years ago. Her real name was Margaret, but we have called her Jean, ever since we read it. Thus would she go about the house, always busy, and always merry; working and singing, so that it did one’s heart good to hear her. She was not rich or accomplished—having been brought up at home, under the eye of a kind and judicious parent, who took care not to sacrifice the useful to the ornamental. Jean possessed no instrument, and we are not sure that she could have played above half-a-dozen tunes on it if she had; but her ear was quick, and her voice sweet and expressive. The old father thought that no one in the world sang like his Margaret, and was never tired of asking her for “My ain Fireside,” “John Anderson my Jo,” “The Banks o’ Doon,” and many others of the same kind—all of which she sang

without music, generally as she sat at work, in a soft, plaintive voice, that was irresistibly touching. We can remember hearing her sing “Auld Robin Gray” once, and weeping like a child. The recollection of “Bonnie Jean” is inseparably connected with these old songs.

Lucy Grey had a voice like a bird—not powerful, but full of sweetness and expression. Whether it was that sweet voice, or her fair, gentle face, we know not, but wherever she went she won all hearts, and dearer than all to her—that of her brave cousin, Walter Graham. Scarcely an evening passed but he was sure to find some excuse for making his appearance at her mother’s house, where Lucy never wearied of playing his favorite songs, which became hers also from the moment he admired them. Singing did not, however, hinder more serious matters; and when Walter Graham was forced at length to rejoin his regiment, it was as the betrothed husband of his cousin Lucy. But he never returned again!

Years passed away, and the sorrow-stricken girl arose up at length from her sick couch, to mingle in that world which seemed a dreary wilderness to her without him. We can fancy her sitting alone, and singing once more those well-remembered songs, pausing between each, as though the low, praiseful whisper of her dead lover could ever come again, save in memory. Poor Lucy! And yet there are others more to be pitied—when old songs bring back the *changed*! Thy grief is sweet compared to the agony—the bitterness—the wounded pride, and blighted affection, connected with such reminiscences.

The poet bows down his lofty head to listen to the simple melodies of his childhood, and hold communion with the household spirits that come back at their call, as though it were but yesterday. What changes have passed over him since then! From a song-lover, he has become, by the most natural transition in the world, a song writer. All true poets must needs be, more or less, admirers of old ballads; it is a part of their sweet creed, as worshippers of the Beautiful! Hope whispers—what those songs are to him now, his may be to others years hence; while the heart of the poet burns within him at the thought.

“Of all my compositions,” said a veteran author, as he sat tranquil and gray-headed, beneath the shade of his well-earned laurels, “nothing perhaps has ever afforded

me more real happiness than a song written years ago, at the commencement of my literary career, and before I became so completely absorbed in more abstruse studies. The world has claimed all else, but the song still makes music in my heart and home. My children sing it to me every night; and sometimes in the day as well I hear them humming it; and they little think how it pleases me to listen. And they will sing it still, with tears may be," added the old man, "when I am dead and gone!"

Two sisters sat together in their humble apartment; one wore a widow's cap; both were pale and sorrow-stricken. They worked on in silence, until a woman's clear voice arose up all of a sudden from the narrow street beneath, and commenced singing an old ballad, while the widow's tears fell fast.

"Do you remember, Anne, where we last heard that song?" asked she. But her sister had forgotten. There were many tearful reminiscences, and a few sun-bright links in the chain of association, but this was not one of them for her. She had been sewing placidly on, the song and the singer alike unheeded, except once, when it just crossed her mind that it was a bitter day to be abroad in, and so thinly clad as that poor ballad-singer—somehow ballad-singers always do come out on wet days.

"It was at the Isle of Wight," continued the young widow, following out the train of her own tangled thoughts. "Surely you must recollect, dear Anne, how you and I and Frank set out to visit the new light-house, leaving the rest of our party comfortably established at the little cottage adjoining the Sand-rock Hotel, and how we grew tired when little more than half-way, and sat down to rest. It was a still, moonlight evening, and Frank sang that very song to us. I have never heard it since, save in my dreams, until now. What a happy night that was! We never got as far as the light-house after all, but remained talking, and planning out a long future that was not to be. Ah! I little thought then of losing him so soon!"

"God's will be done!" said Anne gently. "He sendeth sorrow in love, lest our hearts should cling over much to earth."

The ballad-singer passed on, and the sisters were left alone again, with the memory of the past.

Once more the woman's shrill voice rose up, mingled with the pattering of the rain

against the casement, and penetrated home after home in vain; there was no kindred echo in the hearts of those who heard it. A veteran author, whose thoughts came slower than they were wont, what with age and poverty, and the *incubus* which weighs ever on those who are forced to coin poetry into bread—wearied and annoyed, sent down word that if she did not move on, he would give her in charge. But upon his wife's observing that it was a terrible night to be abroad in, qualified the command by a few half-pence, and the half of their frugal supper.

"After all," said he, with a smile, "it is easier writing songs here by our bit of fire (and it was but a bit), than singing them in the cold, wet streets." A blessing surely rested on his poetry that night.

Again the ballad-singer passed on, and her voice had more of melody in it. The kind face and gentle words of the poet's wife had done her good, beside providing for the wants of the present hour; and the poor, happily for them, in one sense, seldom look beyond. Presently the door of a respectable house opened, and a young woman, decently dressed, beckoned her forward, and slipped a shilling into her hand, observing that it was a wild night. The ballad-singer looked up astonished at receiving so much, and saw by the lamp-light traces of tears recently shed on the thin cheek of her benefactress. The young woman shook her head when she offered her one of the ballads which she had been singing, declaring with a sigh that she knew it by heart; and, interrupting her thanks and blessings by again closing the door, went back into her neat little parlor, and leaning her head upon her hands, wept long and bitterly.

A love of country, as well as kindred and friends, is indissolubly linked with old songs. The Swiss, although not in general a people of great susceptibility, are said to be peculiarly alive to this feeling; and also the Irish and Scotch, more especially the latter. How touching it is to hear home-songs in a strange land!—the simple melodies of childhood, hundreds and hundreds of miles away, like the sweet voices of familiar friends. Terpander, the Lesbian musician, is said to have quelled an insurrection in Lacedæmon by his songs. "Who has not heard or read," says a late author, "of the extraordinary effects of the Jacobite airs, so associated with the cause in which they had been such powerful agents, that even still

they make the blood to tingle, and the heart to throb? and that enthusiasm which flew like the electric spark through every rank wherever the Marseilloise hymn was heard—a whole audience rising simultaneously, and amidst the waving of handkerchiefs, and gestures of devotion, joining heart and voice in the national anthem—regiments dropping on their knees, and as it were, solemnly devoting themselves to the cause in which they were engaged?—or the *Rans des Vaches*, upon the hearing of which the poor expatriated Swiss soldiers were wont to melt into tears—many deserted—others fell ill—and not a few actually died, it is said, of mere home-sickness?"

We are told by Mr. Malone, that one night, when Sir Joshua Reynolds was at Venice, the manager of the Opera, in compliment to the English gentlemen there, ordered the band to play an English ballad tune. It happened to be a popular air, which was played or sang in every street at the time of their leaving London; and by recalling to mind that metropolis, with all its connexions and endearing circumstances, brought tears into the artist's eyes, as well as into those of his countrymen who were present. In all this the spell lies simply in an old song, hallowed by memory and association.

Religion, also, has her old songs—the Canticles, that "song of songs"—as the name so sweetly signifies "the most beautiful song!" And more ancient still, when Moses sang at the head of the tribes, after the miraculous passage of the Red Sea, Miriam's Song. The Songs of David, the Song of the Angels, the Songs of Zion, began on earth, and perfected in Heaven. A theme full of holy and beautiful thoughts and imaginings—hauntings of a glorious immortality, but all too sacred for our present paper. Hymns are a kind of spiritual song, the influence of which are perhaps more lasting than any other kind of uninspired melody. We learn them in childhood, and in old age its memory comes back to gladden and to bless us. We lisp them at a mother's knee, and murmur them on a dying-bed. A hymn is often among the last things retained by the fading memory—the last sound upon the trembling lips;—like "Much-afraid," in the "Pilgrim's Progress," we pass through the river singing.

It is astonishing the pertinacity with which old songs linger in the heart, long after things that seemed of far more importance have been forgotten. The aged man,

looking dimly back upon childhood's hardly-acquired love, remembers little else save its songs. We can well recollect such an one, who for many years filled the professor's chair at Edinburgh, and was justly celebrated as the first classical scholar of his day. But all these things have passed from him now like a dream. It is sad to mark the wreck of that glorious intellect—the wandering mind—the failing memory—and yet he can sing "Auld Robin Gray" throughout, from beginning to end, without missing a word, and with evident appreciation of its sweet and quiet pathos.

And now we hasten to conclude a paper over which a few may smile, while the many will bear witness by their tears to its deep truth—and it may be, even the very sceptics become followers of our simple creed; when the songs, warbled night after night to gladden the cheerful fireside, around which cluster a loving band of undivided hearts, shall be all that is left to remind them of past happiness—when the mother's favorite song shall be sung, and the mother not there to listen—the song of the once beloved, now changed or dead—the cradle-song, and the little one in Heaven—the song of joy that serves only to set us weeping—the song that marks an anniversary in young lives, turning our tears into laughter, and our laughter into tears, recalling scenes, events, fair faces, gentle tones, hopes, fears, and memories, mysteriously linked and associated with old songs.

In the early stages of life we can have but few anniversaries. Time is unmarked by memory and full of hope. Gradually, however, there arises a calendar in our individual history, made up of such strange hieroglyphics as to be incomprehensible to any but ourselves. Bright days and hours never to be forgotten are signified only by a flower or a song. An old tune, registered long since in that fairy almanac, brings along with it a crowd of recollections that have not visited our minds for years, and seemed to have gone away for ever—dim shapes familiar to the memory, forgotten and remembered again like the fragments of a dream. "Once more we walk the great city of the past," so vividly described by Professor Longfellow—"with its silent marble streets, and moss-grown walls, and spires uprising with a wave-like flickering motion;—and here, amid the mournful sound of funeral bells, sweet and sorrowful voices that keep continually singing, 'O, forget us not! O, forget us not!'"

Happy, for the most part, are those families where Aoidé holds a place among their household deities, and has an altar on the domestic hearth. It is to be regretted that music and singing, especially the latter, should be so little cultivated in the homes of our English poor, where it could scarcely fail to shed a gentle and humanizing influence, besides forming a fresh link to bind its inmates together. Attention has, however, been already drawn to this subject, and Harmony now forms a prominent branch of education in most of our principal schools. Throughout the greater part of the Continent, the cultivation of music and singing prevails more or less among all classes, and is a source of pure delight to the poor as well as to the rich. And also in Bohemia, and other districts of Germany, Professor Robson mentions, that he has frequently heard pleasant vocal music even among the Russian boors.

The celebrated Dr. Rush advocates singing on a fresh ground from any we have yet touched upon, considering it as a powerful corrective of the too common tendency to pulmonic complaints; and records his entire conviction, that the true cause why the Germans are seldom afflicted with consumption is the strength which their lungs acquire by being constantly exercised in vocal music. He considers no education complete in which singing is not included; learned not as an accomplishment, but a

sweet and untiring source of enjoyment for ourselves and others; and thus lessening the temptation to wander out of the charmed circle of home in search of amusement or pleasure.

The utilitarian spirit of the present age, so far from destroying, as some murmurers assert, keeps guard over the Beautiful! not as a thing apart, to be worshipped by the few, but a feeling and an influence to be shed abroad among the common things of every-day life, to gladden and to bless the many. Nothing can be too highly prized which tends to cherish and keep alive the flame of domestic love and sympathy. The spirits of that lamp, whose gentle radiance makes our happiness here below, are many; but Aoidé is the blithest and busiest of them all! Her sweet voice lures back the wanderer, and cheers the weary exile with visions of his lost home. A welcome guest in palace or bower; or sitting with the home-loving, by the quiet hearth, making the long hours pass pleasantly away—she hushes to sleep the cradled child—makes melody for the young—and soothes the aged with a world of bygone memories. While enjoying the present she forgets not to lay up a precious store of sweet thoughts for the future; and, like an enchantress as she is, weaves many a tuneful spell, which winds itself irresistibly about the heart for evermore! A blessing on Aoidé! A blessing upon Old Songs!

From the London Quarterly Review.

LORD CAMPBELL'S LIVES OF THE CHANCELLORS OF ENGLAND.

The Lives of the Chancellors and Keepers of the Great Seal of England. By John, Lord Campbell, A.M., F. R. S. E. Second Series, Vols. IV. and V., 1846. Third Series, Vols. VI. and VII., 1847. London. 8vo.

HAVING, unluckily for ourselves, omitted to review the second series of this work at the time of its appearance, we now find four bulky volumes all at once on our table; and how to deal with such a mass of matter, comprehending in fact not only the biography of a dozen of the most distinguished of Englishmen, but a historical review of our jurisprudence and our politics from the Revolution of 1688 to that of 1832, we must confess is puzzling. To do justice to four such volumes in one of our articles is evidently impossible. We must throw aside

any notion of examining even one of these Lives in a regular manner; we must also, we think, make up our mind to dwell with comparative brevity on the greatest names, because, as might have been anticipated, the world had already been in possession of comparatively satisfactory statements in connection with them; and finally, not doubting that the whole work is to maintain a permanent place, we suppose there will be no harm if we endeavor at present to select points and passages likely to be particularly interesting to our own contemporaries, as

bringing before them the views of the author in respect to recent occurrences and questions still undetermined. This is the performance of an ex-Chancellor, who now holds a Cabinet office; and *obiter dicta*—although presented not unfrequently in a light colloquial form, occasionally perhaps even in a somewhat over-jocular familiarity of phrase—may be hardly less deserving of consideration than his lordship's most elaborate specimen of biographical narrative, legal criticism, or political disquisition.

There is indeed one feature which must attract everybody's notice, and may be smiled at by many—the perpetual recurrence, we mean, of foot-notes in which the noble and learned author's own personal history is expressly quoted or alluded to. We too, it must be owned, have now and then smiled: and Lord Campbell will readily pardon us when he finds (as he will do on examination) that such ebullitions often occur at the bottom of the very page in which he has been rebuking the egotism or some kindred weakness of an ex-Chancellor long since hearsed in marble. But, on the other hand, while several of these references to his own experience are valuable to the history of manners in his profession—and others are honorable to him as unaffected effusions of warm feeling towards old friends of obscurer days—we must say that we, as mere critics, are well pleased to have the evidence which this prevailing indulgence affords of its being ever in his mind who it is that is addressing the public, whether in solemn text or sportive or pensive annotation. He never, it is clear, forgets either his own past or his own present, or is unmindful of what things may be in store for him. He never dallies with the business of the Law or the State; if he cracks a jest in his *robe-de-chambre*, the ermine at least hangs within view; we are never tempted to listen as if he were amusing himself with a *pocourante* speculation of human affairs, contemplating the working world like some placid sophist of ancient (or modern) Athens from a basket in the clouds.

It follows that Lord Campbell is always before his reader in the avowed character and attitude of a Whig; and this is by no means a disagreeable circumstance. We entirely acquit him now, as we did when dealing with his first series, of any design to exalt and purify one dead man merely because he was a Whig, or to depress or blacken another merely because he was a Tory. There are few historical critics, of

whatever political sect, that stand more clear of such an imputation. But the party-prejudice was so worked into him long years before he thought of chronicling chancellors, that he could no more get rid of it now, even if he were aware of its existence, than he could of his veneration for John Knox or his pride in the Macallammore. It is a part of the man—and he is probably as unconscious of its operation on his judgment as he is of the machinery that circulates his blood. Every reader before he has gone through half a dozen pages perceives this: it is not like a mark distinguishable here and there at the turning of a fold, but a thread interwoven throughout the whole web;—therefore we all know how the case stands, and there is no more chance of our being deceived than there had been intention to deceive us.

There is another thread, a finer and less obtrusive one, and which occurs less regularly—yet we think it may be so often traced, especially as we reach modern dates,—that it deserves mention. Lord Campbell tells, and we believe quite truly, that David, Earl of Buchan, brother to Lord Erskine, regarded the Lords of Buchan from the beginning of their peerage, as constituting a sort of corporation, or rather as a real undying essence *per se*, inasmuch that he, the then visible and tangible Peer, not only represented in an heraldic sense, but continued, carried on, and embodied, as a human creature, the very physical and intellectual being of the antecedent Earls of Buchan one and all—to this literal extent, that he had no more hesitation in talking about what 'I' dared or suffered in the cause of the Queen of Scots, than about what 'I' spouted or scribbled in glorification of General Washington. That old gentleman seems to have been a caricature of every harmless eccentricity; but in this particular he perhaps merely exhibited in magnified and monstrous development a sort of feeling that pervades every body of hereditary nobility; and it is of trite observation how soon all the habitual feelings of such a class are imbibed by those who once find themselves admitted within its pale. We think we perceive its influence in Lord Campbell's book. He seems to have before his eyes either a suspicion that the present heir will consider himself as to a certain extent damaged by any aspersion that may be thrown upon his remotest ancestor—or that other living men, peers or commoners, will be apt to take some such view of the matter. He writes

now and then of a doubtful character, who has been dust and ashes for a hundred years, with the same cautious politeness as if he were to flank or face himself in the flesh the next time he goes down to help Lord Cottenham with the appeals. For the effect is occasionally as observable when the actual wearer of the coronet is a political heretic, as we may naturally expect when he happens to have been nurtured among or adopted by the orthodox. Lord Campbell could not indeed help feeling himself involved in additional difficulty in cases (and these were not few) where Tory families had at his request intrusted him with the private diaries and correspondence of their ancestors—in all likelihood but slightly pre-examined. Such courtesy and confidence could not but bring fresh embarrassment to a position already sufficiently complicated.

Some notion of the delicacy of his task may be drawn from certain statistics of the *postscript* to vol. VII. The first 'law lord' ever created was *Scrope*, under Richard II., but his peerage is in abeyance. Probably other Cancellarian peerages are also in abeyance, and very many are extinct. Yet he enumerates seventeen peers, his contemporaries, who are descended in the direct male line from Chancellors of England—namely, two Marquises, Winchester and Camden; two Barons, Montfort and Erskine; and no less than thirteen Earls, viz., Fortescue, Bradford, Coventry, Shaftesbury, Winchelsea and Nottingham, Guilford, Cowper, Macclesfield, Lovelace, Hardwicke, Talbot, Bathurst, Eldon. It signifies nothing that some of these houses did not actually owe their *nobility* to the Marble Chair—as Winchester, Shaftesbury, Bathurst: from the Chancellors they are sprung,—in almost all the cases to the Woolsack they owe their highest titles—in all a large proportion of their hereditary wealth. Several other Chancellors are represented in the House of Lords through females and fresh creations:—for example, Littleton, Clarendon, Trevor, Somers, Thurlow, Loughborough.

In all, the Chancellors and Lords Keepers, beginning with Augmentus in A.D. 605, and ending with Lord Eldon, who died in 1838, are in number *one hundred and sixty-seven*. Of these high magistrates only one appears to have come to a violent end while in office, viz., Simon de Sudbury, murdered by the mob in 'Wat Tyler's riots'—to borrow the gentle phrase of an *ex-Attorney-General*; but More and several others were beheaded

after resigning the Great Seal. During the last 300 years *six* have been impeached—Wolsey, Bacon, Finch, Clarendon, Macclesfield, and Somers—which last alone was acquitted.

Down to the time of Edward I. it was nothing uncommon to see a Chancellor who could not speak a word of English; but since then they have all been born subjects of the British crown—and only one of them born in a colony, Lord Lyndhurst. Our author says—

'When the English and Irish bars are amalgamated, as they are soon likely to be, Irishmen, it may be hoped, will often be Chancellors of England.'

As yet the rule has been, as in London advertisements for house-maids, 'no Irish need apply.' But we need not say that already many Englishmen and one Scotchman have held the Great Seal of Ireland, and three natives of Scotland have been Chancellors of England—Loughborough, Erskine, and Brougham (this last being however the son of an Englishman). Lord Campbell remarks that one antique dignitary was Chancellor of England and Ireland at the same time—but this precedent is not likely to be followed. He further reminds us that 'another was Chancellor of England *after* having been Chancellor of Ireland' (vol. VII., p. 723).

We have already given *italics* to one of those *obiter dicta* which merit attention. It is to be presumed, then, that the Government have in it view to propose the amalgamation of the English and Irish bars. This may be highly desirable—but we hope Lords Cottenham and Campbell and the present much respected Irish Chancellor will see that, if the thing is to be done, it requires to be set about with grave deliberation. The English public, without dreaming of infallibility, have great confidence in the Benchers of our Inns of Court. Will they at once feel disposed to regard with equal confidence the authorities by whom admission to the Irish bar is regulated? The amalgamation of the Common-law Benches in the two countries would, we suppose, form part of the same measure—and perhaps the most important part. We have often of late years heard it discussed seriously by English barristers—among whom there seems to be great difference of opinion on the subject; but we believe we may venture to say that the innovation would have

the support of those English Judges (not being chiefs of courts) who at this moment rank highest in public estimation—as well as of those Irish Judges whose advice ought to have the greatest weight with the constitutional authorities of *The United Kingdom*. We have no apprehension that the administration of justice at an English assizes would be crippled by the introduction of an Irish Judge, and we share with our betters a strong impression that the presence of an English Judge in an Irish court would produce a salutary effect on both witnesses and jurymen—and would be beneficial, in various ways besides, to the Irish magistrate associated with him.

To come back to statistics. Since Lord Campbell stooped to that humble department, we think he might as well have presented us with one table exhibiting in a summary way the sort of pedigree and early education of the holders of the Great Seal, since the time when it came to be exclusively held by laymen. The last clerical Lord Keeper was Bishop Williams (1621-1625); and we shall endeavor to supply the blank as to the subsequent series:—

Coventry—was the eldest son of a Judge of the Common Pleas, and heir to a handsome fortune. *Oxford*.

Finch—son of an eminent barrister—one of an ancient and distinguished *famille de la robe*. No university mentioned either here or in Collins.

Littleton—a lineal descendant of the great Chief Justice—son of a Welsh Judge, and heir to a good estate. *Oxford*.

Lane—of obscure origin—neither pedigree nor place of education ascertained.

Whitelocke—only son of an eminent and wealthy Judge of the King's Bench. *Oxford*.

Herbert—son and heir of a country gentleman of noble descent. *English University*.

Clarendon—son and heir of a considerable squire, and nephew of a Chief Justice. *Oxford*.

Shaftesbury—born to a baronetcy and 8,000*l.* a year—an immense fortune two centuries ago; an Earl and Cabinet Minister before he became Chancellor. *Oxford*.

Bridgeman—son to a bishop, and heir to a good fortune. *Cambridge*.

Nottingham—son and heir of an eminent and wealthy barrister, who was Recorder of London and brother to Lord Keeper Finch. *Oxford*.

Guilford—second son of the heir to a barony—but began the world in great poverty, and in his rise to the Seal owed little or nothing to his birth. *Cambridge*.

Jeffreys—younger son of a poor Welsh gentleman, who wished to bind him apprentice to a shopkeeper. *No public school nor university*.

Maynard—eldest son of a considerable squire. *Oxford*.

Trevor—second son of a very poor Welsh gentle-

man, but nearly related to Jeffreys. *No public school nor university*.

Somers—son of a country solicitor. *No public school nor university*.

Wright—son of an obscure clergyman. *Cambridge*.

Cowper—heir to a baronet of good estate. *No public school nor university*.

Harcourt—heir to a very honorable family, but miserably impoverished through the civil wars. *Oxford*.

Macclesfield—‘could not distinctly tell whether he had a grandfather;’—his father a country solicitor. *No public school nor university*.

King—son of a provincial shopkeeper. *Leyden*.

Talbot—eldest son of a bishop of noble descent. *Oxford*.

Hardwicke—‘son of a small attorney at Dover, of respectable character, but in very narrow circumstances.’ *Never at public school or university*.

Northington—heir to a genteel family, but the estate grievously encumbered. *Oxford*.

Camden—His father was a Chief Justice, but died poor when he was only ten years of age. *Cambridge*.

‘*Charles Yorke*, the second son of the great Lord Hardwicke, was born on the 10th of January, 1723, in a splendid mansion in Great Ormond-street. His father, then Attorney-General, and making a larger income than had ever fallen to the lot of an English barrister, continued near forty years afterwards to fill the highest offices of the law, accumulating immense wealth, and able to make a splendid provision for all the members of his family. Yet Charles, even under the enervating influence of a sinecure place which was conferred upon him,—from a noble love of honorable distinction, exerted himself as strenuously and perseveringly as if, being the son of a poor Scotch clergyman, who could give him nothing beyond a good education, he had depended entirely on his own exertions for his bread, and for his position in the world.’—vol. V., p. 367. *Cambridge*.

Bathurst—second son of an eminent politician, created an Earl, whose coronet eventually descended to him long after he had won for himself the Barony of Apsley. *Oxford*.

Thurlow—son and grandson of country clergymen; could carry his descent no higher—used to say among fine people that he believed the founder of the family was a carter. *Cambridge*.

Loughborough—son of a Scotch judge, and heir to a small estate. *Edinburgh*.

Erskine—third son of a very poor Scotch Earl; entered at Cambridge in his twenty-sixth year; may be said to have been wholly self-educated.

Eldon—younger son of a provincial tradesman. *Oxford*.

We have enumerated thirty Chancellors or Lord Keepers: of these, nineteen (probably Finch also*—making twenty) had re-

* Anthony & Wood somewhere remarks that it is not easy to trace the Oxonian Finches, so many

ceived what we call a regular gentleman's education at an English university, most of them having also been at great English schools; one had every advantage of instruction at Edinburgh in the brightest days of that university; another spent some time at a Dutch university; a third was never matriculated at any university until he had reached the maturity of manhood—had a wife and children—and had been successively an officer in the navy and the army; nine (perhaps *ten*) had never been at any public school or university whatever—and among these we find the splendid names of *Somers*, *Cowper*, *Macclesfield*, and *Hardwicke*. The Oxford men are twelve; of one Lord Campbell does not distinguish the university; Cambridge claims only six; but the balance of late years leans to her side as to all the honors of the Law. In the earlier part of our series only one rose from obscurity to the Great Seal—and the honorable but unfortunate *Lane* has, after all, but a shadowy claim to a place in the list; he never ascended the marble chair—never tasted the sweets of its emolument. In the later period success, where there had not been the early pressure of the *res angusta domi*, is a very rare exception to the rule. Since the Revolution we can hardly place any in this category except *Talbot* and *Charles Yorke*—which last not only labored in spite of wealth, but achieved greatness of his own in spite of the dangerous splendor of his father's still unrivalled fame. *Cowper* is but a *prima facie* exception. Of our thirty Chancellors eight belonged to families previously distinguished in the English law;—five were Judges' sons—but only two of these are since the Revolution—*Yorke* and *Camden*. The Scotch Law and Bench send one—*Loughborough*. The Seal has been held since the same date by two sons of country parsons—*Wright* and *Thurlow*—who could give them nothing but their education, and pinched themselves blue to give them that; by two sons of country tradesmen—*King* and *Eldon*; and by three sons of country attorneys—*Somers*—*Macclesfield*—*Hardwicke*. There can be no offence in adding the chancellors subsequent to Lord Eldon—not one of whose epitaphs, we are sure, Lord Campbell wishes to write:—

of that family had belonged to his Alma Mater. The only considerable defect in Dr. Bliss's edition of the *Athenæ* is the want of a good general index. Such an index, embracing both his volumes and those of Gutch, would be a very acceptable present to the student of literary antiquities.

Lyndhurst.—Son of a celebrated Royal Academician.—*Cambridge*.

Brougham.—Representative of a very ancient and honorable family; but inheriting a diminished estate.—*Edinburgh*.

Cottenham.—Second son of an eminent physician, who rose to a baronetcy, of which the Lord Chancellor is now heir-presumptive.—*Cambridge*.

Of the whole 167 Chancellors on record the great majority were themselves bishops. Since the last Bishop held the seals they have been in the hands of two bishops' sons (*Bridgeman* and *Talbot*), so that, in all, the Church, during the reigns subsequent to James I., has sent *four* to the Marble Chair. Physic appears to have supplied but one, and Art—we mean the artistical profession—no more.

Of the thirty since Bishop Williams, *one* was already a peer—*Shaftesbury*: *four* were *honorables*, of whom two ultimately inherited peerages:—*Guildford*—*Yorke*—*Barthurst*—*Erskine*. Two inherited baronetcies—*Shaftesbury* and *Cowper*. We need hardly remind anybody that the two highest ranks in the peerage cannot immediately produce Chancellors. The bar is not considered a field for the son of a duke or marquis—and they are in like manner excluded from the most lucrative of all the learned professions, Medicine—circumstances over which we understand some Lord Johns and Lord Charleses have occasionally, in recent pinching times, been heard to grumble. In Physic a graceful Lord Charles (with 'a sweet bed-side manner') might be very formidable; and by degrees the awkwardness of the fee would be got over. As affairs go, it is somewhat rash for an earl to get himself lifted a step. How lucky for Erskine that he was not Lord Thomas! The first movement, however, should be among the *honorables*. How long will they continue to think that it is anything but ignoble to be a clerk in a public office, with 100*l.* a-year to begin with, and no great chance of ever rising beyond a salary of 500*l.*, or some petty commissionership or consulate;—but that their blue *ichor* (owing its hue peradventure to some bed of city tin) would be contaminated by the position of a Halford or a Brodie? The awful difficulty of taking the fee has already been got over in their case. A patient's guinea could be no worse than an attorney's.

Lord Campbell dwells with just satisfaction on the high station in public esteem held by many families of Cancellarian nobility; and he has compliments in abun-

dance for some of the living heads of such houses; but in his long list he cannot point to more than four Chancellors' sons who can be said to have at all distinguished themselves. Of these the second Earl of Macclesfield, though he attained considerable reputation as a student of the mathematics, and will always be remembered for the introduction of the New Style, appears, out of his diagrams, to have been a dull ordinary man;—and the late Earl Bathurst, a most respectable and useful minister, never originated any great measure, nor led public opinion in any direction;—in short, the author of the 'Characteristics' and Charles Yorke form the only very conspicuous exceptions to the general law. Pope includes several names of the class in his Dunciad, and then exclaims—

'How quick ambition hastes to ridicule!
The sire is made a peer, the son a fool.'

We suspect that if the matter were scrutinized, the general result and its rare exceptions would equally tend to the confirmation of Napoleon's opinion that men commonly owe their intellectual endowments to the mother more than to the father. Most lawyers have married too early or too late in life—a mistress for passion or a housekeeper for convenience. Lord Hardwicke, in the right prime of eight-and-twenty, made an ambitious and politic alliance, though with a pretty woman, and all his biographers agree that she was a woman of remarkable abilities. 'Charles Yorke,' says our author, 'was, like Lord Bacon, most fortunate in his mother,' and though he was the only genius among her sons, the least of the rest would have been a star in any other family.

One of the most interesting rooms in England is that genuine fragment of the old Palace of Whitehall, the great dining-room at the Treasury in Downing Street—containing portraits of Lord-Treasurers and First Lords, now a very extensive series. It is a pity that there is no similar series at the Foreign Office—at the Admiralty—at the Horse-Guards;—but if the Cancellarian line from More to Lyndhurst were exhibited in one apartment, what a splendid procession it would be—what a field for the physiognomist! It is needless to say that they have been, with scarcely an exception, men of very extraordinary talents—but no rule, perhaps, admits fewer exceptions than that a great *physique* is indispensable for a great lawyer. Almost all of these have

been of athletic mould—not a few of them giants in body as well as mind—capable of and delighting in labor that would have baffled or soon killed off punier aspirants—addicted also to violent bodily exercise of some sort, and sustaining the eternal tear and wear of Herculean energies by abundant provender and still more copious potations. They have, moreover, been comely children of Anak—worthy to have been modelled by Roubilliac or Chantrey and painted by a Velasquez or a Grant. Sir Christopher Hatton, we suppose, was the only Chancellor who owed his dignity to his beauty; but if mere beauty had been the general principle for selection, not a few besides him might have left their effigies for the series that we desiderate. In various styles, but true specimens of the noblest of the human races, were—without we believe one exception—all the most illustrious of our Chancellors—Ellesmere, Bacon, Clarendon, Somers, Cowper, Hardwicke, Eldon. Not less so several of the secondary names from Harcourt to Erskine. Even Jeffreys must have been a fine-looking man until the brandy took effect; and we may say the like of Northington, whose countenance stood the battery longer, as he adhered to port—which could never mar the Jove-like majesty of Thurlow's visage, nor the serene ivory of Eldon's beautiful lines. We dwell on this subject in the hope of stimulating Mr. Finden to give us a quarto of *illustrations* for our now completed *Biographia Cancellariana*. Every window sets forth 'Loves of the Poets,' 'Heroines of Rogers,' 'Land and Lasses of Burns,' 'Beauties of Moore,' &c., &c. Why not Beauties of Campbell, with cuts of the Homes and Haunts of the Clavis Regni?

'Les hommes et les nations,' says Bossuet, 'ont toujours eu des qualités proportionnelles à l'élévation à laquelle ils étaient destinés. Qui a prévu le plus loin, qui s'est le plus appliqué, qui a duré le plus long

* The remains of the most illustrious of these Homes and Haunts would not overtax an artist's patience. Small but exquisitely graceful is the existing fragment of the old Gorbamby. What a pity that the descendants of another great lawyer should have treated with such irreverence the favorite creation and ever-memorable retreat of Bacon—clearing away as eyesores and abominations all vestiges of his evergreen labyrinths and trim gardens and stately sculptured terraces—leaving but one crumbling wall of a palace that might have lasted as long as Hatfield or Hardwick—and substituting, among the shrubberies of a modern citizen, within a stone's-throw of the sad wilful ruin, a square, squat, comfortable tenement like a woolack with windows!

temps dans les grands travaux, à la fin a eu l'avantage.' To this there have been few exceptions anywhere, and nowhere fewer than in the law of England.

As might be expected, and as all must be pleased to see established, he who is to reach the Marble Chair must, as the general rule, think of little but the law until eminence in his profession naturally invites or forces him to take an active part in politics. There are, however, several examples of men attaining the summit of legal ambition, although they had not settled themselves to legal study until after passing through a considerable period of dissipation; while others had given the vigor of early manhood to occupations more worthy, but still alien from the proper training for the woolsack.

Somers, though in boyhood noted among the friends of his domestic circle as an intellectual prodigy, did nothing to distinguish himself at school, nor while a young undergraduate at Oxford, and even after he was called to the bar he was thought of merely as a lively agreeable Templar—the boon companion of profligates of rank much above his own, loose enough in his personal morals, and with little of fixed principle of any sort about him, excepting the hereditary Whiggery. Suddenly, from some cause left in the dark—but most probably either a disaster at the gaming-table or a rebuff in love—he seems to have awakened as from a dream, rubbed his eyes, and perceived that the sun was high in heaven and he yet a waster of the light. At four-and-twenty the barrister quitted the Temple—broke off at one plunge from all the entanglements of his London society—went back to his college, and there voluntarily submitted himself to a regular course of study—a solitary man, with no company but his books and his old tutor. It was thus and then that he made himself the ripe scholar—it was thus also that he made himself the great civilian—the universal jurisconsult. When after the lapse of three or four years he re-appeared in town, he was seen to be another man: his father being a very prosperous solicitor at Worcester, he could not, now that he desired it, be long without some opportunity of showing what was in him; a few appearances were sufficient to fix him in plentiful practice; and although Lord Campbell observes (*obiter* again) that 'the aristocratic Whigs have ever been slow to associate with themselves in high office any one who cannot boast of distinguished birth' (IV.,

p. 98)—every subsequent step—with the woolsack and earldom at the close—may be easily accounted for by the surpassing strength of his faculties, his unwearied diligence and honorable bearing in his profession, and the sharp adroitness of his political movements—all on the winning side.

Peter King, a grocer's son, and sent about the streets of Exeter, as soon as he could walk, with parcels of tea and sugar, was nevertheless a bookworm by nature—(his mother was Locke's sister)—and his parents at last gratified his inclinations by sending him to Leyden; but though he pursued his studies there with laudable ardor, there seems, from the direction they took, no reason to doubt the tradition that his views were fixed on the pulpit. He came back to England well seen in Hebrew and Divinity, and first made himself heard of by a ponderous treatise on the Primitive Church. But as his Dutch education had confirmed him in the Presbyterian tenets of his family, and those tenets were manfully upheld in his Treatise—as soon as Charles II. had settled himself on the throne, it was clear that Peter King, if he took to the sacred office, must do so as a Dissenter—a line which offered no chance of wealth or distinction such as this pious predestinarian had always steadily aspired to. He therefore, by Locke's advice, tried Physic; but that study, in whatever way he set about it, did not please him; so at the age of thirty he was numbered in the ranks of the Law; and poring on in this new line with the unflinching assiduity of a Dutch commentator, his character as a profound black-letter jurist was by and bye established. His Dissenting friends could help him in the Western Circuit, and he acquired good employment in Westminster Hall too. Ten years after he was called to the bar we see him Sir Peter, Recorder of London, and one of the leading Whig counsel in the prosecution of Sacheverell. The rest followed very naturally.

Parker's early story is as striking. The son of a country attorney, he became an attorney at Derby himself, and so thrived in his calling, that in no long time he had laid by as much money as he thought would be sufficient to support him for a certain number of years. And then he determined to set all upon a cast; he gave up his business—entered himself at an inn of court—labored in the higher branches of legal study most earnestly—and being at last called, and of course befriended by old

friends among the solicitors, his progress was rapid. Within thirteen years he was Recorder of Derby and Member of Parliament for Derby, and of such eminence that the House appointed 'the silver-tongued Parker' one of the managers in the Sacheverell impeachment:—in which worthy concern he acquitted himself with higher applause than either Eyre or Jekyll or King; so much so that within the month—even before the judgment on Dr. Sacheverell was pronounced—he became *per saltum* Chief-Justice of England. Six years later he became Lord Macclesfield—and after two years more he was promoted, most unfortunately for himself, from the King's Bench to the Marble Chair. Though by no means the only attorney's son among the Chancellors, he is the only one who had himself been an attorney. Indeed Lord Campbell observes that, though there have been a few 'splendid exceptions,' the failure of attorneys turned barristers is matter of proverb—the danger being, as he says, 'that a man who begins with the less liberal department of forensic procedure, may not be able to enlarge his mind so as to perform the duties of a good advocate, and that when pleading before a special jury or at the bar of the House of Lords, he may dwell earnestly on small and worthless points.' We are always glad to hear our author's *practical* remarks—a most keen observer of this world's doings he has ever been; and our readers will thank us for quoting also his speculations on the grand step of Parker in abandoning his business, 'which in extent and respectability equalled that of any attorney in Derbyshire:—'

'We may imagine that, when the assizes came round, he was at first struck with immense awe at beholding the Judges in their scarlet robes, and could scarcely venture to speak to the leaders of the Midland circuit on delivering them briefs in the causes which he had entered for trial; that his reverence for these dignitaries gradually dwindled away; that he began sometimes to think he himself could have examined witnesses quite as well as the barristers employed by him, and even by making a better speech to the jury have won verdicts which they lost; that he was likewise hurt by the distance at which he was in public kept by all members of the superior grade of the profession, while some of them were intensely civil to him in private; that he thought it hard, having with great labor prepared a case of popular expectation so as to insure victory, another should run away with all the glory; that he measured himself with those who were enjoying high reputation as advocates and had the prospect of being elevated to the bench; that, possessing the self-respect and confidence belonging to real genius, he

felt himself superior to them; and that he sickened at the thought of spending the rest of his days in drawing leases, in receiving instructions from country bumpkins to bring foolish actions, in preparing briefs, and in making out bills of fees and disbursements which any discontented client might tax before the Master. Whatever his train of feeling, or of reasoning, he resolved that he would quit his position.'—Vol. IV., p. 504.

Well for him if, quitting the position, he could also have quitted all the habits; and yet we agree with Lord Campbell in thinking that Macclesfield was hardly used in his impeachment. He had not originated any improper practice—he had only gone on in the line of his predecessors; and Sir Robert Walpole acted most shabbily in abandoning him—Walpole, whose whole government was notoriously, nay avowedly, carried on by means of bribes and corruption, and whose own immense accumulation of wealth during his tenure of office has never to this hour been in any shape or manner explained. The public were in a state of phrenzy at the explosion of the South Sea bubble. It was undeniable that Masters-in-Chancery had speculated with the suitors' funds. In the hope of the opportunity for such traffic the price hitherto given to the Chancellor for a Mastership had been raised; and no one would believe that the *ci-devant* attorney had not been quite aware of the reason why his own commodity came to fetch a higher sum in the forensic market. The Earl of Macclesfield therefore was to be the scape-goat—and he literally retreated into the wilderness. He never again was visible in the upper world—he never more inhabited either his London mansion or the palace he had acquired in the country—but shut himself up in a small hired house in one of the wildest glens of his native Derbyshire. There is an overawing effect in real shame and confusion of face:—perhaps no circumstance in this book affects the reader more powerfully than the complete humility and darkness of this most energetic man's old age.

Of Parker's early refusal of an offer of the Great Seal from the *Tories*, Lord Campbell says—

'He is much lauded for his virtuous self-denial, and it is sarcastically observed that "he is the first lawyer who ever refused an absolute offer of the Seals from a conscientious difference of opinion." I am very sorry to detract from his merit; but in the first place, principle not considered, he would have acted very foolishly to have given up his place of Chief Justice, which he held for life, in exchange for an office, the

tenure of which would have been very insecure; for till after Guiscard's desperate attempt, Harley expected almost daily to be turned out;—and at any rate such a sudden change to the High Church party by the most distinguished manager of the late impeachment, would have reasonably led to the conclusion that he would give his first piece of preferment to the "Doctor," and would have covered him with such infamy that he must have been treated contumeliously by his colleagues, and kicked out by them whenever they wished to get rid of him.'—IV., p. 514.

—A notable *excursus*—to which we may as well append what our author says of Peter King's not ratting to the Tories on his first introduction to the House of Commons. Every word here carries double:—

'The Whigs, whose principles he approved of, were at this time very low. According to a very common professional course followed before and since,—so often as to be free from lasting disgrace,—the ambitious young lawyer should have *rat-ted*—asserting that his old friends had changed their principles, and were now going such lengths as he could not consistently support;—but through good report and evil report he steadily adhered to the cause of civil and religious liberty. It happened in his instance that honesty led to prosperity, and he was applauded; but if he had failed, he would have been laughed at, and he would have seen successful renegades enjoying much more of general consideration than himself.'—IV., p. 572.

But to come back to Parker—on his promotion to the Chancellorship (1718) we find a passage which will interest readers of the long robe—

'Notwithstanding his high reputation, the old Equity practitioners grumbled at his appointment, because he had not been trained to draw bills and answers, and had never regularly practised at their bar. Although occasionally he had been called in to assist them in cases of importance, his regular routine had been to ride the Midland Circuit, and to sit first in the Court of Queen's Bench, and then in the Court of Common Pleas, till he was made a Judge. Never having been Attorney or Solicitor General, he had never, even for a single term, transferred himself to the Court of Chancery. The consequence was, that although he was regarded generally as a "dungeon of law," yet by those who knew little beyond the technical rules of Chancery pleading, it was thought he never could be made to understand them, and, therefore, that he was quite unfit for his office. He turned out to be one of the greatest Equity Judges who ever sat in the Court; and not only is he entitled to the *equivocal compliment* that none of his judgments were reversed, but his authority upon all points, whether of a practical or abstruse nature, is now as high as that of Nottingham, Somers, or Hardwicke.'—IV., p. 523.

Cowper, already mentioned as almost a solitary instance of a Chancellor born to a title, may also be quoted among those who did not owe their rise to regular professional devotion *ab initio*; but he did not rise without feeling and obeying the stern spur of an empty purse. He became a Templar at eighteen, but without any notion of making the law his business. He was an exceedingly disolute, gay fellow, and seldom out of scrapes with women; he fell in with some black-letter Templars, who happened to be also pleasant companions, and from them he imbibed a taste for the antiquities and curiosities of the British Themis; but the attention he gave to these things was by fits or starts—he was, at best, a mere legal dilettante. However, he at last really fell in love, and though his family opposed him strenuously, he would marry the young lady of his honest choice. He did marry her in spite of them; but his father, the Hertfordshire baronet, was furious and inexorable. No supplies! There was nothing for it but to go to the Jews, or else get called to the bar—mount wig and gown in serious earnest—and win a livelihood like a man. He escaped the Mosaic temptation—perhaps he had already burnt his fingers; and with talents, manners, spirit, and by-and-bye learning of the first order, we need not wonder at the subsequent splendor of his career.

The only obstacle he had to overcome was the prevalence of a rumor which Swift has taken good care to immortalize in verse and prose, and not least by the *sobriquet* of *Bigamy Will*; and this, Lord Campbell admits, he could hardly have got over but for the potent advocacy of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, 'who, without scandal, was supposed to be much touched with the beauty of his person' (vol. IV., p. 291). Voltaire, also, during his visit here, took up the story, and in due time gave it currency throughout Europe, not to the advantage of our national reputation for morality and decorum; for in the *Philosophical Dictionary*, under the word *Femme*, in the section entitled 'De la Polygamie permise par quelques Papes et par quelques Réformateurs,' we read these words: 'Il est public en Angleterre, et on voudroit le nier en vain, que le Chancelier COWPER épousa deux femmes, qui vécurent ensemble dans sa maison avec une concorde singulière qui fit honneur à tous trois. Plusieurs curieux ont encore le petit livre que ce Chancelier composa en faveur de la Polygamie.' Nay,

Lord Campbell has been told that in another passage (which however he has not found) the Patriarch of Ferney writes, that 'to keep as many wives as one pleases is among the distinctive privileges of the English Chancellors, whence they are in common parlance called *Lord Keepers*.' Lord Campbell entirely rejects this imputation on Cowper, though he repeats, without disturbance of his muscles, the perhaps as marvellous story of another eminent equity lawyer of that age, who is said to have had two wives in separate parts of the town, but to have accurately divided his night between them, lamenting to the one that his consultations forced him to stay late at chambers, and to the other that his briefs summoned him to the Temple by 4 o'clock in the morning. His lordship, we say, rejects, not only the '*petit livre*' of Voltaire's article, but the legend *in toto*:—according to him Swift did not merely heighten and circulate the charge—'nothing could satisfy the Dean's malignity but a sheer invention.' With great submission, Swift was too consummate a master in malignity for that—he knew better—it is the exaggerated and embellished slander that both hits and sticks. There were no two wives in the case, we well believe; but we are afraid that during part of the second Lady Cowper's time there was also a concubine. Whether her ladyship was cognizant of the partnership is another question. Lord Campbell says, if she had been so, there must have been some allusion to it in her Diary, which he has seen, and from which he gives some curious extracts; but if—she on whatever grounds assenting to the arrangement—the peace of the 'home' was preserved systematically, the noble matron's diary is about the last record in which we should have expected to meet with any allusion to the fact. Lord Campbell, however, fairly inserts a letter from the Chancellor to his countess, in which he refers (she being then on a visit at a distance) to an overturn of his coach on the road from London to Hertfordshire, and adds—

'I thought I had before acquainted you with my design of carrying ye Lady you mention down with me, and therefore inferred yt from my writing she was here, you would infer I did so: we were run upon a bank in ye dark, and ye coach was in some danger, as wee could just see, of falling into much lower ground. At that instant I could not but think of ye fable, wher ye man that's going to be cast away is pleased that ye end of ye boat wher his enemy sat was going to sink first. I would have taken care, I assure you,

to have fallen as soft as I could, for my side would have been uppermost.'—Vol. IV., p. 309.

To 'the lady' in this passage our author gives a note at the foot of his page, in which he 'presumes the allusion is to a fat old housekeeper—not the simultaneous wife who, according to Voltaire, formed such an amicable trio with them;' but we doubt if it was then, any more than now, the fashion for personages of that rank to take their fat old housekeepers in their coaches with them—and perhaps there is something slightly awkward and, as it were, hesitative in his Lordship's method of bringing in the fact of 'the lady' having been his travelling companion. On the whole, we think Lord Campbell leaves this imputation where it was. Cowper, he is forced to allow, had been a great rake in his early days—and indeed he admits the truth of a story of the seduction and desertion of a well-connected young lady, which may probably seem to most of our readers a worse story than that of the 'amicable trio.' Nor could the Countess have been a particularly squeamish person on certain subjects—for while her husband held the Seals she herself had a place in the Royal household, and evidently cultivated with dutiful assiduity the society and good graces of the Hanoverian mistresses *en titre*.

Lord Campbell in his life of the Chancellor Cowper finds a convenient place for the very dark and extraordinary love-story of his brother, himself subsequently a Judge of the King's Bench, and grandfather of the poet of 'The Task.' This gentleman too was a beauty, and though he was a married man, a Quaker girl of Hertford, the fairest and wealthiest maiden in that town, conceived for him a passion which triumphed over all restraints of sect and of sex. Her letters to him, throwing herself at his feet—insisting on being allowed to come to his chambers in London, &c., &c.—are pathetic and certainly most extraordinary productions—and we do not see how it is possible to doubt that the passion which could declare itself in such a style had been in some degree encouraged by the handsome barrister, who usually lodged in the Quaker's house when on circuit—and who supped there on the night of the catastrophe. But we think it not less clear that the future Judge had no hand in her death. The Jury, before whom he was tried for murder, declared their conviction that the unfortunate lady committed suicide. We suppose that at their last meeting he had convinced her that, how-

ever weak and culpable, he would not abandon his wife. What a ballad William Cowper could have written on this story!

Our author's legitimate heroes having been for the most part 'tall and proper men,' it is, perhaps, more to be regretted than wondered at that he finds occasion to exert himself in vindicating not a few of them from aspersions of amatory frailty. Worshipping Somers as he naturally does to idolatry, he is particularly anxious to clear him, and treats with almost fierce indignation the notion that this glory of Whiggery and Equity kept up in the fulness of his honors the habits of his Templarhood. There is no question that the illustrious penman of the Bill of Rights had among his contemporaries a very indifferent reputation as to this department of his manners—indeed, the impression that his health was broken and his life abridged by such irregularities appears to have been universally received. Lord Campbell, in whitewashing some of his 'Beauties,' lays great stress on the absence of any specific cases or names from the pages in which a general scandal has been transmitted. Perhaps this might be accounted for—if the amours happened to be humble ones—even with gentlemen of but ordinary tact, and without extraordinary motives for prudence. But as to Somers—who never was a married man, be it observed—he says,—

'He had for his house-keeper a Mrs. Blount, the wife of a tradesman at Worcester, and it was alleged that he lived openly with this lady as his mistress, behaving cruelly to the husband, and at last shutting him up in a madhouse. *Quibus indicibus, quo teste probavit?* This story, most improbable in itself, is supported only by the gratuitous assertion of bitter and unscrupulous enemies. The manners of the Court of Charles II. had passed away. William and Mary, and afterwards Anne and the Prince of Denmark, had exhibited to the world a picture of the domestic virtues; licentiousness was discouraged in the highest quarters, and the appearance of it was avoided by the most licentious. It is therefore utterly impossible that a grave magistrate like Somers, who, though firm in the discharge of his duty, always showed a solicitude to enjoy the good opinion both of the prince and the people, should have followed a course which was sure to draw down upon him the just censure of all ranks in the state; and the supposition is equally at variance with the prudence and good taste, as with the honor and religious feeling which we know belonged to him.'—Vol. IV., p. 230

No doubt, the cruelty to Mr. Blount was a wild fiction. For the rest—we have no objection to what is here said of Queen Anne; but his lordship must have neglected

the chronicles of her predecessor. William's infidelities in the morning of his married life at the Hague made his beautiful princess the unhappiest of women—but she learned patience. No Stuart or Hanoveran sovereign either maintained mistresses with less disguise than William did after the Revolution, or rewarded them (in one case at least) with more impudent profusion—nor was either Catharine of Braganza or Caroline of Anspach a more perfect specimen of conjugal tolerance and submission than 'Good Queen Mary.' We recommend to our author the study of the tenth and eleventh volumes of Miss Strickland's 'Lives of the Queens of England;* and also in treating love-stories generally, the avoidance of such strong phrases as 'it is utterly impossible.' Again, as to Lord Somers's 'religious feeling,' the biographer relies perhaps with rather too much confidence on the eulogies of the amiable Addison, who had been most kindly treated and efficiently patronized by the great Chancellor, and in whose presence, his piety being as well known as his genius, it is not to be supposed that any well-bred gentleman would give utterance to any expression of an irreligious tendency. We may say the same of the weight laid on Somers's friendly intercourse with Archbishop Tillotson, which is here produced (vol. IV., p. 288) as a set-off to his familiarity with Tindal, and his patronage of Bayle's dictionary and 'Wicked Will Whiston.' Somers, the truth is, lived with all the wits of the time—our author dwells on his good taste in so doing—but we are afraid it might puzzle the apologist to point out a sincere Christian among the set, excepting Addison and Arbuthnot.

In the amatory section of Lord Hardwicke's biography the author is not obliged to assume any very strenuous attitude of defence. He quotes from the old *Life* by Cooksey this little story, which certainly proves that the lofty Earl either was not, or pretended not to be, acquainted with the personal appearance of two much admired beauties of the irregular class:—

'He used to relate an incident that occurred to him in a morning ride from Wimpole. Observing an elegant gentleman's house, he conceived a wish to see the inside of it. It happened to

* Queen Mary's paper, given on her death-bed to Archbishop Tennison—in which she disburthened herself of her long sufferings from King William's preference of her attendant, Barbara Villiers, in due time Countess of Orkney—was seen by Dalrymple; but he thought, he says, the time was not come for printing it; and it has been traced by no subsequent historian.

be that of Mr. Montague, brother to Lord Sandwich, who, being at home, very politely, without knowing his lordship, conducted him about the apartments, which were perfectly elegant; and expatiated on the pictures, some of which were capital. Among these were two female figures, beautifully painted, in all their native naked charms. "*These ladies,*" says the master of the house, "*you must certainly know, for they are most striking likenesses.*" On the guest's expressing his perfect ignorance, "*Why, where the devil have you led your life, or what company have you kept,*" says the Captain, "*not to know Fanny Murray and Kitty Fisher, with whose persons I thought no fashionable man like you could be unacquainted?*" On the visitor's taking leave, and saying, "*I shall be glad to return your civilities at Wimple,*" what surprise and confusion did he express on his discovering he had been talking all this *badinage* to Lord Hardwicke!—Vol. V., p. 165.

Lord Campbell dismisses this chapter with triumphant decision—

"He was one of the handsomest men of his time, and bestowed great attention to his appearance and dress. There were reports circulated of his gallantries with a Lady B—, and with the celebrated Mrs. Wells; but for these there was as little foundation as for his conjectured intimacy with Fanny Murray and Kitty Fisher. He was a *perfect pattern* not only of temperance and sobriety, but also of conjugal fidelity."

Of Northington, also, we are told that 'he was a remarkably handsome man in his person;' but nothing occurs as to love matters except a 'somewhat romantic attachment' at Bath, of which 'from his rattling, reckless manner, and his being a professed votary of the god "ever fair and ever young," he was supposed to be incapable, but which led to a very happy wedding' (vol. V., p. 179). He had been a right potent toper both at All Souls and in the Temple:—

"He afterwards so far reformed as not to allow his love of wine very seriously to interfere with the pressing business of life, but many a severe fit of the gout was the result of his youthful indulgences. He was once heard, in the House of Lords, to mutter, after several hobbling and painful walks, with the purse in his hand, between the woolpack and the bar—If I had only known that these legs were one day to carry a Lord Chancellor, I'd have taken better care of them when I was a lad."

"We have a special reason for not dwelling on Lord Campbell's Life of the very greatest of the Chancellors. He has not had the full use of the Yorke family's papers, because these had been previously intrusted to another gentleman, who now announces a separate biography of Lord Hardwicke on a large scale.

"His great delight was to find himself in a circle of lawyers, or common-place politicians, and to indulge in boisterous mirth and coarse jocularity. He seems himself to have possessed a rich fund of humor. Many of his sayings and stories used to be repeated by young students, when '*Twos merry in the hall, and beard's wagged all,*—but would not be found suited to the more refined taste of the present age. He likewise indulged in a bad habit which seems to have been formerly very general, and which I recollect when it was expiring—of interlarding conversation with oaths and imprecations as intensives—even without any anger or excitement. But in spite of these faults, into which he was led by the fashion of the times, he was a strictly moral, and even a religious man. He continued to live on terms of the utmost affection and harmony with his wife."

Lord Campbell dismisses this drinking, swearing, indecent, but strictly moral and religious Chancellor, by saying that even his dying words to his daughters were too gross to be printed; but on the other hand—

"He was noted as a very steady and consistent politician, so that he did not derive the same benefit from the oblivion of his harangues which might have been enjoyed by some of his successors, who, in the discussion of important questions, have spoken with equal ability on both sides."—Vol. V., p. 182.

The stiff and sanctimonious King, the solemn Camden, the brilliant Charles Yorke, and the prematurely and proverbially grave Bathurst, pass before us without speck; but there is an extract from the private Diary of the first of these which (since we have got into love-stories) may not unsuitably be quoted here. If Lord King's Diary contains many more passages of the like curiosity, it surely deserves to be published:—

"*Monday, 2nd September, 1729,* went to town. The next day saw the Queen at Court; from thence went to Sir R. Walpole's in his chariot; and dined with him and his lady only. . . . On this occasion he let me into several secrets relating to the King and Queen—that the King constantly wrote to her by every opportunity long letters of two or three sheets, being generally of all his actions—what he did every day, even to minute things, and particularly of his amours, what women he admired . . . ; and that the Queen, to continue him in a disposition to do what she desired, returned as long letters, and approved even of his amours; not scrupling to say, that she was but one woman, and an old woman, and that he might love more and younger women. . . . By which means, and a perfect subserviency to his will, she effected whatsoever she desired, without which it was impossible to keep him within any bounds." Vol. IV., p. 624.

'I have been obliged (says Lord Campbell) to omit some of the expressions imputed to her Majesty, as too coarse to be copied;' and he adds:—'It is possible that the whole was the invention of Walpole, who over his wine might wish to mystify the Chancellor.' But this mystification cannot be charged against Walpole. The style of the King's letters from Hanover to his Queen is, we understand, not only described but exemplified in the forthcoming *Memoirs of Lord Hervey*.

Thurlow's chapter is not by any means so easy, but Lord Campbell shows every disposition to treat him gently:—

'Thurlow was early in life honorably attached to an accomplished young lady, Miss Gooch—of a respectable family in Norfolk; "but she would not have him, for she was positively afraid of him." He seems then to have forsworn matrimony. It is with great reluctance that I proceed; but I should give a very imperfect sketch of the individual and of the manners of the age, if I were to try to conceal that of which he was not ashamed, and which in his lifetime, with very slight censure, was known to all the world. Not only while he was at the bar, but after he became Lord Chancellor, he lived openly with a mistress, and had a family by her, whom he recognized, and without any disguise brought out in society as if they had been his legitimate children.—In like manner, as when I touched upon the irregularities of Cardinal Wolsey, I must remind the reader that every man is charitably to be judged by the standard of morality which prevailed in the age in which he lived. Although Mrs. Hervey is sometimes satirically named in the *Rolliad* and other contemporary publications, her *liaison* with the Lord Chancellor seems to have caused little scandal. In spite of it he was a prime favorite, not only with George III. but with Queen Charlotte, both supposed to be very strict in their notions of chastity; and his house was not only frequented by his brother the Bishop, but by ecclesiastics of all degrees,—who celebrated the orthodoxy of the head of the law,—his love of the Established Church,—and his hatred of Dissenters. It should likewise be stated in mitigation, that he was an affectionate parent, and took great pains with the education of his offspring.'

Note.—When I first knew the profession, it would not have been endured that any one in a judicial situation should have had such a domestic establishment as Thurlow's, but a majority of the Judges had married their mistresses. The understanding then was, that a man elevated to the bench, if he had a mistress, must either marry her or put her away. For many years there has been no necessity for such an alternative. The improvement in public morals, at the conclusion of the eighteenth century, may be mainly ascribed to George III. and his Queen, who, though being unable to lay down any violent rule, or to bring about any sudden change, they were obliged to

wink at the irregularities of the Lord Chancellor,—not only by their bright example, but by their well-directed efforts, greatly discouraged the profligacy which was introduced at the Restoration, and continued, with little abatement, till their time.—Vol. V., p. 657.

It appears to us that Lord Campbell could hardly have penned the foregoing note, unless he had utterly forgotten the strain of his own observations when vindicating Somers in *re Blount*. He there assumed that the pure examples of William and Mary, and Aone and George of Denmark, had effected the reform which is here, with more accuracy, traced to George III. and Queen Charlotte. But enough of the erotics of Thurlow:—and the more doubtful question of that Chancellor's religion we are willing to leave in Lord Campbell's merciful hands:—

'It has been said that Thurlow was a sceptic; but I do not believe that there is any foundation for this assertion, beyond the laxity of his practice, and an occasional irreverence in his expressions on religious subjects—which, however censurable, were not inconsistent with a continuing belief in the divine truths he had been taught by his pious parents.'

Thurlow was the earliest of these heroes that ever fell under the biographer's personal inspection, and we feel throughout the narrative how much life and verisimilitude are gained when the subject has actually sat to the artist, though but once, and long before there could have been any thought of the portraiture.

'With these eyes have I beheld the lineaments of Edward, Lord Thurlow; with these ears have I heard the deep tones of his voice.'

'He had resigned the Great Seal while I was still a child residing in my native land; but when I had been entered a few days a student at Lincoln's Inn it was rumored that, after a long absence from Parliament, he was to attend in the House of Lords, to express his opinion upon the very important question, "whether a divorce bill should be passed on the petition of the wife, in a case where her husband had been guilty of incest with her sister?"—there never hitherto having been an instance of a divorce bill in England except on the petition of the husband for the adultery of the wife.'

'When I was admitted below the bar, May 20, 1801, Lord Chancellor Eldon was sitting on the woolsack; but he excited comparatively little interest, and all eyes were impatiently looking round for him who had occupied it under Lord North, under Lord Rockingham, under Lord Shelburne, and under Mr. Pitt. At last there walked in, supported by a staff, a figure bent with age, dressed

in an old-fashioned grey coat,—with breeches and gaiters of the same stuff—a brown scratch wig—tremendous white bushy eyebrows—eyes still sparkling with intelligence—dreadful crows' feet round them—very deep lines in his countenance—and shrivelled complexion of a sallow hue—all indicating much greater senility than was to be expected from the date of his birth as laid down in the Peerage [1732].

The debate was begun by his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV., who moved the rejection of the bill, on the ground that marriage had never been dissolved, in this country, and never ought to be dissolved, unless for the adultery of the wife,—which alone for ever frustrated the purposes for which marriage had been instituted. Lord Thurlow then rose, and the fall of a feather might have been heard in the House while he spoke. At this distance of time I retain the most lively recollection of his appearance, his manner, and his reasoning.

"I have been excited by this bill," said he, "to examine the whole subject of divorce. Why do you grant to the husband a divorce for the adultery of the wife? Because he ought not to forgive her, and separation is inevitable. Where the wife cannot forgive, and separation is inevitable by reason of the crime of the husband, the wife is entitled to the like remedy. By the clearest evidence, Mr. Addison since the marriage has been guilty of incest with the sister of Mrs. Addison. Reconciliation is impossible. She cannot forgive him, and return to his house, without herself being guilty of incest. Had this intercourse with the sister taken place before the marriage, the Ecclesiastical Court would have set aside the marriage as incestuous and void from the beginning; and is Mrs. Addison to be in a worse situation because the incest was committed after the marriage, and under her own roof? You allow that she can never live with him again as her husband, and is she, innocent, to be condemned for his crime to spend the rest of her days in the unheard-of situation of being neither virgin, wife, nor widow? Another sufficient ground for passing the bill is, that there are children of this marriage, who, without the interference of the legislature, would be exclusively under the control of the father. Now, your Lordships must all agree that such a father as Mr. Addison has proved himself to be, is unfit to be intrusted with the education of a daughter. The illustrious Prince says truly that there is no exact precedent for such a bill; but, my Lords, let us look less to the exact terms of precedents than to the reason on which they are founded. The adultery of the husband, while it is condemned, may be forgiven, and therefore is no sufficient reason for dissolving the marriage; but the incestuous adultery of the husband is equally fatal to the matrimonial union as the adultery of the wife, and should entitle the injured party to the same redress."

"I cannot now undertake to say whether there were any *cheers*, but I well remember that Henry Cowper, the time-honored Clerk of the House of Lords, who had sat there for half a century, came down to the bar in a fit of enthusiasm, and called out

in a loud voice CAPITAL! CAPITAL! CAPITAL! Lord Chancellor Eldon declared that he had made up his mind to oppose the measure, but that he was converted; and Ex-chancellor Lord Roselyn confessed that the consideration which had escaped him,—of the impossibility of a reconciliation—now induced him to vote for the bill. Having passed both Houses, it received the Royal assent, and has since been followed as a precedent in two or three other cases of similar atrocity.—Vol. V., p. 473.

Would that Lord Thurlow had oftener found such a reporter! What strong clear sense, and what sterling English! We are sorry not to quote the most striking description of his mode of addressing the House of Lords, which occurs in Lord Brougham's *Sketches*; but we must keep our space for our Campbell, and give another favorable specimen of this Essay on Thurlow—to wit, the account of his first start of professional success (1761). Every reader of Cowper's *Letters* knows how little of labor apparently entered into his more fortunate companion's early course of life:—

"According to legal tradition, soon after the decision of the Court of Session in Scotland that the alleged son of Lady Jane Douglas was a supposititious child purchased at Paris, the question, which excited great interest all over Europe, was discussed one evening at Nando's coffeehouse—which, from its excellent punch, and the ministrations of a younger daughter of the landlady, was Thurlow's favorite haunt. At this time, and indeed when I myself first began the study of the law, the modern club system was unknown; and (as in the time of Swift and Addison) men went in the evenings for society to coffee-houses, in which they expected to encounter a particular set of acquaintance, but which were open to all who chose to enter and offer to join in the conversation, at the risk of meeting with cold looks and mortifying rebuffs. Thurlow, like his contemporary Dr. Johnson, took great pains in gladiatorial discussion, knowing that he excelled in it, and he was pleased and excited when he found a large body of good listeners. On the evening in question, a friend of his at the English bar strongly applauded the judgment against the supposed heir of the house of Douglas. For this reason, probably, Thurlow took the contrary side. Like most other lawyers he had read the evidence attentively, and in a succinct but masterly statement he gave an abstract of it to prove that the claimant was indeed the genuine issue of Lady Jane and her husband,—dextrously repelling the objections to the claim, and contending that there were admitted facts which were inconsistent with the theory of the child being the son of the French rope-dancer. Having finished his argument and his punch, he withdrew to his chambers, pleased with the victory which he had obtained over his antagonist; and went to bed, thinking no more of the Douglas

cause, and ready, according to the vicissitudes of talk, to support the spuriousness of the claimant with equal zeal. But it so happened that two Scotch law agents, who had come up from Edinburgh to enter the appeal, having heard of the fame of Nando's, had at a side-table been quiet listeners of the disputation, and were amazingly struck with the knowledge of the case and the acuteness which Thurlow had exhibited. The moment he was gone they went to the landlady and inquired who he was? They had never heard his name before; but finding that he was a barrister, they resolved to retain him as junior to prepare the appellant's Case, and to prompt those who were to lead it at the bar of the House of Lords. A difficulty had occurred about the preparation of the Case, for there was a wise determination that, from the magnitude of the stake, the nature of the question, and the consideration that it was to be decided by English law lords, the *plaidoyer* should be drawn by English counsel, and the heads of the bar who were retained—from their numerous avocations—had refused to submit to this preliminary drudgery.

Next morning a retainer, in *Douglas v. The Duke of Hamilton*, was left at Thurlow's chambers, with an immense pile of papers, having a fee indorsed upon them ten times as large as he had ever before received. At a conference with the agents (who took no notice of Nando's), an explanation was given of what was expected of him,—the Scotchmen hinting that his fame had reached the Parliament House at Edinburgh. He readily undertook the task, and did it the most ample justice, showing that he could command, upon occasion, not only striking elocution, but patient industry. He repeatedly perused and weighed every deposition, every document, and every pleading that had ever been brought forward during the suit, and he drew a most masterly Case, which mainly led to the success of the appeal, and which I earnestly recommend to the law student as a model of lucid arrangement and forcible reasoning.

While so employed he made acquaintance with several of the relations and connexions of the Douglas family, who took the deepest interest in the result; and, amongst others, with the old Duchess of Queensberry, the well-known friend of Gay, Pope, and Swift. When she had got over the bluntness of his manners (which were certainly not those of the *vieille cour*), she was mightily taken with him, and declared that since the banishment of Atterbury and the death of Bolingbroke, she had met with no Englishman whose conversation was so charming. She added that, being a genuine Tory, she had considerable influence with Lord Bute, the new favorite, and even with the young Sovereign himself, who had a just respect for hereditary right, lamenting the fate of the family whom his own had somewhat irregularly supplanted. On this hint Thurlow spoke, and, with the boldness that belonged to his character, said that "a silk gown would be very acceptable to him." Her Grace was as much surprised as if he had expressed a wish to wear a silk petticoat—but upon an explanation, that the wished-for fa-

vor was the appointment to the dignity of King's Counsel, in the gift of the Government, she promised that it should be conferred upon him. And she was as good as her word.—Vol. V., pp. 489—491.

To this Douglas Cause, then, Thurlow owed both his silk gown and his adoption of the Tory politics—whence the Great Seal in due season. The Duchess, who in early life enjoyed the society of Swift, was not likely to be much repelled by bluntness of manner in Thurlow. As to her alleged account of George the Third's views and feelings concerning the exiled Stuarts *at the beginning of his reign*, we should have liked to be told on what authority the statement is ascribed to her Grace; but at the same time, were the story ever so clearly brought home to her, we must beg to be excused for slowness of acceptance. Duchess Kitty's eccentricity, even in her early period, was egregious; and Quevedo long ago observed, that if the girl squints with one eye the grandame will be likely to squint with two.

Before we turn from the Second Series (published in 1846) we may observe that throughout his lives of the Chancellors of the old Revolution school, Lord Campbell is forced to acknowledge that, on the two grand political questions still uppermost in public interest, all those venerated ornaments of his party maintained opinions diametrically the reverse of their more enlightened successors, the liberal Whigs of our own æra. He cannot obscure the fact, for example, that the Anti-Catholic legislation of *Somers* was infinitely severer than even Queen Elizabeth's—under the urgency of Philip's aggressive ambition, and when the dethroning Edicts of the Vatican were wet from the press—had ever been, (vol. IV., p. 226). All he can say is, that in those times 'the general feeling among English Protestants with respect to Roman Catholics resembled what now prevails in the United States of America among the whites with respect to the negroes;' and that 'the authors of such measures had no consciousness of doing anything wrong'—meaning *perhaps* to insinuate that persons who in more recent days avowed their suspicion that the Papal virus was not extinct, and opposed accordingly the full admission of Romanists to all the political franchises of a constitution which the *Somerses* founded on the very principle of Protestantism, were conscious that in acting on such grounds 'they were doing wrong.' In like manner he cannot

help allowing that all the old Whig worthies were resolute Protectionists. When obliged (vol. IV., p. 590) to recount the successful energy of the stand made by King (with Stanhope and other associates) against certain articles in the Treaty of Utrecht, providing that in future 'no higher duties should be imposed on any goods imported from France than on the like goods from any other country in Europe,' he suggests that 'the bad political economy of his brother barrister 130 years ago may be forgiven, when we see an enlightened nobleman in the middle of the nineteenth century, still condemning the clauses in question;' and he quotes with an air of triumph a few words of what we still think a very sensible passage, in which Lord Mahon observes that the clauses would have involved 'a direct violation of the Methuen Treaty, and this violation would of course have lost the English all their trade with Portugal, which was then by far the most thriving and advantageous they possessed;' that, moreover, our 'rising manufactures of silk, linen, and paper were threatened with unequal competition and probable ruin;' and that 'the practical men of business—who in that unenlightened age were usually preferred to theorists and speculators—with scarcely an exception viewed the project with dismay.' (*Mahon*, vol. I., p. 49). Lord Campbell often shows so much candor, and, on the whole, is so little chargeable (for a voluminous Whig) with exhibitions of presumptuous dogmatism, that we regret to find him on any occasion adopting the crowing self-sufficient air of our vulgar talkers and writers on subjects of this particular class. Such arrogance seems unworthy of him who, having a seat in Lord John Russell's Cabinet, has the manliness to express, in not a few places, his regret for the close boroughs scheduled away in 1832. After confessing, for instance, in his fourth volume, that the spotless puritan King was, even when Chief Justice, a most diligent dealer in the traffic of boroughs, and that but for *Berealstone* the splendid name of Cowper would never have graced his book or our peerage, his lordship honestly says—

'It was entirely close, and was one of a class of boroughs so convenient and useful that we cannot help sometimes regretting the scandal which rendered their abolition necessary; for I fear we cannot deny that they sent to parliament members more eloquent and better qualified to serve the state than the new boroughs with larger constituencies which have been substituted for them.—Vol. IV., p. 287.

We hope and believe he would have published the foregoing sentence, although he had still in 1846 continued 'Plain John,' member for Edinburgh. One could hardly have expected him to add, that no admirer of our ancient constitution can help regretting the line taken by the Tory Government as to the East Retford case—which enabled the Whigs to re-awaken the almost forgotten cry of Reform, and by 'fanning the sacred flame' of the Three Days of July, to force on a popular movement, whereof the natural fruit is now visibly ripening—to the equal alarm, as we believe, of Whig and Tory.

So much for the second *livraison*, in which, though from the nature of the materials it could not come up to the picturesque interest of the first, we must say that the author has represented, in a style eminently free and masculine, a long line of very important and very oddly diversified personages. Of his by-play we have, we suppose, given sufficient examples; perhaps indeed some of our readers may be inclined to think that several of its closest girds might as well have been reserved for the antepandial fencing-bouts of the House of Lords. We may suggest, at parting, that in the next edition a good deal of space might be gained by abridging the notes devoted to mere transcripts of the formal official records of the elevation of successive Chancellors, and other documents of a similar class. It was right to afford a specimen or two of such things, but it is wearisome enough to have the very same bald stuff repeated on every change in the custody of the Seal from Edward III. to George IV.; and we can hardly speak otherwise of the eternal details of inaugural processions and banquets. It looks as if the writer had a sort of hankering after the pomps and vanities quite out of keeping with his usual sturdy common sense, and enjoyed dallying in imagination with the weight of the embroidered purse and the grandeur of the mace in the coach. Why the mention in his text of some legal festivities a hundred years ago should authorize a note of two or three pages about Prince Albert's dinner at Lincoln's Inn, we are quite at a loss to conjecture. Surely it was not enough that among the dignitaries present at this recent display the record so painfully transcribed happened to include the name of Lord Campbell.

The fifth volume, as we have seen, includes the life of one whom the biographer had looked upon in the flesh as an ex-Chancellor. The sixth opens with him who had

just been removed—*multum gemens*—from the Woolsack on the day when the long retired Thurlow once more electrified the House of Lords, in the presence (luckily for us) of a certain very promising student-of-law. This was Alexander Wedderburn, Lord Loughborough—for our author keeps by that historical title, though after he lost the Seal he became Earl of Rosslyn—just as he had in a former volume given us Ellesmere, not Brackley;—and Lord Bacon, not the Viscount of St. Alban's. Loughborough occupies half this volume—the rest is for Erskine. The latter is taken out of his order—for Eldon preceded him in the high place, but he died in 1807, whereas Eldon's public career continued for thirty years later, and the arrangement adopted was of course more convenient with reference to history. Erskine's tenure, moreover, was but a brief interruption of the long Eldonian reign—and one in itself so insignificant, that if the actual Chancellorship had been the only point, we doubt whether Lord Campbell could have ventured to pronounce old John Searl 'the obscurest of the Chancellors.' With respect to occupying the whole of the sixth volume with only two Lives, we must recollect that Loughborough was the first Scotchman who ever reached the Woolsack, and Erskine the second. It is also to be observed, however, that for Scotch biographies the author had more than common facilities; and we must say that he has handled both stories with uncommon vivacity of effect. That he somewhat depresses Loughborough, and considerably heightens Erskine, was to be anticipated.

Wedderburn was born at Edinburgh in 1733, the son of a gentleman of ancient descent and small landed estate, who, after long but far from brilliant practice as an advocate, became a Judge of the Court of Session in 1755, with the courtesy title of Lord Chesterhall. This Judge is mentioned by the chroniclers of the 'Senators of the College of Justice,' as remarkable for nothing but the gentleness and modesty of his disposition and manners.* His wife was a clever, active woman of the proud race of the Ogilvies—to her, no doubt, the son owed both his talents and his temper, and she herself took the chief pains that were taken with her boy's education. He was

one of the most precocious of striplings—a rare instance of real eminence attained by one whose juvenile merits had attracted especial notice and applause; and his ambition took shape early—for, though all former biographers have represented him as without any views towards the south until after he had spent some three years in 'walking the Parliament House' *more paterno*, it now comes out that this was not the fact. Even before he had attended any of the law lectures in the college—'as soon,' to use his own words, 'as he could look about him and compare himself with others'—he came to the conclusion that Edinburgh was too narrow and lazy a sphere for him. He had been inflamed (as he told the late Earl of Haddington) by what was an eternal theme of discourse in the north—the signal elevation of Mansfield—and could see no reason why another Scotchman might not follow an equally brilliant career in the Law of the greater kingdom. A Scotch Judge's salary was then only 500*l.* per annum, which may afford a tolerable notion of what their bar practice could be expected to yield. But the amiable Chesterhall was of an old *Famille de la Robe*; to oscillate between Auld Reekie in term-time and the hereditary farm* twenty miles off in the vacation, was the utmost limit of his aspirations for himself or for his son after him. England was a remote country; London a vast Babylon; the religion was only a shade better than popery; the law itself semi-barbarous and unsystematic, unworthy to be held in like estimation with a certain grand body of doctrine largely derived in a right line from the Pandects. Young Chesterhall would be lost in that measureless *terra incognita*—at best he would be denationalized, un-Calvinized, and the ancestral pigeon-house would hold him no more. The sober laird and advocate could not endure the thought of such fearful risks and woful changes. It happened that Mr. Hume Campbell, who had been called to the English bar, but speedily devoted himself to politics, was on a visit to his brother Lord Marchmont, to whom Chesterhall usually paid his respects when attending the circuit-court on the Border. It occurred to him that he would carry Alexander to Marchmont House; he would there gather what men of name and experience thought of

* See the 'Account of the Senators,' &c. by Messrs. Brunton and Haig of the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh—a modest and careful volume published in 1832.

* The house of Chesterhall has disappeared, and we believe the whole of its little territory is now thrown into the park of Oxenford Castle, the fine seat of the Earl of Stair in Mid Lothian.

London as a sphere for the adventures of a young immigrant, who had decent enough prospects before him, if he would only stick to the old paths. At the same time the laird had a high notion of his son's gifts and acquirements; and as he was a comely lad, and not sorely encumbered with shyness, it had no doubt been suggested by the fond and stirring mother that he might make a favorable impression among the great people at Marchmont; at any rate, the expedition could do no harm. It was performed accordingly, but with none of the desired results. The aspiring boy, additionally excited by champagne and high company, was quite ready to show off his knowledge and eloquence, and also to sit in judgment on those for whose inspection he had been destined. He perceived, or conceived, that Hume Campbell was a shallow personage; and the latter, next morning, took the learned laird of Chesterhall aside, and told him candidly that his son seemed a smart youth, but of flighty, unsubstantial parts; he would never do for the bar anywhere; if the family were to turn their thoughts to the army, he would very willingly use his interest to get them an Ensigncy in a marching regiment. Father and son returned to their peel in dudgeon and discomfiture; but the son swore to himself that he would go to London, and, moreover, that once there, he would find means to revenge himself on Mr. Hume Campbell; and he kept his vows.

It is clear, however, that offensive as his behavior at Marchmont may have been, with whatever absurdity of self-complaisance he may have chattered in the presence of the friend of Pope, he was a most extraordinary youth. At eighteen, as Dugald Stewart tells us, he was on habits of constant correspondence with Adam Smith; at twenty he was admitted to the companionship of the Poker Club—a most select association of senior *bon vivants*—Smith, Hume, Home, Ferguson, Elibank, Robertson, Carlyle—the *élite* of Edinburgh in Edinburgh's palmiest season. Having devoured in silence his Berwickshire misadventure, he had signified to his father his acquiescence in the plan of the Scotch bar, and devoted himself seriously to the study of the civil law—in Lord Campbell's opinion it was at this time that he laid in almost all the stock of real law learning that he ever possessed; but he had kept the English scheme all the while *alta mente repostum*—and in the spring of 1753, a year before he could pass advocate, he requested leave to make a run to

London by himself, which was granted readily. On this occasion he carried with him a letter from David Hume, then aged forty, to his friend Dr. Clephane, which concluded thus:—

'It will be a great obligation both to him and me if you give him encouragement to see you frequently; and after that, I doubt not you will think that you owe me an obligation—

Ha in giovenile corpo senile senno.

But I will say no more of him, lest my letter fall into the same fault which may be remarked in his behavior and conduct in life—the only fault which has been remarked in them,—that of promising so much that it will be difficult for him to support it. You will allow that he must have been guilty of some error of this kind, when I tell you that the man with whose friendship and company I have thought myself very much favored, and whom I recommend to you as a friend and companion, is just twenty.'—Vol. VI, p. 11.

This testimony is sufficient as to his talents and acquirements, and it leaves no doubt that he had learned to keep his petulance well in hand. It is possible that the Marchmont visit may have formed a subject of very useful reflection. In London he started some Templars to whom Clephane made him known by his dialect, which was, it seems, decorated with an outrageous audacity of 'High English,'—but this affectation (one not extinct among the Edinburgh juriconsults) could neither conceal his opulence of information nor the brilliancy of his mother-wit. He himself, after a little, became aware of the ludicrous pyebaldness of his brogue, and that depressed him; but, on the other hand, he was measuring himself with men in some practice at the southern bar, and he had the opportunity of witnessing the proceedings in their courts, and on the whole his courage revived, inasmuch that he entered himself at Lincoln's Inn, and had eaten through a couple of terms before he left town—resolving to do the like occasionally as he might find opportunity during the remainder of his Edinburgh novitiate. Next year he was called to the bar there, at the usual age of twenty-one, and he remained in regular attendance in the Court of Session for three subsequent years, with every symptom of fair promise, until he had digested perhaps half the regulation messes of his Inn in London; and his father being dead, and his motions and a little money at his own disposal, it seemed to him that the time was come for turning his face in earnest to 'the finest prospect that any Scotchman ever sees.' The incredibly

strange scene in the Court of Session, which formed the *finale* of his Scotch career, has been slightly sketched by several hands. Lord Campbell has been enabled to correct some errors in those statements, but we apprehend he has added new ones in their place, and we believe he has not laid his finger on the real origin of the quarrel which had that most singular termination.

We must observe, first of all, that though Wedderburn had not made any conspicuous display before the Scotch bench, he had very much distinguished himself in what was then, and till lately continued to be, a favorite scene for the oratory of young Scotch barristers—namely, the venerable Assembly of the Kirk. According to the then fashion with gentlemen of that gown, he had been ‘ordained a ruling elder’ as soon as he was major, and ever since sat in the Assembly as delegate of some town in Fife. From the date of the Union—ever since the Parliament House ceased to accommodate a native legislature—this theatre had been resorted to by ambitious and not as yet well employed members of the Bar—and there they contrasted strikingly enough in appearance and in style of rhetoric with the worthy divines constituting the great majority of the conclave. The debates there in 1756 and 1757 excited within doors and without more interest than almost any others in the record. In the former year the subject was the proposed excommunication of ‘Mr. David Hume, librarian to the Faculty of Advocates,’ on account of his *Essays*; in 1757 this was followed by the ‘overture’ for the degradation of ‘Mr. John Home, minister of the Gospel at Athelstanford,’ for having written ‘a sinful stage play called *Douglas*.’ On both occasions the ultra-Calvinists of the Kirk exerted all the zeal of Wodrow and Peden—and on both, the Moderate party, led with consummate skill by Robertson, made as stout a stand as they durst in favor of the celebrated culprits—with whom their chief had long lived in habits of companionship. But on both occasions the Clerical Moderates felt themselves sorely embarrassed—adroit evasions and a clever use of points of form were the most they could venture—their own reputation for orthodoxy was in serious peril. The front of the battle, therefore, was left for the less heavily armed troops—the lawyers; and both for Hume and for Home the most gallant and effective combatant was Wedderburn. His speech for Hume was, indeed, a remarkable one—even imperfectly

as we have it reported, it seems a masterpiece of irony—it must have distilled like oil of vitriol on the Geneva cloak. Wedderburn, who, says our author, ‘I hope and believe from sincere conviction, and at all events from prudence, would have been very sorry to be supposed to share the speculative doubts of the individual he defended’—was now just twenty-three years of age. He said:—

‘It is wholly unnecessary that I should follow the example of the reverend divine who has preceded me, by making any profession of zeal for the pure Presbyterian church established in this country. I say with him, “Peace be within her walls! prosperity within her bulwarks!” But, in the first place, let me very respectfully ask whether all who are disposed to concur in this vote have read the writings to be condemned? Am I to believe that the holy presbyters, trusted with the care of souls of which they are to give an account, instead of preaching, praying, and catechizing, have been giving up their days and their nights to Mr. Hume’s *Essays*—said to be so poisonous and so pernicious,—in neglect of the spiritual good of others, and possibly to the peril of their own principles? But suppose these wicked books to have been deliberately read by every member of this assembly, by how many of you have they been understood? And are you to defer coming to a decision till you are all agreed on their meaning, and are all of one mind upon the various abstruse questions which they discuss? Can you all tell us the difference between coincidence and causation? One *Essay*, very acrimoniously alluded to by the reverend mover of the overture, is on “Liberty and Necessity;” but some have declared elsewhere that the views of the essayist thus reprobated are in entire harmony with the doctrines of Calvin and Knox on predestination. You must have made up your own mind upon them before you call in Mr. Hume,—who may be better prepared than it may be convenient for some of you, to prove that they are not at variance with the standards of the true Presbyterian faith. I would, with all possible respect, request you to recollect the procedure in another meeting of intelligences, with which I would venture to compare this venerable Assembly only for eloquence, and a deep theoretical knowledge of divine truth. When those casuists, though of more than mortal grasp of thought,

— — — — — “reason’d high
Of providence; fore-knowledge, will and fate,
Fix’d fate, free will, fore-knowledge absolute—
They found no end, in wandering mazes lost.”

The opinions complained of, however erroneous, are of an abstract and metaphysical nature—not exciting the attention of the multitude—not influencing life or conduct; your spiritual censures should be reserved for a denial of the *divine right of presbytery*, or practical errors which lead to a

violation of the *ten commandments*. What advantage do you really expect from the course which is proposed? Is there any chance of your convincing Mr. Hume, and of making him cry *peccavi*? Upon his proving contumacious you are resolved to punish, if you cannot reform him; and the awful sentence of the "Greater Excommunication" is to be pronounced—by which he is to be excluded from the society of all Christians, and to be handed over to the evil one. But this is a sentence which the civil power now refuses to recognise, and which will be attended with no temporal consequences. You may wish for the good of his soul to burn him as Calvin did Servetus; but you must be aware that, however desirable such a power may appear to the Church, you cannot touch a hair of his head, or even compel him against his will to do penance on the stool of repentance. Are you sure that he may not be so hardened as to laugh at your anathemas, and even to rejoice in them, as certainly increasing the circulation of his books? If he is grave and sarcastic, may he not claim the right of private judgment for which your fathers have bled; and if you deny it to him, may he not call upon you again to keep company with that Lady of Babylon whom you hold in such abomination? But there is one other point. I admit your jurisdiction in spiritual matters over all the members of your church. But you assert that Mr. Hume is not even a Christian. Why are you to summon him before you more than any Jew or Mahometan who may happen to be travelling within your bounds? Your "libel," as we lawyers call it, is *ex facie* inept, irrelevant, and null, for it begins by alleging that the defender denies and disbelieves Christianity, and then it seeks to proceed against him and to punish him as a Christian. For these reasons I move, "that while all the members of the General Assembly have a just abhorrence of any doctrines or principles tending to infidelity or to the prejudice of our holy religion, yet they drop the overture anent Mr. David Hume, because it would not, in their judgment, minister to edification."

It was these speeches that first gave Wedderburn a general reputation in Scotland, and if he had remained at the Scotch bar we can have very little doubt that he must have risen by-and-by to its first honors. But without dwelling longer on such speculations, here is Lord Campbell's edition of his actual *exit* from Edinburgh in July, 1757:—

* *The Dean of Faculty* at that time was Mr. Lockhart, afterwards Lord Covington, a man of learning, but of a demeanour harsh and overbearing. It had ever been considered the duty of the chief of the body of Advocates, freely elected to preside over them, to be particularly kind and protecting to beginners; but Lockhart treated all who came in contact with him in a manner equally offensive; though he had been engaged in a personal altercation with a gentleman out of court, who had threatened to inflict personal chastise-

ment upon him: and there were some circumstances in his domestic life supposed to render his character vulnerable. At last, four junior Advocates, of whom Wedderburn was one, entered into a mutual engagement that he among them who first had the opportunity, should resent the arrogance of the *Dean*, and publicly insult him.—Vol. VI., p. 47.

Now, we know not whence our author derived all these charmingly minute particulars, but not one of them can be true. The universally venerated Robert Dundas of Arniston (father of Lord Melville) became Dean of Faculty in 1746, and he held that station until he was made Lord President in 1760. His successor was Ferguson of Pitfour, who continued Dean till he became a Judge in 1764, and then Covington was elected Dean by the unanimous voice of the barristers;*—a fact utterly destructive of the statements about his character and manners, with which somebody has crammed Lord Campbell. A man of harsh and overbearing demeanor would have had the same chance to be unanimously elected Speaker of the House of Commons—a man, whose honor had received a stain, to be appointed Commander-in-Chief of the British army. Within our own remembrance there have been several unanimously elected Deans—and what sort of men? Such Whigs as Cranstoun and Jeffrey—such Tories as Hope and Robertson. But Covington, as we have said, was never Dean until seven years after 1757, when Wedderburn left Scotland. The collision between them must have been strange enough in all conscience, but it assumes a totally new and false character when represented as arising between the Præses of the Faculty and the representative of a band of young martyrs, sworn and pledged to have revenge for his arrogant bearing in that capacity.

They who can now be appealed to for even second-hand accounts of the matter are very few indeed—and themselves far beyond the Psalmist's 'allotted span';—it is obvious from the style in which Lord Brougham treats it in his *Sketch of Loughborough* that he had failed to satisfy himself in any degree as to details:—but we think the most probable of the floating traditions is that which gives a political origin to the quarrel. It was but twelve years after the *forty-five*. Wedderburn was by descent a Whig, and by temper a keen one, though

* See this fact and all these dates in Brunton and Haig, pp. 524, 527, 533—which a friend has kindly compared for us with the official Minutes of the Faculty of Advocates.

most people attach different ideas to the name of *Loughborough*. Covington, though not Dean, was of long standing, and of the very highest celebrity in his profession; the Faculty was never more furiously divided in politics, and he, a son of the ablest of the Scotch Jacobites, was at the head of the Tory party in the Faculty. In 1757 he was fifty-seven years of age, and had during thirty-five years seen Whig after Whig lifted over his head without as yet the slightest glimpse of the Bench. The elevation of worthy, stupid, old Westerhall, in 1755, to the judicial rank had been one of his latest grievances. And, moreover, there was an early occasion of offence as to the son. Although as an Episcopalian he took no concern in the squabbles of the Kirk, he regarded with abhorrence the infidelity of Hume—who also was as yet a Whig—and with disgust the countenance shown to Hume by many leading Whigs, lay and clerical, old and young—among the rest by such *elders* in the Kirk as Mr. Alexander Wedderburn. In 1753, when Hume was candidate for the Faculty Librarianship, we see by the historian's letters that Covington had been among the most active against him.

To proceed—on the day of 'the opportunity,' according to our author, after some interchange of angry words at the bar of the Court of Session, all the fifteen Judges present, the Dean called Wedderburn 'a presumptuous boy,' and the boy in reply said, '*The learned Dean* has employed only vituperation; I will not say that he could have used argument, but if tears could have answered his purpose, no doubt he has them at command.' *The Dean* threatened vengeance. Wedderburn resumed, 'My Lords, I care little for what is said by a man who has been disgraced in his person and dishonored in his bed.' Lord President Craigie 'felt the flesh creep on his bones'—but at last—

'His lordship declared in a firm tone, that "this was language unbecoming an advocate and unbecoming a gentleman." Wedderburn, now in a state of such excitement as to have lost all sense of decorum and propriety, exclaimed that "his lordship had said as a judge what he could not justify as a gentleman." The President appealed to his brethren as to what was fit to be done,—who unanimously resolved that Mr. Wedderburn should retract his words and make an humble apology, on pain of deprivation. All of a sudden, Wedderburn seemed to have subdued his passion, and put on an air of deliberate coolness,—when, instead of the expected retraction and apology, he stripped off his gown, and holding it in his hands

before the judges, he said, "My Lords, I neither retract nor apologize, but I will save you the trouble of deprivation; there is my gown, and I will never wear it more;—*virtute me involvo*." He then coolly laid his gown upon the bar, made a low bow to the judges, and before they had recovered from their amazement, he left the court,—which he never again entered. That very night he set off to London.'—Vol. VI, pp. 47, 48.

We repeat that we hardly believe one syllable of Lord Campbell's details; some of them, and all the most important ones, we have proved to be absurd inventions. We cannot believe that any gentleman, however 'excited,' ever could have made that allusion to a delicate domestic misfortune, even if there had been every ground for believing it to have occurred; but that the scene was a sufficiently strong one there can be no doubt. It must have been such truly to have caused a sensation in that quarter. Be it remembered that only fifty years before 1757, Sir Alexander Ogilvie and the famous Lord Belhaven were tried and punished for 'beating each other in the Parliament-House, while the Parliament was sitting;' nay, that as late as 1715, the Earl of Ilay with his own hands separated, when 'in corporeal tussle' within the same venerable walls, the chief criminal judge of Scotland (Lord Justice Clerk Cockburn) and the chief law-officer of the crown (Lord-Advocate Sir D. Dalrymple)!* We may add, that even within the last five-and-twenty years, at a sitting of the Second Division of the Court of Session, such words passed between one of the Judges on the bench, Lord Glenlee, and the celebrated John Clerk (afterwards Lord Eldin), at the bar, that the Court was instantly called on by the Lord-Advocate Maconochie (since Lord Meadowbank) to take such measures as would prevent a duel between those highly reverend sexagenarians—two, certainly, of the most accomplished gentlemen, as well as lawyers, of their time!

It is amusing to notice how 'the whirligig of time' works. In some three years after 1757, the Earl of Bute is Secretary of State, and Toryism is looking up. In three years more Home, no longer the Reverend, is private secretary to Bute, and a vehement Tory, of course; and young Wedderburn introduced by John Home to Lord Bute, is 'by his influence returned to the House of Commons for the Rothesay burghs.' Three years more, and David Hume has published his

* See 'Miscellany of the Spalding Club' (1842), vol. II, pp. xv. and xcix.

History, in writing which he had become a Tory—and he too has been introduced to Bute by Home, and, in place of being Librarian to the Edinburgh Advocates with 50*l.* a-year, behold him secretary to the ambassador at Paris with 1000*l.*—and all the great world at his feet—while his friend Wedderburn sits within the bar of the Court of Chancery in a silk gown, 'then a high distinction,' and, as a member of Parliament, nominee and unflinching gladiator of the Scottish Tory Premier, has been of consequence enough to be victimized in some of Churchill's best verses:—

'To mischief trained e'en from his mother's womb,
Grown old in fraud, though yet in manhood's bloom;
Adopting arts by which gay villains rise
And reach the heights which honest men despise;
Mute at the bar, and in the senate loud,
Dull 'mongst the dullest, proudest of the proud—
A pert prim prater of the Northern race,
Guilt in his heart and famine in his face.'

Soon no satirist would have spoken of him as 'mute at the bar'—he waxes louder and louder in the senate. After the downfall of Bute and his feeble successors, another 'change comes o'er the spirit of his dream;' he is a flaming patriot, is loud as Stentor for 'Wilkes and Liberty,' loses his seat in consequence, is a hero of public meetings, is put into the House again by the most munificent of clients, Clive—'is pitted against Lord North,' makes great speeches in favor of the liberty of the press and of Burke's resolutions for concluding the American war. But North takes root—and in 1770 there are such symptoms of a new vacillation that JUNIUS says, '*As for Wedderburn, there is something about him which even treachery cannot trust.*' In 1771, to quote our author's margin, 'Wedderburn is at St. Helens.—His strong desire to go over.—Lord Chatham tries to keep him true to Opposition.—Lord Chatham solicits an interview with him [which Wedderburn evades].—Wedderburn rats, and is made Solicitor-General'—there prevailing a rumor (however erroneous) that, in his acquisition of Wedderburn, Lord North had in fact bought *Junius himself*. Now—

'Lord North was seated between his Attorney and Solicitor General, *magis pares quam similes*; and the Minister might indulge in a short slumber, while he was upholden on either hand by the majestic sense of Thurlow and the skilful eloquence of Wedderburn.'—*Gibbon*.

'The Minister sat secure between his two brazen pillars, Jachin and Boaz, to guard the Treasury Bench.'—*Horne Tooke*.

In passing we must not omit, that in a year or two afterwards old Covington at last mounted the Scotch bench—anno ætat. 75; and that nobody doubted but this tardy preferment of the aged Tory—in itself a very indefensible job, for the man was really superannuated in his mind—proceeded solely from the urgent and repentant intercession of that twice-converted and for the time ardent Tory, Lord North's Solicitor-General.

We now behold Wedderburn in the very highest ranks of parliamentary orators—we have the grand scene of his philippic against Franklin before the Privy Council—his step to the Attorney-Generalship (1778);—Mr. Attorney's great speech against Burke's renewed plan of conciliation—his warlike eloquence after the surrender at Saratoga—a series of splendid speeches in favor of the vigorous prosecution of the American war. He also make a keenly telling speech in defence of North, when attacked about Ireland by Fox—Mr. Attorney sternly denouncing the Whig opposition for attempting to defy the Crown by 'a Combination of Aristocratic Families.' But this was the last speech that consummate rhetorician ever made in the House of Commons. By that time (Dec. 1779) North's majority was dwindling—'he began to long for the Bench'—and, by-and-by, a lucky resignation vacating the chiefship of the Common Pleas, he obtains that dignified cushion; and moreover, walks into the House of Peers as Baron Loughborough of Loughborough (June, 1780).

His Lordship is for the present satisfied. Things getting worse and worse with Lord North—and Thurlow, at any rate, being in possession of the Great Seal—Lord Loughborough has too just a sense of what becomes a high judicial station not to abstain from politics during the remainder of North's administration.

'Great surprise and disappointment were caused by the line which he took. It was supposed that he had been made a peer expressly for the purpose of strenuously supporting the falling government against the attacks of Shelburne, Rockingham, and Camden. His assistance was much wanted. Wedderburn in the House of Commons had shone in the very first rank of orators. For the last two years he had borne the whole brunt of the Opposition, and had proved that with a better cause he would have been a match for Dunning, Burke, or Fox. Become Lord Loughborough, and transferred to the House of

Peers, it was thought that as a debater he would be equally active, and apparently more brilliant, like the moon among the lesser lights."—Vol. VI., p. 156.

He is vexed at the little business in the Common Pleas, and (like other Chiefs before and since) shows dexterity in spinning out cases, so as to make a show of work (vol. V., p. 147); but on the whole his leisure is a gay and festive one. He has married a rich wife, who brought him house and land in Yorkshire: he had previously been presented with a beautiful villa in Surrey by the oriental gratitude of Clive. At these seats he entertains great folks of all parties in a princely style. When in town, he frequents the clubs in St. James's-street, and is popularly suspected of occasional play in company with Fox and others of the 'Aristocratic Combination.'

During the last struggles of North, the 'cold Serpent's tongue'—(that phrase was Mansfield's)—continued to be 'in the senate mute.' During Rockingham's ministry he was kept in anxious hesitation. Thurlow's abidance on the woollack had surprised and tormented him; from that time these former friends and colleagues eyed each other with jealous bitterness—and the feeling grew more and more plain to close observers, until their hostility was declared—but for a season the fear of offending the King, Thurlow's strenuous patron, was a powerful restraint on the venom of the tortuous rival. Lord Rockingham's death revealed internal dissension in the party that had overthrown North: Fox proclaimed hatred and contempt for the succeeding Premier, the 'underminer' Shelburne—and Loughborough was in his element when nursing privately the scheme for ousting Shelburne (and, of course, Thurlow too), by a coalition between the Tory ex-Minister North and the Rockingham section of the Whigs, now called *Forites*. As soon as this unholy league was matured, there was no vigor left in the judicial scruples, and the serpentine crest glittered topmost in the fray. The 'Coalition' were victorious—Shelburne fell, and Thurlow fell also—but the King could not at once make up his mind to a new keeper of his conscience—so the Seal was put into commission, and our Chief Justice was forced to be contented with being first of the Commissioners, presiding in the Court of Chancery as well as in the Common Pleas, but with the full patronage of the Seal, and the confidence of a Cabinet in which he could not command a place.

As every one knows, the Coalition government was, by degrees, purified of almost all the Tory elements originally in its composition,—and altogether lasted but eight months; when the young Pitt became Minister, and Thurlow resumed the woollack. Loughborough, once more merely Chief Justice, continued his connexion with the Foxites: he became their real if not their acknowledged leader in the Upper House, where he was the most effective supporter of their views both as to Parliamentary Reform and Catholic Emancipation. There was no hope now of ejecting Thurlow except by the total destruction of Pitt's power, and as he evidently grew every day in favor with the King as well as the nation at large, that consummation seemed at a melancholy distance. Fox himself despaired and retired to Italy. But suddenly the King's illness (1788) came to revive the hearts of the 'Aristocratic Combination.' Though some recent publications had given the world a much clearer notion of the intrigues of the ensuing crisis, Lord Campbell justly congratulates himself on having found means to afford us still additional illustration. He has produced here several most curious papers from the repositories of Loughborough's representative, the Earl of Rosslyn—and, among the rest, two or three which, whether the Earl had or had not considered their tenor, leave very ugly blots on his astute predecessor's reputation.

In the first place, these documents establish clearly that Eldon had been deceived by Thurlow. Eldon, in his 'Anecdote Book,' alludes to the report that Thurlow, during the progress of the Regency Bill, carried on 'secretly from the rest of the King's friends a negotiation with the Prince's party for the purpose of continuing himself on the woollack under their expected ministry;' adding, that he, Eldon, 'at that time was honored with Thurlow's intimacy—was present every day at the conversations between Thurlow and the other King's friends—and does not believe there was a word of truth in that report.' Now, among these Rosslyn papers there is a letter from Fox to Loughborough in which he says,

'My DEAR LORD—I am so perfectly ashamed of the letter I am writing, that I scarcely know how to begin—but my knowledge of your way of thinking, and the perfect and unreserved freedom with which we have always conversed together, gives me some courage, and induces me, without any further preface, to state to you the difficulties under which I feel myself.

'When I first came over (from Italy), I found a very general anxiety among all our friends,

and in the Prince still more than others, to have the Chancellor make a part of our new Administration, and (excepting only the D. of Portland) they all seemed to carry their wishes so far as to think his friendship worth buying, even at the expense of the Great Seal. This idea seemed so strange to me, considering the obligations we are all under to you, and so unpleasant to those feelings of personal friendship which I am sure you do not consider as mere professions, from me to you, that I took all sorts of means to discourage it, and have actually prevented the Prince, though with some difficulty, from saying anything to Thurlow which might commit him, and to prevent the possibility of it, I obtained from him the message which I delivered to you, Wednesday night, from his Royal Highness. The difficulties which have arisen within these few days, and which to many seem increasing, have had the effect of increasing the anxiety of our friends for Thurlow's support; and they seem all to be persuaded that the Great Seal would gain him, and nothing else. You know enough of the nature of our party to know how rapidly notions are sometimes propagated among them, and how very difficult it often is for us, who ought to lead, not to be led by them. Under these circumstances I must own (and I am certain you will approve my freedom in owning it, whatever you may think of my weakness) that I wish to have it in my power to offer Lord Thurlow the Great Seal, not from my own opinion of the advantages like to accrue from such an offer, but from the dread I have, if things turn out in any respect ill, of having the miscarriage imputed to my obstinacy. The invidious point of view in which you would stand yourself in such an event, rather adds to my anxiety; for although they all know the handsome offers you have made, and therefore that the whole blame ought justly to lie on me alone who refused them, yet it is not pleasant to be looked upon as a person whose pretensions, however just, have stood in the way of the success of a party. I have related to you most freely the difficulties of my situation, and I should really take it ill if you answered me but with the most unreserved freedom. If you can call here it would be best; but if you cannot, pray let me have a line, though I know your answer; and the more certain I am of it the more I feel ashamed of this letter. I really feel myself unhinged to a great degree, and till I see you, which I hope will be soon, or hear from you, shall feel very unpleasantly. I feel the part I am acting to be contrary to every principle of conduct I ever laid down for myself, and that I can bring myself to act it at all I strongly suspect to be more owing to my weakness than my judgment.—I am, with the sincerest friendship, my dear Lord, yours ever,—C. J. Fox.

' St. James's-street, Saturday morning.'

The Chief Justice, on receipt of this performance (VI., 199), addressed a long and fierce enough letter to one of his most active colleagues in the original intrigue, Sheridan, which Lord Campbell gives in the Life of

Thurlow. We content ourselves with his formal answer to Mr. Fox :—

MY DEAR SIR—I will frankly confess to you that the measure appears to me a strong indication of weakness, and I am deceived if it will not be generally so felt as soon as it is known. This affords additional reason why, even on motives of prudence, I should acquiesce in it, which I do, I assure you, without the smallest interruption of those sentiments of friendship and confidence with respect to you or the Duke of P., which will ever remain in my heart.—I ever am, my dear Sir, yours,—LOUGHBOROUGH.'

These most characteristic productions settle the Eldonian point; but the part of the intrigue prior to Fox's return from Italy receives even more unexpected illumination. A report, it must be remembered, had got abroad that when first the Whigs despaired of the King's recovery, Loughborough not only was strenuous in his doctrine that the Prince was entitled to take up the full powers of the Crown, but suggested to his Royal Highness that the true plan would be to do so at once by his own act—by Proclamation—without waiting for any parliamentary consultation or invitation upon the subject. In the House of Peers on December 3, 1788, Lord Camden alluded to this portentous rumor, and, as Lord Campbell expresses it, '*Loughborough thought himself justified in disclaiming the arbitrary advice.*' The Chief Justice spoke thus :—

' I maintain that by the constitution of England the regency is not elective, but depends on hereditary right; and the heir apparent is entitled, during the interruption of the personal exercise of the royal authority by his Majesty's illness, to assume the reins of government. When I make this observation, I am very far from meaning to intimate that the Prince of Wales can violently do so without the privity of the two Houses of Parliament; but I do solemnly maintain, that upon the authentic notification to him by the two Houses of Parliament of the King's unfortunate incapacity, he is of right to be invested with the exercise of the royal authority.'—Vol. VI., pp. 203, 204.

Now the Rosslyn papers yield a long letter from Loughborough to the Prince's private secretary, Mr. Payne, who was *ab initio* their go-between, and in it occur these sentences—

' No precedent can be found except one little known, and in times where both the frame of the government and the manners of the age were so little similar to what they now are, that it would be of no authority. In a case, therefore, supposed to be new, men would be for a moment uncertain by what rule they were to be guided, and upon a

supposition of an ambiguous state of the disorder, great industry would be used to prolong the state of suspense. Every appearance of favorable intervals would be magnified, and the apprehension of a change would be studiously excited to prevent the public opinion from attaching itself to the apparent acting power. To oppose this, great spirit and steadiness would be necessary; but I have no doubt that the only measure would be, to *assert that authority* which no other person has a right to assume, and which, with a united royal family, no opposition would be able to thwart.—Vol. VI., pp. 193, 194.

This is pretty distinct—but it is followed by a memorandum, written in pencil by the hand of Loughborough, and which (Lord Campbell has been informed) was read by himself to the Prince of Wales at a secret interview in Windsor—and here the language seems even less susceptible of misinterpretation:—

‘Upon the supposition of a state of disorder without prospect of recovery or of a speedy extinction, the principle of the P.’s conduct is perfectly clear. The administration of government devolves to him of right. He is bound by every duty to *assume* it, and his character would be lessened in the public estimation if he took it on any other ground but right, or on any sort of compromise. The authority of Parliament, as the great council of the nation, would be interposed, not to confer, but to declare the right. The mode of proceeding which occurs to my mind is, that in a very short time H. R. H. should signify his *intention to act by directing a meeting of the Privy Council*, where he should declare his intention to take upon himself the care of the State, and should at the same time signify his desire to have the advice of Parliament, and *order it by a Proclamation* to meet early for despatch of business. That done, he should direct the several Ministers to attend him with the public business of their offices.

‘It is of vast importance in the outset, that he should appear to act entirely of himself, and in the conferences he must necessarily have, not to consult, but to listen and direct.

‘Though the measure of assembling the Council should *not be consulted upon, but decided in his own breast*, it ought to be communicated to a few persons who may be trusted, a short time before it takes place; and it will deserve consideration whether it might or not be expedient *very speedily after this measure*, in order to mark distinctly the *assumption of government*, to direct such persons—at least in one or two instances—to be added to what is called the Cabinet, as he thinks proper. By marking a determination to *act of himself*, and by cautiously avoiding to raise strong fear or strong hope, but keeping men’s minds in expectation of what may arise out of his reserve, and in a persuasion of his general candor, he will find all men equally observant of him.’—Vol. VI., p. 195.

Lord Campbell produces, also, the first letter that Fox wrote to Loughborough on his arrival from Italy, which can leave no doubt that, on hearing what Loughborough had suggested, Fox instantly declared *that* advice inadmissible. This is important—for even Lord Brougham seems not to have believed that Loughborough’s scheme (whatever it might have been) was ever made known at all to any of the Whig leaders. There remains the pinching question whether the memorandum in pencil and the reply to Camden can be reconciled, so as to acquit Loughborough of having solemnly disclaimed the fact of his *ever* having given ‘the arbitrary advice.’ We think the reader will agree with us that if any escape be left, it is by a very narrow loophole. Perhaps so dextrous an artist in language never stood more awkwardly committed.

The sequel is no new story. Thurlow, on getting a private hint of the first real symptoms of recovery in the King, abruptly withdrew from his correspondence with the Foxites. Loughborough, unaware of the sources of Thurlow’s new movement, was re-animated; Fox wrote joyfully that the embarrassment was now got rid of—that the Chief Justice should be Chancellor *quam primum*. But while, as Lord Campbell says, he was drawing up lists of secretaries, and luxuriating in the great vision of the emblazoned bag, the recovery declared itself, and the crockery of Alnaschar was in bits.

Loughborough continued a steady Foxite, and on a most confidential footing at Carlton House, *until* the next grand crisis in our political history; but we shall not pursue the subsequent details. His share in the private communications between Burke, the Duke of Portland, and other *old Whigs*, on the one side, and Mr. Pitt on the other, had already been well developed in the Malmesbury Correspondence; and the other political matters in which he was concerned have all been recently before us in that work and the Lives of Eldon and Sidmouth. The student has, in short, little to learn about Loughborough’s ultimate attainment of the grand object of his ambition, in January, 1793—or the circumstances which embittered his tenure of the woollack—or even the melancholy complication of distrusts that brought it to a close in the spring of 1801.

There is, indeed, one paper in this book (new to us) which will reward study in reference to the simultaneous dismissal of Mr. Pitt and Loughborough in 1801:—it is a *Vindication of his Conduct*, drawn up

some time afterwards by the ex-Chancellor, and by him communicated, with that title, to several of his friends. This is a curious paper certainly, but far too long to be copied by us, and one of which any abridgment would be valueless, for everything depends in all such cases on the *ipsissima verba*, and these are the *verba* of 'the wary Wedderburn.' On the whole it is painful to read. It exhibits the deep consciousness that he lay under grave suspicions, and with all his exquisite art he leaves the suspicion heightened that there had been some shuffling on his part—some very questionable *réticence* in respect of messages and documents meant by Pitt to be conveyed to the King by the Chancellor. With respect to the more important points in the transaction, the paper leaves all exactly as it seemed to stand on closing the Life of Sidmouth. Loughborough, for example, clearly denies that Lord Castlereagh ever had any sort of authority to hold out Emancipation as a measure likely to be recommended upon the ratification of the union with Ireland; and asserts his belief that Lord Castlereagh acted precisely on his instructions, and in treating with the Irish Romanists made offer of no concessions whatever on church matters, except in a better arrangement as to the payment of tithes and a pecuniary provision for the priests—'to neither of which the King ever made any objection.' It is to be observed that Lord Campbell, who 'declines the invidious task of commenting upon this document,' has given it without any date, and the exact time might have been of great use in its application. We should be curious to know whether there is nothing to illustrate the reception and effect of this *Vindication* among the MS. treasures—rich indeed they must be—of Melville Castle!

Whatever may have been Loughborough's indirectness in the closing period of Pitt's first government, we have no doubt that the grand cause of his fall was George III.'s distrust of his integrity generally. He had rattled too often and on too many questions. He had been pro-American and anti-American—pro-reformer and anti-reformer—admirer of the French revolution and vilifier of it—a pro-Catholic and an anti-Catholic by turns;—he had wheeled right about twice over upon almost everything—and it is hard for any man to obtain entire credit for honesty, when he walks about in the world's great masquerade with the label of so many tergiversations. But, moreover, he was well stricken in years; his adminis-

tration of the proper business of the Chancery, though respectable, had not been eminently distinguished; he had not invested his judicial character with any overawing idea. To displace him was not like removing a Hardwicke—and it was to make way for an Eldon.

On retirement he received a pension of 4000*l.* a-year, and as he had no children, the earldom of Rosslyn was granted to him with remainder to his sister's son, Sir James St. Clair Erskine, a cadet of the family of Mar, and representative, through a female, of the 'Barons bold' who sleep in the chapel of Rosslyn. But for this connexion it is not likely that Loughborough would have chosen a title from a Scotch locality. Soon after his father's death he sold Chesterhall,—'enough,' as Edie Ochiltree says, 'to gar the auld man turn in his coffin.' He had never visited his native country since he shook her dust from off his feet in 1757. There never was anything Scotch in his aspect—his figure was rather short, but his features, though not strictly regular, were delicate—the nose aquiline—the eyes (we quote the words of one who well remembers him on the woolsack) 'deep set, and in general darkly tranquil, but now and then of an unbearable brightness—like burning brass;' the contour and complexion oval and Italian. He might have made a good study for a General of the Jesuits. He early overcame most perfectly his northern dialect and accent; and we can well believe that during several winters his chief study had been *Garrick*. No more finished elocutionist ever appeared in Parliament. It is said by Lord Brougham that in his latter years, when strength was oozing away at all points, the original *Doric* began to be again perceptible; but this is stoutly denied by a surviving niece, who lived in his house. The changes in his temper, or at least his demeanor, appear to have been almost as remarkable as those he went through in his political capacity. The violence and presumption of his younger days had disappeared before he reached any prominent position here—he was the blandest of Chancellors, the most courteous of gentlemen. His bearing was as noble as that of any man born to the highest hereditary station—and amidst all the vicissitudes of a busy career he maintained scholar-like tastes—such as might entitle him to share the better social hours of a Fox. It is creditable to him that in a very angry time he overlooked all party feelings in behalf of the struggling Mackin-

tosh. Both Lord Brougham and Lord Campbell say expressly that the English lawyers as a body were proud of having a man of such accomplishments at their head.

We do not pretend to have any deep reverence for this Chancellor; but, after all, there is something to be said for him in those of his political turns which his biographer regards as the most lamentable. As to one of them, indeed, Lord Campbell admits frankly that it was made in company with many men of the most spotless honor—Portland, Spencer, &c., &c.—and with the brightest and loftiest genius of the time—Burke; and in the presence of such names he is modest enough to confine his wrath to Loughborough, whom he assumes to have been, unlike the others, insincere. However, it must be owned that even Loughborough *might* express warm approbation of the French Revolution in its early period, and yet denounce it as the most hideous of iniquities when it had reached a fuller development, without *ex facie* meriting Lord Campbell's severity. In the other case, the Catholic question, there is also a point of some consequence that may be taken in his favor. When he advocated the Emancipation principle Ireland was a separate kingdom, with her own legislature and her own established church. A member of the English House of Commons might then consider the safety of the Protestant establishment in Ireland as a secondary question, and yet take a very different view when the Union was on the carpet—still more after the Union was a fact. *Lord Loughborough's* opposition to the Catholic claims was grounded, primarily, on the danger to the Church of England—secondly, on the fixedness of the King's conscientious objections to the measure. This latter point was not within his sphere until he was Chancellor. From the time when he as Chancellor was first consulted on the subject, the Union was in contemplation also, and in every deliberation on the general case it was assumed, as the clearest result of all the preliminary inquiries, that the union of the kingdoms could never be effected unless the Irish Protestants were to be tranquillized by the inclusion in the Act itself of the complete union and incorporation of the two established churches. Before Mr. Pitt's first government was imperilled by the Catholic question, that incorporation had been solemnly completed. *Loughborough* always argued that Catholic Emancipation must by-and-by destroy the Irish Establishment,

and that after a Union of Church and State that Establishment could not be destroyed without the gravest ultimate peril to the Church in England itself. And it is perhaps even now too soon to assume that the Chancellor's view was erroneous.

To conclude—the *Earl of Rosslyn* did nothing to protract the consideration of Lord Loughborough. He spent much of his time at a villa which he rented near Windsor, in the sole view, according to both Lord Brougham and Lord Campbell, of keeping himself before the royal eye, and greatly delighting in occasional admissions to the Castle, which inferred, however, no abatement of the royal prejudice. At the age of seventy-two the forgotten Earl died—January 1, 1805—and the present biographer tells, as if he believed it, that on hearing he was gone King George, who was shaving himself, observed, 'Then he has not left a greater knave behind him in my dominions,' with the addition—that when Thurlow heard of this gracious saying he muttered, 'I perceive that his Majesty is at present sane.' Lord Brougham says that his stock of law was extremely slender, and Lord Campbell seems to adopt this view pretty nearly. We suppose he was of Talleyrand's opinion, that 'no wise man will ever do for himself what he can get another to do for him.' It seems certain that both at the bar and on the bench he contrived to make uncommonly liberal use of the endowments and industry of obscurer persons. Both his recent critics fully admit his surpassing eminence both as an advocate and in parliamentary debate. Of the *Chancellor* our present author kindly observes that he was 'at least free from faults and follies that have made others in that station odious or ridiculous.' He discredits the popular notion of his infidelity, with some story of his having been converted in his last years by reading 'Burgh on the Divinity,' which book, he says, might have benefited a heretic, but 'would never have been prescribed for a disciple of Hume.' This story is in Mr. Wilberforce's very gossiping correspondence, where no one could expect to find a man of Loughborough's stamp considered as having much claim to the name of a Christian. In his private morals he was unimpeached: this irregular enough 'Beauty' affords Lord Campbell no pretext for an Ovidian chapter. We are only told that he was the decorous husband of two rich and barren wives.

In his mode of living he was generous

and magnificent ; with him the grandeur of the Cancellarian pomp and circumstance seems to have ceased and determined. The regal dignity of the two coaches was too costly for Lord or Lady Eldon's calculations ; and the judicial dinners of the old régime, after dwindling into breakfasts, are now, as we understand, only shadowed by bows. Lord Campbell seems to dwell regretfully on the stately hospitalities of Loughborough ; and for the rest, though 'surrendering him to severe censure as a politician,' the biographer says, 'It will be found that he not only uniformly conformed to the manners and rules supposed to distinguish a *gentleman*, but that in his changes of party he was never guilty of private treachery, and never attempted to traduce those he had deserted.' There are two or three more drops of sweetness at the bottom of the flask : 'Although his occupations after his fall were not very dignified, perhaps he was as harmlessly employed in trying at Windsor to cultivate the personal favor of the old King, as if he had gone into hot opposition, or had coquetted with all parties in the House of Lords in the vain hope of recovering his office.

We have perhaps dwelt too long on Loughborough—but that case is the one in which Lord Campbell has added most to the previous stock of biographical details, and also in which he has made his most valuable contribution to our national history. Neither of the remaining essays claims any historical importance ; and the longer one of the two, by much the longest in the whole work, has really added almost nothing to our materials for estimating Lord Eldon.

The life of Erskine has a great deal of novelty, and very interesting novelty, in its personal anecdotes ; for the family appear to have been exceedingly liberal in the communication of letters ; and Lord Campbell could draw largely on the floating anecdotes of Whig and legal society—above all, on his own recollections of the rich and terse table-talk of his father-in-law, Lord Abinger. But he has only filled up the outline of Lord Brougham ; and we could not hope to offer any abridgment of the story that would be acceptable after that masterly sketch. Lord Campbell has executed his task *con amore*—with a keener delight, probably, than any other article in the collection. The Scotchman who, though of noble birth, to which he himself always attached the highest importance, owed his success as purely to his own talents and

energies as any poor parson's or attorney's son among his predecessors—the illustrious advocate, 'the greatest master of forensic eloquence that Britain ever produced'—was also without spot or blemish as a Whig. His career could not be studied without the liveliest curiosity, or commented on without overflowing enthusiasm. His failure both in Parliament and on the Woolsack was too notorious not to be admitted ; and it was the same as to all the vanities, imprudences, and whimsical vagaries of his life and conversation. The character was transparent—and with whatever pain and wonder certain specks must be contemplated, it was as a whole a very loveable character. The task, for one who must have lived much in the same society with Lord Erskine's surviving family, could not be altogether an easy one : but the author has acquitted himself with skill. Perhaps he evades some of the most difficult steps—*passi dolorosi*—by a rather too bold affectation of ignorance. Let this pass. We cannot bear to dwell with any harshness of thought on the frank, chivalrous, kind-hearted Erskine.

The most valuable novelties respect the early struggles with poverty. Perhaps the highest-born man in the whole series of Chancellors, we question if any one among them had that mischief to contend with in more humiliating and tormenting extremity. His father, the Earl, never had more than 200*l.* a year from his deeply encumbered estate. To support himself, his lady, and his eldest son in the most frugal decency, and educate the second son, Henry, for the Edinburgh bar, completely exhausted his means. Thomas from childhood delighted in his book : he would fain have been sent to college, and, like Henry, followed some learned profession in his native kingdom—but there was no money to pay even the very modest charges of a Scotch university. Most tenderly feeling for his parents' difficulties, he suggested the army—but they had no interest, and could not buy a pair of colors ; therefore, though with a particular dislike to the sea, he became a midshipman—and by and by his delightful temperament reconciled itself to every circumstance of that existence in those rough days—except only the idleness in which most of it was wasted. He resumed his reading—spent every spare sixpence at the bookstalls of seaports—by degrees made himself a fair adept in English Belles Lettres. When the old Earl at last died in the richest od'or of Lady-Huntingdonism, he received a small

sum as his patrimony, and he spent every shilling of it in the purchase of an ensigncy—for he had still been hankering after that, as he thought, less irksome and confined course of service. But he was as poor as an ensign could be—and there was a very slight chance of promotion for him. He might have crept up by slow steps to command a battalion when his hair was grey. Luckily he had the gay audacity to fall in love with and espouse instantly a garrison-town beauty, who had not a farthing, but well deserved to be the heroine of a romance, with a genius for its hero. Then indeed his poverty became a serious matter. His fond young wife brought him child after child in the barrack-room. He literally could hardly feed and clothe them—his own red coat was the barest in the regiment. But he had still kept to his studies—he was now a very accomplished man. One day the assizes were held in a neighboring town; and he had a curiosity to witness the scene, especially because Mansfield presided. His great countryman invited him to dinner. The honorable subaltern delighted the Chief Justice. In the course of the evening he said it had struck him that he could make as fair a speech as any of that day's barristers—examine a witness, too, as adroitly. Lord Mansfield, struck with his buoyant spirit, his neat and fluent language, and the easy abundance of his humorous illustrations, encouraged him. This was the turning point. Hence—after a few earnest, laborious years—the Advocate whom no jury could resist—he, whom, if he had never been more than an advocate, his biographer might have, with more justice than we can now concede to him, styled 'Erskine the Great.'

One question naturally starts up—how did the Honorable Thomas contrive to find means for his however careful family expenditure during the years between his dropping of the epaulette and his participation in the profits of the bar? To this question we find no answer in Lord Campbell's book. We venture to say there never was any doubt that the needful assistance was derived from Henry Erskine, his immediately elder brother, who was rising by that time into considerable employment at the Edinburgh bar. This gentleman appeared in the House of Commons somewhat late in life as Lord Advocate, and did not in that sphere quite sustain the expectations drawn by the English public from his eminent northern success. But his failure in

Parliament was, after all, by no means so marked as that of his younger brother—and, coming after his habitudes were fixed for another scene, it in nowise shook the opinion of adequate observers. He appears to have had very much of the tact in conducting a case which so distinguished Thomas, and, in fact, to have rivalled him as a barrister, excepting only that he never did reach the very highest flight of his declamation. It might be said of 'Erskine the Great' that he never said or did a foolish thing for a client—very rarely a wise one in his own private capacity. The Lord Advocate seems to have escaped almost entirely the eccentricity of the blood.

This admirable expansion of Lord Brougham's miniature is followed by a careful kit-cat after Mr. Twiss's full-size portrait of Lord Eldon. Whatever additional wrinkles could be supplied by subsequent artists of inferior mark have been inserted—but these were not many; and the novelty is almost wholly in the coloring. Mr. Twiss made no attempt to disguise his own sympathy, except on one isolated question, with his venerable Tory. Lord Campbell has the old Whig pallet in his hand, and dashes in the requisite shadows with the *fastest* brush of his school. But as no Whig has ventured to complain of Twiss for an inaccurate feature, so no Tory student will be either perplexed or saddened by the gloomier tinges of the successor.

In the Preface to this Series he expresses much gratitude to Sir Robert Peel for the free use of the correspondence between Lord Eldon and himself while colleagues in the Liverpool cabinet, and we turned to the chapter with some expectation of new light—but not much. We have found no new lights at all. It was obvious from letters printed by Mr. Twiss, that during the latter years of that administration Lord Eldon found himself *de trop* among his colleagues;—it was plain that Lord Liverpool, from the first a little jealous of his Chancellor, became more and more so, as the private Sunday dinners on liver and bacon at Carlton House grew into a custom; and it could hardly fail to be surmised that as younger men rose into importance, they also gradually imbibed something of a similar feeling. The incurable old Tory was at all events their incubus. Fully conscious of the weight that his name lent them in the eye of the legal profession, of the Church, and of the real Tories of the aristocracy—they still felt more and more that his authori-

tative presence was a standing incumbrance. Even if there had been no Catholic Question, he must have been got rid of somehow, not much later than the break up of 1827. As to Sir Robert Peel individually, during many years he had necessarily been in very close personal connexion with Lord Eldon, as leading in the Commons that anti-Catholic section of their party, of which the Chancellor was the chief within the Cabinet; and whenever the great judge was attacked by the Whig and Radical lawyerlings in the lower House, his cause was upheld by his young colleague with a courage and a dexterity that could have left him nothing to desire. In his letters to his own daughter he more than once speaks on this head, much as an aged father might do of the exertions of a dutiful son. But the difference of years alone was such that strict intimacy could hardly be expected—and even in the letters antecedent by years to the death of Lord Liverpool, we never trace anything of the easy warmth of companionship. As the correspondence, at best stiff, approaches the catastrophe of the cause that originally united them, it is easy to detect the creeping on of additional constraint; and if there be somewhat of painful *aigreur* on the Chancellor's side, that may be pardoned—while no one can fail to acknowledge and admire the indications of generous and regretful feeling on the other part. It is apparent that the rising chief after long hesitation, had made up his mind for a complete submission to what seemed a necessity, and that a suspicion of this change had been growing in the old man's mind long before it was announced to him, or perhaps to any second person of any rank. In short, on the ultimate settlement (so called) of 1829, this correspondence, as here produced, leaves our information precisely where it was—that is to say, complete enough as respects George IV., but miserably deficient as to his co-ercers.

In Lord Campbell's *Essay* the only new things of the least consequence are three or four anecdotes from the table-talk of Holland House, where, notwithstanding life-long differences of politics, the Chancellor was an honored guest—a few tolerable *facetiae* from Lincoln's Inn and the Northern Circuit—and some corrections in the detail of the romantic chapter—the love and the elopement—such themes being in every case handled with special care and gusto by this biographer. His Lordship has nowhere indulged himself more largely in the shallow cant of his party than in his review

of the great political trials, when Eldon was Attorney-General; but the whole story of Queen Caroline and Bergami is handled in far better taste;—the writer makes scarcely any pretence of doubt as to the grossness of the unfortunate lady's errors, and the Chancellor's conduct throughout the proceedings in the House of Lords is fairly admitted to have been admirable. As to the Eldonian career generally, he dwells at rather oppressive length on the old stories of underhand intrigue, tears, vows, doubts, and delays; but still shows the feeling of a thoroughbred lawyer in winding up his account of 'the greatest lawyer and judge of recent times.'—*Primus absque secundo!*

Lord Campbell says: 'On one occasion when his merits were discussed among some lawyers, a warm partisan extolled him as a pillar of the Church. 'No,' retorted another, 'Old Bags may be a buttress, but certainly not a pillar, for he is never seen within its walls.' This is not laid at the right door. The joke, we believe, was made by a celebrated poet, philosopher, and sermon-writer of our time *upon himself*.

In enumerating the pictures of Lord Eldon he omits the excellent Lawrence in Sir Robert Peel's gallery, and he is in error when he says that 'the Chancellor was rarely caricatured—H. B. had not as yet appeared.' He was caricatured over and over by Gilray, and afterwards by George Cruikshank in that spirited artist's merriest period—and we are now writing with several H. B.'s of him on the screen before us. One represents him walking down St. James's Street, arm-in-arm with H. R. H. the Duke of Cumberland, shortly after the passing of the Catholic Relief Bill—both most desolate, but the likenesses unimpeachable. Another exhibits the ex-Chancellor consoling himself in his private corner at Encombe with the proofs and tokens of Protestant approbation. He is cutting the first slice from a colossal cheese, the tribute of the Cheshire Pittites—and beside it on the board is a monster tumbler, given by the True-blue Glass-blowers' Association, and brimming with porter from some Glorious Memory club in Ireland. This has the benignant repose of the fine old head in great perfection. We are pretty sure there were half-a-dozen more H. B.'s. 'Punch,' as Lord Campbell truly observes, has been forced to content himself with other ex-Chancellors.

The last sentences of this work must not be omitted here. Lord Campbell evidently penned them after reading a certain clever paper, in a late number of the 'Law Review,'

on the scheme of separating the judicial from the political functions of the Chancellor. Every one knows to what great name it is that that Review owes most of its importance: hence the more to be admired Lord Campbell's coolness in criticizing the article now alluded to as a mere exposition of the views of 'Benthamites.' At the same time we beg to say that we have no reason for connecting Lord Brougham in any way with that particular Essay, or the scheme it recommends. On the contrary, we hope and believe that Lord Brougham is, as to the Marble Chair, as sound a Conservative as Eldon, or Lyndhurst, or as Lord Campbell himself—whose *obiter dictum* touching institutions as old as the monarchy we have special satisfaction in transcribing—

'The new House of Lords has been adorned with an emblazonment of the armorial bearings of all the Lord Chancellors and Keepers of the Great Seal, who have presided on the woolsack since the end of the reign of Edward III. This is a proper compliment to an order which includes many great names, and through a long succession of ages has been the main support of the hereditary branch of our legislature.

'I hope that the line may be continued with increasing reputation to distant generations. In any speculations for abolishing or remodelling the office of Chancellor, I wish Benthamites to consider whether, *as it has subsisted since the foundation of the monarchy, it can be safely dispensed with, or materially altered.* To ensure the steady march of the Government there must be a great Jurist to guide the deliberations of the Peers, and to assist in the councils of the Sovereign; he cannot do so advantageously without the weight to be derived from a high judicial office, and his political functions are incompatible with the administration of the criminal law. The *CLAVIS REGNI* must therefore be held by the first Equity or Appellate Judge. I will conclude with a prophecy, that if the proposed experiment of a *tripartite* division of the Chancellorship should be tried, it will fail, and that there never will be Seven Volumes filled with "the Lives of the MINISTERS of Justice"—Vol. VII., p. 724.

The reception of this work ought to encourage Lord Campbell to further experiments in the same department of literature, for which he has many qualifications, and which evidently affords him a congenial solace in hours of leisure. The *Lives and Adventures of the Attorney-Generals* who have not been Chancellors, might afford, we fancy, an edifying and amusing theme. If we might venture on a hint of advice at making our bow on the present occasion, we should suggest that he might easily have introduced more variety in his construction and arrangement—and that if he had now and then done

so, it would have had a more artistic look. Now, there comes to be something of the impression that the author has dealt largely with Blue Books, and imbibed of their genius, and had drawn up queries and skeleton schedules for his own desk, just as if he had been directing a set of barristers of seven years' standing to prepare a report on the Marble Chair. Where and of what parents was — born? Education (if any), what and where? How did he conduct himself as a Templar? How soon did he marry? Did he commit—? What was his first success? Silk gown, through what influence—political or petticoat? Largest fee what? And so on to the Attorneyship. In what *Causes Célèbres* was he concerned? What *crim. cons.* came before him in any shape? What, if any, were his law reforms? Then, in very formal order, as to the distribution of legal patronage—ecclesiastical *ditto*. Then what sort of dinners did he give to the profession? —to laymen *ditto*? Was he a scholar? —a wit? What scholars and wits did he cultivate? Whom that he ought to have nourished did he eschew? Finally what his religion?—his fortune?—his epitaph?—his arms?—was not his son a dunce?—what manner of women were his daughters? The marginal *notula* of these heads are moreover staring us in the face in such disciplined succession that it seems as if Mr. Spottiswoode might as well have had them stereotyped at the beginning, and stored ready for call in a peculiar row of pigeon-holes. All this, however, is trifling criticism in relation to a work of such sterling merits—one of very great labor, of richly diversified interest, and, we are satisfied, of lasting value and estimation. There are many who can pick holes and point out patches—but we doubt if there be half a dozen living men who could produce a Biographical Series on such a scale, at all likely to command so much applause from the candid among the learned as well as the curious of the laity.

ASTRONOMICAL DISCOVERY.—It is announced that the astronomers of Pulkova have ascertained the existence of a third satellite of the planet Uranus. Herschel, the discoverer of this planet, thought to have perceived as many as six satellites revolving around the parent luminary; but astronomers had only succeeded in determining the orbit of two amongst them, and it may even be doubted whether a trace of the others had ever been discovered. The discovery of a planet which only occupies ninety-four hours in effecting its revolution round Uranus, confirms a remarkable fact—amongst the four planets nearest the sun, the earth is the only one that possesses a satellite, whilst the most remote planets all possess several.—*Times*.

From the British Quarterly Review.

NEWSPAPER PRESS, AND POLITICAL LITERATURE OF SPAIN.

- (1.) *Gaceta de Madrid*.—(2.) *Eco del Comercio*.—(3.) *Clamor Publico*.—(4.) *Heraldo*.—(5.) *Espanol*.—(6.) *Espectador*.—(7.) *Universal*.—(8.) *Esperanza*.—(9.) *Tiempo*.—(10.) *Pensamiento de la Nacion*.—(11.) *Catolico*.—(12.) *Guia del Comercio*.—(13.) *Faro*.—(14.) *El Correo*.—(15.) *El Popular*, &c.

It is a strange but an unquestionable fact, that the genius, learning, and intellectual power of Spain shone forth brightly when the rest of Europe, with the exceptions of Attica and Etruria, were steeped in barbarism. At a period, more than twenty centuries ago, when Gaul and Germany were covered with forests and morasses, and their inhabitants as wild and untutored as backwoodsmen, the population of Iberia, guided and instructed by the Phœnicians, knew not merely how to construct, but to guide and govern ships—to dig into the bowels of the earth in search of mines and minerals—to melt and model metals in a most cunning fashion—to spin, and weave, and dye in brilliant colors—to manufacture arms—to build cities, and to defend them by regular fortifications.

Roman civilization found in no part of the world a soil more fruitful in great men than Spain—men whose renown contributed to enhance her glory and consolidate her greatness. The geographer, Pomponius Mela, and the agriculturist, Columella, were both born in Spain; the literary celebrities, to use a word borrowed from the French, and recently adopted by usage, if not sanctioned by critical authority—the literary celebrities, Quintilian, Florus, Seneca, Martial, Lucan, and Silius Italicus, were all Iberian; and among those highest in station and power, the liberal patron of letters, the active and austere Adrian—Trajan, whose virtues were so remarkable for his time,—and the brave and warlike Marcus Aurelius, may be mentioned as natives of the Spanish peninsula.

In the barbarous irruption of the people of the North, Spain suffered less than other lands. The Arabs, who expelled the Visigoths, introduced a knowledge and a civilization that had never expired in the East. Numerous scientific establishments were founded by them at Cordova, Toledo, Grenada, Seville, and Valencia. Their schools acquired a universal reputation, and were frequented by a considerable number of Western Christians.

Agriculture and irrigation were professed and practised as liberal sciences—the vine, the olive, the palm, the cotton, the fig-tree and sugar-cane were cultivated; the culture and production of silk was an ordinary and every-day avocation; and the manufactures of Spain then produced tissues of worsted, cotton, and silk—stuffs spangled with gold and silver—carpets of Persian pattern and texture—red leather, costly armory, and housings and saddles of extraordinary taste and magnificence. Numerous were the inventions that penetrated into Europe by the aid of the Moors settled in the Spanish peninsula. Chemistry, pharmacy, and the art of distillation were largely indebted to them; they introduced algebra, almanacs, numerals, the fabrication of sealing-wax and paper, the knitting of stockings, and many other inventions not necessary here to specify. Architecture was also largely indebted to them, as the remains of mosques and palaces mutely but eloquently attest; but their zeal and public spirit were even more conspicuously prominent in works contributing to what we now call the material prosperity of the country. Even while we write, evidences of the fact are patent to every eye; for it is impossible to travel through any portion of the South of Spain without being struck by the erection of bridges, canals, and reservoirs—of roads, embankments, and fountains, which display the solicitude of the sovereigns for the people they governed. The bridge of the Guadalquivir, by which you enter Cordova, is a work of the Moorish kings; and the aqueduct which for six centuries supplied Seville with the water necessary for its consumption, is also a monument of their wisdom and beneficence.

These facts imply that public instruction was then much more generally diffused than we in our ignorant vanity allow. Instead of being concentrated in the more elevated classes, as among the people of antiquity, or chiefly confined to the upper and middle classes, as in our own day, it is plain that, in Moorish times, it was more generally and more equally distributed. The proof of

this may be found in the quantity of inscriptions written in the language of the people in all the structures raised by the Moors. The custom of writing presupposes a habit of reading; for why take the trouble of writing in public places, if the "general public, pioneers and all" could not decipher, understand, or at least spell out a meaning? It may be answered, that there was no newspaper press in those days; it is true, there was not. But people communicated their wants and wishes very speedily, nevertheless, and communicated intelligence as quickly as the Jews of Poland during the late war, or the Moors of Morocco and Algiers do now, without putting pen to paper. If there were not newspapers there were numerous beacons and belfries used for the purpose of conveying intelligence, and numberless libraries, which supplied, in some sort, the want of newspapers. In the kingdom of Grenada, in the twelfth century, when the population was only three millions, there were seventy libraries. That these libraries were considerable, in point of extent and variety, there can be little doubt; for in that of the Caliphs alone there were 600,000 volumes, or nearly as many as are contained in the Royal Library of Paris. At the end of the fifteenth century, this happy state of civilization existing, and existing without a newspaper press, was altogether changed by the fortune of war. In the shock, everything perished—agriculture, commerce, industry, public instruction. The people which had created these wonders were swept away. Spain became a feudal land, subject to the omnipotence of the Romish priesthood, the tyranny of the Inquisition, and a second time lost that superiority for which she was in the first instance partially indebted to Roman institutions, and in a still greater degree to the enterprising, ingenious, and active spirit of the Arabs.

For the three hundred years that have since elapsed, Spain has produced considerable poets, excellent painters, good historians, able commanders, and learned lawyers, but not one great newspaper writer or journalist. It is true that the newspaper or the journal is a thing in Spain of very modern growth, but the political pamphlet has been known to Spain for more than a century; and yet, with the exception of Jovellanos, there has scarcely been an able pamphleteer. Whence arises this strange fact, for strange it undoubtedly is? From this, as we conceive, that since the institu-

tion of what was called the Holy Office under Philip II., towards the end of the sixteenth century, the Spaniards had never the opportunity to think aloud freely, still less the liberty of publishing their thoughts through a free press. Liberty of thought has, till within the last few years, existed in a lesser degree at Madrid and Toledo than in the seat of the Papacy. No Italian inquisitor ever issued, like Torquemada, in the space of eighteen years, 107,541 sentences of condemnation, of which 10,220 were of death, and 97,321 of infamous punishments.*

The system of education pursued in Spain, too, interfered to prevent anything like political writing or journalism. It was calculated to enslave the human mind. Education—if education that could be called which taught the student nothing useful to himself or to his country—was wholly confined to the upper ranks. The physical and mathematical sciences, to which the world owes, in a great degree, its progress, were formerly excluded from the universities, and the only faculties cultivated at Salamanca were theology, scholastic philosophy, and canon law.

Thus, in a few years, the people who were the first to build ships, to work mines, to create manufactures, and to introduce a scientific agriculture, were tributary in all these respects to the intelligence and industry of strangers. Notwithstanding the natural sagacity and genius of her inhabitants, Spain retrograded, when she was refused the power of thought and expression—the power to examine and investigate—to read and to print. It is not more than seventy years ago since Paul Anthony Olavides, the founder of the colony of the Sierra Morena in Andalusia, in which it was our fate, some years ago, to spend some happy days, was thrown into the dungeons of the Holy Office because he possessed a copy of the famous French *Encyclopédie*; and forty years have not elapsed since a list of works prohibited by the Inquisition was placarded in all the churches of Madrid, among which were found the works of Pope, Locke, Blair, and the Abbé Mably. The odious tribunal to which we refer had certainly, in 1808, lost a great portion of its religious power, but it exercised, at the period we speak of, the political police of Spain; and it could pursue, as political criminals, those who had escaped its clutches

* Llorente. Historia de la Inquisición.

as heretics. *Con el Rey, con la inquisicion chiton*, says the Spanish proverb. How, therefore, under such a system, could a newspaper press exist? It is no answer to say that, forty years ago, Spain counted twenty-two universities, whose origin dated from the sixteenth century; probably some of these even from the twelfth. It is little meets our objection to state, that the capital possessed fifteen academies, thirteen colleges, four public libraries, of which the royal one contained 200,000 printed volumes. These institutions were made and modelled for times long since gone by, and of which modern society affords, even in Roman Catholic Spain, scarcely a trace. They were occupied in the study of the Liturgy, ecclesiastical discipline, and dogmatic theology, like the Greeks of the Lower Empire when the Turks were battering down the gates of Constantinople. Neither the books in the national libraries, nor the teachers in the national universities, nor the system taught, were calculated to awaken the national intellect or to cause ideas to spring up which would fructify to the production of a patriotic spirit. As well might the Spaniard of forty years ago have consulted the hieroglyphics of Egypt, or the papyrus of the catacombs, for useful matter for present use, as to have consulted their professors or universities, or the class-books there in use. From the want of a free press, the national spirit found vent in the songs and ballad poetry of Spain, and in the songs and ballad poetry it must be looked for, rather than in leading articles. The only education which the great mass of the people there received was from an ignorant and bigoted clergy, and all such priestly instructors taught had chiefly reference to religious duties.

Backward as England was at the period of the breaking out of the Peninsular war, she possessed sixty times as many institutions for public instruction as Spain; while France, then torn by war and revolution, possessed sixteen times as many. Even the kingdom of Poland, after centuries of calamities, possessed at that period five times as many educational establishments as the peninsula; and the only population equally backward and barbarous was the population of Russia. While London and Paris possessed, half a century ago, the one its five and the other its three or four daily journals, Madrid and St. Petersburg contented themselves with two official newspapers, the *Gaceta de Madrid* and the *Ga-*

zette de St. Petersburg. The account which Don Manuel Godoy, Prince of the Peace, who aspired to the character of a Mæcenas, gives, in the second volume of his *Memoirs*,* of the benefits which he conferred on Spanish literature, is the most amusing thing possible; but, amidst the long list of authors and translators aided by his patronage, he does not cite the name of a single journalist. During the period of the Cortes, in 1812, there was some glimmering of a spirit of free inquiry and of a free press, and some scintillations of a constitutional spirit were evoked by the speeches and reports of Munoz, Torrero, Augustin, Arguelles, Espiga, Mendiola, Jauregui, Oliveros, Garcia, Hereros, Ruiz, Padron, Toreno (afterwards minister), Villanueva, and O'Gavan, by whose efforts the Holy Office was abolished, as incompatible with the constitution. From 1812 to 1822 various journals appeared; as *El Censor*, a weekly print, *La Miscellanea*, a daily paper, which received contributions from the most enlightened of the Afrancesados, and more particularly from Cambronero, minister of justice to King Joseph. There was also *El Constitucional*, conducted with some ability by Don Joaquin de Mora, and the *Minerva Nacional*, modelled on the plan of the French paper, the *Minerve*, suppressed by the Censorship in the reign of Louis XVIII.; but all these addressed themselves only to sections of the public, and the result was that they were neither understood nor rewarded by the nation at large. In the last six months of 1822 many other journals glimmered like meteors for a moment and were gone; but among them all none attained a European reputation, with the exception of the *Zurriago* and the *Cartas del Pobrecito*, *Holgazan* of Mignanos, and the *Atalaya de la Mancha*, the latter written in a servile spirit, and in favor of pure despotism. Some scientific journals undoubtedly existed in Spain from a much earlier period, as, for instance, the *Diario de los Literatos de España*, which has appeared for more than a century, the *Diario Curioso*, the *Memorial Literario de Ciencias y Artes*, the *Miscellanea Instructiva y Curiosa*, the *Variedades de Ciencia, Literatura y Artes*; but none of these, though supported by some good names in modern Spanish literature, as Antillon, Blanco White, Tapia Gallando, &c., were political journals in the generally understood sense of the term.

* *Memoires du Prince de la Paix*. Paris, 1836.

The one or two political journals, originating in 1822, that survived till 1823, expired soon after the suppression of the Cortes, when everything again relapsed into the ancient system. The old plan of study and of university education was again revived. The Vulgate, the Breviary, and an epitome of sacred history, were marked out as the basis of instruction in Latin, and the works of St. Thomas Aquinas as the manual of theological students. Such was the narrow and bigoted system of the government that even students in law were forced to devote half their university course to the study of a book entitled *De una Religione*.

In the following year, 1824, a famous decree of Ferdinand suppressed all the journals, with the exception of the *Diario* and *Gaceta of Madrid*, the *Gazeta de Bayona*, and the provincial newspapers, exclusively devoted to commerce and the arts and sciences. On the death of Ferdinand VII., and after the establishment of constitutional government, a vast number of newspapers started into existence, representing various parties and fractions of parties. The editors and contributors, like children that had been long restrained by severe control, proceeded to use their arms and pens with more vehemence than discretion, and the result has no been very creditable to the taste or literature of Spain.

To any man who is in the habit of reading the Spanish papers even for a single month, it must be very apparent that the people are still in their constitutional infancy. The wordiest and the most wearisome discussions are continued for days and weeks on the veriest trifles, in the most stilted style and the most sounding language. If it were to be assumed that a country were enlightened in proportion to the number of its daily and evening 'best possible instructors,' Madrid would stand, in morning papers, on an equality with London or Paris, and in evening papers above either; for it has its six morning and seven evening papers; but when we state that the whole twelve or thirteen journals do not circulate as many copies as one morning London journal, it may be conceived how paltry and insufficient must be the profits of the most popular organs among them. In Spain as in France, and as in America, the influence of the press has been lessening from the increased number of journals.

The Americans, a practical and business-like people, who value things at their money worth, have a resource in the profits of their multitudinous advertisements, and can make a livelihood out of a journal of a tolerable circulation. But in Spain no such resource offers, for the number of advertisements may be generally counted by fives, sixes, and sevens, and rarely exceed a dozen. The *Faro*, of one of the last days of September, a paper expressing the opinions of the most numerous section of the Moderados—that headed by Mon and Pidal—is now before us, and though the establishment has adopted a new system of advertising in large letters, lowered the price to half a real a line of seventy letters, yet the number of advertisements just amounts to one dozen. The *Postdata*, *Imparcial*, *Neutral*, existing during the past year, very often contained not a single advertisement, and this constantly happened also in the *Conciliador*, the *Catolico*, and *Pensamiento de la Nacion*. The *Gaceta* combining the government with the legal and judicial announcements, often published but nine ads, as advertisements are called for short, we believe, in England, among the makers-up of London Journals. The organ of the late premier, Pacheco, seldom contained above half-a-dozen advertisements. Considering, therefore, the smallness of the circulation, the numerous journals, and the few advertisements, newspaper property cannot, as a commercial speculation, pay at Madrid. Editors, and leading article writers, and contributors of all kinds, are therefore obliged to look to parties and factions for reward and promotion; and as many of them have succeeded in getting into public employments of trust and emolument, and as some of them have even forced their way into the ministry, the calling is looked on with some sort of awe and admiration. This is true more especially since 1837, for since that time Martinez de la Rosa, an old and a feeble newspaper writer, Lopez, Gonzales Bravo, Mon, Pidal, Ayllon, and the present finance minister, have all been connected in one way or other with newspapers. Mon and Pidal, both advocates when in the ministry, occasionally wrote to the *Postdata* in a poor, stiff, inelegant style, which would be scarcely tolerated even in the humblest section of our provincial press. Since they have been excluded from power they have set up an organ of their own, called the *Faro*, in which is daily found either some abusive

or some jesuitical article of either one or other of the brothers-in-law.

Salamanca, the present Minister of Finance, though incapable of writing himself, established a newspaper, called the *Universal*, edited by Escosura, his Minister of *Gobernacion*, at the close of 1845, and now he has also an organ, called *El Correo*, in which his opinions are put into decent Spanish by some clerk or secretary. The fact, therefore, that newspaper writers sometimes arrive at the post of minister, ambassador, and political chief, causes deputies to turn their attention to the press as a political speculation, and induces many young men to embark in the career of journalism. Though newspaper writers do not exercise in Spain so great an influence on the public mind as in France, for the simple reason that journals are less powerfully written and less read, yet they are looked up to with more admiration and respect than in Paris by the million, and are more frequently elected to the Cortes, and presented to places of high honor and emolument. One instance of this is presented in the history of Gonzales Bravo, a man of a character so questionable that he could have risen to eminence in no other country than Spain. This person, distinguished in his youthful career by excesses and irregularities of no commendable kind, became, in his early manhood, proprietor and editor of a journal, *El Guirigay*, more infamous than the *Age* or the *Satirist*, was elected to the Cortes, gathered a party around him of more than forty deputies, became Minister of State and President of the Council, and for three or four years filled the high office of Spanish Ambassador in Portugal. That he possessed some smartness and shrewdness as a writer and a speaker cannot be denied; but he was as scurrilous, as unscrupulous, and as unprincipled as the late Theodore Hook; and who in his senses, in England, ever thought of such a man as minister, minister's secretary, or for any berth whatever under the government after his connection with the *John Bull*? Yet Hook was a man of infinitely more talent, and a thousand times more acquired knowledge than Gonzales Bravo. The difference between England and Spain is this—that in England we look to character and conduct in public men, while they are more lax in these points in the Peninsula.

The official paper of Madrid is the *Gaceta de Madrid* which is published at the *Imprenta Nacional*, and which may be ob-

tained at every post-office throughout the kingdom. The price of subscription by the year, in Madrid, is 260 reals, and by the month 22 reals. In the provinces and colonies the subscription is higher—out of Madrid, but within Spain, the journal costs 630 reals a year, and 90 reals a quarter—in the Canaries and Balearic Isles, 400 reals a year, and in the Indies 440 reals a year, and 110 reals a quarter. The *Gaceta* appears daily, and each number is sold at a cost of ten cuartos. The *Parte Oficial* contains, in the first place, a daily account of the health of her Majesty, which as it is generally hearty and robust, is modified somewhat in the following fashion:—"La Reina Nuestra Señora (q d g) y su Augusta Real familia continuan en esta corte sin novedad en su interesante salud."

Then follow the different royal decrees under the different ministries of Estado, Gobernacion, Gracia y Justicia, Marina, &c. These sometimes occupy three, sometimes four columns. Then follows a list of the promotions, whether as Grandees, Senators, or the Army, Navy, &c. The non-official part of the *Gaceta* contains the news from England, France, and other countries; and then come the Noticias Nacionales, or domestic news from Alicante and Barcelona, down to Vittoria, Zaragoza, and Zamora.

If the Cortes be sitting, then follow the debates in the Senado, or Senate, and in the Congreso de los Diputados, or Spanish House of Commons, of the day before. Of original political writing, or leading article work, the *Gaceta* contains none: but in place of these there are sometimes economical and agricultural extracts, or paragraphs touching meat, drink, clothing, vegetables, gardening, and the like. The *Gaceta* is about the size of the French *Siècle*, containing twelve columns, of which not a single portion is original matter. The responsible editor is Gervallo Tzaga, and his work could be just as well done by any printer or printer's reader of Madrid, London, or Paris, who understood the Spanish language. The circulation of the *Gaceta* is not known, but as it is taken in in all government offices, and by all public functionaries, it must be considerable.

The *Eco del Comercio* is considerably larger in size than the *Gaceta*; in fact, it is within an inch of the size of the *Journal des Débats*. The *Eco del Comercio* is a daily morning paper of Exaltado and Progresista principles, and was once the great organ of the Spanish liberals. It lost

ground, however, when it was bought by Count Pársent to advocate the interests of the Infant Don Francisco de Paula and his family, and still more when it joined the coalition against Espartero. Mendialdua and Meca were the proprietors of the paper, and they also took a share in the editorship; but the principal writer in the *Eco*, till lately, was Juan Bautista Alonso, Under Secretary of the Home Department, or *Gobernacion*, in the Lopes and Caballero ministry of 1843. Terradillos and Castañeira also wrote in it not very long ago; but whether they still contribute we are unable to affirm positively. The price of the *Eco* in Madrid is 16 reals a month, or 96 reals a year; in the provinces it is 20 reals a month, and 234 by the year. Each number sells over the counter for 10 cuartos. The circulation of the *Eco* was about from 1500 to 2000 in the past year, and it is not supposed to have risen within the present. The private correspondence of the *Eco*, from all parts of Spain, is copious, but strongly tinged with party bias. It generally contains about three columns of leading articles, which would be equal to about one column of our *Herald* or *Times* leaders, or about one and a quarter of the *Chronicle*. The original writing has always appeared to us somewhat turgid and bombastic. Occasionally humorous pasquinades may be found in the back pages, but always written in a strong Progresista party spirit.

The *Clamor público* is also a morning Progresista paper, founded in 1844, and is of the same size as the *Eco del Comercio*. It is, however, more pithily and less turgidly written, and contains a greater quantity of leading-article matter. The articles are—a rare virtue in a Spanish newspaper—distinguished by brevity. The proprietor of the *Clamor* is Fernando Corradi, and the editors Perez, Calvo, Galvez, Carnero, Rascon, and Letamendi. The number of subscribers varies from about 2500 to 3000. The number of advertisements in the *Clamor* is from two to nine, and rarely amounts to a dozen. The *folletin*, or *feuilleton*, is generally filled with a translation from the productions of Dumas, Soulié, Balzac, or some celebrated *Feuilletoniste* of Paris. The price of the *Clamor* in Madrid is 12 reals a month, 20 in the provinces, 28 in foreign countries, and 30 in countries out of Europe.

The *Heraldo* a morning and evening paper, was, two years ago an out-and-out Narvaez organ; and, indeed, has always been

friendly to the Duke of Valencia. It was entirely ministerial in 1845 and 46, when the Duke of Valencia was President of the Council and Minister of War, and was said to have been purchased for Narvaez, in the beginning of 1846, by Don Gonzalo José de Vilches, deputy for Toledo, a stock-jobber on the Stock Exchange of Madrid, and who succeeded José Salamanca, the present Minister of *Hacienda*, or Finance, as Narvaez's man of business. At the period of which we speak, Patricio Escosura, at present Minister of *Gobernacion*, was for a short time the editor, in which office he succeeded Louis José Sartorius, deputy for Cuenca, and José de Zaragoza, deputy for Ciudad Real, who were proprietors as well as editors of the paper. During their incumbency Alcala Galiano, one of the deputies for Madrid, and one of the most eloquent and learned men in Spain, was a frequent contributor, and so was Señor Ortiz Canseco Coello Alfaro, who speaks and writes French with great fluency, who was, in truth, educated in France, and who is correspondent to more than one French newspaper; Andnaga and Perrot were also regular and frequent contributors. Well penned articles occasionally appear in the *Heraldo*; but it is a paper generally written in an insincere, jesuitical, and anti-national spirit. Till the middle of the past year it was the organ of the higher Moderados and Aftancesados, Narvaez, Mon, Pidal, Mayans, &c.; and still it represents their opinions, and, in a great degree, the personal views of Narvaez. Its circulation in 1843 and 44 amounted to 6000 or 7000 copies, but in 1846 it had fallen to 4800, and now that the *Faro* has been set up by Mon and Pidal, it is probable it does not circulate more than 4000 copies, if so much. The advertisements in the *Heraldo* are, for a Madrid journal, considerable. They amount from about eighteen to twenty-four daily. In its *folletin* there is nothing original, the *feuilleton* being altogether translations from French *feuilletonists* of celebrity. The subscription for Madrid is 12 reals a month, 20 for the provinces and foreign countries, and 24 *en ultra mar*, or out of Europe.

The *Espanol* is not particularly connected with any party; and there are queer stories current in Madrid as to the manner in which it was established. The proprietor and editor is, or was, in the past year, a person of the name of Andres Borrego, the son of a Spanish refugee. Don Andres was educated in Paris at the *Ecole Militaire*

of St. Cyr. He was a pupil there some three or four and thirty years ago, and among his contemporaries no very creditable things are stated as to his earlier career. After he left St. Cyr, Borrego, we believe, resided some time in England, and sufficiently acquired the language to be able to write in it. In 1829, 30, and 31, he was Paris correspondent of the *Morning Herald* newspaper, and after the death of Ferdinand returned to Madrid. By the aid of the Countess Montigo, the daughter of a Mr. Kirkpatrick, formerly our Consul at Malaga, or Alicante, Don Andres was enabled to launch into Journalism, and the *Espanol* owes to him its paternity. From the moment it appeared it was the most complete and perfect thing of the kind that had seen the light in Spain. Not merely was it well got up mechanically, but the correspondence, domestic and foreign, was the best that was published in any Spanish paper. The letters from London, Paris, Vienna, Rome, Naples, Florence, the Hague, &c., which frequently filled its columns, were skilfully and artistically compiled, though written in the *Calle del Pez* at Madrid. There could be no doubt whatever that Borrego had readiness, tact, and wonderful facility and flexibility; and that either from reading or travel he had acquired a very considerable knowledge of the leading political men in all the capitals of Europe. The leading articles, too, were tolerably written, with some knowledge of the subject, and without that turgid grandiloquence and wordiness for which Spanish newspapers are so remarkable. Borrego was supposed to have been aided in his labors by Chova, Campo, Amor, Seijas, Escobar, &c. But notwithstanding the unquestioned talent of his journal, its occasional original reviews and folletins, its excellent arrangement, clear type, good paper, and creditable getting up, the circulation of the *Espanol* fluctuated between 2000 and 3000. It certainly never exceeded, if, indeed, it ever amounted to the latter number; and its advertisements rarely amounted to ten, while they more frequently were only half the number. People asked why was this—and the reason assigned was, that no body of men, or no party in Spain, could trust Andres Borrego. Some there were who knew the man and his doings more intimately, who stated that the services of his journal, as well as his own, were secured for a consideration by a certain foreign ambassador, accredited to the Court of St. Il-

defonso by a first-rate power. This may be scandal, but it was, and is, universally credited.

A short time ago Borrego is understood to have sold his proprietary interest in this journal to others, though his literary connexion with it is still kept up. The journal, however, is no longer what it was two years ago. Not only is it worse managed mechanically, but it is printed on worse paper and in a worse type. The spirit of the manufactured correspondence has evaporated, and the leading articles are staler, and more tame. During the discussions on the Treaty of Utrecht, and its bearing on the Montpensier marriage, there were some good articles in the *Espanol*; and Borrego, who is a man of considerable reading and research, is believed to have furnished to Mr. Henry Bulwer materials for his notes on the subject.

The price of the *Espanol* in Madrid is 12 reals a month, and 125 reals a year; in the provinces it is 21 reals a month, and 220 a year. It is a morning and evening paper, i. e., there is an evening edition.

The *Espectador* is an Esparterist *Progresista* print, appearing every morning. The responsible editor is one Francisco Sales de Fuentes, and the proprietor Cordero, the rich Maragato deputy, who owns so much house and other property in Madrid, and who was obliged to fly to Lisbon at the period of the downfall of the Regent. The principal writers in the *Espectador* were Ortiz and Serrano. We say *were*, for journals in Spain represent individuals and cliques, and change writers and proprietors from month to month. Unless, therefore, one has a correspondent always on the spot watching these changes, it were impossible for a monthly, still more impossible for a quarterly journal, to give an accurate account of the chances and changes befalling Spanish newspapers. The *Espectador* is, to our apprehension, conducted without any extraordinary ability. It is ever harping on one string—the Regent, the whole Regent, and nothing but the Regent!

A proof of the remark, touching the chances and changes in modern Spanish journals, is afforded by the history of an evening paper called the *Castellano*. In the early part of 1846 it was called the *Castellano*, and was a small *Moderado* organ, professing impartiality, which it proved after its own fashion, by writing every day in a different sense. Aniceto Alvarez, then and now deputy for Segovia,

and administrator of the *Bienes Nacionales*, was the proprietor and chief editor. He was aided by Mendez Alvaro y Prida. In 1845 this journal was published at 10 reals a month; in April 1846, it reduced its price to six, and its size to one sheet of *Punch*; or we may, perhaps, more aptly say, to the size of a sheet of foreign post, and changed its name from *Castellano* to *El Neutral*, the latter name being adopted by the proprietor and chief editor, for no other reason but that he wished to be neutral himself. Not finding his neutrality profitable, either as a deputy or a journalist, he has in the last month given his paper the name of *El Popular* (the Progressistas call it the *Unpopular*), and it is now one of the most furious denouncers of Bulwer, and raves in very short, but very violent columns, about native industry, Catalonia, manufactures, &c. The best of the joke is, that about eight months before this last change, Alvaro was president at the dinner given to Cobden by the *soi-disant* free-traders of Madrid. The circulation of the *Castellano* never exceeded 1500; and it is probable that the *Neutral* and *Popular* never exceeded 1000.

The *Universal* is a morning and evening paper, established in December 1845, by José Salamanca, the present Minister of Hacienda, then banker, stock-broker, and salt contractor. The price was eight reals a month. At its starting Salamanca boasted it had a circulation of 4000; but that man, with too many irons in the fire, and too little capital, moral, moneyed, or intellectual,—who was and is, like the doctors of Valencia, *Medicos de Valencia haldas largas y poco ciencia*—with long skirts, little science, and no truth, and who said more in a day than you could believe in a month, did not, and does not, always speak with a proper regard to facts and figures, as the creditors of Spain know to their cost. Escosura, lately home minister, Pastor, Cardasso, Serafin, Calderon, Flores, and Doncel, wrote in the *Universal*; but with all the pushing which the banker, stock-broker, and salt contractor, was able to give, it is believed the *bona fide* circulation never amounted to above, if it ever actually reached, 2000. It is possible that Salamanca may have distributed, gratis, another thousand. The *Universal* was well enough gotten up for a Spanish paper.

The *Tiempo*, which existed till the period Pacheco entered the ministry, was a daily evening paper, written in the *Moderado*

sense, and was the organ, in the beginning of the present year, of the Pacheco opposition. The proprietor was Manuel Moreno, and the editor José Moreno Lopes, assisted by Grijalba, Ferer del Rio, and others of the party. The circulation was about 1000, it certainly never exceeded 1500. The *Tiempo* was, even as an opposition paper, a stiff, starched piece of Moderadoism, priggish and pragmatical to a degree. Latterly,—i. e., since the 10th of June of the present year,—the *Tiempo* has emerged into the *Correo*. So long as Pacheco was in the ministry, Cardenas, who wrote formerly in the *Globo*, an extinct Moderado paper, was editor; but he, with others, left it when the Pacheco ministry was broken up, and Spain was given over to the tender mercies of José Salamanca.

The *Correo* is now the organ of that mobile adventurer, and receives his inspirations touching revenue and expenditure—salt mines, and the saltatory affairs of the *Circo Theatre*—Custom Houses, and Catalonian cottons—*Titulos* of the 3, 4, and 5 per cents—*Inscripciones* of the debt without interest—*Cupones* uncapitalized—*Vales no consolidados*—*Deuda corriente negociable*—*Laminas provinciales*—*Acciones de S. Fernando*—*Acciones de Isabel II.*, &c., &c. Though this journal was given away for a week at starting, by orders of the stirring, speculating Salamanca, yet it has not wriggled itself into a circulation; and is, on the whole, a very poor affair. It is difficult to say what is its exact *bona fide* circulation, but he who would give it 1000 would probably exceed the mark. The *Correo* is often without an advertisement, and seldom exceeds the number of six or seven. Its *folletin* is a translation from the French. It is, of course, a very losing concern, but so are nearly all the Spanish journals, though they are supported for political objects by those whose organ they are. In fact, journalism is now at so low an ebb in Spain, that even the *Espectador* and *Eco*, of which we have already spoken, though representing national interests, and really national opinions, are supported by Joint Stock Companies. To the credit of the old Progressista party, it must be stated, that all the leaders, or nearly all, of that really national party, joined in taking shares to re-establish the *Espectador*.

When Mon and Pidal separated from Narvaez, the brothers-in-law set up the *Faro* as their organ, somewhere about the end of April, or the beginning of May, in the

present year. Both the ex-ministers write in it; and indifferently ill, it must be confessed, they write. Pidal is a species of rustic pedant, brutal and vehement in manner; and Mon, though not pedantical, is certainly not a very polished or literary person. He has a good deal of administrative and financial knowledge, but is very ambitious, insincere, tricky, and not to be depended on. Pidal, too, is jesuitical after the fashion of a *paysan du Danube*. Both the one and the other have attacked the Queen in the tenderest point, and insinuated all sorts of foul paragraphs in reference to her Majesty and Serrano. The government having, at the end of September, taken up the matter, an apologetic paragraph appeared in consequence in the *Faro*. The day following, Don Cayetano Cortes, retired from the editorship. Don F. Ormaechea sent a letter to the *Espanol*, announcing the cessation of his connexion with the journal. Señor Seijas Lozano, who was a member of the Sotomayo Cabinet, also left, and Señor Tasaro, a writer in it, has fought a duel with Colonel Gandara, each firing two shots. What men of straw have since filled the places of these writers we are not in a condition to know. Nobody believes that they were the authors of the inorinated paragraphs, or that they were really the guilty parties. The real delinquents have been in higher situations than as scissors-men to newspapers.

The *Conciliador*, the exponent of the Viluma opinions, died from inanition about a year and a half ago.

The *Pensamiento de la Nacion*, was a weekly absolutist print, in the Viluma and Montemolino interest, which also died a short while ago. Señor Balmes was the editor, or, as he called himself, the director. It never circulated above 300 copies. The *Catolico*, a church and state absolutist evening paper, we believe still exists. It is edited by an obscure priest, and circulates only among certain of the clergy and farmers.

The *Postdata* was an evening print, the organ of ministers during the Narvaez, Mon, Pidal, Mayans, and Armero Cabinet. Collantes was the proprietor, and Collantes Andueza and others, writers. One of the editors, Lasheras, obtained a good place, about a year and a half ago. It never circulated above 200 or 300. The subscription was 10 reals a month.

The *Esperanza* was an evening paper, which distinguished itself chiefly by its ad-

vocacy of the Montemolino marriage. The Conde de Cuba Faledo, and others, were the proprietors, and Bestieres, Rosello, Sierra, and Fort, editors. Some say the circulation amounted to 3000, while others state it at only half the amount. It was almost without advertisements.

The *Guia del Comercio* is a weekly commercial paper, about the size of the *Literary Gazette*, published at 5 reals a month, every Wednesday. It has a considerable circulation in the maritime towns of Spain, but few advertisements.

Having now gone through the newspaper press of Spain, it remains for us to say a few words as to its characteristics.

A newspaper in Madrid does not, as in Paris, represent great parties, as the *Débats* and *Conservateur*, the Ministerial party—the *Presse*, the discontented young Conservatives—the *National*, the Republicans—the *Constitutionnel*, the party of Thiers, and the *Siècle*, the party of Odillon Barrot, all numbering many thousands of readers, and having, therefore, deep hold on the opinions and feelings of the country. Still less does a newspaper represent, as in England, wealthy individual proprietors, as the *Times*, with capital, enterprise, energy, industry, admirable organization, and adaptation of means to end to catch the popular breeze. Neither does any newspaper in Madrid come within fifty degrees, in point of the capital, of the *Herald*, or the *Chronicle*, or the *Daily News*; or within a thousand degrees of the talent, skill, and literary ability of these able journals, or their untiring zeal in the cause of their respective parties. The fact is, that journalism is a poor and profitless thing in Spain; and because it is profitless as a mercantile speculation, it stands below par in every way, whether in reference to mental, moral, or mechanical resources.

A newspaper in Spain is too often the speculation of a handful of needy and unprincipled individuals to promote their own political and personal views, in which speculation they embark equally without money or without character. But if, seventy years ago, an English tradesman, or a couple of them, did embark in speculations of this kind, they took care to keep their engagements, and to be provided with a reasonable capital, "to pay their way," to use a vulgar phrase, much current and well understood eastward as well as westward of Temple Bar. There is nothing disreputable in a tradesman turning journalist, if he

have the wherewithal to conduct his establishment; but for grandees or princes of the blood—like the father of the present king, Don Francisco di Paula—to embark in a newspaper speculation and be found wanting on the days of call was not creditable. The multitude of journals in Madrid—six morning and seven evening papers—or a population in round numbers of 210,000 inhabitants, of whom not 30,000 can read, and not 15,000 can afford to buy the luxury of a paper, is a monstrous waste of literary labor, of type, paper, pens and ink, and paragraph and leading-article material. It follows that able political writers are not encouraged, for they cannot be paid, and hence the indifferent writing of the journals. A great many contributions are sent in gratis by political men who desire to spread their political opinions, or to serve their party. The writers by profession are badly paid, and they make up in turgidity what they want in thought. Men will not take the trouble of thinking on and well weighing a subject, when they are not adequately paid for their pains. Declamation is so easy, and the Spanish language so gracefully and sonorously lends itself to flowing and fine sounding phrases, that column after column is spun out, full of sound, but signifying nothing. If Spanish newspaper establishments were prepared to pay as proprietors and editors pay their writers in England and France, we do not say they would get such writing as can be procured in London and Paris, but we do say they might find sensible and instructed men, like Condé, the author of the *Historia de la Dominacion de los Arabes en España*; like Llorente, the author of the celebrated History of the Inquisition, written during his exile, and published in Paris in 1818; like Quintana, author of *Vidas de Españoles Celebres*; like de Larra, author of *España desde Fernando VII. hasta Mendizabal*; like Caballero; like old Burgos, the ex-minister and translator of Horace; or like old Martinez de la Rosa, who, though somewhat too faded and flowery, ruined and broken down, is yet as the vase of Moore—

"You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

But no; there is an indolence and a stagnation among proprietors and editors which are extraordinary. All the feuilletons are translated at second hand from the French,

and some of them indifferently translated. Occasionally, in many of the papers, there are humorous articles and pasquinades. This is a species of cleverness in which Spaniards have never been deficient. So much, indeed, does this talent abound, that there have been two or three journals devoted to such trifles, among which the *Fray Gerundio* and the *Tarantula* may be named. But the humor is often very savage and truculent, for a Spaniard

"Burns with one love with one resentment glows."

If he is not violently for you, he is desperately and to the death against you, and will wage "*guerra al cuchillo*." Sometimes, too, for the taste of the nation is not very refined, the humor is coarse and obscene, with filthy and disgusting allusions. To witty refinement, the Spaniards are for the most part strangers, but some of the Andalusians are pleasant banterers, and write what Brantome calls readable *Rodomontades Espagnoles*.

The stenographer's art is tolerably well known at Madrid, and is brought to play an important part in the Spanish journals during the sitting of the Congress and Senate. The reporters of the Spanish press are a very hilarious, hirsute, filthy-looking race, smelling rancidly of garlic, tobacco, and bad *aguardiente*. You may see a dozen of them in the reporters' box, laughing, chattering, and playing at horse-play and practical tricks before and during the debates. A low-lived, boozy, debauched, jolly set of dogs are these Spanish stenographers, somewhat resembling the British penny-a-liners.

In size and arrangement of matter, the Spanish press resembles the French very exactly. But in outward form and collocation of matter lies all the likeness; for the soul as well as the substance of the French press, are wanting.

NAVAL PREPARATIONS IN FRANCE.—The following naval constructions are announced as being intended to be executed in the port of Cherbourg in the year 1848:—The Seine, steam-frigate, of 540-horse power, is to be completely fitted out; the steam-corvettes the Colbert and the Newton are to be launched; a steam-corvette of 200-horse power, named the Milan, is to be placed on the stocks, and carried to 8-24ths. A 20-gun brig, the Obligado, is to be commenced and carried to 12-24ths; the Anserlitz, man-of-war of the 2d class, is to 12-24ths; the Tilsit, of the 3d class, to 16-24ths; the Ballone frigate, of the 2d class, to 18-24ths; the Resolute frigate, of the 3d class, to 16-24ths; and the Eurydice corvette to be terminated within 3-24ths.

From the London Quarterly Review.

LIFE OF ELIZABETH FRY.

Memoir of the Life of Elizabeth Fry. Edited by two of her Daughters. Vol. I. 8vo. London, 1847.

WE do not disguise the increasing hesitation with which we receive biographies founded on private notes and diaries that record, or seem to do so, the thoughts and struggles of the inmost heart. Any one of eminence, in the present day, who commits these things to paper, must do so under the full conviction that, like Castor and Pollux, as he himself sets his journals will rise; and that whatever he has written in his closet will be proclaimed on the house-tops. Such a prospect of envied or unenvied fame cannot but give a tinge to the sentiments and language; cause the insertion of some incidents and reflections, and the suppression of others; bring forward art at the expense of nature; and, in short, prompt every one to wear his best for the eyes of posterity. The autobiography included in the present work must, however, be considered as in great measure exempt from this criticism. The larger proportion of it was written in early days, before journalizing had been reduced to a system, and secret cogitations forced into notoriety, like reluctant Speakers of old into the chair of the Commons. Yet, while the stamp of originality remains, we discern the traces of a revising hand—a hand guided by the experience and feelings of maturer years, which apparently has spared in candour much that it might otherwise have been wished to erase, and retouched the remainder, far less in vanity than in graceful timidity, so soon as Mrs. Fry had perceived beyond a doubt that, alive or dead, in true or false colors, she was destined to afford a repast to the public appetite. In truth, however, we should be loath to subject this publication to any ordinary criticism; it deals with common life, and yet soars above it; associates with man, and yet walks with God; never so elevated as when grovelling in the mire, it exhibits a career that cannot be surpassed—but which, we venture to add, ought not in all its parts to be generally followed.

That this admirable woman had a special vocation for the offices she undertook is manifest in every step of her progress; her intellectual constitution was singularly adapted to the peculiar task; add to this the

zeal which governed the whole, an enthusiasm regulated but never chilled by judgment;—and we have a character armed at all points, ready to take up the gauntlet of every conceivable obstacle that could impede her in the accomplishment of her great design. Among subordinate, yet very real advantages, we cannot fail to count the succor she derived from her connexion with the Society of Friends. A little eccentricity of action was considered permissible, and even natural, in the member of a body already recognised as eccentric in opinions, eccentric in dress, eccentric in language. Philanthropy, too, had been the distinguishing characteristic of this respectable brotherhood; a devious effort for the interest of mankind passed in one of them without censure—almost without observation. The Quaker-habit and Quaker-renown disarmed hostility, nay, propitiated favor; it secured first the introduction to magistrates, to nobles, to ministers, to emperors. When so much was effected, the rest was sure; her simple dignity of demeanor, her singularly musical voice, her easy unaffected language, the fit vehicle of her unflinching good sense, her earnest piety and unmistakable disinterestedness, enchained the most reluctant; and to every Cabinet and Court of Europe where religion and humanity could be maintained or advanced, she obtained ready admission as a herald of peace and charity.

But, we must repeat, we take her as the exception, not as the rule. The high and holy duties assigned to women by the decrees of Providence are essentially of a secret and retiring nature; it is in the privacy of the closet that the soft, yet sterling wisdom of the Christian mother stamps those impressions on the youthful heart, which, though often defaced, are seldom wholly obliterated. Whatever tends to withdraw her from these sacred offices, or even abate their full force and efficacy, is high treason against the hopes of a nation. We do not deny that valuable services may be safely, and indeed are safely, rendered by many intelligent and pious ladies who devote their hours of leisure or recreation to the Raratongas and Tahitis of British

Christendom—it is not to such that we would make allusion; our thoughts are directed to that total absorption which, plunging women into the vortex of eccentric and self-imposed obligations, merges the private in the public duty, confounds what is principal with that which is secondary, and withdraws them from labors which they alone can accomplish, to those in which at least they may be equalled by others. We may question whether, even here in the instance before us, the indulgence of a special and manifest superiority was not sometimes purchased by the postponement, or delegation to substitutes, of those minute and unostentatious offices which constitute the order, the preciousness, nay, the life itself of domestic discipline. Much, no doubt, was easy, and also permitted, to a lady whose notions and habits were founded on the practice of female ministration in matters ecclesiastical. It is beside our purpose to examine the Scriptural legality or social expediency of such a system: we glance at it now, merely to show the very peculiar circumstances which fitted her, from her earliest years, for her public task.

Elizabeth Gurney was born of an ancient and honorable race in the county of Norfolk. Her own immediate family, having maintained the highest respectability for many generations, has latterly become conspicuous by all the gifts of talent, munificence, and piety. To the care and understanding of their admirable mother (and is it not always so?) must be ascribed the development of their moral and intellectual capacities; the future character of Elizabeth owed not a little to that parent's thoughtfulness and providential discipline—the unwearied patience, the chastened sensibility, the habit of prayer, and expansive love to all God's works, that shone so eminently throughout her career. She piously acknowledges the filial debt in a short memoir (p. 7), which is well worthy of perusal, not only as illustrative of the disposition of the writer, but for the singularly sensible and appropriate remarks on the minute and considerate care required in the education of children. Much in it recalls the early history of William Cowper, and exhibits the almost inconceivable sufferings endured by youthful susceptibility and imagination, the sources of genius, but oftentimes the elements of sorrow. Here is the special province for the action of the discriminating mother; and doubtless, had the infancy of that exquisite poet been

longer blessed by the tender guidance of his own admirable parent, his spirit might have assumed in some measure the practical character of Elizabeth Fry, and preyed less fiercely and systematically on itself.

Every page of her early journal exhibits the traces of this first direction to her juvenile thoughts. The desire of personal usefulness, though for some time feeble and indistinct, runs like a vein through all her reflections and aspirations. She exhausts herself in conflicts, in hopes, and in fears; proves her heart like Solomon's with mirth, and finds it vanity; braves sacrifices, conjures up doubts, and finally embraces the realities of Gospel truth as the only assurance for herself, and the exclusive instrument for the lasting welfare of mankind. Every reader will be struck by the precocity she exhibits of mental power, and ascribe the originality of her remarks less to her experience of others than to her study of herself. It was the clear perception of her own weakness that brought her to the 'one thing needful,' and which gives a catholic value to the whole, as a guide and prop to those who may hereafter tread the thorny path of moral and social benevolence. We are amused, we confess, by her struggles with Quakerism, and her ultimate surrender to a pedantic system, by which her inner being could never be ruled. Though a member of a sect, she in truth was no sectarian; but, underneath the ostentatious singularity of the mob-cap and light grey mantle, bore a humble heart—and a heart that could give honor to whom honor was due, whether he wore an ermine robe, sleeves of lawn, or the foulest rags. We are at a loss for her reasons; the 'Concern,' such is the term, is not alleged in her journal to have offered spiritual advantages unattainable elsewhere. She may have yielded to the persuasions of her many relatives, to the suggestions of convenience; but, whatever the motive, she embraces, with true self-devotion, the whole; adopts without reserve, the Friends' ceremonial law; and finds various philosophical arguments to fortify the usage of 'Thou and Thee' (pp. 56, 61). 'I considered,' she observes, 'there were certainly some advantages attending it; the first, that of weaning the heart from this world, by acting in some little things differently from it.'—'Vain science all, and false philosophy!' Our deep respect for many Quakers will not beguile us into a fulsome conceit of the elevating and purgative pow-

ers of Quakerism. They are men of like passions with ourselves; they may be seen in Mark Lane and on the Exchange, and pursue their wealth and enjoy it with similar zeal and relish. Nor are they fully weaned from the rougher and more stimulating diet of political ambition. With the vow of separation upon them, they have recently shaved their heads, and entered the world of parliamentary service: how far they or the public have gained by this invasion of the Nazarenes is beyond our experience. One of them, however, must have imbibed the humanizing influence of 'Thou and Thee,' since the friend who knew him best not long ago declared, that 'if John Bright had not been born a Quaker, he would most assuredly have become a prize-fighter.'

The second period of Mrs. Fry's history may fairly be dated from her first adventure to survey those scenes of degradation and neglect, which she was afterwards so efficiently to rebuke. Hitherto her Journal has presented much sameness both of event and observation; it was perhaps inevitable in so limited a sphere. We are, nevertheless, of opinion that a freer use of an editorial pruning-knife would have brought some advantage to the book, and comfort to the student. We pant amidst the ceaseless rush of new publications—excitement and distraction are the order of the day; and if the memory of every one who has figured in the world is to be embalmed in three stout octavos, or two with numerous pages and close type, we must either, excluding all the past, surrender ourselves to the study of our deceased contemporaries; or take the other extreme, and, like Parson Adams, intermeddle with 'nothing since the days of Æschylus.'

The state of Newgate at this time would have been a shame to any fifth-rate duchy, the population of which could boast but little beyond poachers and cut-throats; it was a fearful dishonor to the metropolis of the British empire, a city as rich in means as in pretensions. The heroism that conducted her steps into such scenes may be inferred from these few sentences of her amiable biographers:—

'All the female prisoners were at that time confined in the part now known as the untried side. The larger portion of the quadrangle was then used as a state-prison. The partition wall was not of sufficient height to prevent the state-prisoners from overlooking the narrow yard, and the windows of the two wards and two cells, of

which the women's division consisted. These four rooms comprised about 190 superficial yards, into which nearly 300 women with their numerous children were crowded; tried and untried, misdeameanants and felons; without classification, without employment, and with no other superintendence than that given by a man and his son, who had charge of them by night and by day. Destitute of sufficient clothing, for which there was no provision; in rags and dirt, without bedding, they slept on the floor, the boards of which were in part raised to supply a sort of pillow. In the same rooms they lived, cooked, and washed. With the proceeds of their clamorous begging, when any stranger appeared amongst them, the prisoners purchased liquors from a regular tap in the prison. Spirits were openly drunk, and the ear was assailed by the most terrible language. Beyond that necessary for safe custody, there was little restraint over their communication with the world without. Although military sentinels were posted on the leads of the prison, such was the lawlessness prevailing, that Mr. Newman, the governor, entered this portion of it with reluctance.'—pp. 205, 206.

Her Journal contains the following entry: '1813, 16th day, second month' (*anglice* February). Yesterday we were some hours at Newgate with the poor female felons, attending to their outward necessities; we had been twice previously.' 'Thus simply and incidentally,' continues the editor, 'is recorded Elizabeth Fry's first entrance upon the scene of her future labors, evidently without any idea of the importance of its ultimate results.'

Some time elapsed before Mrs. Fry set herself in good earnest to the prosecution of her great design; but meanwhile 'tribulation worked in her patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope.' The loss of property, of relatives and friends, and, above all, the death of a dearly beloved child, were providential instruments to adapt her to the work;—to stir up and strengthen in her heart a tender sympathy for the suffering of others; and convince her that in their spiritual improvement alone could be found for them an effective consolation. She has recorded in some touching passages her grief and resignation in the deaths of her brother John and her daughter Betsey; and we recommend them to the perusal of all who may be tried in a similar manner, as beautiful illustrations of the extent to which religion permits sorrow, and of its sole and glorious remedy (pp. 225, 237, 241).

Nor was she without her minor vexations, those crosses and annoyances that dog the march of the Samaritan. It is the

badge of all the tribe; and we shall extract a passage or two for those who are young in the walk, to teach them that great results must be attained through a succession of small failures. Let such watch the manner in which this modest heroine drew wisdom and courage from every disappointment:—

‘I am low under a sense of my own infirmities, and also rather grieved by the poor. I endeavored to serve them, and have given them such broth and dumplings as we should eat ourselves; I find great fault has been found with them, and one woman seen to throw them to the pigs; still persevering to do my utmost for them, and patiently bear their reproach, which may be better for me than their praises.

‘Tried by my servants appearing dissatisfied by what I believe to be liberal things. I feel these things when I consider how false a view we may take of each other, and how different my feelings towards them are from being ungenerous; which I fear they think. I know no family who allows exactly the same indulgences, and few who give the same high wages, and yet I do not know of any one so often grieved by the discontents of servants as myself. I believe I had rather go without indulgences myself (if I thought it right) than curtail theirs; the lavish way in which most of their description appear to think things ought to be used, is a trial to me, and contrary to my best judgment; but a constant lesson to myself is the ingratitude and discontent which I think I see and feel in many, because I doubt not it is the same with myself. How bountifully am I dealt with day by day, and yet if there be one little subject of sorrow or apparent discontent, do I not in my heart dwell upon that, and not by any means sufficiently upon the innumerable mercies and blessings that surround me? Feeling that I am so infirm, can I wonder at the infirmities of others?’—p. 216.

In the month of April, 1817, after several desultory visits and experiments, ‘an Association was formed for the improvement of the female prisoners in Newgate.’ It consisted of the wife of a clergyman, and eleven members of the Society of Friends. Aldermen, turnkeys, constables, and all the rank and file of law and justice, stood aghast in the contemplation of these Christian women, prompted, as they thought, by a silly, though generous enthusiasm, to lead the forlorn hope against this fortress of misery and sin. ‘You see your materials,’ said one incredulous Sheriff—a fair specimen of those officials who did not refuse their countenance to the work of these heroic ladies, but, guided by the better part of valor, withheld their co-operation:—‘You see your materials,’ and truly they were such as would have revolted any ordinary appetite for the ‘luxury of doing

good.’ We have already said something of the condition of the gaol; we will add a sentence from the pen of Mary Sanderson (p. 261), the friend and coadjutor of Mrs. Fry:—‘The railings,’ she says, in describing her first visit, ‘were crowded with half-naked women, struggling together for the front situations with the most boisterous violence, and begging with the utmost vociferation. She felt as if she were going into a den of wild beasts, and she well recollects quite shuddering when the door closed upon her, and she was locked in with such a herd of novel and desperate companions.’ ‘On the second visit of Mrs. Fry,’ say her biographers, ‘she was, at her own request, left alone amongst the women for some hours.’ We wish that she herself had given us a detailed record of her enterprise; it must have closely resembled the achievement of Pinel. That great man, in the midst of the Reign of Terror, bringing his work of love into strange contrast with the scenes around him, demanded and obtained permission to visit the Bicêtre, and liberate as many of the supposed madmen as his judgment should determine. He entered the receptacle of degraded humanity; all was intensely dark; the yelling and the clanking of chains struck a deeper horror. Couthon, the regicide, who had accompanied him, would proceed no further—‘for conscience doth make cowards of us all;’ but Pinel, strong in his benevolence and his convictions, plunged into the cells; even furious captives were astounded into tranquillity by this invasion of mercy; fifty were set free by his own hands—and, basking in the sun or crawling at his feet, they testified the power of sympathy over fallen nature, and returned to the enjoyment of physical existence. A similar success awaited the efforts of Elizabeth Fry—often has she been heard to relate, with modest and grateful piety, the triumphs of the Gospel, in the cases of hundreds of frantic culprits who, with alacrity, submitted to the yoke of truth; but her fame does not rest on private narrative; the country resounded with her deeds; and public testimony was displayed, both at home and abroad, in abundant and grateful imitation.

We cannot affect to concur in her extreme opinions against capital punishments in every case; but no one can ever refuse her the praise of having largely contributed, by her profound sympathy and untiring beneficence, to that change in the general

tone of thought and feeling which by and by resulted in a most marked abatement of the severity of our Criminal Code.

Her efforts, in conjunction with the Ladies' Newgate Association, were soon directed to the condition of the women convicts in the next steps of their progress:—

'It was a custom among the female transports to riot previous to their departure from Newgate, breaking windows, furniture, or whatever came within their reach. They were generally conveyed from the prison to the waterside in open waggon, went off shouting amidst assembled crowds, and were noisy and disorderly on the road and in the boats. Mrs. Fry prevailed on the Governor to consent to their being moved in hackney-coaches. She then promised the women, if they would be quiet and orderly, that she and other ladies would accompany them to Deptford, and see them on board; accordingly when the time came, no disturbance took place; the women in hackney coaches, with turnkeys in attendance, formed a procession, which was closed by her carriage; and the women behaved well on the road.'—p. 319.

Mrs. Fry's success in respect of these unhappy females is well known—but still we think it proper to give more details of the system that she found in operation:—

'The mode in which they were brought on board long continued to be highly objectionable; they arrived from the country in small parties, at irregular intervals, having been conveyed on the outside of stage-coaches, by smacks or hoys, or any conveyance that offered, under the care of a turnkey. In some instances their children, equally destitute as themselves, accompanied them; in others, their sufferings were increased by sudden separation from their infants. Often did Mrs. Pryor and her friend and companion Lydia I—quit those scenes, not to return to their own homes, but to go to Whitehall, to represent such cases, that the necessary letters should be dispatched without the loss of a post, ordering the restoration of these poor nurslings to their mothers before the ship should sail. In addition to these evils, the women were almost invariably more or less ironed, sometimes cruelly so. On board the "Mary Anne," in 1822, the prisoners from Lancaster Castle arrived not merely handcuffed, but with heavy irons on their legs, which had occasioned considerable swelling, and, in one instance, serious inflammation. Eleven women from Lancaster were sent to the ship "Brothers" in 1823, iron-hooped round their legs and arms, and chained to each other. The complaints of these women were very mournful; they were not allowed to get up or down from the coach without the whole being dragged together; some of them had children to carry; they received no help or alleviation to their suffering. A woman from Cardigan travelled with a hoop of iron round her

ankle until she arrived at Newgate, where the submatron insisted on having it taken off. In driving the rivet towards her leg to do so, it gave her so much pain that she fainted under the operation. She stated that during a lengthened imprisonment she wore an iron hoop round her waist; from that a chain connected with another hoop round her leg above the knee,—from which a second chain was fastened to a third hoop round her ankle: in the hoop that went round her waist, were, she said, two bolts or fastenings, in which her hands were confined when she went to bed at night, which bed was only of straw.

'Such were a few of the scenes into which Mrs. Fry was introduced in this department of her important labors for the good of the suffering and the sinful of her own sex.'—p. 445.

Not content with having cleansed the Augean stable of Newgate, she directed her attention to the gaols in Scotland—which seem to have been even more deserving of the disgraceful epithet. A journey on the concerns of the Society, undertaken by herself and her worthy brother, Joseph John Gurney, was improved into a pilgrimage to the abodes of wretchedness allotted to the culprit and the debtor, the sons of crime or misfortune. We shrink from the terrible details of needless suffering, needless either for safety, precaution, or chastisement, inflicted on these victims; they are recorded in some Notes published at the time by Mr. Gurney; and may they long endure, and be read, as an historical preface to the victory that humanity has achieved!

The condition of the insane did not escape her eye; nor would it, indeed, have been possible in one who thought and felt so much for the welfare of the human race. 'Nothing,' say the biographers, 'left so melancholy an impression on her mind, as the state of the poor lunatic in the cell at Had-dington.' Here was before her view an instance of the system that then prevailed, through nearly the whole of Europe, in the treatment of the insane! Until keys and chains and whips garnished the person of the keeper, he could not be considered as fitly equipped for his ferocious work, which, in his utter and brutal ignorance, and aided by the strait-waistcoat, periodical scourgings, and the dark and filthy dungeon, he performed with all the zeal and conviction of an Inquisitor. Scotland now possesses many excellent institutions in which science and benevolence have produced most happy results: there is still, however, a lamentable deficiency of rightful provision for the pauper lunatic. But the excellent First Re-

port of the Scotch Poor-Law Commissioners gives us reason to hope that all such neglect has received its doom.

It is interesting to trace, at this period of her career, her discovery and estimate of those principles of management which have now become the standing rules of every English asylum for the care of the insane. It is due to her fame, and to the efforts of the Quaker body in this behalf, not to pass in silence her sagacious and humane observations addressed to Mr. Venning, at Petersburg ('*quæ regio in terris*,' she might well have said, '*nostri non plena laboris*?'), for the conduct of an establishment in that capital. She saw clearly and experienced the power of love over the human heart, whether corrupted, as in the criminal, or stupified as in the lunatic. She saw that the benighted and wandering madman possessed and cherished the remnants of his better mind, and that he clung to nothing so much as to that which all seemed to deny him—some little semblance of respect. Sympathy is the great secret to govern the human race; and, whether it be in a prison, a Ragged School, a madhouse, or the world at large, he that would force men's hearts to a surrender, must do so by manifesting that they would be safe if committed to his keeping.

The narrative of the present volume terminates with the year 1825, and closes the account of her benevolent activity down to this date by mentioning the commencement of her service for the benefit of the Coast Guard. A simple incident, simply told, paints the lifelong watchfulness:—

'In Mrs. Fry's illness at Brighton,' say her biographers, 'she was liable to distressing attacks of faintness during the night and early in the morning, when it was frequently necessary to take her to an open window for the refreshment of the air. Whether through the quiet grey dawn of the summer's morning, or by the fitful gleams of the tempestuous sky, one living object always presented itself to her view on these occasions; the solitary blockade-man pacing the shingly beach.'—p. 472.

That she should have been exposed to various illnesses, the result of her toil and persevering anxiety, can surprise no one who reads her memoir. 'Mrs. Fry's time was occupied,' we are told, 'to an extent of which none but those who lived with her can form any idea. The letters she received from all parts of the country were numerous. These letters required long and careful answers.' Had she lived in the days of

the penny-post, her life would have been an astonishment to her! 'Poor people, thinking her purse as boundless as her good will, wrote innumerable petitions praying for assistance; others sought for counsel, or desired employment, which they imagined she could obtain for them.' We know it well; the wealth of Croesus and the patronage of two Prime Ministers rolled into one, would not suffice to pay even 1 per cent. of the demands on any one who has acquired the name of an active philanthropist. Incessant anxieties and cares, watchings and journeyings, made up in fact the sum of her devoted existence; and her health could not but pay the penalty.

She was subjected to some trial (pp. 404, 407, 408) by the preference her daughter manifested to a member of the Church of England over one of the Society of Friends. In no one instance does her Catholic spirit shine more brightly; but her Journal shows that she keenly felt the displeasure of the brotherhood, with whom 'it is a rule of discipline to disunite from membership those who marry persons not members of the Society. It is very strictly enforced; and to promote such connexions is looked upon as an act of delinquency on the part of parents and guardians!' (p. 405). 'This fact alone would be sufficient reason for the form of biography adopted by the editors. It would have been difficult for members of the Church of England, however delicately and affectionately alive to the merits of their deceased parent, to have composed a narrative satisfactory, in all its bearings, to the sensitive apprehensions of the Society of Friends. She has been made her own historian; and the result is a record which, exhibiting all the workings and triumphs of an ardent faith, and abounding in lessons of patient experience, is sure to be studied and prized by all who have any share in the spirit of Mrs. Fry.

The rest of the work will not, we hope, be long deferred. Trials of a heavy kind, we know, awaited her—increased embarrassments of fortune and the loss of her excellent son William, the joy and prop of his mother, tested and matured the spirit that could solemnly declare to her daughter in her last illness:—'I can say one thing; since my heart was touched at the age of seventeen, I believe I never have awakened from sleep, in sickness or in health, by day or by night, without my first waking thought being how best I might serve my Lord.' (p. vii.)

From the People's Journal.

A STORY OF WAYS AND MEANS.

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

CHAPTER I.

In their dull, dim parlor, Mrs. Hargrave and her daughter were seated; Caroline on a footstool by her mother's side. The house was in one of those grey-looking streets which abound in London, though many a denizen of the metropolis little heeds their existence. Branching indirectly from, and therefore generally parallel with, some great thoroughfare, they are thoroughfares themselves, but threaded so little as such, that the fact is almost forgotten, till the necessary (or unnecessary) nuisance of a paving perplexity breaks up the high road, dams up the stream of traffic, and sends its rushing tide of vehicles for days or weeks together down the "quiet street," waking its slumbering echoes with a ceaseless roar, breaking the nightly repose of its inhabitants, and working a revolution in its local customs. But the street I mean was distinguished by a further peculiarity from the general class to which it belonged. It was an artist-street, the sign thereof being that here and there a window, as if regardless of the symmetry of outward appearance, soared upwards, apparently ambitious of communicating with its neighbor over head. And Mr. Hargrave was a painter; one of a band so numerous, that no one can fancy in the description of him, that an individual is sketched. A man of talent, not genius; with more aspiration than power; and imbued with that selfish, self-willed egotism which, though it may sometimes overshadow a great mind, much oftener dwarfs to still narrower dimensions, and shrivels up, a little one.

I have said it was a dull, dim parlor, but not a dirty or dingy one; for neatness and cleanliness were as apparent as the shabbiness of the furniture. If curtains and chair covers were faded, it was from washing as well as from wear. Poverty reigned there with his iron sceptre, and his heel on all the flowers of life, but he wore a mask, half pride, half resignation, and his aspect was less repellant than it often is, when his rule is far less cruel and despotic. The first floor of the house was occupied by

the artist as a studio. There pictures were painted which did, or did not, bring golden returns; there patrons—the few he had—were received; and there he indulged his dreams of future fame and appreciation, railing at the dulness of the multitude, because it failed to call him great, and—in one sense happily for himself—wrapping himself in his self-consciousness as in a protecting garment of egotism, which shut out all the vulgar cares of life. He little thought—and he could not have been made to comprehend—that his very selfishness was the barrier to true greatness. Intellect, knowledge, learning, a life-long practice in the mechanism of his Art—all these he had, but he wanted the generous pulse of feeling which would have added a Soul to the evidences of Mind, and warmed with the heart-fire of Genius his clever cold creations!

He did not know—and he could not have been taught to comprehend—that the calm, patient, care-worn wife, deputed to the ignoble tasks of domestic drudgery; to the ingenious stratagems by which she strove to make one sovereign fulfil the legitimate services of two; and to the painful interviews when pressing tradesmen begged the settlement of long standing accounts; had acted a finer poem in her forty years of life, than his brain had ever imagined, or his pencil executed. I have said that she and her daughter were seated in that dark parlor; put few would have guessed how occupied. The employment will appear little profitable, nay, perhaps on the contrary, it may seem to belong to the pomps and vanities of life. Briefly, then, by the mingled lights of winter twilight and a bright, if not large fire, she was plaiting and braiding her daughter's rich dark hair. From Caroline's early childhood it had been the doting mother's pride; no other hand had ever tended it, from the days of the golden curls, through all their deepening shades, till now, in its rich profusion, her hair was of that dark hue which looks black until sunlight or firelight brings out its greater brilliance. Helpful in most things beyond the average of her age and condition, in one respect Caroline Hargrave was helpless

to the last degree. Beyond gathering up her long hair with a comb, or parting it in thick locks when damp from its frequent bath, the maiden of sixteen had not a notion of arranging her greatest adornment. Deep and beautiful as was the mutual attachment of the mother and her only child, to my mind there was something touching in the phase of it I am describing. The symmetrical figure bursting into the perfection of its rounded beauty, was little likely to have gayer apparel than the home-made cotton gown; the little foot was commonly disguised in cheap and clumsy shoes; the small and well-shaped hand had never known a Parisian glove, and her fair young face and violet blue eyes had never been "set off" by the witchery of a "darling" bonnet. The coarsest straw, or dowdy combinations of mysterious manufacture were the only head-gear she had ever possessed—but the beautiful hair! that at least the mother could control, and limb-wearied, or mind-wearied, early or late, some hour of the day she would surely find, in which, with practised hand and loving gesture to wreath its wavy masses, one day in one fashion, the next in some other, till one might have thought variety itself was exhausted.

"Mamma," said Caroline, looking up with a smile, and an expression of countenance that seemed a laughing contradiction to her words, "Mamma, do you know I am very vain of my hair!"

"Not vain, my love, I am sure," said Mrs. Hargrave, shaping, as she spoke, a massive plait like a coronet for the young head that leaned upon her knee. "Not vain, I am sure, though of course you know it is beautiful."

"Dear Mamma! cannot you tell what I mean?" exclaimed Caroline, "that I must have been deaf or blind last night, not to discover how beautifully you had dressed it. Really, I felt what Lady Fitzroy said was quite true, that no lady's in the room looked so well as mine. And I thought how kind and how clever my dear mamma was, and how much I wished she had been there to hear her tasteful work admired." And Caroline kissed the hand that was conveniently near her lips.

"Ah, I have been so busy all the morning, that you have not told me half the particulars of the ball yet—your first ball, too. Did you really enjoy it, my darling?"

"Oh yes—was it not kind of Miss Graham to invite me?"

Now Miss Graham was what might be called a young old maid, rich and generous, good and clever, and handsome enough to make a very handsome portrait, for the which she had recently sat to Mr. Hargrave. The painter despised with most supreme contempt that branch of his art, by which alone a twenty pound note was likely to find its way into his house; and had he suspected that his sitter really cared very little whether the portrait were a likeness or not, and merely thus employed him, as a delicate manner of benefiting his wife and daughter, it is probable contempt and indignation would have prevented him undertaking the commission. Yet such was the truth, and when to this trait of her character is added the fact that a week before the ball, she sent Caroline a quantity of India muslin, with the prettiest of notes, begging her acceptance of the same, saying, that she had received a present of several pieces from a cousin in the East, (so she had seven years ago), and leaving her to suppose this was one of them, though really purchased that morning at Howell's—when this second trait of character is perceived, and understood, the discriminating reader will be intimately acquainted with the shrewd, generous, rather eccentric, but very high-hearted Emily Graham.

"Tell me," continued Mrs. Hargrave, recalling to her mind, as it were a picture, the figure of her young daughter as she had appeared the night before in her filmy, floating muslin robe, and her rich dark hair, without on either, the addition or adornment of a gem or a flower, "tell me," she continued, "did you dance much, and who was it that found you partners?"

"Miss Graham herself," said Caroline, "and not only did she introduce me to partners, but to several ladies who were there, calling me her 'young friend'; was not this kind and considerate? And do you know, I liked better to talk to them than to the strange gentlemen. The latter asked me about operas, and theatres, and books I had never read, and I could only say 'I don't know' to all that was said. And then I felt confused, and that made me seem sillier than ever."

"But the ladies," said Mrs. Hargrave, with a smile, "praised your hair, and so you felt at home in the discourse,—was that it Caroline?"

"Dear mamma, can you think me so foolish? The ladies talked to me about many things, and when I seemed ignorant,

enlightened me. I did not feel confused at all with them, and I can hardly tell how it came about that Lady Fitzroy admired my hair, and called her daughter to observe its arrangement, recommending her to describe the style to her French maid Annette."

"Then I suppose we shall have the honor of establishing a fashion, my child."

"I do not think so," replied Caroline, "for the young lady shook her head, and said 'that if her maid could dress hair with half the simple grace that mine displayed, she might soon make a fortune at no other employment.'"

Mrs. Hargrave was twining the last loose tress round her fingers while Caroline spoke, and the daughter did not remark that she paused a moment, dropping her hands for that instant on the young girl's shoulder. Then quickly completing her self-appointed task, the mother stooped to kiss the smooth fair brow before her, and dismissed her child with one of those fond words which are the sweetest music loving lips can utter—when tuned by one heart's key note, they reach another no less warm.

CHAPTER II.

THE scene is again the parlor in the "quiet street;" but three years have passed, and busy as old Time must have been about more important matters, he had condescended to leave there agreeable evidences of his passage. The room was no longer dim and dull; on the contrary, it wore a decided air of substantial comfort. Instead of worn and faded chintz, thick curtains of a plain but serviceable manufacture, kept out the wintry air: a warm carpet felt soft to the feet; an easy chair stretched out its inviting arms on one side of the fire, whilst on the other a comfortable couch extended its length. Nor was the room without an ornament. Opposite to the chimney-glass, and reflected therein so that the picture seemed always present, was a beautiful portrait of Caroline Hargrave—in truth one of her father's most successful productions. Representing her simply attired in white, it recalled precisely her appearance on the eventful night of her first ball; and at the moment of which we are speaking the original was not by, to invite comparisons.

Mrs. Hargrave was seated on the couch, and beside her was a gentleman, a young man of three or four and twenty, who, though deeply interested in the conversation which was going on, and looking withal

remarkably happy, yet raised his eyes every now and then either to the portrait or its reflection, as if it were the presiding deity of the place. Although three years had passed, so far from the lady looking older the case was absolutely the reverse; a truth which was the more apparent from the circumstance of her being much better dressed than before, wearing on this occasion a quiet and matronly dress of dark satin. Her habitual expression now was one of repose and contentment, but at this moment it was lighted by a visible, half tearful gladness, and yet ruffled by some feeling that partook of anxiety.

"Why will you," exclaimed Wilton Bromley, for we will take up their discourse at the minute when, Asmodeus-like, we look in, "why will you, my dear lady, revert to what you are pleased to call the inequality of our station? I will admit it only to be inequality of fortune; and I am so eccentric as to think this an inequality which renders us peculiarly well suited to each other. Dearly as I love Caroline, were I penniless it would be a sorry subject to speak of our marriage—and were she rich, I should distrust the power of my moderate income—should feel there were something wrong in our relative positions—should despair of ever knowing the exquisite sensation, the thought, that even in the most worldly sense, and in reference to mere material comforts, her future lot promises to be brighter and easier than her past."

Mrs. Hargrave pressed his hand, and said with emotion, "You are all that is good and generous."

"And what can be really a richer inheritance," the young man continued, "than health, talent, and beauty? If an artist be fit companion for our nobles, surely his daughter may mate with a simple gentleman."

"A really great artist!" murmured Mrs. Hargrave, as if half ashamed of the insinuation her words conveyed, and yet determined to speak the truth.

"I am no connoisseur," said Wilton, "nor is this the time to discuss Mr. Hargrave's talents. If," he added with a smile, "I do not always award him the pinnacle he assumes for himself, I cannot deny him very great talents; and even by the vulgar and often false measure of success he may be tried, since his Art has provided honorable and comfortable sustenance for his family, and has educated a daughter to be the paragon I think her."

"Suppose he has not done this?" said Mrs. Hargrave, looking down and playing with the fringe of her apron.

"How!" returned Wilton, "then he has a private fortune, which for his sake, but for that alone, I rejoice to learn."

"Not so. Is it possible Miss Graham has never hinted at a means of income not apparent to the world in general?"

"Now you mention it, she once hinted at some secret, calling it a gold mine, and speaking in as mysterious a manner as if she were setting me an enigma to guess. Having no talent for that sort of thing it passed from my mind, but now that you recall the circumstance, I do recollect that she clearly intimated that it was something which resounded to your honor, and that if when I discovered the fact I should not think so, I should deserve to lose Caroline, whom she would immediately endeavor to console, and provide with a worthier lover."

"Noble-hearted woman!"

"Yes, noble-hearted, and right-minded is she," returned Wilton Bromley; "and of this I am sure, that whatever she approved must have been noble and right; wise too and prudent, it is very likely, in that lower sense of wisdom and prudence to which the greatest wisdom is not of necessity allied; for Miss Graham's enthusiasm is always joined to the practical genius of common sense. So, dear lady, either gratify the curiosity you have piqued, or leave the riddle still unsolved, if so it please you."

"My heart allows me no choice; for a mean deception, carefully planned, seems to me but the ill-favored twin of a bold falsehood. Not that there is pain in telling *you* the truth;—the trial was to tell my husband."

"A mystery to him, too—wonder on wonder!"

"For a time even to him; but listen, and I will sketch the history of my married life in a few sentences. I married early, with but a small fortune, besides the riches of hope and youth. We loved each other, at least my husband loved—still loves—me as well as a vain man and an egotist is capable of loving. But I saw not his faults then, and bitter—bitter indeed was the knowledge of them when it came. Taking his dreams of fame and fortune for solid expectations, I saw my little property consumed without much anxiety; nor did I know for long how much it was diminished.

Suddenly the blow fell; three years after

our marriage, and when Caroline was an infant in my arms, I learned that we were penniless. I do not believe it possible that they who have never known poverty can be made to understand what the Struggle of Life really is—forgive me if I say this even to you;" and she pressed Wilton Bromley's hand as she spoke, "if they could be taught this knowledge it would be, I think, the most beneficial revelation the human race could receive. The cares which depress till they degrade; the necessity of money seeking, until the jaundiced eye sees even earth's noblest things by its own false medium; the withering of the heart's best qualities for want of the power of exercising them; the writhing under petty obligations, writhing because they are so gracelessly conferred nine times out of ten; the serfdom of the very soul whose thoughts even are not free."

"Believe me, I can realize all this," said Wilton, with much feeling.

"You think you can, as a thousand other generous natures have said and thought; but I tell you there is a new sense comes to us with this sort of suffering, but a sense that vibrates only to its own agony. The rich may comprehend the condition of the helpless abject poor, the utterly destitute, but of the yet deeper trials of the *struggling* they know but little more than can a blind man know of sight, even by the most vivid description, and with the strongest human sympathy."

"This life of suffering was mine," she continued, when tears had relieved the bitterness of her recollections, "for years, many years; mine, I say, rather than ours, for, wrapped in his own dreams, Mr. Hargrave scarcely shared them. But amid all, I had one joy, my only child, my Caroline. It was my aim to keep her heart uncorroded by worldly cares, and the bitterness of poverty; I did this, and in the very doing my own soul escaped at intervals from its corruption. In one respect my husband's abstraction and isolation worked well. I took care that discourses about money, about poverty, should not meet her ear. Until the age of sixteen I educated her myself, for I was able, with the help of books, to do this; although when I attempted to make my poor acquirements serviceable as a daily teacher, I found younger and abler instructors very naturally preferred. Perhaps my mother's love quickened my abilities; at all events thus it was. At sixteen Caroline went to her first ball—you remember the night?"

"How well! Never has her image been entirely driven from my heart from that hour; though for a while absence and travel might have weakened the impression. It was long before I recognized the real nature of my feelings, but I now know that in that girlish grace—see, Mamma! it is beaming down upon us now"—and he pointed to the picture—"and almost childish simplicity, I met my destiny. What a beautiful portrait it is. Her father has caught just the expression she wore; too innocent of evil to be frightened, too pure and graceful to be *gauche*, her natural timidity had a fascination about it beyond all words to describe. I remember comparing her to a white dove whose wings had strayed among the peacocks of an aviary: and then her beautiful hair! oh, I had no comparison for that."

"You thought it beautifully dressed," said Mrs. Hargrave, with a tearful smile.

"I don't know how it was dressed," said Wilton, adding with the most charming ignorance of the mysteries of the toilet, "it did not seem arranged at all; the beauty of it was, it looked so natural—as it always does!"

"You know I always dress Caroline's hair?"

"Yes, I have heard her say so. What is to be done when I take her away? I must absolutely apprentice a maid to you, to be instructed in the art."

"I think you had better: the idea, I assure you, is not in the least absurd. I would take her without a fee—that would be the only point not quite *en regle*."

"Good Heavens! what do you mean? No, surely—a light is breaking on me!"

"I mean the admiration excited on the occasion you mention first gave me the idea of turning my talent for hair-dressing to profitable account. A talent originating in a mother's love and pride—though perhaps assisted by opportunities and accidents likely enough to surround an artist's wife. The naturalness you observed seems to be the secret of my success, and the particular by which I am distinguished from the herd of *coiffeurs*. A day or two after Caroline's first ball, I called on Miss Graham, mentioned the idea which had flashed upon my mind, received her sympathy and approbation—and more than this, her introductions were the stepping-stones to my fortune."

"Fortune!"

"Yes, fortune; at least, in comparison with our former poverty such it has been, to make twenty guineas a week in the Lon-

don season, besides receiving fees from ladies' maids and others merely to be allowed to look on, while I operated. And out of the season, I am perpetually being sent for into the country, and well paid for my time and trouble. These are the "ways and means" which have paid my husband's debts; have surrounded us with every needful comfort; and have given Caroline for two years the benefit of the best masters in every branch of her education. Wilton Bromley will not despise his wife's mother, for having practised so very humble a branch of Art."

"He will love and honor her the more," said Wilton, pressing her in his arms, "that is, if further love and reverence from him be possible. No wonder, with such a mother, Caroline is peerless. But say, what did you mean by it being 'a trial, to tell your husband' this history, which to me seems beautiful?"

"He has a different pride from yours."

"And now that the results are so fortunate and evident?" asked Bromley.

"The subject is never mentioned between us—he acts as if the thing were not. But let me ring now, and send for Caroline—she has longed for days past that I should tell you the Great Secret!"

CROMWELL LETTERS.—The "Thirty-five unpublished Letters of Oliver Cromwell" still continue to be the subject of controversy. Mr. Carlyle has repeated his belief of their genuineness, in a letter addressed to a gentleman at Norwich; and our contemporary, the *Examiner*, has handled the dispute, on Mr. Carlyle's side, with its usual talent and ingenuity. Lord Jeffrey, we hear, has written a long letter on the subject,—weighing the probabilities like a Judge; sifting the letters from first to last, and summing up against them. Mr. Bruce, too,—long the Secretary of the Camden Society, and a gentleman thoroughly versed in the history of Cromwell and his times,—has, it is understood, expressed his strong conviction that they are nothing more than ingenious impositions. Some of the general arguments used in conversation may not be generally known. There is not a new fact, it is said, in the whole thirty-five letters. They confirm, they illustrate, but beyond this they contribute nothing. Cromwell, says another person, could never have written "Hobbes's Wain" for "Hobson's Wain,"—the wagon of the well-known Cambridge carrier; while others urge that they are untrue, in one important point, to Cromwell's character,—representing him as seeking the Lord in the Bible by the *Sortes Virgilianæ*; whereas, Cromwell's seeking the Lord was always by prayer. There is much more to which we may have, from time to time, to allude. The subject is one of extreme interest, and should be, if possible, determined before a new edition of the genuine Letters of Oliver is required. In the present state of the controversy, Mr. Carlyle would not be justified in introducing them into the body of the work.—*Athenæum*.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

THE CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH OF HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

THERE is no more poetic record of the strife and triumphs of a poet's career than that given to us in "The True Story of my Life," by Hans Christian Andersen, which has been translated by Mary Howitt with her accustomed grace and truthfulness of expression.

He thus describes the circumstances of his birth:—

"In the year 1805, there lived here (at Odense, the capital of the Danish island of Funen), in a small mean room, a young married couple, who were extremely attached to each other: he was a shoemaker, scarcely twenty-two years old: a man of a richly gifted and truly poetical mind. His wife, a few years older than himself, was ignorant of life and of the world, but possessed a heart full of love. The young man had himself made his shoemaking bench, and the bedstead with which he began housekeeping; this bedstead he had made out of the wooden frame which had borne, only a short time before, the coffin of the deceased Count Trampe, as he lay in state, and the remnants of the black cloth on the wood-work kept the fact still in remembrance. Instead of a noble corpse, surrounded by crape and wax-lights, here lay, on the 2d of April, 1805, a living and weeping child. That was myself, Hans Christian Andersen."

His father had been disappointed, in his youth, of the education he had hoped to receive at the grammar-school, and hovered, during the rest of his life, a discontented spirit on the bourne of the world of letters, which he had not the means of entering. He, however, loved his only child with all his heart. He lived for him: yet he appears to have done very little towards educating him in the highest sense of the word. He used, on Sundays, to take him with him into the beautiful beech-woods, and to let him string strawberries on a bent, or bind garlands, while he gave way to his own silent meditations.

"Only twice in the year, and that in the month of May, when the woods were arrayed in their earliest green, did my mother go with us; and then she wore a cotton gown, which she put on only on these occasions, and when she partook of the

Lord's supper, and which as long as I can remember, was her holiday gown. She always took home with her from the woods a great many beech boughs, which were then planted behind the polished stove. Later in the year sprigs of St. John's wort were stuck into the chinks of the beams; and we considered their growth as omens whether our lives would be long or short. Green branches and pictures ornamented our little room, which my mother always kept neat and clean. She took great pride in always having the bed-linen and the curtains very white. The mother of my father came daily to our house, were it only for a moment, in order to see her little grandson. I was her joy and her delight. She was a quiet and most amiable old woman, with mild blue eyes and a fine figure, which life had severely tried. From having been the wife of a countryman in easy circumstances, she had now fallen into great poverty, and dwelt with her feeble-minded husband in a little house, which was the last poor remains of their property. I never saw her shed a tear: but it made all the deeper impression upon me when she quietly sighed, and told me about her own mother's mother: how she had been a rich noble lady in the city of Cassel, and that she had married a 'comely player,'—that was as she expressed it—and ran away from parents and home, for all of which her posterity had now to do penance. I never can recollect that I heard her mention the family name of her grandmother, but her own maiden name was *Nommesen*. She was employed to take care of a garden belonging to a lunatic asylum; and every Sunday evening she brought us some flowers, which they gave her permission to take home with her."

Andersen has described, with exquisite simplicity, the events of his early childhood, and the impulses they conveyed to his ardent and imaginative mind. His story affords a monograph from which much may be learnt of the purely poetic nature, which, with its peculiar joys and sorrows, few understand, and with which fewer still are found to sympathize. If the elders of his family lived each apart from the other, in their own little world, his life was lonelier

still: but his world was a fairy realm of dreams and fancies, in which the songs and legends of his native land, the dramatic personæ of a play-bill, and recollections of the days spent with his grandmother at the lunatic asylum, arranged themselves, like the beads, and crooked pins, and spangles of the kaleidoscope, into strange, and beautiful, and ever-varying forms. Of this faculty he gives the following illustrations:—

“My greatest delight was in making clothes for my dolls (the actors in his puppet theatre), or in stretching out one of my mother’s aprons between the wall and two sticks before a currant-bush which I had planted in the yard, and thus to gaze in between the sun-illuminated leaves. I was a singularly dreaming child, and so constantly went about with my eyes shut, as at least to give the impression of having weak sight, although the sense of sight was especially cultivated by me.”

The following anecdote is characteristic of his gentle and trustful spirit:—

“Sometimes, during the harvest, my mother went into the field to glean. I accompanied her, and we went like Ruth in the Bible to glean in the rich fields of Boaz. One day, we went to a place, the bailiff of which was well known for being a man of a rude and savage disposition. We saw him coming, with a huge whip in his hand, and my mother and all the others ran away. I had wooden shoes on my bare feet, and in my haste I lost these; and the thorns pricked me so that I could not run; and thus I was left behind and alone. The man came up and lifted his whip to strike me, when I looked in his face, and exclaimed involuntarily, ‘How dare you strike me when God can see it?’ The strong, stern man looked on me, and at once became mild. He patted me on my cheeks, asked my name, and gave me money. When I brought this to my mother, and showed it her, she said to the others, ‘He is a strange child, my Hans Christian; everybody is kind to him: this bad fellow even has given him money.’”

He grew up “pious and superstitious.” His father’s musings at last took so decidedly military a turn, that he had no rest till he joined a corps levied in Funen to serve under Napoleon, who was the idol of his imagination. It never advanced, however, farther than Holstein, when, the peace being concluded, he returned to his work-stool, with the health both of mind and body impaired, and soon afterwards he died.

While his corpse lay upon the bed, “a cricket chirped the whole night through.” “He is dead,” said his wife, addressing it; “thou needest not call him. The ice-maiden has fetched him.” After this event Hans Christian was left still more entirely to himself, for his mother went out washing. There dwelt in their neighborhood the widow of a clergyman, who had gained some literary fame (Madame Bunkeflod), and her house was the first belonging to one of the educated class which he entered: there he first heard the word “poet” spoken; and it was with such reverence, as proved it to be something sacred. He now read Shakspeare in a bad translation, and began to write tragedies for himself. His first regular work was in a manufactory, where his recitations, and his fine voice, made him a great favorite. One day, however, a coarse joke of some of the workmen threw him into such a state of agitation that he ran home and gained his mother’s promise that he should never be sent there again. The same talents which had stopt all the looms at the manufactory, while the journeymen listened to his recitations, made Hans Christian a welcome visitor at several houses belonging to the most influential families at Odense. Amongst others, Colonel Hoegh Guldberg showed him great kindness, and even introduced him to Prince Christian, the present King of Denmark. None, however, seem to have thought of enabling him to earn his bread by any settled plan of education. He was a tall boy, with long bright yellow hair, when he was first sent by his mother to the charity-school, where little was taught, so that he continued to write plays with scarcely a word of correct spelling in them. His mother said he must be confirmed, that he might afterwards be apprenticed to a tailor. He had a sort of dread of the boys of his own class, who used to laugh at him in the streets as “a play-writer;” and he announced himself as a candidate to the provost of the parish of St. Knud, to whom only the children of the so-called upper families were accustomed to go for instruction previous to confirmation. But the scholars with whom he was now associated would hold no intercourse with him; only one young girl, and she was considered, too, of the highest rank, looked kindly and gently on him: she once gave him a rose, when he “returned home full of happiness,” because there was one being who did not overlook and repel him. During the

last year, a new impulse had been given to his life by the arrival, at Odense, of a party of singers and performers of the Theatre Royal. He had not only seen a series of operas and tragedies, but also acted a part in them as page, shepherd, &c. He was persuaded that it was for the theatre he was born; it was there he was to become famous; and, having saved a small sum of money (about 30s.), he prayed and bought his mother that he might make a journey to Copenhagen, and see the greatest city in the world. With much regret, and after having consulted "a wise woman" on the subject, who predicted that "Odense would one day be illuminated in his honor," his mother consented to let him go. He was then fourteen; and he had only a letter to Madame Schall, the solo-dancer, from an old printer, who was not even acquainted with her, to depend upon for an introduction to the theatre.

"My mother packed up my clothes in a small bundle, and made a bargain with the driver of a post-carriage to take me back with him to Copenhagen for three rix-dollars banco. The afternoon on which we were to set out came, and my mother accompanied me to the city gate. There stood my old grandmother; in the last few years her beautiful hair had become grey; she fell upon my neck, and wept without being able to speak a word. I was myself deeply affected. And thus we parted. I saw her no more; she died in the following year. I do not even know her grave; she sleeps in the poor-house burial-ground."

His solitary journey came to a close on Monday morning, the 5th of September, 1819, when he saw for the first time the capital of his native land. On the following day he dressed himself in his confirmation suit (an old great-coat of his father's and a pair of creaking boots), and hastened to present his letter to Madame Schall. "Before I rang at the bell I fell on my knees before the door, and prayed God that I here might find help and support."

The dancer, who had not the slightest knowledge of the person from whom his introduction came, looked at him with great surprise, and asked what character he thought he could represent; he replied, Cinderella, which he had seen performed at Odense; and, drawing off his boots, and taking up his broad hat for a tambourine, he began to dance, and sing.

"Here below, nor rank nor riches,
Are exempt from pain and woe."

His strange gestures and his great activity caused the lady to think him out of his mind, and she lost no time in getting rid of him. He met with equally bad success from the manager of the theatre, who told him "they only engaged people of education;" and after exhausting all his plans for obtaining employment, he remembered the name of Siboni, an Italian, who was the director of the academy of music in Copenhagen, and to him he made his last application, on the evening on which, had it been fruitless, he would have taken his passage back to Funen. Once more the friendless boy, with his deep trust in God and his poet's spirit, was called upon to show what talent he possessed. Siboni had that day a large dinner-party, and when he had heard the message which his housekeeper faithfully brought him, he and his guests went out to look at him.

"They would have me to sing, and Siboni heard me attentively. I gave some scenes out of Holberg, and repeated a few poems; and then, all at once, the sense of my unhappy condition so overcame me that I burst into tears. The whole company applauded. 'I prophesy,' said the poet Baggesen, 'that one day something will come out of him; but do not be vain when some day the whole public shall applaud thee.'"

Siboni promised to cultivate his voice, and Professor Weyse, one of the party, the next day raised for him a small subscription; he wrote to his mother a letter full of joy, and began to learn German, that he might understand Siboni's instructions, who received him into his house. But, half a year afterwards, his voice was injured in consequence of being obliged to wear bad shoes in winter with no warm underclothing, and there was no longer any prospect of his becoming a fine singer; Siboni told him so candidly, and counselled him to go to Odense, and there learn a trade. In this great perplexity lay the stepping-stones of a better fortune.

He remembered that the poet Guldberg, the brother of the colonel of that name, lived at Copenhagen; he wrote to him and related everything; then he went to him himself, and found him surrounded with books and tobacco-pipes. He received him kindly, and promised him some instruction in the Danish tongue; he also made him a

present of the profits of a small work he had just published; it became known, and they exceeded one hundred rix-dollars banco; the excellent Weyse, also, supported him. Guldberg procured gratuitous lessons for him twice a week in Latin, and induced Lindgron, the comic actor, to give him instruction.

He occasionally acted some little part in a ballet or at the theatre; but at the end of two years, all the money that had been collected for him was expended, and his situation was very forlorn; "Yet," he says, "I did not feel the whole weight of my condition. Every person who spoke to me kindly I took for a faithful friend. God was with me in my little room; and many a night when I have said my evening prayer, I asked of Him like a child, 'Will things soon be better with me?'"

His voice by degrees regained its richness; the singing-master of the choir-school heard it, and offered him a place in the school; but he displeased his friend Guldberg by neglecting his Latin to go as often as possible to the theatre, for which he wrote two plays, which were of course rejected. At the close of the theatrical season the managers wrote to dismiss him from the schools, which they said would not benefit him any longer, and they added a wish that some of his many friends would enable him to receive an education, without which talent availed nothing.

The present conference councillor, Collin, one of the most distinguished men of Denmark, was at that time director of the Theatre Royal, and people universally told Andersen that it would be the best thing for him if he would interest himself in his favor. Collin was a man of business, his conversation was grave and in few words; he paid the young poet no compliments, but he in all sincerity thought for his advantage, and worked for it silently till he had obtained means for his support and necessary instruction. He recommended him to King Frederic VI., who granted to him a small sum annually for some years; and, by means of Collin also, the directors of the high schools allowed him to receive free instruction in the grammar-school at Slagelse, where just then a new, and, as was said an active rector was appointed. He was to receive money quarterly from Collin, to apply to him in all cases, and he it was who was to ascertain his industry and his progress. He travelled, with a good heart, towards the little

city of Zealand; his mother received a joyful letter, and he only wished his father and the old grandmother were alive to hear that he now went to the grammar-school.

We have lingered over the records of Andersen's childhood as the most beautiful part of his story; they bring before us with touching pathos the dawn of a purely poetic existence, with all its peculiar temptations to morbid sensitiveness, self-concentration, and irritability; while at the same time they show how truly it is a gift of heavenly birth, raising those who possess it far above the sordid aims of mere earthly life, and preserving the unworldliness of the spirit amidst scenes which were most likely to sully its brightness. In proportion, however, as this inner life developed itself and put forth its energies, he experienced the want of those spiritual defences which God has appointed to be a barrier round his fold. The heart of a child crying "Abba, Father," he had undoubtedly received in baptism, and its impulses to faith and love had gained vigor through confirmation; but now no pastoral care was over him, he had no guide to give a definite aim to his exertions, and to mould his moral being on the image of Christ; therefore the poetic gift was in him a source of deeper suffering than those who have it not can comprehend. His heart became like a noble instrument strung and tuned for the melodies of heaven, on which rude and unskilful hands were laid till some notes were jarred and some were silenced, so that its destined purpose was unfulfilled; yet, when the wind and the summer air swept over it, the music they awoke showed how perfect its workmanship had been.

The rector of the grammar-school at Slagelse was a man utterly unable to understand his character; he took particular delight in turning him into ridicule, to which, from his want of previous training, he was of course exposed, although he rose rapidly from his place, among the little boys, to a respectable position amongst those of his own age. After one bright visit to his old home, when his mother rejoiced over him, and all welcomed him gladly and wondered at his good fortune, he became restless and desponding. As he rose in the school, he felt the pressure upon him more strongly, and no degree of progress seemed to him commensurate with the kindness and expectations of those who were supporting him; he feared at last that

he had not the requisite ability for continued study, and was sinking into a state of utter wretchedness, when the single holiday of the year came round, and he went to Copenhagen on a visit to Admiral Wulff, whose wife felt for him the kindness of a mother, and whose children met him with cordiality; they dwelt in a portion of the castle of Amalienburg, and his chamber looked out into the square.

"During my whole residence at Slagelse," he continues, "I had scarcely written more than four or five poems; during my school-time at Helsingör (to which place he had removed with the rector) I wrote only one single poem, 'The Dying Child,' a poem which of all my after works became most popular and most widely circulated. I read it to some acquaintance at Copenhagen; some were struck by it, but most of them only remarked my Funen dialect, which drops the *d* in every word. I was commended by many; but from the great number I only received a lecture on modesty, and that I should not get too great ideas of myself—I, who really at that time thought nothing of myself. At the house of Admiral Wulff I saw many men of the most distinguished talent, and, among them all, my mind paid the greatest homage to one, that was the poet, Adam Oehlenschläger. I heard his praise resound from every mouth around me, I looked up to him with the most pious faith. I was happy when one evening in a large, brilliantly-lighted drawing-room, where I deeply felt that my apparel was the shabbiest there, and for that reason I concealed myself behind the long curtains Oehlenschläger came to me and offered me his hand. I could have fallen before him on my knees."

On his return to the school, the rector, who had heard of his reading one of his poems in company, looked at him with a penetrating glance, and commanded him to bring him the poem, when, if he found in it one ray of genius, he would forgive him. "I tremblingly brought him," says Andersen, "'The Dying Child;' he read it, and pronounced it to be sentimentality and idle trash. He gave way freely to his anger. From that day forward my situation was more unfortunate than ever; I suffered so severely in my mind, that I was very near sinking under it. That was the darkest, the most unhappy time in my life. Just then, one of the masters went to Copenhagen, and related to Collin exactly what I

had to bear, and he immediately removed me from the school and from the rector's house. When, in taking leave of him, I thanked him for the kindness I had received from him, the passionate man cursed me, and ended by saying, that I should never become a student, that my verses would grow mouldy on the floor of the bookseller's shop, and that I myself should end my days in a mad house. I trembled to my innermost being, and left him. Several years afterwards, when my writings were read, when the 'Improvisatore' first came out, I met him in Copenhagen; he offered me his hand in a conciliatory manner, and said that he had erred respecting me, and had treated me wrong; but it was now all the same to me. The heavy, dark days had also produced their blessing on my life."

Andersen now entered on a kind of student life, which reflects much honor on the customs of his native country; he had a certain sum allowed for his support, and hired a small garret, but as instruction was to be paid for, he had to make savings in other ways. A few families gave him a place at their tables on certain days of the week; he was a sort of boarder, as many another poor student in Copenhagen is still. He studied industriously; he had distinguished himself in several branches, especially in mathematics, at Helsingör, and everything now tended to assist him in his Latin and Greek Studies. A young man who afterwards became celebrated in Denmark for his zeal in the northern languages and in history, was his teacher, "and in one direction, and that the one in which it would least have been expected," says Andersen, "did my excellent teacher find much to do, namely—in religion. He closely adhered to the literal meaning of the Bible; with this I was acquainted, because, from my first entrance in the school, I had clearly understood what was said and taught by it. I received gladly, both with feeling and understanding, the doctrine, that God is love; everything which opposed this—a burning hell, therefore, whose fire endured for ever—I could not recognise." His religious creed, in fact, seems to have consisted of theories of his own imagining, which he further explains in the following words:—

"That which, on the contrary, was an error in me, and which became very perceptible, was a pleasure which I had, not in jesting with, but in playing with, my best

feelings, and in regarding the understanding as the most important thing in the world. The rector had completely mistaken my undisguisedly candid and sensitive character: my excitable feelings were made ridiculous, and thrown back upon themselves; and now, when I could freely advance upon my way to my object, this change showed itself in me. From severe suffering I did not pass into libertinism, but into an erroneous endeavor to appear other than I was. I ridiculed feeling, and fancied that I had quite thrown it aside: and yet I could be made wretched for a whole day if I met with a sour countenance where I expected a friendly one. Every poem which I had formerly written with tears I now parodied, or gave to it a ludicrous refrain."

It may be remembered, that Jean Paul Richter, during the corresponding stage of his journey through life, while he was struggling with neglect and bitter poverty, wrote nothing but comic poems and satires, though his works were afterwards distinguished by fervor of feeling and pathos of expression.

In September, 1828, Andersen passed his examination, and published his first work, "A Journey on foot to Aneok," on his own account, no publisher having courage to undertake it: he describes it as "a peculiar, humorous book, which fully exhibited his own individual character at that time,—his disposition to sport with everything, and to jest in tears over his own feelings,—a fantastic, gaily-colored tapestry-work." In a few days after its appearance, the impression was sold. Publisher Keitzel bought from him the second edition, and after a while he had the third, and, besides this, the work was reprinted in Sweden. Everybody read his book, and he heard nothing but praise; he was a "student," and had attained the highest goal of his wishes. He was in a whirl of joy, and in this state he wrote his first dramatic work, "Love on the Nicholas Tower; or, What says the Pit?"

It was unsuccessful because it satirized that which no longer existed—the shows of the middle ages, and rather ridiculed the enthusiasm for the vaudeville, which then prevailed at Copenhagen. His fellow-students, however, received the piece with acclamations: they were proud of him.

"I was now," he adds, a happy human being. I possessed the soul of a poet and the heart of youth; all houses began to

be open to me; I flew from circle to circle. Still, however, I devoted myself industriously to study, so that, in September, 1829, I passed my *examen philologicum et philosophicum*, and brought out the first collected edition of my poems, which met with great praise. Life lay bright before me."

Andersen devoted his first literary proceeds to a journey through Jutland, whose wild and impressive scenery made a deep impression on his mind, and this he afterwards exquisitely described in his novel of O. J. Poems sprang forth upon paper, while he passed many weeks a welcome guest at the country-houses of several opulent families, but of the comic there were fewer and fewer.

"In the course of my journey," he says, "I arrived at the house of a rich family, in a small city, and here suddenly a new world opened upon me,—an immense world, which yet could be contained in four lines which I wrote at that time:—

'A pair of dark eyes fixed my sight,
They were my world, my home, my delight,
The soul beamed in them, and childlike peace;
And never on earth will their memory cease.'

"New plans of life occupied me, I would give up writing poetry,—to what could it lead? I would study theology, and became a preacher; I had only one thought, and that was *she*. But it was self-delusion; she loved another; she married him. It was not till several years later that I felt and acknowledged that it was best, both for her and for myself, that things had fallen out as they were. She had no idea, perhaps, how deep my feeling for her had been, or what an influence it produced in me. She had become the excellent wife of a good man, and a happy mother. God's blessing rest upon her!"

With this extract we close our account of the childhood and youth of Hans Christian Andersen. He at all times wrote from the heart, and his next work, "Fancies and Sketches," bore satisfactory evidences of the change which an honorable though unrequited attachment had wrought in him. He received, after some time, a stipend from the Danish Government for travelling, and his descriptions of the many distinguished men of letters whom he met with both at home and abroad, with his beautiful account of Jenny Lind, form an interesting portion of the rest of his book, which was written at Vernet, in the Pyrenees, in July, 1846, when he had attained to a high place amongst the best beloved and most honored of the northern poets.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

VISIT TO HIS HIGHNESS RAJAH BROOKE, AT SARAWAK.

BY PETER MCQUHAE, CAPTAIN OF HER MAJESTY'S SHIP DÆDALUS.

On the 18th July, 1845, H.M. squadron, consisting of one line-of-battle ship, two frigates, three brigs, and one steamer, under the command of Admiral Sir Thomas Cochrane, got under way, formed order of sailing in two columns, and proceeded to beat down the Straits of Malacca. After several days' sailing, a fierce Sumatra squall was encountered, which brought the squadron in two compact lines to an anchor off the Buffalo rocks in very deep water. Some cause prevented the commander-in-chief from approaching nearer to the town of Singapore. Supplies of bread and water having been brought out by an iron steamer, the *Pluto*.—Mr. Brooke, Rajah of Sarawak, and Capt. Bethune, the commissioners for the affairs of Borneo, having embarked in the flag-ship, a brig of war detached to New Zealand—once more the order of sailing was formed, and the force proceeded down the straits of Singapore *en route* for Borneo.

That immense, unexplored, and little-known island has, since the occupation of Singapore by the British, as a natural consequence become of daily increasing importance, and the settlement on that fine and navigable river, the Sarawak, under the rajahship of Mr. Brooke, bids fair to produce results, which, even in his most sanguine moments, he could scarcely have anticipated.

It is hardly possible to speak of this gentleman in terms of sufficient force to convey an idea of what has already been accomplished by his talents, courage, perseverance, judgment, and integrity. It required moral courage of a high order, in the face of difficulties to the minds of most men insurmountable, to bring the wild, piratical, and treacherous Malay, and the still more savage race, the Dyak tribes, not only to listen to the voice of reason, but to become amenable to its laws under his government. His perseverance was great under trials, disappointments, and provocations of a nature to damp the energy of the most enthusiastic philanthropist that ever undertook to ameliorate the condition of his fellow man. His judgment has been rarely excelled in discovering the secret

motives of the different chiefs with whom his innumerable negotiations had to be conducted; and in an extraordinary degree he possessed the power of discriminating between the wish to be honest and that to deceive, betray, and plunder. He evinced the most unimpeachable integrity, the most rigid justice in protecting the poor man from the tyranny and exactions of the more powerful chief; and he showed his little kingdom that the administration of law was as inflexible in its operation towards the great men of the country as towards the more humble of his subjects;—and all this he carried into effect by mildness of manner and gentleness of rule.

He has gained the love and affection of many; he has incurred the hatred of some, and is hourly exposed to the sanguinary vengeance of the leaders, whose riches were gathered amidst murder and plunder from the unfortunate crew of some betrayed or shipwrecked vessel, and who have foresight sufficient to perceive that if settlements similar to that on the Sarawak should be extended along the north-west coast of the island, their bloody occupation is gone. They therefore endeavor to hinder, as far as in them lies, the good which is flowing from the noble and brilliant example of his highness the Rajah of Sarawak, of whom Great Britain has reason to be proud. It is for the British government to afford that countenance and protection which shall be necessary to prevent the interference of others, who from jealousy may wish by intrigues to interrupt, if not to destroy the great moral lesson now first exhibited amongst these wild people, and in regions hitherto shrouded in the darkest clouds of heathenism and barbarity, amongst a people by whom piracy, murder, and plunder are not considered as crimes, but as the common acts of a profession which their forefathers followed, which they have been taught to look upon from their earliest days as the only true occupation, in which they may rise according to the number and atrocity of their cruelties.

Not long since several wretches were convicted at Singapore, on the clearest evidence, and condemned to death for

deeds of the most revolting and sanguinary barbarity. At the foot of the gallows rather a fine-looking young man, a Malay, justified himself on the principles above stated, and died declaring himself an innocent and very ill-used man, since all he had done was in the regular way of his business. It is not to be wondered at then, that, entertaining such doctrines and sentiments, the whole Malay population of the great and numerous islands of the East, have been regarded by the European commercial world and navigators in these seas as a race of treacherous and blood-thirsty miscreants. How admirable, then, in our countryman to have commenced the good work of regeneration amongst many millions of such men, not by the power of the sword, but by demonstrating practically the eternal and immutable rules of equity and truth!

On the arrival of the squadron off the Sarawak, a party accompanied the admiral in the *Pluto* to the house and establishment of Mr. Brooke at Kutching, about eighteen miles above the mouth of the river. The house, although not large, is airy and commodious for the climate, and stands on the left bank of the river on undulating ground of the richest quality, capable of producing in abundance every article common to the tropics; clearance was progressing on both sides of the river, and will doubtless rapidly increase when the perfect security of property which exists is more generally understood and appreciated. Some years ago a small colony of industrious Chinese located themselves on the banks of the river, under the protection of the rajah of the day: their little settlement became flourishing and prosperous, and was rapidly increasing in wealth and importance, when at one fell swoop the villanous Malays seized, plundered and murdered them; and the more fortunate Chinese who escaped home spread the report of their treatment so widely, that it will take some time to remove the impression. But I feel convinced that emigration from China under British protection might be carried to any extent, and a race truly agricultural and industrious introduced, to the great benefit of this rich but neglected portion of the world. It may be mentioned as a singular fact, that on no part of this coast was the cocoa-nut, that invariable type of a tropical region, found, having been gradually destroyed by pirates, until introduced by Mr. Brooke,

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who has used every exertion to extend the planting of trees, by having the seedlings brought in great quantities from Singapore; and by convincing his people that every tree, at the end of a few years, is worth a dollar from the oil it will produce, which meets a ready sale at all times, many thousands have already been planted, and the number is increasing. It is by such small beginnings that the minds of these people must be distracted from the thoughts of robbery and plunder; and it is by practically showing them that dollars are to be had without the shedding of blood, that the rajah of Sarawak is endeavoring to sow the seeds of industry and of civilization, and step by step to change their ideas, their habits, their hearts. That an all-wise Providence may prosper his undertaking, must be the prayer of those who may have visited his settlement, and who, like myself, have witnessed his disinterested and unceasing thoughts for the peace, happiness, and comfort of the community of which he may truly be designated the "father."

The town of Kutching stands on both sides of the river, here about 200 yards across; the houses are of a very slight construction, with open bamboo floors and mat partitions, best adapted for the climate, although those occupied by the Europeans are of a better description,—still of the same material—all raised some feet from the ground to admit a free circulation of air from underneath.

The night passed by the admiral and party was rendered very agreeable by cool refreshing breezes from some high, insulated, granitic mountains at a distance in the interior; and even during the day the heat was not unbearable: thermometer Fahr. about 86°. The canoes on the river are of the slightest construction, and are apparently unsafe; yet the passengers crossing the creeks and the river invariably stand up in them,—but wo to the unpractised or unsteady! Accidents, although rare, do sometimes occur, attended with loss of life.

Mr. Brooke had been absent some six or seven weeks when the admiral accompanied him on his return to the settlement. He was not expected, but the news of his arrival spread with wonderful velocity, and the various chiefs were speedily assembled to greet him with a cordial and hearty welcome. The reunion of the oldest of his swarthy councillors, as well as of the youngest, who dropped in after dinner had been re-

moved, and took their places on the benches by the sides of the walls according to their modes, customs, and privileges, together with the naval officers and European civilians, with the rajah in his chair, and two of his most worthy native friends, entitled by birth to the distinction, seated beside him, presented a picture not destitute of interest, certainly of great variety; for some of the Dyaks, with round heads, high cheek bones, and large jaws, remarkably differing from the Malay race, were there to complete the back-ground. All were most attentively listening to the conversation of the rajah with his Malay neighbors, enjoying a cheroot occasionally given to them by the visitors, and quietly making their own observations. Mr. Williamson, the interpreter, a native of Malacca, who speaks the language as a Malay, had another group around him, eagerly putting questions on the various little subjects interesting to themselves; and without the least approach to obtrusive familiarity, the evening was passed, I dare say, very much to the satisfaction of all parties.

The principal exports, at this period, consist of antimony ore, of great richness, producing 75 per cent. of pure metal. It is found in great quantities, at a distance of ten miles up, in the river, and by excavations from the base of some hills, in the manner of washing the mines. It is brought down the river by the natives, carried into the wharf, where it is accurately weighed, and then shipped for Singapore, by the rajah, who pays for the whole brought from the mines a stipulated price per picul to the chiefs, who pay the laborers, boatmen, and all other expenses. In former days, his highness the rajah took the lion's share; but the arrangements of Mr. Brooke are on the most liberal scale, his first and only object being to encourage industry, and to show how greatly the comfort and happiness of all are promoted by a rigid and just appreciation of the rights of property, and by a faithful and honorable adherence to every agreement and bargain. The result has been a vast increase in the quantity of ore exported, and an extending desire to be interested in the business.

A passing visit does not enable one to speak geologically of a country; and as there is a gentleman of practical science at present making his observations, it would be presumptuous in me to offer a remark

on the formations of this great country. But a single glance at the beautifully undulating hills, at the gorgeous verdure, and growth of every branch of the vegetable kingdom, at once points out the inexhaustible capabilities of the soil for the cultivation of sugar, coffee, spices, and every fruit of the tropics, many of which already flourish as specimens in the rajah's garden and grounds, and invite the industrious to avail themselves of such a country and of such a river, and become proprietors on the banks of the Sarawak. British capital and protection and Chinese Coolies, would very soon change the north and north-west coast of Borneo into one of the richest countries in the world.

The admiral proceeded in the morning some short distance up the river to return the visit of the chiefs, and was everywhere received with the royal salute of three guns; the whole party, accompanied by the rajah and Mr. Williamson, the interpreter, at eleven, A.M., re-embarked on board the Pluto, which had been in a very hazardous situation during the night, having unfortunately grounded on a ledge of rocks close to the bank, by which she sustained considerable damage; and proceeded down the river to regain the squadron at anchor off Tanjay Po, the western part of the Maratabes branch of the Sarawak; and here it was found that the steamer must be laid on the beach, as it was with difficulty the whole power of the engines applied to the pumps could keep her afloat; she was accordingly placed on the mud flat at the entrance of the river. A frigate and another steamer were left behind to assist in her refit, and the admiral moved onward towards Borneo Proper, where, in the course of a few days, all were re-assembled, but in consequence of the flag-ship, by mistaking the channel, having struck the ground on the Moarno shore in going in, the ships were moved outwards some considerable distance. Mr. Brooke, accompanied by an officer from the Agincourt, visited the sultan at the city of Bruni; and, on the following day, the sultan's nephew, heir-presumptive to the throne, with a suite of some twelve or fifteen Pangèran and chiefs of the blood-royal, under the "yellow canopy," came down to return the compliment, and to communicate with the admiral on affairs of state; they were received with every mark of distinction and kindness by the commander-in-chief, and certainly there never was exhibited a more

perfect sample of innate nobility and natural good manners, then was presented by Buddruden, to the observation of those who had the pleasure of witnessing his reception on the quarter deck of a British ship of the line by a crowd of officers, and amidst the noise and smoke of a salute; the whole of this party were the intimate friends of Mr. Brooke and firmly attached to British interests. Buddruden, in reply to some question to him as to his ever having seen so large a ship before, said that, although descended from a very ancient and long line of ancestors, he had the proud satisfaction of being the first who had ever embarked on board a vessel of such wonderful magnitude and power, and so much beyond any idea he had formed of a ship of war. The most marked attention was paid by those who accompanied him to the privileges and etiquette of the country; none below a certain rank presuming to sit down in his highness's presence; indeed, only those indisputably of the blood-royal were admitted to that honor; every part of the ship was visited, and the prahu, with the yellow umbrella-shaped canopy, once more received her royal party, who proceeded to render an account of their visit to the sultan in his regal palace at Bruni, accompanied by the Pluto steamer.

On the following morning, the admiral hoisted his flag on board the Vixen, and, accompanied by the Pluto and Nemesis, also steamers, and taking with him a considerable force of seamen and marines, and an armed boat from each ship, proceeded up the river, with the intention of compelling Pangèran Yusuff to return to his obedience and duty to the sultan, and to give an account of himself for being implicated in piratical transactions.

On the arrival of the armament opposite the town, the sultan held a grand levee for the reception, and in honor of the admiral's visit, and the Pangèran was summoned to present himself in submission to the mandate of the sultan. This he refused to do, and had even the hardihood to approach the palace, and when at last threatened to have his house blown about his ears, coolly answered, that the ships might begin to fire whenever they pleased, that he was ready for them; and sure enough, on the Vixen firing a sixty-eight pounder over his house to show the fellow how completely he was at the mercy of the squadron, he fired his guns in return. A few rounds

from the steamers drove him from his bam-boo fortress. The marines took possession, and his magazine was emptied of its contents of gunpowder, which was started into the river, and all his brass guns were delivered over to the sultan, with the exception of two, which were retained, to be sold for the benefit of two Manilla Spaniards, who had been piratically seized as slaves, and who were now taken on board the squadron to be restored to their home. His house being thrown open to the tender mercies of his countrymen, was speedily gutted of all his ill-gotten wealth, and left in desolation. There were no killed or wounded. Pangèran Yusuff retreated to the interior, continued in rebellion, raised a force with which he attacked the town and Muda Hassim's party, but was defeated, pursued, and killed by Pangèran Buddruden.

The squadron proceeded to Laboan, cut wood with the thermometer at 92°, for the steamers, filled them; and on the morning of the 15th of August, a new order of sailing and battle was given out per "buntin," and the novelty of two frigates towing two steamers, was exhibited to the wondering eyes of those present, called upon to keep their appointed station, work to windward, tack in succession, and perform every evolution with the neatest precision, in spite of light winds, heavy squalls, and most variable weather.

The force intended to attack the stockade and fortified port of that arch-pirate Scheriff Posman on the Malloodoo River, proceeded under the immediate command of the admiral, who took the brigs and steamers with him to the entrance of the river, and here it was found that the iron steamers, which had caused such trouble, were not of the slightest use, there not being water sufficient even for them over the bar. The whole flotilla was placed under the command of Captain Talbot, of the Vesta, the senior captain present, who, on the morning of the 19th of August, attacked with great gallantry, and carried the very strong position of the pirates, with the loss of eight killed and thirteen wounded. The iron ordnance was broken, the fortification destroyed, and the town burned to the ground. It was reported the day after the action, that the Arab chief had been mortally wounded, but the squadron quitted the bay before this was confirmed.

I cannot leave Borneo without giving a brief description of the coast from the mouth of the Sarawak to this splendid

bay, more particularly as its features are so widely different from those generally attributed to it. From the Sarawak to Tanjong Sirik, the land is low, and for some miles from the beach covered with mangrove jungle, but from that point to Borneo river, undulating ground, moderate hills, and occasionally red-sand cliffs, mark the nature of the country to be dry and susceptible of cultivation; and, as these hills are clothed in perpetual verdure, there is nothing imaginary in the supposition that the soil is salubrious and productive. From Borneo river, north-eastward, a range of hills, of considerable altitude, run the whole length of the coast, the sea, the greater part of the line, washing their base; and immediately inland, in latitude 6° , that most magnificent and striking of all eastern mountains, Keeney Balloo, towers to the heavens to the height of 14,000 feet, cutting the clear grey sky before sunrise with a sharp distinctness never exceeded, and marking the primitive nature of its formation beyond controversy. It may be called an "island mountain," for, with the exception of the range of hills above alluded to, and with which it has no continuity, it rises abruptly from the plain, alone in its glory, and giant of the eastern stars—

"With meteor standard to the breeze unfur'd,
Looks from his throne of squalls o'er half the world."

The Bay of Mallooodoo is extensive, with safe anchorage everywhere; the coast-range of hills terminates on its western shores, and round to the south-east the land is of moderate height, with a range of greater altitude at some distance inland, and Keeney Balloo bounds the view at about thirty-five miles distance in the south-west. The land on the eastern side is low, but on the whole a more eligible position to plant and protect a settlement is not to be found on the whole coast, and it stands so pre-eminently superior to Labooan or Balambargan, and would so effectually destroy piracy in the neighboring seas, that the British government ought to have no hesitation in taking possession of this bay, with sufficient breadth of territory to secure supplies and support for a colony. It is quite evident, from the manner in which this pirate Arab has held possession with impunity, and, from his stronghold, had carried on his depredations for years, either that the Sultan of Borneo acted in collusion with

him, and was a willing witness to his atrocities, or that he had not the power to clear his territory of such a miscreant. I have no doubt of the former being the case, as much of the property acquired by blood and rapine has frequently been sold publicly in Borneo; perhaps some of it is to be found in the palace of the sultan. There ought to be no delicacy in this matter. Great Britain's claim to the country is scarcely disputed. One well fortified post would, with the presence of a brig-of-war or two, secure the obedience of the whole district. As for Balambargan, it is an arid, sandy island, with scanty supply of water, and an unproductive soil. It has two harbors, both small and intricate, and must always depend upon foreign supply for its sustenance. Labooan may be somewhat better, but its geographical position is not eligible as a station for vessels of war intended to suppress piracy, being too far to leeward in the north-east monsoon, and too distant from the Sooloo seas and adjacent straits, now much frequented by the numerous vessels trading to China, to afford them that protection which a settlement at Mallooodoo would at once accomplish. Merchant vessels using the Palawan passage from India and the Straits of Malacca, would find in Mallooodoo Bay, during the strength of the north-east monsoon, a wide and extensive anchorage in which to take temporary shelter, and make any refit which might become necessary from working against the monsoon, as well as easy access, equally convenient for vessels taking the Balabac Straits, coming from thence and Macassar.

Stone may be had in abundance in any part of the bay; excellent stone-cutters from Hong Kong in any numbers might be procured, and Coolies in thousands would be found to accompany them. A week's run thence, in the north-east monsoon, would land a wing of a Madras regiment on the ground, and a few junks would convey all the living and dead material necessary to place them in comfort and security in a very short time. The climate is good, the land is rich, and water abundant; the countless acres would soon attract the industry of the Chinese, when once assured of protection to their lives, and undisturbed possession of their property.

The admiral, accompanied by the Borneo Commissioners, went over on board the Vixen Steamer, to the island Balambargan, on the afternoon of the 21st, and the ships of the squadron followed in the course of

the night, taking up their anchorage outside the shoals of the southern, whilst the commander-in-chief and his party went to the northern harbors, where the *Pluto* had preceded them, and at day-dawn on the 22nd, they landed to explore the neighboring jungle, for the site of the settlement which had been formed by the East India Company in 1773, from which they had been driven by the Sooloo people, but which had been occupied a second time in 1803, and evacuated ultimately as a useless and unprofitable settlement. The British government have always maintained their clear right to this island, ceded to them by the King of Sooloo, on his being liberated from prison at Manilla, when that city was taken by Sir William Draper; and Balam-bargan is indisputably a British Island, and part of the empire.

The position which the town had occupied was clearly traced by the rubbish, and brick, and mortar, scattered over a considerable surface, and the numerous broken scraps of crockery and glass gave sufficient evidence that here had been placed the houses, buildings, and defences erected by the settlers, but all are now silent and forlorn. In this dry season the soil was completely covered with sand, and the bush of a very scanty growth; nor could any indications of water be discovered. A long walk on the beach, in the direction of the southern harbor, led to no farther discovery than that some ridges of clay crossed the island, terminating at the shore in moderate altitude, and covered with trees of considerably larger dimensions than those near the site of the town. A complete *detour* of the harbor was made by the *Pluto*, from the paddle-boxes of which, the surrounding country being almost level with the sea, could be clearly distinguished as of the same sandy nature, but which, in all probability, is in the rainy season, a lagoon entirely covered with water. It had a poor and uninviting appearance. Several large baboons came to the beach, and, taking up their seat on some fallen trunk of a tree, gazed with great tranquillity at the *Pluto* as she passed along. Many tracks of the wild hog were seen on the beach, but on the whole, Balam-bargan is the last island I should select as my "Barataria."

A short visit was made to the adjacent island of Bangney, and a boat went up a river on the south-west quarter, running for several miles through low, flat, mangrove jungle, but descending in clear cascades

from the hilly part of the island, which ranges entirely along the north-western division, and terminates at the north point in a very remarkable and beautiful conical peak, 2000 feet high, covered to the apex with evergreen wood. The south-eastern division is flat, and probably of the same mangrove jungle through which the boat ascended the river, after having with difficulty got over a flat bar at its entrance. On this expedition not a living animal was seen, not even a bird, but the elevated part of Bangney presented a far more inviting aspect than anything to be seen in Balam-bargan. True, there is no harbor, and, with the exception of the river alluded to, it is said to want water. The piratical prahus sometimes rendezvous here, in readiness to pounce on any unwary vessel passing through the Balabic Straits.

Let me express a hope that the British government will speedily alter the face of affairs in these seas, by supporting Mr. Brooke on the Sarawak, and, without loss of time, planting a similar colony on the shores of the bay of Malloodo.

LITHOGRAPHY—like many other important discoveries, owed its birth to mere chance. We will now proceed to give a brief account of the circumstances under which Alois Senefelder turned his attention to the discovery of a ready means of printing what, as a writer and aspirant to histrionic fame, he produced. "I had just succeeded," observes Senefelder, "in polishing a stone plate, which I intended to cover with etching ground, in order to continue my exertions in writing backwards, when my mother, entering the room, required me to write a washing-bill. It so happened there was not a morsel of writing paper or ink at hand, nor had we any one to send for these materials; I therefore resolved to write with my ink, prepared with wax, soap, and lampblack, upon the stone I had just polished, as the matter would admit of no delay. Some time after, requiring the stone for use, and the writing being as I had left it, it occurred to me whether I could not bite in the stone with acid." This Senefelder succeeded in doing, and thus the art was discovered.

LOUIS PHILIPPE AND DANTON.—A singular anecdote is told of the Duke de Chartres, now the King of the French, which can hardly have been published without the warranty of that high personage. Some business having brought him from Dumouriez's army to Paris, soon after the massacres of September, Danton sent for him, and informed him that he had heard that he ventured, in conversation, to speak too freely on that subject. He told him he was too young to judge of such matters, and added, "For the future be silent. Return to the army; do your duty; but do not unnecessarily expose your life. You have many years before you. France is not suited for a Republic; it has the habits, the wants, and the weaknesses of a monarchy. After our storms it will be brought back to that, by its vices or its necessities. You will be King! Adieu, young man. Remember the prediction of Danton." —*Edinburgh Review*.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

AN OLD MAN'S RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PASTORAL CANTONS OF SWITZERLAND.

EDITED BY MRS. PERCY SINNETT

It is now more than fifty years since,* on a dull rainy morning, and in a mood still duller and gloomier than the weather, I found myself on the shores of the lake of Constance. White vapors were rolling over the heads of the enormous masses of rock that rose like mighty walls round the horizon; the waters of the lake, lashed into fury by the gusts of wind, rushed along at their feet towards the valley of the Rhine, where they seemed to mingle with clouds as black as midnight, against which the clear green color of the waves in the foreground, with their crests of snowy foam, looked indescribably beautiful.

The whole aspect of nature was strange and new, and affected me with a power I had never before felt from external things: but I had scarcely time to wonder at the change, which with magic suddenness seemed to operate upon my mind, when my carriage rolled over the bridge that connects the island of Lindau with the main land, and the walls of the city soon hid the whole landscape from my sight.

The castle and the wall called the Heiden Mauer, whose strength and thickness bid defiance to time, carried me back in thought to those distant ages when the heavy tramp of the iron men of Rome first broke the stillness of the woods in which the yet unnamed lake lay buried. But it was not solitude, nor the gloom of boundless forests, nor the bellowing of the auer-ox and other mighty brutes by which they were tenanted, nor the cries, scarcely less terrible, of their human inhabitants, nor rocks nor glaciers, nor the ice and snow of a climate that appeared so severe when compared with that of their own glowing land, that could turn back the legions from a settled purpose. Under the guidance of Drusus, they found their victorious way along the Rhine, leaving one fortress after another to mark their course, and on the spot which is now Con-

stance, laid the foundations of their Valeria; there they built a number of galleys, with which to traverse these unknown waters, and soon the dark and silent woods that closed it in were echoing to the shouts of the first civilized men whose vessels had rippled its surface since its creation.

Tiberius landed on the island now called Lindau, built a fortress, and prepared here his warlike expeditions against the natives of Rhoetia, in the neighborhood of the lake, who had often rushed down from their mountains upon the fertile and cultivated lands of their Italian neighbors. He conquered them after six years' struggle, and thence he opened a way through the forest into the heart of Suabia, where he established his extreme outpost to watch the fierce Allemanni. It was not, however, till the seventh century, that a few families began to settle on the shores of the lake, with a view to gain a subsistence by cultivating the yet virgin soil.—The people of Schwytz, Unterwalden, and the other pastoral cantons that constitute the very heart and core of Switzerland, sprang originally from a shoot thrown out by the grand old Scandinavian tree. In a parchment preserved at Ober Hasle, in the Canton of Berne, there is a record of this remarkable immigration. A body of six thousand warlike men had been thrown off at a swarm, when there was a great famine, from an ancient kingdom far to the north, in the land of the Swedes. They divided themselves into three troops, each of which made a league among themselves to hold together on the land or on the sea, in good fortune or bad fortune, in joy or sorrow, in all things great or small which God should send them. One of those, under the guidance of one *Schwitzerus*, after many adventures, reached the upper Rhine, "and at length came to a country with high rocks and mountains full of valleys and lakes, which pleased them, for it was like the old country from which they had come."

* The lapse of fifty, we might almost say of five hundred years, has made so little change in the mode of life in these pastoral cantons, that we apprehend the date of these recollections will detract little, if anything, from whatever interest may belong to them.

Here they settled, calling the country Schwitz, from their leader *Schwitzerus*, and felled the forest, and built huts, and kept

flocks, and tilled the ground, and maintained themselves honorably by the sweat of their brow, and kept faithfully to one another; and their children learned handicrafts, and grew up to be men "great and strong like giants." Our old friend William Tell and his compeers came then, it appears, of a good family.

The weather cleared up in the afternoon, on the day of my arrival at Lindau, and I crossed the bridge to the Bavarian shore, which looked very attractive with its fruitful hills and gardens and vineyards. My guide led me to the country-seat of a Lindauer patrician, whence, through a telescope, I saw plainly, across the lake, the towers of the ancient abbey of St. Gall, and several pretty little towns set, like gems in the opposite shore. The clouds were now floating in a higher region of the atmosphere, and hid none but the loftiest peaks; and at last the sun broke through and I had the pleasure of beholding the mountains of Appenzell, the chief object of my pilgrimage. A tremendous storm appeared however to be raging in that elevated district. Sometimes high ragged peaks would seem to thrust themselves suddenly out from amidst the clouds, and the thick veil would sweep off and show them covered with glittering ice and snow; and then, again, it would close, leaving the imagination perhaps more excited by these stolen glimpses than if the whole of these mighty masses had been visible.

After a long battle between sun and storm, the sun at length obtained the mastery, and, pouring out a flood of light, took possession of the whole vast landscape, turning, as he set, the surface of the lake into a sea of crimson fire. Never had I seen so magnificent a spectacle.

I left Lindau on the following morning but the storm and wind from the west was still raging with such violence over the lake, that it was impossible to go by water to Constance, as I had intended. The beauty of the shore, however, along which the road lay, made me ample amends for this change in my plan. I was going along the German side to Morsburg, now I believe in Baden, from which I could easily cross over to Constance. The road ran sometimes close along the margin, sometimes a little further off, but through corn fields, meadows, gentle hills clothed with vines, avenues of fruit trees, round whose trunks the ivy twined its picturesque garlands; groves of fir, pretty villages, and little towns and

castles in endless variety; and on the opposite bank, the bolder forms of the mountains and the distant snowy peaks proclaimed the wonderful land of the Swiss, to which I was bound.

I arrived at Morsburg in due time, but not a man could be found who would put me across the lake, as it would be scarcely possible, they said, to reach Constance in safety with this wind, so that I was fain to amuse myself for the remainder of the day with looking at the Bishop's cabinet of shells; the Bishop of Constance I mean, who has his residence here. It is situated upon a high rocky shore which falls precipitously to the lake,—here many hundred feet deep,—which, while I was engaged with the shells, was dashing furiously against the precipice, and tossing its white foam many fathoms high, while the bosom of the water was of a deep blue black.

From what you know of the enthusiasm with which, at that time of my life, I regarded the form of government and the character of the free pastoral people of Switzerland, you will easily believe I did not pass without emotion the simple wooden bar that marked the frontier of the Canton of Appenzell. Hitherto my road had lain, as I have said, through corn-fields, orchards, and vineyards; now there was a striking change in the character of the landscape. There was no longer the same variety of tint, but hill rose behind hill, in ever bolder outline, but clothed in a uniform green color, varied occasionally by the dark hues of the fir thickets. Single houses built of wood, but with the utmost care and neatness, lay scattered about upon the hills, and could be reached by pretty winding paths; they had an air of tranquil comfort as they lay there in that still evening, with the beams of the setting sun yet lingering upon them, that corresponded well with my anticipations, and my satisfaction was increased when, on my arrival in the evening twilight at Herisau, the largest and handsomest village in the Canton, I learned that in a few days, would take place the general assembly of one of these little states, with which, as you are aware, resides the sovereign power of the country.

The Canton of Appenzell, though regarded as one in the confederacy, does, in fact, consist in two separate and independent republics, called the Outer and Inner Rhodes; this word *rhode* being, it is said, a corruption of the old German *rotte*, meaning troop or tribe. The manner in which

this topographical and political separation was effected is, I believe, unique in history, and therefore deserves mention. In the year 1522, Walter Glarer, a parish priest of Appenzell, had begun to preach openly the doctrines of Zuinglius, the Swiss reformer, and had found many zealous supporters; from others, however, he met with a no less decided opposition, and soon, in every little village in this hitherto peaceful land, were kindled the flames of the great spiritual conflagration of the sixteenth century. Instead, however, of cutting each other's throats in the name of the God of love and mercy, as other more civilized nations did, these rude shepherds bethought them of another expedient. As soon as it became evident that their differences of opinion could not be reconciled, and that nothing remained now but civil war, they said, "let us divide the land," and the proposal was at once received. The Catholic communities or parishes, chose the Cantons of Lucerne, Schwytz, and Unterwalden, for arbitrators; the Reformers, Zurich, Glarus, and Schaffhausen. Deputies from these six cantons were sent to Appenzell, and within a month after, the Catholics had taken peaceable possession of the interior districts called Inner Rhodes, their reforming brethren of those which lay nearer to the frontier, and each little republic had held its general assembly, in which the people not only gave their consent to the arrangement, but had even the forethought to introduce a clause, stating that the agreement should not necessarily be binding for ever on their posterity, but should continue only as long as it should be desired by both parties.

The calm rationality and wisdom of this proceeding, at a time when men's minds all over Europe were a prey to the transports of fanaticism, gives these little states, in my opinion, a claim to attention and respect not to me measured by their geographical extent. It may afford also a fact in reply to the often repeated assertion that a pure democracy is uniformly swayed by passion rather than by reason. It was in that same century when the shepherds of Switzerland gave this example of reason and moderation that the English nation had been blown repeatedly backwards and forwards between Catholicism and Protestantism, by the gusts of passion in the mind of a brutal despot.

Rejoicing at the good fortune which had led me to Appenzell at the period of the general assembly of the people, the *Lands-*

gemeine, as it is called, I left Herisau, on a fine spring morning to take my way to the appointed place of meeting, the little town of Appenzell, in Inner Rhodes. Light clouds covered the sky, but a soft warm air was blowing, under whose influence all nature seemed bursting into bud and blossom. Far as the eye could reach, hill and valley, and even mountain, were covered with a robe of liveliest green, and, from the peculiar conformation of the country, every step presented the landscape in a new point of view. The hills, sometimes flowing into each other, sometimes suddenly parting, created an incessant change of outline, mass, and surface, which kept the attention constantly occupied. To the south rose naked rocks of a greyish black color, contrasting forcibly with the snowy horns of the *Santis*. To the east, through breaks in the mountains, occasional enchanting peeps could be obtained, across the bright mirror of the Lake of Constance to the distant fertile fields of Suabia, floating in an atmosphere of tender blue, and on all sides the view was framed in by the sharp bold outline of mountains of every variety of shape.

The road along which I was journeying could only be traversed by passengers on foot or on horseback, but showed on either side manifold traces of the cleanliness, order, industry, and prosperity of the people. From time to time, when I was stopping to admire a pretty wooden house, or a bright crystal spring that came dancing across a green slope, groups of men would pass with hasty steps, some of whom wore a most singular costume, the color of the right half of every garment being white, and of the left black. The composed demeanor of these men seemed, however, to indicate that this strange attire was no masquerade habit, but had some peculiar significance, and on making enquiry, I learned that they were official personages belonging to Outer Rhodes, who were going to Appenzell to be present at the Inner Rhodes parliament. These are the state colors, the Appenzell arms being a black bear in a white field.

All at once the road, or rather path, made a steep descent into a ravine, at the bottom of which flowed the clear rapid stream of the Urnasch, which rises in the mountains on the Toggenburgh, and rushing along between very high banks, pours itself into the Sitter. Like most mountain streams, it sometimes swells to a torrent, and is continually wearing itself a deeper

and deeper bed, which in this part was overhung, when I saw it, with broken masses of sand-stone, fringed with dark pines; and I could not help lingering for some time on the bridge thrown across the narrow valleys to gaze upon its picturesque beauty.

On reaching the right bank, I came in sight of the village of Hundwyl, and, from the small number of whose houses, one could little imagine to be the largest parish of Outer Rhodes; but throughout the Swiss cantons, with very few exceptions, the villages are all small, from its being the custom for families of this pastoral people to live on their own property; and to have their house in the midst of their land, so that the inhabitants of a single parish are sometimes found scattered all over a circle of from ten to twenty miles.

After passing Hundwyl, the way led along the side of mountains covered with forests, thickets, and meadows, and very soon, without being acquainted with the precise limit between Outer and Inner Rhodes, it was easy for me to perceive that I had passed it. The country, the people, and their occupations remained the same, yet it was impossible to overlook the difference between Protestant and Catholic Appenzell. The fields of the latter were not so neat, the crops were less abundant, the meadows no longer showed that fresh delicious green which enchanted me in the Outer Rhodes; the houses were smaller, poorer, and I missed everywhere those evidences of industry, order, and prosperity so beautifully conspicuous in the little twin republic, and I should sometimes almost have felt the way tedious but for the views which were continually opening to the east, where the mountains were sprinkled over with an incredible number of habitations, giving to the landscape a quite peculiar character.

As I came nearer to the capital of Inner Rhodes, I met a great number of the people going to the general assembly, and on all sides I could distinguish them coming down the slopes of the mountains towards the same point; here a man alone,—there a father with his sons; from another point a whole troop of old and young, all hastening to Appenzell. Every one carried a sword, for, curiously enough, it is the law that the men shall come armed. Some carried the weapon in the right hand, grasping it by the middle like a stick, and not one made a single step to move out of the way of my horse, so that I had often to

stop and wait till I could find room enough to ride by. I noticed this as a little trait, marking the difference of character between these mountaineers, and any country people I had ever seen, who were always ready to take off their hats and stand respectfully aside to make room for a carriage or a gentleman on horseback. In the entire deportment and bearing of these Appenzellers, in their firm step and free erect carriage, there was an expression of manly self-reliance.—The road as I approached the scene of action, was of course more and more thronged, and as I gazed with interest at the groups of athletic figures which surrounded me, I seemed to see revived their valiant forefathers, when they rose up and burst the chains that had been laid on them, and drove the oppressor from their land.

The open village of Appenzell was swarming with people, and everywhere was a movement, a thronging busy life, a hum like that of a great fair; and one of the busiest parts of the whole scene was in the street opposite to the inn where I was to stop.

Old and young, men and women, boys and girls, were all evidently in their Sunday clothes; but the costume of the men was so peculiar, as to deserve a more exact description. They wore a short jacket and waistcoat, and trousers reaching to the ankle, but so short above, that a large portion of their linen hung out, and indeed had it not been for their broad braces, there would have been imminent danger of their appearing as true *sans culottes*. Some people, I am told, consider this practice of allowing the shirt to hang out as a mere piece of dandyism, but I have seen it in men so old and steady, that this can hardly be the case.—When I entered the public room of the inn, and saw, sitting with their backs to me, a whole row of figures, apparently in so strange a dishabille, I could hardly preserve my gravity. The room was full of women and girls, but of course no one but myself appeared to regard it as either peculiar or comic; nay, on the contrary, to my surprise and mortification, I found that the indecorum, or, at all events the absurdity, was thought to be on my side. I had often noticed as I rode along that a head had been popped out of a window to look at me, and that immediately there had followed a burst of laughter. Here, as I sat in the apartment of the inn, I perceived several of the women and girls glancing at me and tittering, so that at last I was

piqued to enquire the cause of their mirth, to which one of the damsels replied with great naïveté, that it was "because I looked so funny."

Fashion in Appenzell, it seems, commanded, that, instead of wearing one's indispensables tightly-buttoned above the hips one should present one's self in a state that will really not bear to be too faithfully described.

This costume is perhaps the more striking from the bright showy color displayed in its various parts. The waistcoat is generally scarlet, and decorated with many white metal buttons; the jacket of some other color, both contrasting strongly with the snow-white shirt and yellow trousers. Many of the gentlemen wore no jacket, and had their shirt sleeves rolled up above their elbows, displaying to much advantage their fine development of muscle. Some of their stalwart arms hung down, looking like sledge hammers, and it seemed to me that those who were possessed of such advantages, had the same self-complacent consciousness of them, as our young men sometimes have of cravats and mustachios; and their manner of presenting themselves to the ladies, showed the same easy confidence of pleasing, that I have seen in gilded saloons, on the basis of stars and orders.

The fine snow-white shirt was evidently an article in which they took great pride; it was only worn, I was told, on high days and holidays, the ordinary one being made of checked linen; and the fine yellow tint of the trousers is often enhanced by being rubbed over with the yolks of eggs. Stockings are seldom worn in summer, and even shoes are by no means "*de rigueur*."

The women wore red petticoats and little closely fitting bodices of dark blue or red, and puffed out sleeves tied with ribbon bows. The majority of the people were fair, but there were some, whose hair and complexion, as well as their dark sparkling eyes spoke of a southern origin, and the whole expression of face and figure was of quickness, activity, and intelligence.

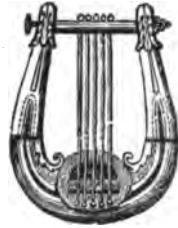
PROGRESS OF MILTON'S BLINDNESS.—It is now, I think, about ten years [1654] since I perceived my vision to grow weak and dull: and at the same time I was troubled with pain in my kidneys and bowels, accompanied with flatulency. In the morning, if I began to read, as was my custom, my eyes instantly ached intensely, but were refreshed after a little cor-

poreal exercise. The candle which I looked at seemed as if it were encircled by a rainbow. Not long after, the sight in the left part of the left eye (which I lost some years before the other) became quite obscured, and prevented me from discovering any object on that side. The sight in my other eye has now been gradually and sensibly vanishing away for about three years. Some months before it had entirely perished, though I stood motionless, everything which I looked at seemed in motion, to and fro. A stiff cloudy vapor seemed to have settled on my forehead and temples, which usually occasions a sort of somnolent pressure upon my eyes, and particularly from dinner till evening. So that I often recollect what is said of the poet Phineas, in the Argonautics:—

"A stupor deep his cloudy temples bound,
And when he waked he seemed as whirling round,
Or in a feeble trance he speechless lay."

I ought not to omit that, while I had any sight left, as soon as I lay down on my bed, and turned on either side, a flood of light used to gush from my closed eyelids. Then as my sight became daily more impaired, the colors became more faint, and were emitted with a certain crackling sound; but at present, every species of illumination being, as it were, extinguished, there is diffused around me nothing but darkness, or darkness mingled and streaked with an ashy brown. Yet the darkness in which I am perpetually immersed seems always, by night and by day, to approach nearer to a white than a black; and when the eye is rolling in its socket, it admits a little particle of light, as through a chink. And though your physicians may kindle a small ray of hope, yet I make up my mind to the malady as quite incurable; and I often reflect that, as the wise man admonishes, days of darkness are destined to each of us. The darkness which I experience, less oppressive than that of the tomb, is, owing to the singular goodness of the Deity, passed amid the pursuits of literature and the cheering salutations of friendship. But if, as it is written, man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth from the mouth of God, why may not any one acquiesce in the privation of his sight, when God has so amply furnished his mind and his conscience with eyes?—*Milton's Prose Works*.

AUSTRALIA.—Australia has an importance in the eyes of England, superior perhaps to all her other colonies. The climate is obviously more fitted for the English frame, than that of Canada or the West Indies. The English settler alone is master of the mighty continent of New Holland, for the natives are few, savage, and rapidly diminishing. The Englishman may range over a territory of 2,000 miles long, by 1,700 broad, without meeting the subject of any other sovereign, or hearing any other language than his own. The air is temperate, though so near the equator, and the soil, though often unfertile, is admirably adapted to the rearing of sheep and cattle. The adjoining islands offer the finest opportunities for the commercial enterprise of the Englishman; and its directness of navigation to India or China, across an ocean that scarcely knows a storm, gives it the promise of being the great eastern depot of the world. Van Diemen's Land, about the size, with more than the fertility of Ireland, is said to resemble Switzerland, in picturesque beauty; and New Zealand, a territory of 1,500 miles in length, and of every diversity of surface, is already receiving the laws and the population of England.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.



SONG
OF THE WATCHERS ON THE SHORE.

In some of the Fishing Villages on the coast of Norway, when the men go out with the boats, the females assemble on the beach, chanting a wild song—a prayer, not for the success of the fishers, but for their safe return: and they do not quit the shore until the boats arrive.

'Tis a weary, weary sight,
The sky and the ocean lone,
And the distance, that solemn mystery,
Veiling our loved, our own,
As we cry upon their track,—
Brother and sire, come home!
Husband, and lover, and son, come back,
Over the surge and foam!
For our hearths are dark, and our souls are drear,
Till we see the light of your smiles draw near.

Hardy, and gallant, and true,
The hearts that for us toil;
Right cheerfully every peril brave,
From the seas to take their spoil.
Well know they where we stand,
Waiting their glad return;
And their guiding light is the star of love,
Whose beams around them burn.
Ah! what were the hearts or the homes they left,
Of the crowning grace of that love bereft?

Husband, and lover, and son,
Brother and sire, come home!
The breeze has strengthened, the sun goes down
Over the beaten foam.
Sorrow and joy are ours,
Beyond what most may share;
Sorrow, in every morn's farewell,
And joy, beyond compare,
When at eve, all doubting and danger o'er,
The gallant boats touch the strand once more.

By the shores of another sea
We shall stand, ere time be past;
We shall watch the bark, that may ne'er return,
Sweep o'er its waves at last.
Father, or brother, or son,
Husband, or lover, there—
Earth's peril over, its labor done—
May be first those depths to dare:
To pass away from the mortal beach,
Beyond regret's or affection's reach.

And we— we shall cry no more—
Brother and sire, come home!
We shall look with a higher hope and trust,
Over that dark sea's foam:
And our pining souls shall say—
"Oh! we weary to depart;
To put all thought of the life away,
For whose cares we have no heart;
To flee from darkness, and doubt, and pain,
And be with the loved and the lost again!"

THE ANGEL WATCH; OR, THE SISTERS.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

A daughter watched at midnight
Her dying mother's bed;
For five long nights she had not slept,
And many tears were shed.
A vision like an angel came,
Which none but her might see;
"Sleep, duteous child," the angel said,
"And I will watch for thee."

Sweet slumber, like a blessing, fell
Upon the daughter's face;
The angel smiled, and touched her not,
But gently took her place:
And oh! so full of human love
Those pitying eyes did shine,
The angel-guest half mortal seemed,—
The slumberer, half divine.

Like rays of light, the sleeper's locks
In warm loose curls were thrown;
Like rays of light, the angel's hair
Seemed like the sleeper's own.
A rose-like shadow on the cheek,
Dissolving into pearl,—
A something in that angel's face
Seemed sister to the girl.

The mortal and immortal, each
Reflecting, each were seen;—
The earthly and the spiritual,
With death's pale face between.
Oh, human love, what strength like thine?
From thee those prayers arise,
Which, entering into Paradise,
Draw angels from the skies.

The dawn looked through the casement cold,
A wintry dawn of gloom,
And sadder showed the curtained bed,—
The still and sickly room.
"My daughter?—art thou there, my child?
Oh, haste thee, love, come nigh;
That I may see once more thy face,
And bless thee, ere I die!

"If ever I were harsh to thee,
Forgive me now," she cried:
"God knows my heart, I loved thee most
When most I seemed to chide.
Now bend and kiss thy mother's lips,
And for her spirit pray:"
The angel kissed her, and her soul
Passed blissfully away.

A sudden start!—what dream, what sound
The slumbering girl alarms?
She wakes—she sees her mother dead,
Within the angel's arms.
She wakes—she springs with wild embrace,
But nothing there appears,
Except her mother's sweet, dead face—
Her own convulsive tears.

NO SURRENDER.

BY MARTIN PARQUEMAR TUPPER.

Ever constant, ever true,
 Let the word be, No surrender;
 Boldly dare and greatly do,
 This shall bring us bravely through,
 No surrender, no surrender!
 And, though Fortune's smiles be few,
 Hope is always springing new,
 Still inspiring me and you
 With a magic—No surrender!

Nail the colors to the mast,
 Shouting gladly, No surrender!
 Troubles near are all but past,
 Serve them as you did the last,
 No surrender, No surrender!
 Though the skies be overcast,
 And upon the sleety blast
 Disappointments gather fast,
 Beat them off with No surrender!

Constant and courageous still,
 Mind, the word is No surrender!
 Battle, tho' it be uphill,
 Stagger not at seeming ill,
 No surrender, No surrender!
 Hope,—and thus your hope fulfil;
 There's a way where there's a will,
 And the way all cares to kill
 Is to give them—No surrender!

DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE.

BY TENNYSON.

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean;
 Tears from the depth of some divine despair
 Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
 In looking on the happy Autumn-fields,
 And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail
 That brings our friends up from the under world,
 Sad as the last, which reddens over one
 That sinks with all we love, below the verge;
 So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah! sad and strange, as, in dark summer dawns,
 The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds
 To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
 The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
 So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
 And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
 On lips that are for others; deep as love,
 Deep as first love, and wild with all regret,—
 Oh, Death in Life—the days that are no more!

COMMON THINGS.

BY MRS. HAWKESHAU.

The sunshine is a glorious thing,
 That comes alike to all,
 Lighting the peasant's lowly cot,
 The noble's painted hall.

The moonlight is a gentle thing,
 It through the window gleams
 Upon the snowy pillow, where
 The happy infant dreams.

It shines upon the fisher's boat,
 Out on the lonely sea;
 Or where the little lambskins lie,
 Beneath the old oak tree.

The dew-drops, on the summer morn
 Sparkle upon the grass;
 The village children brush them off,
 That through the meadows pass.

There are no gems in monarchs' crowns
 More beautiful than they;
 And yet we scarcely notice them,
 But tread them off in play.

Poor Robin, on the pear-tree, sings,
 Beside the cottage-door;
 The heath-flower fills the air with sweets,
 Upon the pathless moor.

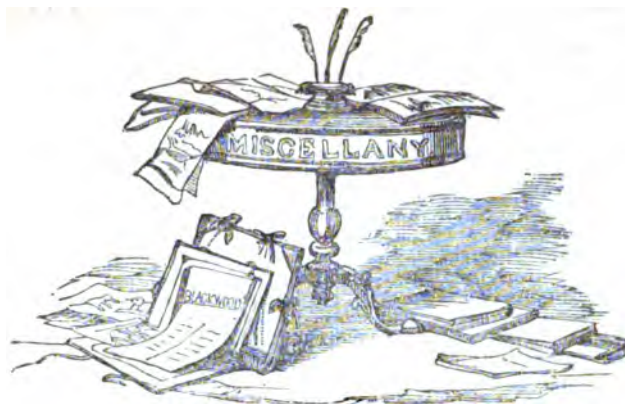
There are as many lovely things,
 As many pleasant tones,
 For those who sit by cottage hearths,
 As those who sit on thrones.

THE WIFE'S SONG.

From the Athenæum.

Forget not! Thou didst breathe a vow,
 That aye with the dewy evening star
 Thy heart would seek its home, and thou
 Wouldst love and bless us from afar.
 Behold, the evening star doth shine,—
 Thy flower, the rose, is dewy wet;
 I and thy children (thine and mine)
 Forget thee not:—Dost thou forget?

Forget not, husband of my heart!
 The words thou left'st have been a charm:
 They dried our tears when we did part,
 They kept, they keep us still, from harm.
 "To love and soon return to me,"—
 Those words they soothe my spirit yet.
 Ah! she who gave her life to thee
 Forgets thee not:—Dost thou forget?



THE GOLD MINES OF RUSSIA.—Until the recent discovery of the mineralogical treasures of Russia, the supply, as shown by Mr. Jacobs, was below the annual loss by waste and wear; and the Russian mines, from their superior productiveness, having nearly stopped the working of all others, the production of gold, for all practical purposes, at the present moment, may be considered as little better than a monopoly of the Russian Government. One third of the Russian mines belong to the Crown, and the rest are subject to heavy duties, which the Emperor may increase, *ad libitum*.

The time is at hand when this unquestionable fact must force upon the Legislature an inquiry, whether, if the principle of a metallic currency is to be maintained in its full integrity, it will not be at least prudent to return to our ancient double standard (abandoned in 1774), rather than place all the property and credit of the country, as now, at the mercy of the most ambitious potentate of Europe? Silver, unlike gold, is, to some extent, a home product, and to be obtained, at equal cost, in many different parts of the globe. The power over British commerce, which a gold currency, and an enforced limitation of paper issues, when gold disappears, gives to the Emperor of Russia, ought to make a British statesman tremble. It is well observed, in a very sensible pamphlet, by Mr. Enderby, that foreigners, when they buy English securities with gold, do so, like other people, in the expectation of realizing a profit by the transaction. A sum of £2,000,000, invested in Three per cent. Consols, at 80, means £2,250,000 to be withdrawn, when Consols have risen to 90. The Emperor of Russia has now been taught by experience, that the time to buy English securities is after the drain of gold occasioned by a bad harvest; and the time to sell, on the first reaction consequent upon the return of bullion. He may, therefore, easily, with the immense means at his disposal, make enormous profits at our expense, by the simplest possible process: and if disposed afterwards to risk some portion of these profits, for the sake of holding the power of crippling our resources, when we might otherwise thwart his designs, he has only to instruct an agent to keep a "deposit" account with the banking department, and to hold a large sum in Bank of England notes, and then, by the withdrawal of one, two, or five millions of gold, at the right moment, he may paralyze industry, cut off ten or twenty per cent. from the revenue, impede or prevent the negotiation of a new loan, create a belief that we are now too poor to think of helping our weaker neighbors against the stronger, and, in the midst of our distresses and

humiliation, buy our acquiescence in his projects with the same money, back again.—*Westminster Review*.

SUMMIT OF THE ISLAND OF ASCENSION—A few minutes more brought us to the house, and the fact that we were at our journey's end afforded us no small satisfaction. The house, itself, is a decent-looking cottage, and answers the purpose for which it was built extremely well, which was for the residence of the officers of the garrison stationed there, while Napoleon was at St. Helena, when a force was kept at Ascension, in case his friends should attempt to possess themselves of it. There is nothing particular in the building itself, but the situation is beautiful in the extreme, and amply repays the trouble of the ascent, for no one could possibly form the slightest conception of so pretty a spot existing, by the appearance from below. Shrubs, trees and flowers, all arranged with taste, and much in the manner of an English garden, with long walks winding along the brow of the hill for some distance, and the whole so thickly planted as to shut out from the view the dreary-looking waste below, with its plain covered with gigantic cinder-heaps, which, looking upon them as we did, from an elevation of nearly 3,000 feet, appeared precisely as if this island were the dust-hole of the world, and that every nation had some particular part of the plain, on which they were allowed to shoot their cinders.—*Five Years in the East*.

A CATCH.—The following description of a catch, by Dr. Calcott, is given in the *Musical World*. The words run thus:—

"Ah! how, Sophia, can you leave
Your lover, and of hope bereave?
Go, fetch the Indian's borrowed plume;
Yet, richer far than that your bloom.
I'm but a lodger in your heart,
And more than she, I fear have part."

Now, in reading the above there is nothing particular to be seen; but when they are sung, as Dr. Calcott intended they should be, there is much to hear; for one seems to render the first three words thus: "A house a-fire," repeating "phia, phia," with a little admixture of cockneyism, "fire! fire!" Another voice calls out, lustily, "Go, fetch the engines, fetch the engines;" while a third coolly says, "I'm but a lodger, I'm but a lodger," &c.; consequently he does not care whether the house be burnt down or not. This elucidation will give a pretty good idea of the real meaning and character of a musical catch.

THE LATE PRINCESS ADELAIDE OF ORLEANS.—In our second edition of last Saturday we gave the intelligence, received by express, of the death of Madame Adelaide, sister of the King of the French, on the 30th of December. The deceased Princess had been for some time suffering from asthma and disease of the heart, which slowly wore out her strength, but nothing proclaimed that her dissolution was so near at hand. A few days before her death she was attacked by the influenza, which aggravated the affection from which she had been previously suffering. On Thursday, the 30th ult., she appeared better, though weak, and got up. She received visits from the King and the Royal Family, and spoke of being present, but "sitting," at the reception on the *jour de l'An*. In the evening she slept for some time in her arm-chair. Her sleep was easy, and her respiration was light and natural. The King entered the room whilst she was in that state, and went out again without awaking her. Some time after her medical attendant, distrusting her prolonged insensibility, approached, and, on carefully observing her, saw the approach of the death struggle. The Royal Family were summoned, and the King, the Queen, the Princes, and the Princesses surrounded the arm-chair of the deceased lady as she expired.

The following memoir is translated from the *Constitutionnel* :—

"Madame Adelaide, sister of the King of the French, was born in Paris on the 23d of August, 1777, and was the daughter of Louis Philippe Joseph of Orleans, and Louis Maria Adelaide de Bourbon Penthièvre. This princess, whose character was ever remarkable for firmness and wit, has not figured officially in any political events, and yet her part has not been an unimportant one. The King loses in her not only a most intelligent and devoted friend, but an invaluable adviser and a useful mediator. Mme. de Genlis first superintended the early education of Princess Adelaide and her twin sister, who died young. She inculcated the ideas of Rousseau on education, which then prevailed, and the politer arts were not forgotten. The influence exercised by Mme. de Genlis over her pupil, and her brothers, excited the jealousy of their mother, the Duchess of Orleans, who, after somewhat violent altercations, caused her to be dismissed. This was the cause of such profound grief on the part of the Princess Adelaide, that her health suffered, and it became necessary to recal Mme. de Genlis. This lady, unwilling to submit to daily bickerings with the duchess, had the art to obtain permission to travel with her charge in England, and it was thus that the princess first became separated from her mother. The events of the revolution were destined, however, to disurb the course of an existence which seemed out of the reach of all injuries of fortune. Mlle. Adelaide was placed on the list of *émigrés*. But her father, who was himself threatened, soon obtained the revocation of the measure. The princess had scarce, however, entered France with Madame de Genlis than she received an order from Paris to leave the capital within twenty-four hours, and the country within three days; and the Duke of Chartres, her brother, hearing of the extremity in which she was placed, came from the army to her assistance, and brought her to Tournay. It was some time after this that the young exile and her governess settled at Schaffhausen, in Switzerland, where the Duke of Chartres, who had in the meanwhile also been exiled,

came to join her. The town of Schaffhausen offering little security, they were soon induced to leave it, and proceeded to Zurich, which they were soon obliged also to abandon to go to Zug. There, under the name of an Irish family, they were enabled to stay for a month. Though the life they led was exceedingly retired, and seemed likely to escape public notice, they were recognised by some *émigrés*, and it became necessary to seek another asylum. This was made doubly painful, as it involved a separation between the Duke de Chartres and his sister, he by his presence subjecting her to the severities of Governments and their police. Their perplexity was great, but a lucky circumstance solved their difficulties. General Montesquiou was at that time in Switzerland, and had done certain services to the Government of Geneva, which had caused him to be generally looked up to in that canton. By his intervention Mlle. Adelaide and Mme. de Genlis obtained leave to enter the convent of Sainte Claire, at Bremgarten, and remained there until the 11th of May, 1794, when she retired to the house of the Princess of Conti, her aunt, in Hungary. From thence she went to join the Duchess of Figueras, in Catalonia, where she remained till 1808. The Spanish war then commenced, and being obliged to fly, she commenced a wandering Odyssey in search of her brother, whom she found, after many vicissitudes, at Portsmouth, just about to embark. The delight of both at meeting is easily understood. They promised never to separate from each other, and this promise was religiously kept. In January, 1809, the princess and the duke left for Malta, and some time after she had the joy to witness the marriage of her brother and the Princess Marie Amélie, who, in marrying an exile, little thought he would become King of France.

"With the Restoration a little repose was obtained for the existence of Mlle. d'Orleans. The faults of the Government then caused the Duke of Orleans to play a distinguished part, and obtained for him an influence which the revolution of July gave full effect to. Mlle. Adelaide did not a little contribute during the fifteen years' struggle to rally round her brother the divers political influences which the Restoration seemed to coalesce against herself. When, in 1830, it became necessary for the Duke of Orleans to declare for the acceptance or refusal of the crown, Madame Adelaide bravely engaged for her brother, and offered to come to Paris first to share the dangers of the Parisians. Since then she has not ceased to share in and serve the fortunes of the King."

The deceased princess has divided her estate between her nephews, passing over the Duc d'Angoulême, as sufficiently provided for. Madame Adelaide was generally considered to have been privately married to General Athalin.

THE EARL OF DALHOUSIE'S PASSAGE THROUGH EGYPT AND THE DESERT.—The Hon. East India Company's steam-frigate *Moozuffer* left Suez for Madras and Calcutta on the 11th ult., having on board the Earl of Dalhousie, the new-appointed Governor-General of India, the Countess of Dalhousie, and suite. The Earl of Dalhousie, who landed at Alexandria on the 4th, left on the following day in one of the Viceroy's steamers for Cairo, where his Excellency arrived on the 8th. One of the finest palaces in Cairo, belonging to Abbas-Pacha, situate on the banks of the Nile, and richly fitted up for the occasion, was placed at his disposal. On the 7th, the Governor General was formally

presented to Mehemet Ali, who received His Excellency in state, and sent his own carriages to convey him from Abbas Pacha's palace to the citadel, escorted by a guard of honor of cavalry. Lady Dalhousie accompanied the Governor General, and, after the presentation, smoked a pipe with the Viceroy, though His Highness, noticing that Her Ladyship did not relish it, did not press her to smoke if she were not accustomed to it. Several of the officers of the Sidon who accompanied the Earl of Dalhousie to Cairo were at the presentation in full uniform. On the 8th the Earl and Countess dined with Mehemet Ali at his palace in the Citadel, where a sumptuous repast was prepared for His Highness's guests, among whom were the highest functionaries in the country, the European Consul-Generals, and several persons of distinction at present in the capital. On the 9th the Governor-General and Lady Dalhousie dined with the Hon. Mr. Murray, the English Consul-General in Egypt, from whose house they started on the same evening for Suez in a comfortable English britzka, drawn by six horses. They arrived at Suez on the following day, having occupied sixteen hours in crossing the Desert; and, after resting that night at the hotel at Suez, they embarked on board of the *Moozuffer* on the 11th, when they left for India, both being doubtless gratified by the courteous attention shown to them by Mehemet Ali, and the facilities afforded them in their passage through Egypt.

ROSSINI.—In passing to the Picture Gallery, we met Rossini, who resides here. I should not have known him, though he looks as fresh and well as when I saw him in England; for he wears a wig, which disfigures every man, but in him utterly destroys that romantic air which belongs to this extraordinary genius. I was solicitous to know the reason why he had not published his monody upon the death of Lord Byron, which he had shown me in London in 1824. It was a most elaborate score of twenty-eight different parts. I heard it rehearsed, and thought it worthy of him. Unfortunately, he had forgotten every word of English, and as I could not speak Italian my curiosity remained ungratified.

"It appears to me extraordinary that such a genius in the art can contentedly live in this city, so incapable as it must be of appreciating his wonderful powers. Born at Pesaro, he began his studies here, and it is said that he is attached to the school where he received his first lessons under Mattei. Now he courts ease and economy, and perhaps there is not a city in Italy where you may live so cheaply as in Bologna. The citizens have built him a noble mansion, adorned on the outside with musical devices in honor of his unrivalled talents. But from some cause or other, he declines living in it, and lets it to others. Passionately attached to his art, as he is well known to be, it is to be lamented, that an indisposition to exertion should prevent him from pursuing with more vigor a science, which above all others has given the world unspeakable pleasure.

"Those who are conversant with the compositions of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, must be struck with the new thoughts which occur in this gay and brilliant author. All his works are original, in accent, rhythm and melody. Bellini and Donizetti have closely trodden in his steps, and have produced some prettinesses, but the pinions of their melodies are too light to carry that weight of harmony used by the Grand Master. For a specimen

of eloquence turn to page 277, and for beautiful simplicity see the horn movement in *Semiramide*, page 280. His greatest work is "*Moses in Egypt*," which is cast upon a scale of grandeur too formidable for imitators. The duetto "*Paria*" is a fine specimen of this style of writing for two voices, and is unlike everything that ever preceded it. De Begnis and Madame Randi, both of the Bolognese school, must have contributed to the gaiety of his operatic style, by the inimitable spirit with which they sang his duettos. Nor need we doubt that Madame Pasta's electric brilliancy imparted much of that sparkling effect which we find in his song.

"Rossini's compositions are full of beauty and sentiment, glowing with the gayest colors—a flowery path so light and cheering that it gives birth to a new set of feelings in the musical science. Having very little of the dark shades of the Germans, we are lured into the gayest bowers of fancy. His compositions, though highly ornamented, possess a simplicity of thought intelligible to the most untutored ears. His style is full of voluptuous ease, and brings with it a relief from the cares of the world. This great man awaits the nimbus that will fall upon him when he is dead, as the founder of a distinct school in the art, and since the death of Beethoven, he ranks as the greatest living composer."—*Gardiner's Sights in Italy*.

SHAKESPEARE'S NAME.—Mr. Halliwell has illustrated his instructive "*Life of Shakespeare*," just published; with a number of authentic old documents, relating to the great bard, his ancestors, and different members of his family. The varieties of spelling the name of Shakespeare in these papers are so many that we have made a collection of the several forms of orthography employed in them:—

Chacper,	Shakespeyre,
Saxpere,	Shakispere,
Saxspere,	Shakspeare,
Schackspere.	Shakspere,
Schakespeare,	Shaksper,
Schakespeire,	Shakspeyr,
Schakespere,	Shakuspeare,
Shackspere,	Shaxkesperé,
Shackspere,	Shaxkspere,
Shackspere,	Shakyspere,
Shackspire,	Shakysper,
Shagspere,	Shaxper,
Shakesepere,	Shaxpere,
Shakespear,	Shakixpere,
Shakespeere,	Shaxxper,
Shakespere,	Shaxpeare.

DANTON'S PROPHECY.—A singular anecdote is told of the Duke de Chartres, now the King of the French, which can hardly have been published without the warranty of that high personage. Some business having brought him from Dumourier's army to Paris, soon after the massacres of September, Danton sent for him, and informed him that he had heard that he ventured in conversation to speak too freely on that subject. He told him he was too young to judge of such matters, and added, "For the future, be silent. Return to the army; do your duty; but do not unnecessarily expose your life. You have many years before you. France is not suited for a republic; it has the habits, the wants, and the weakness of a monarchy. After our storms it will be brought back to that by its vices or its necessities. You will be King! Adieu, young man. Remember the prediction of Danton."—*Edinburgh Review*.

MISS CAROLINE LUCRETIA HERSCHEL.—This lady died at Hanover on the 9th instant, in the ninety-eighth year of her age. She was the fourth daughter of Isaac Herschel and Anna Ilse Moritzen, his wife—and sister to the celebrated astronomer of that name, as well as the constant companion and sole assistant of his astronomical labors, to the success of which her indefatigable zeal, diligence, and singular accuracy of calculation not a little contributed. She was born in Hanover on the 16th of March, 1750; where she resided under the parental roof till her twenty-second year—when she joined her brother, then actively engaged in the musical profession at Bath, in England, a country which was destined to be her home for half a century. There, from the first commencement of his astronomical pursuits, her attendance on both his daily labors and nightly watches was put in requisition; and was found so useful that on his removal to Datchet, and subsequently to Slough,—he being then occupied with his reviews of the Heavens and other researches—she performed the whole of the arduous and important duties of his astronomical assistant,—not only reading the clocks and noting down all the observations from dictation as an amanuensis, but subsequently executing the whole of the extensive and laborious numerical calculations necessary to render them available to Science, as well as a multitude of others relative to the various objects of theoretical and experimental inquiry in which during his long and active career, he at any time engaged. For the performance of these duties his Majesty King George the Third was graciously pleased to place her in the receipt of a salary sufficient for her singularly moderate wants and retired habits.

Arduous, however, as these occupations must appear,—especially when it is considered that her brother's observations were always carried on (circumstances permitting) till day-break, without regard to season, and indeed chiefly in the winter,—they proved insufficient to exhaust her activity. In their intervals she found time both for actual astronomical observations of her own and for the execution of more than one work of great extent and utility.

The observation here alluded to were made with a small Newtonian sweepster constructed for her by her brother; with which, whenever his occasional absences or any interruption to the regular course of his observations permitted, she searched the heavens for comets,—and that so effectually as on no less than eight several occasions to be rewarded by their discovery (*viz.* on Aug. 1, 1786; Dec. 21, 1788; Jan. 9, 1790; April 17, 1790; Dec. 15, 1791; Oct. 7, 1793; Nov. 7, 1795; and Aug. 6, 1797). On five of these occasions (recorded in the pages of the "Philosophical Transactions" of London) her claim to the *first* discovery is admitted. These sweeps moreover proved productive of the detection of several remarkable nebulae and clusters of stars previously unobserved: among which may be specially mentioned the superb Nebulae, No. 1, Class V. of Sir William Herschel's catalogues—an object bearing much resemblance to the celebrated nebula in Andromeda, discovered by Simon Inarius—as also the Nebula V., No. 18; the 12th and 27th clusters of

Class VII.; and the 45th, 65th, 72d, 77th, and 78th, of Class VIII. of those catalogues.

The astronomical works which she found leisure to complete were: 1st. "A Catalogue of 561 Stars observed by Flamsteed,"—but which, having escaped the notice of those who framed the "British Catalogue" from that astronomer's observations, are not therein inserted: 2d. "A General Index of Reference to every observation of every Star inserted in the British Catalogue." These works were published together in one volume by the Royal Society; and to their utility in subsequent researches Mr. Baily, in his "Life of Flamsteed," pp. 388, 390, bears ample testimony. She further completed the reduction and arrangement as a "Zone Catalogue" of all the nebulae and clusters of stars observed by her brother in his sweeps; a work for which she was honored with the Gold Medal of the Astronomical Society of London, in 1828,—which Society also conferred on her the unusual distinction of electing her an honorary member.

On her brother's death, in 1822, she returned to Hanover; which she never again quitted,—passing the last twenty-six years of her life in repose, enjoying the society and cherished by the regard of her remaining relatives and friends, gratified by the occasional visits of eminent astronomers, and honored with many marks of favor and distinction on the part of the King of Hanover, the Crown Prince, and his amiable and illustrious consort.

To within a very short period of her death her health continued uninterrupted, her faculties perfect, and her memory (especially of the scenes and circumstances of former days) remarkably clear and distinct. Her end was tranquil and free from suffering—a simple cessation of life.—*Athenaeum*.

THE VERNON GALLERY.—The Trustees of the National Gallery have made their selection from the gallery of Mr. Robert Vernon, and have accepted for the nation 160 pictures. The deed conferring this magnificent gift upon the British people has been executed; and it now only remains for the nation to erect a structure fitted to receive the collection. Until this be done, we believe, the pictures will not be removed from the house of the donor, in Pall-mall. Among the 160 pictures, are four of the finest works of Turner; of examples of Etty there are six; of Eastlake, two; of Macclise, two; of Mulready, three; of Uwins, two; of Landseer, six; of Briggs, two; of Stanfield, four; of Collins, three; of Chalon, one; of Leslie, three; of Webster, two; of Calcott, seven; of Wilkie, three; of Jones, two; of Lance, three; of E. M. Ward, three; of Sidney Cooper, two; of F. Goodall, two; of Sir Joshua, one; of Gainborough, two. It is unnecessary to state, that these are not only examples of the best masters of our schools; they are, with scarcely an exception, the best productions of the several artists—the works of their best time—selected with the nicest judgment and the keenest appreciation of excellence. The Trustees were empowered by Mr. Vernon to take the whole collection, or to reject such as they pleased; they rejected but few, and these were chiefly small and subordinate works or sketches.—*Art Union Journal*.

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THE LITTLE BOOKS.

Illustrated by the Author.



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Vol. XIII. No. IV. 28



THE
E C L E C T I C M A G A Z I N E
 OF
 FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

APRIL, 1848.

From the Westminster and Foreign Quarterly Review.

ANIMAL INSTINCTS.

1. *Illustrations of Instinct, deduced from the Habits of British Animals.* By Jonathan Couch, F.L.S., Member of the Royal Geological Society, and of the Royal Institution of Cornwall, &c. London: John Van Voorst, Paternoster Row. 1847.
2. *On Instinct.* A Lecture delivered before the Dublin Natural History Society, November 11, 1842. By Richard Whately, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. Dublin: M'Glashan. London: Orr and Co. 1847.

AFTER all that has been written by naturalists and philosophers upon the subject of Instinct, Paley's definition of that faculty is perhaps the best in few words that has been given. He says, "An instinct is a propensity prior to experience, and independent of instruction;" and it is a want of attention to this simple proposition that has led to the confounding two perfectly distinct faculties—Instinct and Reason. For while Instinct, in the words of Archbishop Whately, is invariably a blind impulse "towards some end which the agent does not aim at or perceive." Reason, on the other hand, may be said to lead the agent to take certain steps in order to bring about some end which he *does* aim at and perceive.

It is the confusion of ideas above spoken of which has given rise to a denial of the exercise of reason by the inferior animals. Man, claiming for himself the exclusive possession of reason, as raising him high in the scale of being above "the beasts that perish," has been but too ready to refer all their actions to the "blind impulse" by him named *instinct*; but, properly studied,

how many animal actions may be discovered, which by no possibility can be referred to "a propensity prior to experience," but which are readily explicable on the ground of their being the result either of instruction or of reflection! It is undeniable that domestic animals have acquired many habits which, so far from being serviceable in a wild condition, would rather have unfitted their possessors for a life passed in a state of nature; certain of these habits could obviously never have been acquired without tuition, and tuition can never be available without more or less of reason to act upon. It is no answer to this to say that the actions of our domestic animals are perpetuated by transmission from one generation to another; such an objection does not do away with the primary necessity for the possession of a faculty superadded and superior to instinct, on the part of their progenitors, who, by mere instinct, would never have been able to acquire the habits they have transmitted to their offspring. We are happy to find our opinions on this subject supported by no less authority than Archbishop Whately, who, in an admirable

little work to which we shall often have occasion to refer, thus clearly distinguishes between Instinct and Reason as the causes of animal actions.

"When I speak of animal instinct, it should be remembered that I include man. Man possesses instinct, though in a lower degree than most other animals: his inferiority in this being compensated by his superiority in other respects. And again: as man possesses instinct in a lower degree than the brutes, so, in a lower degree than man, brutes—at least the higher brutes—possess reason. As some things felt and done by man are allowed to be instinctive—as hunger and thirst, for instance, are evidently instincts—so many things done by brutes, at least by the higher description of brutes, would be, if done by man, regarded as resulting from the exercise of reason—I mean when the actions of the brute spring, to all appearance, from the same impulse as the rational acts of man.

"In many instances we know this is not the case. A man builds a house from reason—a bird builds a nest from instinct; and no one would say that the bird, in this, acted from reason. But, in other instances, man not only does the same things as the brutes, but does them from the same kind of impulse, which should be called instinctive, whether in man or brute. And again; several things are done by brutes, which are evidently not instinctive, but, to all appearance, no less reasonable than human acts; being not only the same actions, but done from the same impulse. I shall not at present inquire what is called reason, any more than what is denominated instinct. I would only say that several things which are allowed by every one to be acts of reason when done by a man, are done by brutes manifestly under a similar impulse—I mean such things as brutes *learn* to do, either by their own unaided experience, or as taught by man. *Docility* is evidently characteristic of reason. To talk of an elephant, a horse, or a dog, doing by instinct such things as it has been *taught*, would be as absurd as to talk of a child's learning to read and write by instinct.

"But, moreover, brutes are, in many instances, capable of learning even what they have not been taught by man. They have been found able to combine, more or less, the means of accomplishing a certain end, from having learned by experience that such and such means so applied would conduce to it. The higher animals, of course, show more of reason than the lower."—*Lecture*, p. 8.

The distinction between instinct and reason may, we think, be clearly understood, if we agree to range under the former term all those customary habits and actions which are common to all the individuals of a species, and to designate by the latter name all peculiar adaptations to such unaccustomed circumstances and situations

as in any way interfere with the usual routine business of animal life. Thus, under ordinary circumstances, the honey-bee will go on, generation after generation, constructing its waxy cells upon the one uniform plan derived from its ancestors, and which, in turn, will be transmitted to its descendants. But should any obstacle interfere with the regular and accustomed mode of working; or should an accident disarrange or damage any portion of the structure already completed; the insect will, in the one case, promptly vary its mode of working so as to accommodate itself to the unwonted obstruction; and in the other will as promptly set about repairing the mischief. The regular routine of comb-making, and other usual avocations pursued by the bee, properly come under the denomination of *instinct*; the unaccustomed efforts to accommodate itself to an unexpected difficulty, to overcome an obstacle, perhaps never before met with, or to repair the effects of an accident for the first time experienced, we should consider as being dictated by *reason*.

Among birds, many beautiful instances are on record of departure from their customary instinct-prompted modes of nidification. Mr. Couch gives the following anecdote of a martin, whose proceeding was certainly the result of the exercise of some faculty of a higher grade than mere instinct.

"An instance is remembered, where, from some such cause of suspicion as the stability of the edifice, a martin had recourse to the wonderful expedient of working in a straw, as a binding beam, along the curve of the structure! The ends were, it seems, secured without difficulty; but the efforts of the little builder to bend down the arch, formed by the rising of the middle, were in vain; for, whenever the pressure was removed, it persisted in maintaining its elasticity. The baffled bird glanced about, as if in contemplation of the difficulty, and seemed ready to receive any suggestion which might be offered, till, tired of watching the invariable result of so many efforts made in vain, the observer walked on. Returning an hour or two afterwards, the little architect was observed to have resorted to the only plan which could be effectual; he had left the ends free, which thus projected a little from the mortar, and the structure was complete at last."—p. 216.

In the above case of the martin, the influence of both instinct and reason must be recognised: by the one faculty the bird was prompted to build its nest; by the other it was taught both the necessity of deviating from its usual plan of building, and the

only method of subduing a refractory adjunct and rendering it subservient to the purpose for which it was employed.

A similar combination of the influence of instinct and reason is evinced in the proceedings of the bird named in the following extract: likewise from Mr. Couch's volume.

"The nest of the holm thrush (*Turdus viscivorus*) is also sometimes modified according to circumstances, and evidently from a calculation of what the bulk and weight of the expected young ones may require. Its usual site for building is among the firmer branches of a tree, with little regard to concealment; where, trusting to the support afforded by those diverging branches, it does not follow the example of its kindred species in strengthening the edifice with a lining of plaster. On one occasion, however, an otherwise excellent situation in a pear-tree lay under the inconvenience of having too wide a space between two out of the four surrounding props; and this portion of the structure was accordingly the only part that was strengthened by the addition of a firm layer of clay."—p. 219.

Mr. Couch also gives two beautiful examples of the exercise of reason or reflection on the part of the water-ouzel (*Cinclus aquaticus*), a little bird, allied to the thrushes, which builds near rapid streams. We would gladly quote the passage in full, but it would occupy too much space. In both instances the bird constructed her nest near a road, along which there was frequent passing of people.

Among quadrupeds, instances of the exercise of this superior faculty, in addition to the performance of actions from the mere instinctive promptings of animal nature, especially among the domesticated species, so frequently occur, that no one can be at a loss to call to mind many cases in point. The cat furnishes three examples so much to the purpose, that we offer no apology for introducing them. The first is related by Dr. Whately in his lecture, from personal knowledge.

"This cat lived many years in my mother's family, and its feats of sagacity were witnessed by her, my sisters, and myself. It was known, not merely once or twice, but habitually, to ring the parlor-bell, whenever it wished the door to be opened. Some alarm was excited on the first occasion that it turned bell-ringer. The family had retired to rest, and in the middle of the night the parlor-bell was rung violently; the sleepers were startled from their repose, and proceeded down stairs with a poker and tongs, to interrupt, as they thought, the predatory movement of some burglar. But they were agreeably surprised to disco-

ver that the bell had been rung by pussy, who frequently repeated the act whenever she wanted to get out of the parlor."—p. 10.

The second example we quote from Mr. Couch's "Illustrations." He says,—

"There was, within my knowledge, in the house of my parentage, a small cupboard, in which were kept milk, butter, and other requisites for the tea-table: and the door was confined with a lock, which, from age, and frequent use, could be easily made to open. To save trouble, the key was always kept in the lock, in which it revolved on a very slight impulse. It was often a subject of remark that the door of this cupboard was found wide open, and the milk or butter greatly diminished, without any imaginable reason, and notwithstanding the persuasion that the door had certainly been regularly locked; but it was accident that led to the detection of the offender. On watching carefully, the cat was seen to seat herself on the table; and by repeated patting on the side of the bow of the key, it was, at last made to turn, when a slight pull on the door caused it to move on its hinges. It had proved a fortunate discovery for puss for a long time before she was taken in the fact."—p. 196.

We ourselves once knew a fine cat which was in the habit of lifting the latch of the back-kitchen door of a house in the country, and of pushing open the door, whenever he wished to get in from his rambles in the garden. Jumping up, puss would catch and hang by the bow of the latch with one paw, while with the other he would pull down the lever, so as to raise the latch within; and this, perhaps, several times in the course of the day, if the door happened to be shut at the time ingress was required.

It will be readily granted that ringing bells and opening doors form no part of the ordinary avocations of feline life, however convenient such acts may prove to the individuals practising them. These actions cannot therefore be considered as properly coming under the denomination of *instincts*, since they were evidently performed under the impression that certain consequences would follow the adoption of such expedients; the animals were therefore acting rationally, since in all the cases related they were "acting with a view to, and for the sake of, some end" which was perceived by them. On the case first named, Dr. Whately makes the following just observations, which readily apply to all: the dog referred to is described as having performed an action equally indicative of the exercise of reflection.

"Here are two clear cases of acts done by a cat and dog, which, if done by a man, would be called reason. Every one would admit that the actions were rational—not, to be sure, proceeding from a very high exertion of intellect; but the dog at least rationally jumped into the stream at a distance higher up from the boat, into which he wished to get, because he found that the stream would thus carry him to it, instead of from it; and the cat pulled the parlor-bell, because she had observed that when it was rung by the family, the servant opened the door. It is quite clear that if such acts were done by man, they would be regarded as an exercise of reason; and I do not know why, when performed by brutes, evidently by a similar mental process, as far as can be judged, they should not bear the same name. To speak of a cat's having an *instinct* to pull a bell, when desirous of going out at the door, or of an elephant's lifting up a cannon, or beating down a wall, at his driver's command, by instinct, would be to use words at random."—p. 10.

In order therefore to determine whether a given act performed by an animal is the result of instinct or of reason, we shall, for the most part, be able to draw an accurate conclusion if we can learn whether the act in question is one habitually and undeviatingly performed by all the individuals of a species under similar circumstances, or is only induced for the express purpose of overcoming some obstacle, or of obtaining some end desiderated by the individual animal.

Turning now to Mr. Couch's volume, we are compelled to express our regret that an author, who is evidently a most accurate observer, and, we are fully aware, an industrious collector of facts connected with Natural History, should be so incompetent to reason upon the facts observed. His book contains a great number of interesting anecdotes, but strung together without method, and interspersed with observations which have often little or no bearing upon the facts they are intended to explain. As a sequel to Priscilla Wakefield's "*Instinct Displayed*," the book is a good book enough, and full of pleasant reading withal, as the extracts already given will have shown; but as a work, one object of which is "to point out the path by which a better knowledge may be acquired of the intellectual existence" of animals, it is a complete failure.

In the chapter on "*Instinct, and the mode of studying it*," with which the volume opens, Mr. Couch goes into some elaborate arguments, the object of which would appear to be to prove that instinct is a faculty not enjoyed by the lower

animals in common with those of a higher organization. We have read this chapter with great attention, but must confess ourselves utterly unable to discover at what step in the ascending scale of animal organization Mr. Couch would place the first appearance of instinct. That he does not recognise its existence up to a certain point is evident from the following passage with which the chapter commences:

"To acquire an accurate idea of the intrinsic nature of the faculty termed Instinct, it will be requisite, first, to notice the conditions of living existence below it [?] in the scale of nature; in order that, by tracing the successive manifestations of the increasing faculties, we may understand the precise station which this faculty occupies in the ascending scale, and the means through which its operations are developed."—p. 1.

This "ascending scale" has proved to our author a veritable *sliding* scale, and one upon which, had he been wise, he would never have ventured his reputation. His floundering, in the unlucky attempt to trace the progress of sensibility and organization from monad up to man, irresistibly remind us of the upward flight of a certain personage through chaos, as described by Milton; with this difference, however, that the one eventually succeeds in extricating himself, while Mr. Couch's futile attempts to feel his way only make "confusion worse confounded." He, for example, commences his inquiry with the study of "the structure and functions of those creatures which possess the simplest organization, and which are consequently lowest in the order of existence;" and he goes on to say:

"It cannot be affirmed of these, that they have any actions, in the usual sense of that word; and their functions are the simplest results of the composition or structure of their tissue, quickened into independent existence by the endowment of life: by which we mean that ultimate principle that to a living entity is what gravity is to a dead mass, but whose real nature has eluded the researches of the inquirer in both cases. The whole duty of the existence of these creatures appears to be

"——— to draw nutrition, propagate, and rot;" and the only faculty with which they seem to be endued for this purpose, is what Bichat has denominated *organic sensibility*, and Dr. Fletcher, *irritation*."—p. 2.

We omit all the author's elaborate reasonings upon endosmose and the other functions of the simple tissue composing the animals forming this *first* step, and proceed a few pages onward, where we find it stated that—

"The next ascending step in the scale of existence is, when *organic* sensibility, or, as it may be more properly termed, irritability, is added to the former condition."—p. 7.

Turning back to p. 2, we find that "the former condition" here alluded to, is already stated to be characterized by the presence of *organic* sensibility or irritation—another name for irritability; so that the second step cannot be said to have made any great advance upon the first, except in having received a double measure of the same quality. This looks a little like confusion of ideas; but at p. 17, we meet with what has the appearance of being a flat contradiction. There, Mr. Couch says:—

"There are no living beings in which this faculty of irritability or excitability exists alone; but there are families in which no other addition besides this is made to the principle that first came under our consideration."

Be it remembered, that animals occupying the first step of the "ascending scale" of being, are, at p. 2, said to be actuated by "*organic* sensibility" or irritation alone; that to this sensibility, in the second step, is added more "*organic* sensibility" or irritability, and nothing else, at p. 7; and now, at p. 17, we are told that "there are no living beings in which this faculty of irritability or excitability exists alone." Truly, if it were Mr. Couch's object to mystify his subject and his readers at the same time, we must confess that he has succeeded to admiration. The more especially as, at p. 172, we find the following passage, which completely contradicts what has been said in the introductory chapter in reference to the performance of certain conditions of animal life, by some power little removed from a mere mechanical action of the lowest organized tissues:—

"Among the lowest, in point of excellence, of the emanations of instinct, is the sensation of hunger, and the craving for food—an impulse common to all sensitive creatures, whereby they are instigated to the exertion of a variety of faculties, which partake alike of the nature of instinct and reflection.

"And the mode of securing this object is in each race and species skillfully varied to suit the necessity of their case. If the proceeding be less elaborate in the more limited intellect, it is not the less appropriate to the nature of the creature to be supplied."

That this really is universally applicable, as Mr. Couch observes, "to *all* sensitive creatures," high and low, is indisputable; and the remark, we apprehend, also ap-

plies to all other instinctive actions, without exception.

But, leaving this *lucid* introductory chapter and its contradictions, we will endeavor to discover if there be any and what step in the scale of organized being, where the presence of instinct, as the term ought to be understood, is not displayed by the actions of animals. In this inquiry we will reverse the plan pursued by Mr. Couch, and commence with animals (excluding man) usually considered to stand highest in the scale of organization; and omitting all disquisitions upon the nature and functions of tissues and organs, we shall confine ourselves to the plan of adducing a few examples of actions performed by certain members of each family in succession.

No one will venture to deny, that either mammals or birds, the two highest sub-kingsdoms of the Vertebrata, are actuated by the faculty termed instinct, in the performance of all the important functions of life. Mammals, by instinct, allay their feelings of hunger and thirst, and continue their kind; and some, as the beaver, almost approach the boundaries of reason by the skill displayed in constructing a habitation. Birds instinctively provide the "procreant cradle" for their expected offspring, and in many cases actually collect for their young certain descriptions of food which the parent birds are not in the habit of partaking of, and which, when they have no families to provide for, and are catering for themselves, they would pass by unheeded. Passing on to reptiles, no more striking instance of their being actuated by instinct need be adduced than that of the young boa constrictor mentioned by Mr. Couch. This animal, although six feet long, and with a capacity of jaws and throat sufficient to allow of its swallowing a much larger prey, went through the preliminary process of crushing a *pigeon* in its folds before sucking it in. "The interposed portion of this proceeding," says Mr. Couch, "appeared to be entirely unnecessary, so far as concerned its capacity of swallowing this prey; but it seemed to be *instinctively unavoidable*; and the age of the creature was decisive to show that it could never have previously had an opportunity of practising it on any animal that by its bulk could have rendered so complex an operation necessary." Here then we have a clear case of the impulse of "a propensity prior to experience."

From the nature of the medium inhabit-

ed by fishes, it is more than probable that numerous manifestations of instinct among them escape our observation. Their migrations are, however, well known to be undertaken in obedience to an instinctive impulse compelling them to seek proper localities for the deposition of their ova. Under the influence of this impulse, many fishes, as the salmon, frequently overcome the most formidable obstacles; but it has been reserved for naturalists of the present day to confirm a still more wonderful display of instinct in these animals with which the ancients appear to have been acquainted, though treated as fabulous by their successors. We allude to the construction of a nest by a certain species of fish for the reception of their ova, a fact, which has been observed and verified by Mr. Couch himself; the following accounts we give from his book:

"It is the opinion of naturalists, that however powerfully the feeling of love to their offspring, and the mixture of reason with instinct in the development of it, is diffused among animals of the land, nothing of the kind exists among fishes; and that the utmost extent of the care bestowed by them in increasing and multiplying their kind consists, as in the familiar instance of the salmon, in covering over the spawn at the bottom of the river, in a furrow of the soil which itself has made; or in depositing it in some situation which shall expose it to the influences of light and air.

"The ancient naturalists, Oppian and Aristotle, were, however, of a different opinion; and the latter more particularly, asserts, probably on the authority of fishermen, that some fishes are in the habit of forming nests, in which they deposit and watch over their spawn. But this supposition of the father of systematic Natural History has been slighted as without foundation, by more modern naturalists; and it is only recently that a claim has been re-advanced in favor of this instinct in fishes. It is not a little extraordinary that the species for which this claim has been made are those with which we might have been most familiarly acquainted, and our ignorance of their habits, therefore, can only have proceeded from inattention.

"The first minutely-recorded observation of this habit is found in a little magazine, 'The Youth's Instructor,' for the year 1834; and though the writer is clearly unacquainted with Natural History as a science, his observations bear much of the character of truth, and may be easily either corroborated or set aside as untrue by those who are more favorably placed for observation. 'The prickly-fish:—in a large dock for shipping on the river Thames, thousands of these fish were bred some years ago; and I have often amused myself for hours by observing them. While multitudes have been enjoying themselves near the shore, in the warm sunshine, others have been busily engaged in making their nests, if a nest it may be

called. It consisted of the very minutest pieces of straw, or sticks, the exact color of the ground at the bottom of the water, on which it was laid: so that it was next to an impossibility for any one to discover the nest, unless they saw the fish at work, or observed the eggs. The nest is something larger than a shilling, and has a top or cover, with a hole in the centre, about the size of a very small nut, in which are deposited the eggs, or spawn. This opening is frequently concealed by drawing small fragments over it; but this is not always the case. Many times have I taken up the nest, and thrown the eggs to the multitude around, which they instantly devoured with the greatest voracity. These eggs are about the size of poppy seeds, and of a bright yellow color; but I have at times seen them almost black, which I suppose is an indication that they are approaching to life. In making the nest, I observed that the fish used an unusual degree of force when conveying the material to its destination. When the fish was about an inch from the nest, it suddenly darted at the spot, and left the tiny fragment in its place; after which it would be engaged for half a minute in adjusting it. The nest, when taken up, did not separate, but hung together, like a piece of wood.'—p. 249.

The following most interesting account of the nidification of fishes originally appeared as a communication to the Royal Institution of Cornwall, from the pen of the author's son, Mr. R. Q. Couch, and was subsequently republished in the "Zoologist." As the author himself has verified the greater part of his son's observations, their accuracy may be depended on.

"During the summers of 1842 and 1843, while searching for the naked mollusks of the county, I occasionally discovered portions of seaweed and the common coralline (*Corallina officinalis*) hanging from the rocks in pear-shaped masses, variously intermingled with each other. On one occasion, having observed that the mass was very curiously bound together by a slender silken-looking thread, it was torn open, and the centre was found to be occupied by a mass of transparent amber-colored ova, each being about the tenth of an inch in diameter. Though examined on the spot with a lens, nothing could be discovered to indicate their character; they were, however, kept in a basin, and daily supplied with sea-water, and eventually proved to be the young of some fish. The nest varies a great deal in size, but rarely exceeds six inches in length, or four inches in breadth; it is pear-shaped, and composed of seaweed, or the common coralline, as they hang suspended from the rock. They are brought together, without being detached from their places of growth, by a delicate opaque white thread. This thread is highly elastic, and very much resembles silk, both in appearance and texture; this is brought round the plants and tightly binds them together, plant after plant, till the ova, which are deposited early, are completely hidden from view.

This silk-like thread is passed in all directions through and around the mass in a very complicated manner. At first the thread is semi-fluid, but by exposure it solidifies, and hence contracts and binds the substances forming the nest so closely together that it is able to withstand the violence of the sea, and may be thrown carelessly about without derangement. In the centre are deposited the ova, very similar to the masses of frog-spawn in ditches.

"Some of these nests are formed in pools, and are consequently always in water; others are frequently to be found between tide-marks, in situations where they hang dry for several hours in the day; but whether in the water, or liable to hang dry, they are always watched by the adult animal. On one occasion I repeatedly visited one every day for three weeks, and invariably found it guarded. On several occasions I laid the eggs bare, by removing a portion of the nest, but, when this was discovered, great exertions were instantly made to re-recover them. By the mouth of the fish the edges of the opening were again drawn together, and other portions torn from their attachments, and brought over the orifice, till the ova were again hid from view. And as great force was sometimes necessary to effect this, the fish would thrust its snout into the nest as far as the eyes, and then jerk backwards till the object was effected. While thus engaged, it would suffer itself to be taken in the hand, but repelled any attack made on the nest, and quitted not its post so long as I remained; and to those nests that were left dry between tide-marks, the guardian fish always returned with the returning tide, nor did they quit their post to any great distance, till again carried away by the receding tide."—p. 254.

The same gentleman states that he has observed another kind of nest which showed "considerably less skill in the fabrication, but more perseverance and continued energy. These were formed of the common coralline, forced into a cavity or crevice of a rock: but as the coralline used in the construction of these last-described nests is sometimes not to be found within one or two hundred feet, it must be gradually gathered and brought from a distance; and as the quantity is large it shows an intelligence and perseverance truly wonderful."

After these interesting particulars of the existence of such a habit in a class of animals where least it could have been suspected to exist, it is almost unnecessary to adduce any further proofs of the presence of the particular faculty we claim for them, especially as Mr. Couch himself admits an "instinctive care of their progeny in fishes." We may, however, be permitted to mention the peculiar means of defence provided in the electric eel and the torpedo, as well as

the armature of spines furnished with the same object to many other fishes.

"The torpedo (*T. nobiliana* and its congeners), conscious of being without the spines which constitute the means of defence of most of the natural family to which it belongs, when only just excluded from the egg, displays the will to exert the same [electric] power; and none of the creatures furnished with it are known to resort to any other. It is a curious circumstance, that several species of fishes which possess a formidable arrangement of spines, are yet furnished with them in such situations, and with the points so directed, as to appear the least likely to be effective against an adversary; and yet, when brought into operation, some sudden motion shows how well acquainted they are with the uses of which they are susceptible. This is well exemplified in the spines, in many instances curiously incurvated or notched, of sharks and ray fishes: in some of which these organs are so arranged as if to render them incapable of inflicting an injury; and yet, by some peculiarity of action, these fishes are formidable enemies to those who venture to attack them. Sticklebacks (*Gasterosteus*) also, and probably the Scud (*Caranx trachurus*), employ their spines, and even their lateral plates, in lacerating such of the scaly tribe as seek to injure them."—p. 73.

We have frequently observed the same means of defence resorted to by the freshwater perch, which, lying temptingly near the surface of the water, as if to invite attention, will erect the spiny rays of its dorsal fin, and severely lacerate the hand of any one incautiously attempting to seize it.

We now enter upon the consideration of a new order of beings, retaining no trace of the vertebral column characteristic of the four great groups we have just been speaking of, and which, instead of possessing an internal framework of bones on which their bodies are modelled, are cased in a horny or membranous suit of armor, which serves as the external support for their muscles, as well as a protection to the internal tissues and organs. Insects furnish some of the most striking instances of instinct that can be found in the whole animal kingdom; though Mr. Couch somewhat unaccountably dismisses them by merely quoting a few descriptions of extraordinary migrations of what he terms "a class of animals, in which the modes of proceeding, and the motives which lead to them, are so obscure as to preclude any attempt at explanation." Many of the proceedings and motives of insects are doubtless obscure; but far more are so clearly expressed that "he who runs may read." Some insects, for example, under the impulse of providing for that off

spring which the parents are never to behold, after constructing a suitable habitation in which to deposit their eggs, with an admirable instinct are actually at great pains to furnish the larder with such food as the young one will stand in need of on its exclusion from the egg, and so placed as to be readily accessible the moment it is required. Nor is the nature of this food less a proof of instinct than the fact of its being stored up: in some cases it is of a vegetable nature; in others, a living caterpillar, belonging to some other species, is seized by the parent insect, rendered insensible, but not killed (which would defeat the object), by a puncture from the sting of its captor, and conveyed to the nest wherein the egg is to be deposited. Every one has observed the caterpillar of the common cabbage butterfly apparently brooding upon a heap of yellow eggs. This affords a beautiful illustration of instinct on the part of a small black fly which deposits its eggs within the body of the living caterpillar. The young grubs, when evolved from the egg, feed upon the internal tissues of their victim, instinctively avoiding, however, to attack any vital part, since the premature death of the caterpillar would ensure their own destruction. At length the time approaches for the parasites to take upon themselves a new condition of insect life, namely, that which immediately precedes their perfect winged condition; at the same period, the caterpillar infested by them instinctively seeks out some spot wherein it also may pass through the corresponding state of inactivity, preliminary to its appearance as a winged denizen of the air. No sooner, however, has it attached itself, than the grubs contained in its body make their exit through the skin; each spins its own little cocoon of yellow silk, wherein to await its final change. These cocoons are collected together beneath the body of the caterpillar, which, being now in too exhausted a condition to pass into the chrysalis state, speedily dies, while, after a short period, the parasites break from their cocoons and become perfect insects, in their turn seeking for new victims.

Whoever has paid attention to the manners of insects, will be at no loss to understand many of their "modes of proceeding," or "the motives which lead to them." The intention of the silken cord by which the caterpillar of many butterflies secures itself to a perpendicular wall previously to becoming a chrysalis, cannot be misunder-

stood. Nor can we fail to understand the intention of the coat of armor formed around itself of small stones, shells, or bits of stick, by the larva of the Phryganea; the use of the paper manufactured by the wasp; of the waxen cells and store of honey provided by the bee; of the covering of down stripped from its own body by the female of the gipsy moth, with which its mass of eggs is protected from the severity of winter; these are all equally easy of comprehension: and no one at all acquainted with these interesting creatures and their habits will venture to deny them the possession of instinct, nor, in some cases, of a certain amount of reason either. For, as Mr. Couch, in the main accurately observes, though with a slight confusion of terms at the outset,

"The simplest instinct will vary its proceedings according to circumstances; and the smallest glimmering of reason will direct it to modify these proceedings according to situation, and as they may best lead to the desired result. In many creatures of the land this variation is of common occurrence, and is not only directed according to a change of circumstances, but sometimes seems to be under no better influence than caprice. The daubers, a genus of North American wasps, to save themselves the labor of building a cell, have been known to make use of a small bottle, closing the orifice with clay; and the mason bees (*Osmia*), which usually deposit their eggs in holes dug by themselves in walls or sand-banks, will embrace the opportunity of saving themselves labor, by employing for the same purpose the empty shell of a snail.—p. 258.

The next grand group in a descending order, comprises the molluscous and the vermiform animals, under the general name of mollusks. Here we lose both the internal bony skeleton of the vertebrated animals, and the external crustaceous covering of the Articulata, the typical members of the group being pre-eminently soft-bodied; whence the name. Among the higher orders of this group we find the cuttle-fish, the Argonauta or paper nautilus, and the pearly nautilus, each of which presents us with an instance of instinct acting for the preservation or the convenience of the animal.

From a very early period, naturalists have been aware of the power exercised by the cuttle-fish, when in danger, of expelling a black fluid, in sufficient quantity, when mingled with the surrounding water, to hide the animal from its pursuers. This fluid is secreted by a singular organ con-

nected with the intestine: the animal is, moreover, furnished with parrot-like jaws, put in motion by powerful muscles, well-developed salivary glands, several stomachs, and a large liver; all indicating not only that the instinctive feeling of hunger is habitually experienced, but that the means of allaying that feeling are amply provided; while the apparatus connected with the secretion and expulsion of the inky fluid is expressly formed to enable an otherwise defenceless animal to exercise its instinctive demand for self-preservation in the manner most consistent with its mode of life and organization.

The interesting poetical fiction connected with the argonaut or paper nautilus, wherein it is represented as sailing on the surface of the sea, its fragile shell forming the hull of its vessel, the two expanded membranous arms being erected and acting as sails, while the six tapering arms were used as oars, has, for ages, rendered that animal an object of interest; and notwithstanding that these particulars have been proved fictitious, recent researches into its true history have shown the mollusk to be no less deserving consideration from its everyday actions, than from the exploded functions poetically ascribed to it. From the excessive thinness of the beautiful shell, to which, by the way, the animal has no muscular attachment, and its extreme fragility, it is constantly liable to fracture by being tossed about at the mercy of the waves. When this happens, and it is no unusual occurrence, the animal instinctively repairs the fracture by a new deposition of shelly matter to the broken portion, by means of the membranous mantle. This circumstance, observed in a number of argonauts kept in confinement in an open cage sunk in the sea in the Bay of Messina, by Madame Power, removed the doubts of naturalists as to the animal being really the architect of its own habitation; since the regular increase in the size of the shell to correspond with the growth of the animal was witnessed, as well as the power of repairing the shell when broken either intentionally or accidentally.

The shell of the Argonauta contains but one spiral cavity, into which the animal can wholly withdraw itself. When by the growth of its body the animal finds its habitation too small for it, like other mollusks it has the power of increasing its dimensions by successive additions of shelly matter to the outer edge. In an allied

member of this family, however, the enlargement of the shell is effected by a much more elaborate process. Externally, the shell of the pearly nautilus has nothing more remarkable in its appearance than that of the common garden snail; but a longitudinal section shows it to be internally divided into a number of chambers by transverse partitions of shelly matter, the outer chamber being the largest; and this contains the body of the animal, the remainder being unoccupied. The animal maintains a connexion with all the chambers by means of a membranous tube, called a siphuncle, which passes down through a perforation near the centre of each partition. When it becomes necessary to enlarge the shell to accommodate it to the growth of the animal, the latter not only adds fresh layers of shelly matter to the outer edge, so as to enlarge the chamber in which it resides, but at the same time constructs a new partition across the inner part, below its body, so as to form an additional chamber. So that the number of chambers in the shell of the pearly nautilus varies according to the age of the individual.

This habit of forming chambers in the shelly covering of the mollusks is not confined to the higher members of the family, but is also practised, though from a different cause, by some of the more simply organized individuals. In the case of the water-clam (*Spondylus varius*), a bivalve nearly allied to the common oyster, and which, like the oyster, is attached by the outer surface of the lower valve of its shell to some extraneous body, when the animal happens to be developed beneath the overhanging ledge of a coral reef, or in a situation where, having no power of locomotion, it would run the risk of being overgrown by the coral, it resorts to the expedient of carrying forward its dwelling-chamber, by a series of new formations of shelly matter, so as always to keep its respiratory and nutritive apparatus on a level with the surrounding zoophytes. A longitudinal section of these shells exhibits sometimes as many as fourteen such chambers, separated from each other by stout and regularly-formed partitions. The common oyster, when, from a deficiency of food, its body has shrunk so as no longer to fill the interior of the shell, will form a new layer of nacre, and thus adapt the cavity to its changed condition, by adding a chamber in the rear of its diminished body.

In the next grand group of animated na-

ture, the Radiata, we reach the lowest types of organization, among which, if at any part of the scale of being, we should be most warranted in looking for evidences of the entire absence of animal instinct. A few examples of actions evidently performed under the impulse of that innate sensation, which, independently of instruction, insures both the preservation of the individual and the continuance of the species, will, however, demonstrate that, in its proper sense, these lowly beings, equally with man, are subject to the promptings of instinct.

Beginning with the order Echinodermata, or those radiated animals, whose integument is covered with spines or prickles, we find among them the star-fishes (*Asteriadae*), whose beauty and symmetry, as Professor Forbes well observes, have "attracted the attention of such observers of nature as dwelt by the sea-side, from a very early period." These members of the Echinodermata are adduced by Mr. Couch, as examples exhibiting the earliest manifestations of a true nervous system; and these animals, he continues, "though seemingly very inert, and destitute of intelligence, display some sagacity in the discovery and choice of food, as well as in the manner of seeking it; and are liable to variations of habit in the different seasons of the year." At the extremity of each ray, in the true star-fishes, is a small red point, connected with the nervous cord of the ray, and protected by a circle of spines, capable of being expanded or closed at the will of the animal. These points are believed to be organs of vision, which belief is strengthened by its being observed that the star-fishes take cognizance of food placed at a short distance from them. In their movements from place to place, they seem to avoid obstacles lying in their path; and, from all observation, they doubtless perform various actions under the influence of the instinctive impulse.

Among the Echinodermata, progression is effected by means of suckers and spines. The star-fishes, or *Asteriadae*, employ the former exclusively; the sea-urchins, or *Echiniadae*, progress by means of the joint action of their suckers and spines. Professor Forbes observes, that "many sea-urchins, such as live on hard surfaces, moor themselves also by means of the suckers, and thus adhere very firmly to the rocks," and continues:—

"There can be no doubt that in all the Echinoderms provided with these suckers, they serve not merely for progression. The lower we descend

in the scale of animal nature (and equally in the vegetable kingdom), the more functions do we find performed by one organ. But observe a living star-fish, or a living *Holothuria*, and see what effective organs of progression these soft, flexible, weak-looking tubes are. I have seen an *Echinus miliaris*, a *Spatangus purpureus*, and an *Amphidotus rossus*, all walk along the bottom and up the sides of a dish of salt water, by means of their inferior tentacula; and the first mentioned anchored itself by extending and bending its superior suckers, so as to reach the bottom of the dish.—*History of British Starfishes*, p. 144.

The passage above quoted will show by what means the common sea-urchin, or sea-egg (*Echinus sphæra*), is enabled to perform a not unusual feat, related by Mr. Couch, who says that this animal, "though apparently destitute of every sense or possibility of regarding external objects, by sight or hearing, will travel up the rods of a crab-pot, enter the opening, descend within, mount again to the bait, and select the particular one that pleases it best." This is almost an act of reason.

Among the Crustacea, there is a family of crabs, named *Paguridae*, or hermit-crabs, which, instead of being entirely cased in armor, as are the other members of the class, have merely the claws enclosed in the usual calcareous envelope, the thorax being less firm, and the abdomen quite naked. Many of these crabs defend their soft tails by taking up their abode in empty univalve shells, to the interior of which they attach themselves by a sucker placed at the extremity of the tail, and only quit their habitation when the increase in size of their own bodies renders it necessary to look out for a new domicile. Among the Radiata is a species of very simple organization, which resorts to a similar expedient for the protection of its soft body, with an additional display of ingenuity not evinced by the crab. Professor Forbes thus describes the habit of this creature, which he has named the Shell-bearing *Sipunculus* (*Sipunculus Bernhardus*):—

"The species [of the genus *Sipunculus*] bury in sand, or in the crevices of rocks, or, as is the custom of the curious animal before us, adopt the shells of dead univalve Testacea for a house and home, after the manner of the hermit-crab. The *Sipunculus* would appear, however, to be of a less changeable disposition of mind and body than its crustacean analogue, and when once securely housed in a shell, to make that its permanent habitation. Whether the egg is originally deposited in the future habitation of the animal, by some wonderful instinct, or is only developed when lodged by the waters in such a locality, or

whether the parent Sipunculus bequeathes the chosen lodging of its caudal termination to its eldest born, and so on from generation to generation, a veritable *entailed* property, we know not at present; but the inquiry is a most interesting one, and well worth the attention of the experimental zoologist. The Sipunculus is not, however, content with the habitation built for it by its molluscan predecessor; it exercises its own architectural ingenuity, and secures the entrance of its shell by a plaster-work of sand, leaving a round hole in the centre sufficiently large to admit of the protrusion of its trunk, which it sends out to a great length, and moves about in all directions with great facility."—*British Star-fishes*, p. 252.

Professor Forbes figures one of these animals, which had taken up its quarters in an empty periwinkle shell. Nothing, we think, can more clearly demonstrate the presence of an instinctive impulse towards self-preservation in this lowly animal than the proceedings above detailed. Allow that the Pagurus is impelled by instinct to choose an empty shell for the protection of its tender abdomen, and the same motive must be granted to actuate the Sipunculus in performing a similar action for a like purpose. Nor in either case can we see any other motive than that which directs the beaver in the construction of the habitation which is to serve as a shelter for himself and his progeny.

The labors of the coral-polypes afford very striking examples of the exercise of instinct, while they exhibit the wonderful results of the combined efforts of numerous minute animals, which, individually, are comparatively powerless, and their organization very simple. In the formation of the immense coral reefs and islands, the natural instinct of these little animals leads them to build with the greatest rapidity to the windward, or most exposed side of their edifice, leaving the side least exposed to the action of the waves to be last completed. Their labors are also instinctively confined to low-water-mark, below which they do not build. Mr. Darwin has recorded in his journal much valuable information respecting the little architects and their wonderful structures.

Even among the Infusoria, the thoughtful observer must recognise the influence of instinct when he views their varied movements and the elaborate apparatus with which many of these minute creatures are provided for the purpose of securing their food. In the words of Dr. Mantell,

"No organs of progressive motion, similar to those of beasts, birds, or fishes, are observable in

these beings; yet they traverse the water with rapidity, without the aid of limbs or fins; and though many species are destitute of eyes, yet all possess an accurate perception of the presence of other bodies, and pursue and capture their prey with unerring purpose."

As has already been explained in this Review,* these various motions are performed by means of minute hair-like filaments, termed *cilia*, which cover and fringe the bodies of the Infusoria; and we quote an accurate and spirited description of their movements from Dr. Carpenter's 'Zoology.'

"These movements are extremely various in their character in different species; and when a number of dissimilar forms are assembled in one drop of water, the spectacle is most entertaining. Some propel themselves directly forwards, with a velocity which appears (when thus highly magnified) like that of an arrow, so that the eye can scarcely follow their movements; whilst others drag their bodies slowly along, like the leech. Some make a fixed point of some portion of the body, and revolve around it with great rapidity; whilst others scarcely present any appearance of animal motion. Some move forwards by an uniform series of gentle undulations or vibrations; whilst others seem to perform consecutive leaps, of no small extent compared with the size of their bodies. In short, there is no kind of movement which is not practised by these animalcules. They have evidently the power of steering clear of obstacles in their course, and of avoiding each other when swimming in close proximity. By what kind of sensibility the wonderful precision and accuracy of their movements is guided, is yet very doubtful."

The mode in which these cilia subserve the purpose of procuring food may best be understood by studying the habits of the common wheel animacule (*Rotifer vulgaris*) which, from its activity, and the variety of its movements, is one of the most interesting of microscopic objects. This species, at its anterior extremity, is furnished with two sets of cilia, disposed in circles, forming what are termed the *wheels*; these are capable of being folded up and retracted within the body of the creature. When desirous of procuring food, the Rotifer fixes itself by the extremity of its telescope-like tail, and protrudes the cilia from the opposite extremity; by the vibration of the cilia, which is continued or suspended at the will of the animal, the appearance of a perfect rotation is produced, which has the effect of creating rapid currents in the surrounding fluid. A sort of whirlpool is caused by each wheel, and this brings towards the

* No. 90, October, 1846. "The Microscope and its Revelations."

mouth minute animacules and other bodies floating in its neighborhood, many of which are drawn into the gullet, while others are rejected and carried off by a return current. This proceeding has been likened by Spallanzani to that of a whale, which, having driven a shoal of herrings into a bay, by repeated blows of his tail produces a whirlpool of considerable extent and rapidity of motion, whereby the herrings are projected into the mouth of their pursuer. If this proceeding on the part of the whale be the result of instinct, so must it also be considered when practised by the *animacule*; the object being the same, and the means resorted to for securing it similar.

It would seem that both this beautiful creature and its near ally, *Hydatina senta*, together with some at least of the polypes, enjoy a considerable power of selection in regard to their food. A species of the latter family, *Bowerbankia densa*, about half an inch in length when fully expanded, is so transparent, that the whole of its structure and the actions of its organs may be seen through its integuments. Like the two Infusoria, the polyp attaches itself by its lower extremity, and protrudes its tentacula, which, like the cilia of the former, are ranged round its mouth, and seem to be completely under the control of the individual; these, when put in motion, produce a current of water, which brings the various substances floating in it to the entrance of the mouth. As in the Infusoria, some of these matters are received into the gizzard, while others are rejected; the gizzard, as in them, is furnished with teeth, which triturate the food before it passes into the stomach: all these actions present a curious analogy between animals belonging to two classes of different degrees of organization; and it is probable, that but for the extreme minuteness of many of the other Infusoria, numerous other actions would be observed, which in combination with those already recorded, would remove all doubt as to their being as certainly under the influence of instinct as animals of a much higher grade.

The lowest position in the scale of animated beings, seems to be occupied by organisms which many naturalists have been rather inclined to place with plants; among these, the most conspicuous are the sponges and their allies. When studied in a living state, a constant and rapid circulation of water through their tissue, is almost the only action by which the exist-

ence of life in these simple beings is manifested. The water enters by the smaller orifices, traverses the smaller cavities of the spongy structure, and is eventually expelled by the larger orifices or vents. "This stream," says Dr. Carpenter, "is made apparent by the movement of the minute particles contained in it, and by the disturbance of those which may be floating in the surrounding fluid;" and he continues:—"It is impossible to assign a cause for this movement; no cilia have been discovered in any part of the adult animal; and the tissues are altogether possessed of so little contractility, that it is difficult to suppose the fluid propelled through the tubes by any mechanical influence on their part." As this circulation of fluid ceases when the sponge is dead, we are inclined to view it as the instinctive means, the blind impulse, whereby the nutrition and growth of the organism are insured. From the water thus continually passing through its tissue, the sponge secretes its own peculiar organic texture, as well as the spicula of earthy matter, as carbonate of lime and siliceous matter, disposed among its tissues. But the passage of the water is of quite a different character from the ascent and descent of the sap in plants; since, in the latter, the fluid absorbed by the spongioles of the roots becomes gradually elaborated by the vital action of the plant into the various substances requisite for its nutrition and increase, all that escapes passing off by perspiration from the leaves; while the sponge would appear merely to select certain substances from the water in its passage, the greater portion being rejected, and expelled by the large orifices: the action being somewhat analogous to the entering and returning currents in the Infusoria, with this difference, that in the latter the cilia are obviously the motive organs.

Other organisms of a still more doubtful description than the sponges are placed in this division of the animal kingdom by some naturalists, though it seems now to be the prevalent disposition to consider them as of vegetable nature. Such are many of those beings long known as Confervas, and other plants of a very low organization. The chemical constituents of these, the lowest members of the two kingdoms, are so nearly the same, that it is only by the detection of a small quantity of starch in some of them that they can be recognised as plants; and even among these, the action of one of the most pow-

erful animal instincts has been observed: for in several of those now looked upon as plants, a kind of conjugation has been witnessed, leading to the production of a new individual, by which the race is continued; and animal motions are by no means of unfrequent occurrence. So that, even in these doubtful beings, instinct evidently holds its sway, directing them to the attainment of certain ends absolutely necessary to their well-being.

In conclusion, we would briefly state our conviction, founded upon observation of the infinitely varied habits of animals, that every integral portion of the animal kingdom, from the highest to the lowest, has, according to its requirements, been furnished by its beneficent Creator with such a measure of an innate impulsive power as is sufficient to ensure the due performance of such actions as are necessary for the preservation of its own individual existence and the continuance of its kind. That these *instincts*, strictly so called—these impulses wholly unconnected with anything rational in the agent—are more and more curiously developed the lower we go in the animal creation. That in addition to what we strictly term *instinct*, animals are endowed with so much of a still higher faculty termed *reason*, as will direct them so to modify their instinctive impulses as to adapt their ordinary habits and actions to extraordinary circumstances. And as a general summary, we may adopt the words of the Archbishop:—

“To sum up, then, what has been hitherto said. It appears that there are certain kinds of intellectual power—of what, in man, at least, is always called reason—common, to a certain extent, to man with the higher brutes. And again, that there are certain powers wholly confined to man—especially all those concerned in what is properly called reasoning—all employment of language as an instrument of thought; and it appears that instinct, again, is to a certain extent common to man with brutes, though far less in amount, and less perfect in man; and more and more developed in other animals the lower we descend in the scale.

“An instinct is, as has been said before, a *blind* tendency to some mode of action, independent of any consideration on the part of the agent of the end to which the action leads. Hunger and thirst are no less an instinct in the adult than the desire of the new-born babe to suck, although it has no idea that milk is in the breast, or that it is nutritious. When, on the other hand, a man builds a house, in order to have shelter from the weather, and a comfortable place to pursue his trade, or reside in, the act is not called instinct; while that term

does apply to birds building a nest; because man has not any blind desire to build the house. The rudest savage always contemplates, in forming the hut, the very object of providing a safeguard against the weather, and perhaps against wild beasts and other enemies. But, supposing man had the instinct of the bird; supposing a man who had never seen a house, or thought of protecting himself, had a tendency to construct something analogous to a nest; or, again, supposing a bird was so endowed with reason as to build a nest *with a view* to lay eggs therein, and sit on them, with a design, and in order to perpetuate its species: in the former case, man would be a builder from instinct; and in the latter, the bird would be a builder from reason.”—p. 20.

TRAVELLERS IN ABYSSINIA.—Intelligence has been received in Alexandria from the two enterprising French travellers, the Messieurs D'Abaddie, who have been for several years exploring Abyssinia and the adjacent countries for the benefit of science. A letter written from Alexandria on the 14th of March, 1845, reached them at Gondar, in the province of Dembea, on the 1st of May, 1847; and a letter despatched by them from Gondar on the 10th of May, 1847, reached Alexandria only on the 2nd ultimo. These two gentlemen have recently visited the sources of the White Nile. As they had previously formed many connexions in the country, they expected that this expedition would not have occupied more than four months from Goham; but two English travellers, Messrs. Plowden and Bell, having only a short time before killed a Galla chief, the Galla tribes had determined upon taking the lives of all Europeans falling into their hands, so that they had to proceed by a very indirect route, by which it took them a whole year to return to Gojam. They had the satisfaction of correctly ascertaining the sources of the White Nile, the principal one of which lies in latitude N. 7 deg. 49 min. 50 sec. They did not ascertain the longitude with any accuracy for want of an almanack, which they had not with them. The province of Gojam was in a state of war, owing to the incursions of the powerful Ras Aly with a strong army. The Coptic patriarch had been formally expelled from Gondar and all the states subject to the Ras. The contending parties occupied all the principal roads in the country, and all communication with the sea-coast was interrupted. The Typhus fever was raging in the province of Sennaar. The two brothers, intended returning to Egypt, but the country they were in was in such a state of disorder, and they anticipated so many difficulties and obstacles on their road, that they had no hope of getting away for many months.

LIGHT FROM ELECTRICITY.—Mr. Staité is lecturing in England on his new mode of lighting by electricity. The Literary and Philosophical Society of Sunderland gave a public soiree last November, at which his mode of lighting was the principal attraction. The *Newcastle Guardian*, says: “The light, which was of astonishing brilliance and beauty, was placed under an air-tight glass vase. When the gas was turned down it sufficiently lighted the spacious building, and bore the closest resemblance to the great orb of day of any light which we ever witnessed. The electric light was next exhibited in a vessel of water with equal success.”

From the Quarterly Review.

PRISON DISCIPLINE—THE SEPARATE SYSTEM.

The following paper relates to a most important and interesting subject, and may be taken as an indication of the views on Prison Discipline which are, at present most prevalent in Europe. The facts it adduces will be read with profit, whatever may be thought of the conclusions and assertions of the writer.—Ed.]

1. *Reports of the Commissioners for Pentonville Prison.* 1843-1847.
2. *Reports from the Committee of the Lords appointed to inquire into the Execution of the Criminal Law, especially respecting Juvenile Offenders and Transportation.* 1847.
3. *Prison Discipline.* By Rev. John Field, M. A. 1846.
4. *Traité des diverses Institutions Complémentaires du Régime Pénitentiaire.* Par M. Bonneville, Procureur du Roi. 1847.

Our treatment of criminals is at this moment influenced by two theories, which are in their tendencies almost diametrically opposed to each other. "The principal object of punishment," says Mr. Baron Parke, "I take to be the protection of society by deterring the offender from the repetition of his crime, and others from following his example, by the pain and inconvenience he sustains; and the same opinion is maintained by almost all, if not by all, this eminent Judge's brethren, not only of the English but also of the Scotch and Irish Benches at this time. By these authorities—weighty and grave ones it will be owned—amendment is considered as secondary, and to be looked to only as it may aid in the further diminution of crime. On the other hand, the reformation of the culprit is the primary object in view of Lord Brougham, of Mr. Hill (the Recorder of Birmingham), and numerous reasoners—some of whom have come to this conclusion on *a priori* grounds, other on the alleged failure of the system of "repression."

It is of great importance that the public should have definite notions on these antagonized principles, so as to ascertain whether, if fairly carried into practice, each will lead us. The "deterrent" acts on the passion of fear in its various aspects of disgrace, shame, and corporal pain—a pas-

sion supplying some of the strongest motives to the will. The opposed principle is simply and strictly educational—willing to inflict no more pain than is absolutely necessary to further the conversion of the individual, and postponing even this modicum to such other means as may effect that end without its aid. Under this system our jails are to become so many schools, where the only punishment, using the term in its ordinary acceptation, is about as much bodily restraint as is enforced in many of our own scholastic institutions—and much less than that submitted to in the monasteries and convents of other countries.

The contrast of the theories is brought out strikingly in the answers to the Committee on Criminal Law.

"I hold," says Lord Denman, "the only legitimate end of punishment to be to deter from crime. But I think I perceive in some of the theories of benevolent men such a mode of administering the criminal law as to encourage instead of deterring."

"By a reformatory system," says Mr. Hill, "we understand one in which *all* the pain endured strictly arises from the means necessary to effect a moral cure. *A prison becomes a hospital for moral diseases.* The prisoner may be called a patient, while the various officers of the prison will gradually attain the position in his mind of persons exercising the healing art, and be no longer regarded as the agents of *vindictive power*."

While we entertain some doubts as to the existence of any mental process which shall gradually confound a warder in the prisoner's estimation with a doctor, we can have none as to the rashness of expressions which invest the statutes at large with the caprice and the malice of unchastised passion. Legalized punishments may or may not be too severe; but in what sense is criminal law *vindictive*?—of what vindictive power is the turnkey the agent? Surely a vindictive Criminal Statute is as much a figure of speech as a hard-hearted treadmill. Burke did not fear to brand with stern censure the "loose comparisons" and "gross discriminations" of his day in the use of such terms as "the poor laborer," or the "poor soldier"—as if the very foundations of the social structure did not demand this condition in both

classes of men. In our own times as much notice is demanded by the currency of phrases which tend to weaken the hands of justice and fling into its scale a bias of false philanthropy. Such cant might at least be left to the melodramatist and the novelist of congenial fibre.

We have just seen it broadly stated that to punish for the purpose of deterring is not admissible save only as accessory and incidental. The general question therefore is mooted—whether or not punishment be just? We know how complete a form the argument has assumed as relates to the pain of death, and it cannot be doubted that the effect of it has reached the category of secondary punishments also. But, in spite of these new theories, is it the fact that the mind and conscience of our nature have been changed; is it no longer true there is that in every heart which proclaims or whispers that every dereliction of duty is worthy of *chastisement*? Are men now able to entertain the same opinion of the thief as of the honest citizen? Hitherto, under every phasis of society it has been deemed just that crime should be punished. So strictly natural and necessary has this seemed, that, in a thousand acts of which no law can take cognizance, society inflicts a chastisement ten times severer than that of the statute-book. The loss of character, for example, entails the loss of livelihood, and hence often of life, under circumstances of great mental and bodily suffering. Has all this been a mistake? "Are we all," (as Carlyle says), "effeminated in this very dreary, very portentous babble of *abolishing capital punishment*, &c.—all for sending Judas Iscariot, Courvoisier, Praslin, Tawell, and Nature's own Scoundrels teachable by helibore, to the schoolmaster instead of the hangman or the cesspool? Are we for carrying this new philanthropy out? Ought society to consider the liar, the slanderer, the extortioner, the tyrant, the robber, the ravisher, the assassin—as merely laboring under moral malady, fit therefore for the tender care which humanity bestows on the fatalities of disease? Is it and has it all along been a mere blunder to distinguish practically *badness* from *madness*? If so, we cannot stop where Mr. Hill contemplates. "Oh! that I could get my son placed at Mettray," said a French mother, "but that is impossible—he is neither a beggar nor a thief.—Il n'a ni mendié ni volé." Turn to any page of the Reports

now before us, and you will find the poor man tempted and tempting his offspring to some petty larceny which shall lay on the parish, the county, or the country, the burden of first supporting, ultimately of transporting him—a very natural consummation of those doctrines which would confound a most extended and careful *education* with punishment. Offer to the humbler classes of our countrymen the training of their children in the choicest spots of the land, such as Parkhurst—absolve them from all further care and cost—educate the child intellectually and morally—teach him a trade, and then take him, free of expense, to a good though distant labor-market—how few would be left to tenant our jails! If you will believe, and act on the belief, that *punishment* has no tendency either to reform a culprit or to keep away from crime those who know that crime is punished—in short, that our fears have no influence on our conduct—allow the virtuous parent at least such a perspective of good for his child as you hold out to the depraved.

We are told that crimes are on the increase, and that therefore punishment has not acted as a deterrent. The answer is; that however the aggregate of offences may continue to increase in a rapidly multiplying and condensing population, it by no means follows that they would not have increased in a far greater ratio had there been no system of punishment in the country. But how are we to get rid of the *all but* unanimous opinion of the Judges (there is really, we think, only one exception)—that the relaxation has already been carried *at least* far enough? How are we to get rid of the facts of their own experience which these Judges make? How are we to get rid of the facts adduced by Sir James Graham but a few months ago in Parliament—showing that the relaxation of penalties in some of the greatest crimes has been followed by a large increase in their number—that forgeries have increased 100, arson 60, and rape 90 per cent. since they ceased to be capital offences? (*Times*, Friday, June 11, 1847.)

On the question of capital punishment we shall not dwell—we have more than enough before us without recurring to a subject which has already been treated at some length in these pages. As respects the conflicting theories stated at the outset—the *Jurist*—who could not be more worthily represented than by Lord Denman, Lord Justice-General Boyle, and Lord

Chief Justice O'Doherty—still adheres to his ancient doctrines. The Jurist still holds his province to be simply the protection of society. He takes cognizance of the acts of man, and has nothing to do with his intentions, which belong (he says) to the domain of the moralist. The former deters, the latter amends. These two governing principles are distinct, but not opposed. Justice can never be immoral, nor morals unjust. But the motives of crime cannot be arrived at by the Judge—or, if at all, too imperfectly and rarely—while there are a thousand instances of offence against the moral law which admit of no legislation, and are left to the execration of mankind; such are ingratitude—hard-heartedness—pride—malice—avarice, and a hundred other forms of vice which destroy a life without spilling a drop of blood—rob without stealing, and torture with a more exquisite pain than wheel or rack. The State, however, can set both these principles into action, for its functions include the duty of elevating the moral as well as that of protecting the physical welfare of its dependants. The difficulty has hitherto been to discover a system as to the less heinous class of criminals, which shall at once punish to deter, and amend to restore; and we believe the problem will find its solution in the careful and watchful working of that kind of secondary punishment known as the Separate System. We say advisedly “careful and watchful.” For there is much to fear from those who would abuse the deterrent principle, and who, seeing no punishment in solitude, would aggravate it by additional restrictions and penalties. On the other hand, they who abjure this principle will endeavor to denude the discipline of its wholesome severities, leaving nothing to it but the name of punishment;—and crime will be at a premium whenever the fear of inflicting penalties shall be livelier with the authorities than the fear of suffering penalties in the culprit.

The theory of the Separate System was clearly laid down in 1775 by Paley, in his “Moral Philosophy.” His chapter on Crimes and Punishments anticipates every modern improvement. He argues first in favor of solitary confinement generally. He states secondly, that as half the vices of low life arise from aversion to labor, there might be two means of eradicating this—one by solitary confinement and hard labor, which shall make industry a new habit—

the other by solitary confinement with nothing to do, which shall render idleness intolerable. He next proposes that the prisoner should earn his own livelihood, his earnings being left in part or wholly to his own use; also, that the measurement of confinement should be not by the days spent, but by the work done, in order to render energetic industry voluntary. After the enlargement of the criminal, he says, the principal difficulty still remains—how to dispose of him: and he meets it by the only wise and clear-sighted view of this great problem, namely, that the State is bound to secure him employment if willing to work; but that it is absolutely necessary that criminals should be separated as far from each other as possible. Paley's system may therefore be summed in a few words—separation with labor during confinement, and dispersion afterwards.

Had these views been as manfully acted upon as they were convincingly propounded, what a source of misery and guilt would have been dried up in our transportation system,—and how little cause would have been left for the inspectors of prisons to term Newgate the “great school of crime!” a just designation—as we could show by a thousand extracts from the Life of Mrs. Fry, &c., &c.—but let one from the Rev. Mr. Field's judicious volume suffice:

“I could mention the name of a person who practised in the law, and was connected with very respectable families. He, for a fraud, was committed to Clerkenwell, and sent from thence to Newgate, in a coach, handcuffed to a noted house-breaker, who was afterwards cast for death. The first night, and the subsequent fortnight, he slept in the same bed, with a highwayman on one side, and a man charged with murder on the other. During that period, and long after, spirits were freely introduced. At first he abstained from them, but he soon found that either he must adopt the manners of his companions, or his life would be in danger. . . . In short, self-preservation rendered it necessary for him to adopt the manners of his associates: by insensible degrees he began to lose his repugnance to their society—caught their flash terms, and sang their songs, was admitted to their revels, and acquired, in place of habits of perfect sobriety, a taste for spirits; and a taste so strong and so rooted, that even now he finds it difficult to resist the cravings of his diseased thirst for stimulants. The artless statement of his wife, who has throughout conducted herself with unimpeachable propriety, and who labored with her own hands to support her husband when in confinement, will hardly be rejected.”—Field, on Prison Discipline, pp. 52–56.

It is curious to remark how slowly and in

what a piecemeal fashion the views of Paley—promulgated in 1775—adopted by Howard—may actually put into practice in Gloucester jail in 1796, and there adhered to until 1813, when they were abandoned from motives of false economy—it is curious, we say, to see how very gradually they faltered into firmness.

Of Howard's three principles of prison discipline—solitary confinement—regulated labor,—religious instruction—some looked mainly to the second. The State of Pennsylvania in 1786 abolished capital punishment for all but the greatest crimes, and substituted hard labor for minor offences. Though this was a step in the right direction, it failed, because the association of evil minds more than neutralized the anticipated operation of habitual labor and obedience. To amend this, criminal classification with hard labor was resorted to, which was again an improvement, for classification is partial separation. Nevertheless that also failed; and so long as the human heart is inscrutable to human eyes, must ever fail. The hardened villain was classed with one who perhaps had committed the same offence, but for the first time, and through the temptation of his necessitous poverty; the boy with the man thief. The result was, that the criminal community was divided into classes of crime—small guilds of vice; each member of which brought into the common stock his own particular experience and aptitude; and the prentice-hand had an admirable opportunity of perfecting itself under the master in the craft. This was so forcibly felt as to lead to one of the most terrible experiments ever made to obviate a crying evil. In 1821, the State of New York adopted what is called technically the *Solitary System*—it confined 80 of its criminals in separate cells, in absolute solitude, permitting no exercise, and providing them with an insufficient supply of air, light, and food. Mind and body were crushed under this clumsy and barbarous experiment; some died, many were driven mad, twenty-six were pardoned, and the rest were removed at the end of one year.

This disastrous American expedient has had the greatest influence in modifying the various theories of prison discipline. On the one hand it was palpable that Association gave a gigantic impulse to crime—on the other the *Solitary System* drove the criminal into madness. A mezzo-terme was therefore resorted to—the “*Silent*

System.” The prisoners were to work in bodies, but in profound silence, and at night to be separated. But this scheme of *association without intercommunication* involved a simple impossibility:—it was soon proved that the history of each criminal was as well known to his fellow under this, as where Silence was never thought of. It was found, also, to require a larger and a more expensive staff to work it; and, finally, it demanded such strict watchfulness, and the infliction of such frequent punishments, that the most violent passions were pent up and raging under the calmness of the silent masses which appeared to be moved with the mechanism of clockwork—a state of mind which entirely excludes the shadow of reform in character. The *Silent System* has still its advocates in America—but even there it is obviously sinking in opinion. In Europe it is now found only in subservience to the *Separate System*: while the *Solitary System*, we believe, is discarded everywhere, except as an occasional punishment during a few days for the contumacious prisoner.

The *Separate System* differs from the *Solitary* in permitting communication, but not that of the criminals with each other. It seeks to isolate the prisoner from all evil associations and associates, and substitutes in their stead that which shall tend to make him better and wiser. It inflicts a great amount of punishment without awakening the evil passions which usually attend on it. Except in the incorrigible, nothing of a revengeful feeling is aroused; and yet it is greatly dreaded. Some would even seem to prefer death to this solitude. Why is it thus? On what principle of our nature does this power act? All harshness is sedulously avoided; material comforts are abundantly cared for; and yet the man would prefer almost any other punishment to the solitude of his cell. The pangs of a retributive conscience are said to be roused in that dead silence, and to prostrate the criminal. Yet this will not explain all—for some who certainly are never reached by any such influence, are among the most unhappy, and in many others there is much wretchedness *before* the mind reflects or mourns over the past. Is the social instinct, which is common to man and to many animals, so essential to the former as to the latter, that to be isolated is to perish? Are the views which Frederick Cuvier has analyzed with such ability applicable to our race? And does

the great physiological law of the body find its application no less in the mind? so that both follow the same rule, that what is unused languishes and loses its powers, and ultimately its life? We can but open the question, which is both beyond our scope and our limits—leaving it to the metaphysician and the moralist to determine whether we have or have not a third mode of acting on the will of man, by attacking a leading instinct of his nature in addition to the two ordinary powers of affecting his volition through the violence of fear and the perturbations of hope; and we proceed to the practical working of the Separate System.

What a contrast to the pandemonium of associated criminals does the visitor perceive who enters for the first time the walls of the Model Prison at Pentonville! Instead of the noise and bustle of the old Newgate—absolute stillness; a few silent warders only scattered here and there in the large and lofty corridors containing a triple tier of cells, which range the whole length of these galleries! In spite of the blaze of daylight, which should enliven, and the scrupulous cleanliness which should raise notions of comfort, it is impossible not to feel the oppression of resistless power; it is in vain, on a first visit, that you are solicited to inspect the minutiae of the admirable mechanism by which the architect (Colonel Jebb) has contrived to secure the complete isolation of 500 individuals from each other. They are fed at the same moment, rest at the same hour, are out in masses in the open air. They are catechized in the school, and respond in the chapel—yet man knows not man. There is contiguity but no neighborhood; and the very names of the prisoners are lost in the mechanism which assigns *numbers* in their stead.

It requires the aid of sense to confirm the testimony of others, that the prison is really tenanted; the impulse is irresistible to ascertain the fact. A small aperture is so contrived in the door of each cell as to permit the visitor to see its inmate without himself being seen; and he can now traverse a corridor and remark the intensity of still life. All are profoundly engaged—one plying his trade, another busy with his slate, a third, fixed and motionless over his Bible. The shoe-maker is squatting cross-legged and stooping over his last; the tailor raised on his table with implements and materials about him; the weaver

hardly distinguishable amid the framework of his active machinery; the basket-maker in his corner, distant an arm's length from the heap of osiers from which ever and anon he is selecting that to which he is about to give a form and shape. It is not here, as in the solitary occupations of the world, that the artisan can beguile his labor with snatches of some favorite melody: nothing must break the silence of the cell. Its inmate soon learns to concentrate all his energies on his work, which becomes to him a solace, a necessity. Unconscious that any eye is upon him, he has no part to act, no sympathy to dream of exciting; and as he now appears, so he will be found at any interval of days, weeks, or months.

If the visitor be still disposed to linger and observe, he will presently see a long file of prisoners emerging from their cells, in such a pre-arranged order that each man is fifteen paces apart from his fellow, and so masked as to render mutual recognition impossible. Thus accoutred and marshalled, and shod so as to prevent sound, one half of the prisoners (250) proceed rapidly to the chapel, the interior of which is so arranged as to preclude even the tallest man from overlooking the one in the next slip. The pulpit is placed high, so as to command a perfect view of every convict, but intercommunication is further prevented by warders perched up on elevations, each with a full inspection of his own section of prisoners. Here at last is the silence broken by the congregated sound of the simple melodies of our hymns; and there are few places where they strike so impressively on the heart as when they are poured forth amid the suggestive influences of the prison.* The service done, a dial-plate turns round presenting certain letters and numbers, which correspond to the sectional numbers and letters of the prisoners; as these appear, the peak of each cap is again let down so as to mask the features, and the chapel is as silently and quickly emptied as it had before been filled.

At present the distribution of the week-day gives—

	hrs.	min.
To school instruction	-	1 15
To chapel	-	30
To exercise in open air	-	1 0
To reading, writing, arithmetic in cells	1	47
To cleaning	-	0 37

* There is one daily service at a quarter-past 8 A. M. The other 250 attend a second service at half-past 4 P. M.

To rest	-	-	-	10	0
To meals	-	-	-	2	0
To trade instruction	-	-	-	6	51

The whole prison is thoroughly warmed and ventilated. There is an abundant supply of water for all purposes of cleanliness and comfort in every cell; and gas is let on during the requisite hours, according to the season.

"Every prisoner has at least one hour's exercise daily in the airing grounds. The bedding is removed by each to his exercising yard to be aired—in summer once every week, and in winter as often as weather permits. The prisoners have warm baths every fortnight, and are supplied with clean sheets once in every six weeks, and at proper periods with soap, towels, combs, flannels, whiting, brickdust, and all other articles necessary for keeping their cells in high order, and for personal cleanliness.

"On Sundays the warders assemble at half-past seven, instead of six A. M. The wards and cells are dusted and swept immediately after unlocking. The prisoners are exercised, but no work is performed. There are three services—morning, afternoon and evening; each occupying an hour and a half. This arrangement admits of every prisoner attending Divine service twice on every alternate Sunday."

What are the effects of such a system of discipline? Quite innocuous say some; madness or premature disease, say others. Both opinions are partial. It is hardly to be expected that any individual can fail to suffer, when he is at once imprisoned in body and constrained in mind. On the other hand, those who have designated prisons on the Separate System as "manufactories for madness," have probably confounded the *solitary* with the *separate* system. In France, Esquirol and other high authorities on mental diseases have asserted that the latter system has no tendency to deteriorate

mind; and, as far as a five years' experience of the working of discipline at Pentonville has gone, close observers all coincide with them. A very strong impression on the nervous system is made, and it requires careful watching to regulate it, but we believe that with such watchfulness it not only is controllable, but essential to that change of mind which reforms character. There can be no doubt at least of this fact, that both mental and bodily disease are much less among Pentonville prisoners than they would have been among the same men, if permitted to pursue their career unchecked. There is a false standard of comparison when you would measure the mortality of vice with that of virtue—of the dissipated with the sober. The ratio should be struck between the criminal population free and the criminal population fettered; and who that has turned a page of any writer on the *classes dangereuses* can hesitate in believing that great saving of life and protection from disease have been effected? Be certain that of all poisons there is none so sure, so penetrating, as a rampant vice, which will first enslave, madden, and then kill, nay, even transmit its fatal tendencies to the offspring.

However, let us examine the facts. If it be true that this Separate System is maddening, it ought to tell most decidedly on such prisoners as are constitutionally predisposed to mental disease. Now on this point we can adduce distinct proof that some two or three score of persons, out of 1000 subjected to the discipline of Pentonville, have actually *benefited* by it in spite of indubitable hereditary taint or absolute individual pre-disposition. Take the following table from the Chaplain's evidence in the App. to Fifth Report:

Observations made upon certain Prisoners in whom injurious effects might have been feared from Separate Confinement.

Initials of Name.	Verbatim Extract from Letter of Referee.	Obs. on degree of Intellect when last seen by Chaplain.	Schoolmaster's Report on Leaving the Prison.	State on leaving the Prison as noted by the Chaplain.
J. C.	Mother touched with symptoms of insanity.	-	Improved in reading and writing.	Improved generally.
R. L.	Grandmother insane.	Read imperfectly.	Read well; write imperfectly; 4 rules of arithmetic.	
J. H.	Sister rather weak in mind.	Only knew the alphabet.	Read and write well; Rule of Three.	Very cheerful; improved in general knowledge.
H. N.	He and most of his family evinced symptoms of insanity.	Of the lowest kind.	Read very imperfectly; write a little; learned a little arithmetic.	Sent away incorrigible.

Initials of Name.	Verbatim Extract from Letter of Referee.	Obs. on degree of Intellect when 1st seen by Chaplain.	Schoolmaster's Report on leaving the Prison.	State on leaving the Prison as noted by the Chaplain.
J. C.	Two sisters insane.	Of the lowest intellect, did not know A, B, C.	Read well; write tolerably; 4 rules.	Somewhat improved in general.
M.	His mother subject to nervous fits.	-	Read and write well; Rule of Three.	Mentally, not morally, improved.
J. D.	One of his family (his mother, as I have every reason to believe), laboring with insanity.	-	Read and write well; 4 rules.	Improved in religious knowledge; very cheerful.
R.	Of a simple turn of mind. Uncle in an asylum.	-	Improved considerably.	In Scriptural knowledge also.
W. J., alias	Skull fractured three years ago.	-	Improved in reading and writing; Rule of Three.	Improved in Scriptural knowledge.
W. C. B.	Sister considered rather silly.	Of lowest intellect; did not know the alphabet.	Read and write imperfectly; 4 rules.	Cheerful.
A. H. L.	Had become <i>dejected</i> and <i>absent</i> after failure in business, and showed symptoms of <i>insanity</i> .	Very low in spirits.	Read and write well; Rule of Three.	Much improved in spirits; found comfort in religion.
J. N.	Consider rather as an <i>idiot</i> .	Very low degree of intellect.	Read and write well; Rule of Three.	Improved in general knowledge.
W. N.	Almost <i>irresponsible</i> .	Of very weak intellect.	Well educated previously.	Rather improved mentally.
A. A.	Weakness of mind; made sport of by fellow servants.	Low in spirits; and in intellect.	Read and write well; Rule of Three.	Mentally improved.
F. W. K., alias	Uncle died in an asylum; another committed suicide. Father and sisters considered weak.	Low in spirits; over-active mind; disliked his trade.	Very well educated.	Morally improved.
A. K.	Mother's brother is reported to be imbecile; harmless if let alone.	Of a low degree of intellect.	Read and write well; Rule of Three.	Improved in general; was recommended to be master tailor on board ship.
R. B., alias	Not considered quite correct in his mind. Aunt mad for a long time.	Peculiar turn of mind.		Greatly improved, especially in Scriptural knowledge.
E. E. S., a Jew.	Considered a simpleton.	Low intellect.	Read well; write imperfectly; 4 rules.	Improved generally.
D. M.	Uncle killed himself in a fit of insanity.	Low in spirits and intellect.	Read well; write tolerably; Rule of Three.	Much improved.
J. M., alias	Eldest brother exhibited symptoms of insanity.	Good intellect.	Well educated.	Improved generally.
J. T.	Whole family eccentric; and very weak in intellect.	Weak intellect.	Read and write well; Rule of Three.	Improved generally.
C. J. C.	Uncle's intellect affected at times.	Low intellect; only knew the alphabet.	Read well; write imperfectly; 4 rules.	Improved generally.
T. N.	Father died a lunatic.	Ordinary intellect.	Reads and writes well; Rule of Three.	Very much improved in general.
R. R.	I have thought, and more, I am sure, that at times he was not altogether right in his head.	More than ordinarily reserved and very dull.	Read tolerably; wrote imperfectly; improvement very little.	On the whole rather improved.
J. S.	The prisoner's conduct, more especially his wandering propensities, are irreconcilable with perfect sanity.	A good intellect; apparently much compunction for sin.	Could read and write well; considerably advanced in the higher rules of arithmetic. Improvement tolerably fair.	Improved very much. Found peace and comfort in the Gospel.
H. C., alias	He was not quite sound in mind, and sometimes not conscious of what he was about. His own sister destroyed herself.	A very low spirited man.	Could read and write very well; considerably advanced in the higher rules of arithmetic; intelligent. Made fair improvement.	Improved in spirits. Found comfort in religion also, I think.
L.				
G. R.				

Initials of Name.	Verbatim Extract from Letter of Referee.	Obs. on degree of Intellect when 1st seen by Chaplain.	Schoolmaster's Report on leaving the Prison.	State on leaving the Prison as noted by the Chaplain.
W. H.	His mother has evinced symptoms of insanity within the last three years.	Nothing at all peculiar.	Read well, wrote tolerably; higher rules of arithmetic. Improvement tolerable.	Improved very much, especially in the memory. Gave himself to learning hymns, chapters, &c.
H. L.	His father was subject to fits.	Very low spirited.	Could read and write well; mensuration. Improvement tolerable.	Very downhearted; would have sunk here, I think, but for some religious hope.
J. B.	One member of the family has exhibited symptoms of insanity.	Ordinary.	Read well, wrote tolerably; knew the common rules of arithmetic. Very much improved.	Improved.
H. B.	I have known the prisoner to have fits when over-fatigued.	Ordinary.	Read well, wrote tolerably; common rules of arithmetic. Improvement tolerable.	Very cheerful.
J. K.	He received an injury in his head, from which time he became flighty and unsteady. His father was in some measure imbecile in both body and mind.	A very active mind, but most perverse.	Could read and write well; higher rules of arithmetic. Improvement tolerable.	Cultivated his mind assiduously, but was very perverse to the last.
W. S. alias R.	Has found him a little insane at times; he was kicked by a horse in the head.	Ordinary.	Could read well, write tolerably; knew the first 4 rules in arithmetic. Improvement little.	Rather improved.
W. F.	I knew him to labor under a severe nervous fever for several months, which I always observed afterwards to cause a lowness of spirits. It was about 8 years since.	Good, but his constitution apparently weakened by intemperance.	Read and write well; advanced in higher rules of arithmetic. Tolerably improved.	Very cheerful; much improved, I think, in every way. Gave great attention to religion.
J. A. alias E. W.	Has not his senses perfect.	Half-witted.	Could read well. Made scarcely any improvement.	Rather worse.
W. D. alias J. B.	I fully believe him to be at times insane. His maternal grandfather died insane.	Clever; good, but perverted and abused.	Was well educated on admission. Was excused from school; improved himself tolerably by reading and private study.	Not improved.
W. B.	Very soft in many things.	Low intellect.	Could scarcely read any. Very little improved.	Rather worse.
J. D.	His grandmother is in a lunatic asylum.	Ordinary, but very dull.	Read well, wrote tolerably; first 4 rules of arithmetic. Improved a little.	Improved rather in spirits.
J. B.	His mother, grandmother, and great aunt, were all subject to insanity.	Very peculiar and low spirited.	Read scarcely any. Improvement very little.	Worse when removed, but got better at Woolwich.
D. B.	Showed decided symptoms of insanity. On one occasion he sought for an instrument to take his life.	A very good intellect, but reserved and very peculiar.	Read and write well; higher rules of arithmetic. Considerably improved.	Improved, I think, generally.
H. G., alias V.	Has been subject to fits at different periods; I have always found him very dull in intellect.	Ordinary; communicative, but very dull in his manner.	Read and write well; higher rules of arithmetic. A fair degree of improvement.	Was, on the whole, better. Gave great attention to religious knowledge.
S. H.	Of very curious temper, and sometimes rather childish.	Nothing peculiar.	Read well, wrote tolerably; first 4 rules of arithmetic. Improved a little.	Rather improved.
C. F.	Light and incoherent in his habits. Eldest brother perfectly deranged, and was kept bound, hands and feet.	Ordinary intellect, but looks and talks strangely.	Read well, wrote tolerably; higher rules of arithmetic. Improvement tolerable.	Always cheerful, and rather improved in those things in which he was singular.

The inference is clear, that the greater portion of these men were benefited. If we look at the actual cases of mania occurring, the tables yield the following results. In the first year (1843), of 332 convicts, the daily average in the prison, three became affected with insanity. In 1844, when the daily average was 456, no case occurred. There was one in each of the two following years—when the daily averages were respectively 445 and 423.—In 1843 the cases were in the proportion of 9·03 per 1000.—During the whole period (four years and a quarter) since the prison was opened, the proportion of cases to the daily average of prisoners has been that of 2·29 per 1000 annually.—From the end of the year 1843 to the present time the annual proportion has been no more than 1·48 per 1000.

The Reporters say:—

“The remarkable difference in the number of cases of insanity at these periods may have been partly owing to accidental circumstances. We believe, however, that to a great extent it admits of explanation, and that in the year 1843 there were some special causes in operation tending to affect the minds of the prisoners, which do not exist at the present time. However that may be, there is reason to be satisfied with the result, when we find that the proportion of insanity in the last three years has not been more than one-sixth part of what it was in the first instance.

“The statistics of insanity do not afford us the means of comparing the amount of this disease which exists at Pentonville with that in the general population. It would be more to the purpose to compare it with that which is met with in other prisons; but here also we found it difficult to obtain such data as would enable us to arrive at an accurate conclusion. The returns from the various prisons of England and Wales, however, justify us in believing that, if the year 1843 be excluded from the calculation, the proportion of prisoners who were affected with insanity after committed to Pentonville is actually smaller than what occurs among persons of the same age in other places of confinement. The conclusion to be drawn is certainly favorable to the separate system. But it is

still more so when we take into the account that, while other prisons contain individuals of all ages, the Pentonville prisoners, with a few exceptions, are from twenty to forty years of age; and that it is proved by the experience of such English and foreign lunatic asylums, nine in number, as afford the opportunity of making the comparison, that in no less than 57 per cent. of the whole number of insane persons the symptoms of the disease are first manifested in the course of these twenty years.”

Of course no exact comparison can be made between the inmates for eighteen months of Pentonville and the miscellaneous and diversely sentenced residents in any ordinary jail; but the Commissioners are so far supported by the following Note, for which we are obliged to Mr. Perry, Inspector of Prisons in the Southern and Western Districts. This officer says—

“The places of confinement in the southern and western districts are eighty in number—of which seven are conducted on the separate system. In the year from 29th Sept., 1844, to 29th Sept., 1845, the daily average of prisoners in the whole eighty places was 4361—in the seven on the separate system it was 644. The average period of confinement was rather less than seven weeks. Thirty-seven prisoners were affected with insanity; in nine of whom the symptoms first showed themselves during the period of their imprisonment: but of these nine, not one occurred in the seven on the separate system. The proportion of fresh cases of insanity was therefore 2·06 per 1000 in the year, being somewhat less than the proportion at Pentonville during the whole period that has elapsed since the prison was opened; but considerably greater, if the year 1843 be excluded from the calculation.”

The following RETURN well deserves to be considered in connexion with the foregoing statement of the Pentonville Commissioners. It will show the annual ratio of mental diseases per 1000 strength in our troops quartered at home, or in our most healthy stations abroad. We are indebted for it to Dr. Balfour of the Guards:—

STATIONS.	Period of Observation.	Strength.	Cases of Mental Derangement admitted into Hospital.	Ratio of Admission per 1000 of strength per annum.
United Kingdom—				
{ Grenadier Guards - - - - -	15 years, 1831-45	26,980	14	0·52
{ Dragoon Guards and Dragoons - - - - -	7 years, 1830-36	44,611	42	0·94
Gibraltar - - - - -	19 years, 1818-36	60,269	85	1·41
Malta - - - - -	20 years, 1817-36	40,826	45	1·10
Ionian Islands - - - - -	“ “	70,293	103	1·43
Bermudas - - - - -	“ “	11,721	9	0·77
Canada - - - - -	“ “	46,442	62	1·33
Nova Scotia and New Brunswick - - - - -	“ “	64,280	49	0·76

Compare the numbers in the last column with the recorded amount of mental diseases among 1000 per annum in the model prison, and we shall find that—while the annual ratio in the latter is 1·48—it is nearly 1 at home among the Dragoon Guards and Dragoons,—1·43 in the Ionian Islands,—1·33 in Canada,—and 1·41 in Gibraltar; so that it may be fairly said that the prisoner under separate confinement suffers about as much as the soldier on the choicest spots of the Mediterranean, or in the bracing climate of Canada.

The Pentonville Commissioners very properly acknowledge the want of *data* for a deduction of mathematical accuracy: but looking at the general results, they seem to be fully justified in their belief that the effect of the separate system, when enforced for eighteen months, is not injurious to the human mind; and we think we have evidence before us which sustains equally the opinion that it is not injurious to the physical health. On this last point the writers hostile to the system rest certainly on grounds far less safe than those adduced by the Commissioners. For example, these writers think it much for their argument that the mortality per 1000 in the metropolitan population between the ages of 20—40 is 10, while it is 15 at Pentonville, or one-third more. The gross results are merely looked at, and it is not considered that—while the population of the prison is selected from a vicious community—that of the metropolis includes the sober and industrious. Men gamble with life—the honest equally with the dishonest. There is not the slightest doubt that the latter are greatly the losers, are pained more, gain less, and die very much sooner than the former. But in the honest and honorable pursuits of life is there no risk? Take the casualties of our soldiers, for example, in England, in home service. While the annual mortality of Pentonville per 1000 is 15·70, that of the Foot Guards is 21·6—nay, the mortality from consumption alone in the Guards is nearly as high (14·1 per 1000) as the total mortality of Pentonville prisoners—men, be it remarked, of about the same age on an average as the soldiers. Even in the Household Cavalry the mortality, varying from 13 to 15 $\frac{3}{10}$ per 1000, is but a fraction less than that of the criminal population in the Model Prison. “Yet these soldiers,” says Colonel Tulloch, “carefully selected, and, so far as can be ascertained, subject to no physical defect

at enlistment, are better fed, better lodged, and have less onerous duties to perform than the great mass of the laboring population.”—*Report on the Mortality of Troops*, p. 4.

The chief lowerers of life on the prisoner are bad food, bad air, and depressing passions. The two former are so completely under control as to admit of any degree of modification. The mind of man is a more stubborn element; nevertheless the discipline of the cell is so essentially mental as to leave no doubt of its effect on the generality.

It is not chimerical to hope that, as all the circumstances of imprisonment are more or less controllable, so most of its decided injuries may be warded off. It is curious to remark the effects of diet on the prisoners (*5th Report*, p. 12)—how little shook the scales in the balance of health and disease. No less striking has been the diminution of consumptive cases from attention to *suspicious* as to their origin. From the opening of the prison to the termination of 1844, the annual mortality per 1000 from phthisis had amounted to 11·47. The physician, Dr. Owen Rees, suspected that the dusty trades carried on the cells might have added to the chances of death by this disease. In 1845 measures were taken to guard against the supposed cause; in 1846 only four cases per 1000 of consumption occurred; and in 1847 (upon the 20th of October) there has not been a single death from this terrible scourge.

We could readily produce evidence that the mortality in many callings is much greater than in prisons; but we have purposely selected the soldier at home. If the discipline of the cell is not worse in its physical and mental effects than that of the parade, there should not be much to complain of. It has been objected, that to carry through that of the Separate System, a large amount of food and more stimulants also are required. This, however, is not the case. As compared with the consumption of the soldier, the prisoner is underfed: the former has daily twelve ounces of meat, and a pound of bread, with coffee and vegetables, and this may be increased under the discretion of the commanding officer—not to say his own; the prisoner has four ounces of meat, and twenty ounces of bread per day, with vegetables, gruel, and cocoa. It was only after repeated experiments and careful weighing of each prisoner that the dietary was adopted. On a daily average of 423 prisoners, in 1846, 37 required extra diet.

In some the addition was merely a few ounces of bread; in others, stimulants were given, as wine and porter. With regard to the extra diet—even including these extras the amount of food is never greater than that of the ration of the soldier, and in most cases not so great. Occasionally, of course, stimulants are required for the sick and weakly in all hospitals, military or civil; but the documents as to the relative stress of wear and tear on the soldier and prisoner are precise. At Pentonville, then, the daily ratio is 14 sick in 423, or about 33 in 1000. Among 1000 of the Dragoon Guards and Dragoons serving in the United Kingdom, 40 are daily sick. Much stress has been laid as to the Pentonville prisoners being "selected." It is true they are, but selected notoriously from a short-lived and ill-conditioned class. Provided no overt disease or marked diseased tendency be apparent, the convict is at once admitted; and we have seen from the table furnished by the chaplain that many are received whose minds and bodies exhibit anything but a vigorous constitution. It is an abuse of terms to call this selection, as compared with the kind of man required for the Dragoon Guards. No insurance office would take the majority of Pentonville prisoners even as average lives; a very cursory glance at the congregation in the chapel is sufficient to satisfy any physician on that point. In truth, there can be no question that the mass of our genuine criminal population is below par in physical, if not also in mental calibre.

With regard to the injurious effect on "the will," as evidenced in "the listless look," "the want of alacrity," "the loss of their gregarious habits," a supposed "dullness of comprehension," &c., we may say, that this faculty is certainly the one most influenced by the discipline of the separate system. All but a few reprobates are thoroughly tamed. Punishments to enforce obedience are very rare; no corporal punishments have ever been required at Pentonville. The aspect of men who have been kept in comparative seclusion, and whose thoughts have been forcibly turned within, no doubt may present peculiarities. The prompt and constant subjection to the will of others may also give a cast to the physiognomy, but if will does not mean wilfulness, there is abundant evidence to show that that faculty is in full vigor under the separate system. Whether the test be taken from assiduous labor at a trade or in

school, the proficiency of the disciple shows a hearty and a healthy direction of his will. It is not to be supposed that the labor of learning, which he has hitherto abhorred, does not now demand a sustained effort of will. The chaplain reports that, of 1000 prisoners, 696 at leaving the place possessed "considerable general knowledge"—that 713 had mastered the "higher rules of arithmetic"—and that in many cases it is found necessary to check and moderate the ardor of investigation—especially as to religious subjects. Take from the same gentleman's paper the following out of many specimens of the concentrated activity of the mind in the Pentonville prisoner.

"Reg. 432. This man had received, he told me, some injuries in his head from falling down a steep place some years back; had been a vagrant and singing beggar in the streets, and an associate of gipsies. When he left this place, whatever his moral character may prove to be (of which I am not now speaking), he knew more of religion and of general subjects than even respectable working citizens in general.

"Reg. Nos. 548, 590, 685, and 558. These men were of uncommonly low intellect, and on admission did not know the alphabet; they now write their own letters, and so well express their ideas on the simple subjects before them, that their relatives can scarcely believe that they are the writers.

"Reg. 580, a cab-driver,—elevated now from the most debased and ignorant state to a very good acquaintance with religion and the elements of secular knowledge. His health, almost ruined by spirit-drinking, is also visibly improved.

"Reg. 689 is an instance of mind of some power, but previously uncultivated. He could read when he came, but had no knowledge of figures. Having made himself master of Thompson's Arithmetic, however, he is now working at mensuration by himself; for the masters lose no time upon such.

"Of Reg. 504, I may confidently say that he so cultivated his mind in solitude, latterly with the help of books only, that he was sufficiently well grounded to begin a course of study in the higher departments of almost any one subject of useful knowledge. His proficiency in the trade of basket-making was equally remarkable. Being very much interested in this young man, I took a copy of one of his letters to his family, in which he says:—'I will tell you how I amuse myself of an evening, after work, on school-days, and at meal-times. I peruse and study those works which you were so kind as to send me, and then when my hands are busily engaged in 'bending the pliant twig,' my head is equally busy in applying the theory. I divide my subject into three parts, and allot a fixed portion of my time to each; and when I am at exercise I have a turn at mental arithmetic. That pump is a rare place for summing; the revolutions of the handle answer the

purpose of a slate, and the clicking of the wheel makes it equal to any ready-reckoner. During the summer I had an hour's practical experience in the study of natural history every day; it was rather on a small scale, and I dare say you will smile at it, but it gave me information and amusement too. In front of our airing-yard there is a grass-plot, and I distinguished about a dozen different sorts of small plants and grasses, to which I gave names of my own. I found out at what time they came into flower, how long they remained, and the degree in which each was able to bear the drought that occurred. I learned the habits of several kinds of insects; and the sparrows, building their nests or feeding their young in the holes of the wall, afforded me another source of entertainment. Such is the plan I have adopted. It may seem foolish to you, who may look about you as you please, but it is to this I attribute, with God's blessing, the good health I enjoy, and the rapidity with which time passes away."

We shall not extend this paper by tracing more minutely the various feelings and dispositions educed under the Separate System; nor shall we dwell on the testimonies of the Judges and other responsible watchers of this discipline. As one example, we find the Lord Justice Clerk of Scotland expressing in his evidence (a most careful and elaborate document) great satisfaction, that the arrangement of most of the Scotch jails is now such as to admit the adoption of the Separate system, and his earnest desire to see the same thing practicable at Edinburgh and Glasgow. But let us at once proceed to the history of the convicts after their removal from Pentonville.

About 218 were sent to Van Diemen's Land, under regulations laid down in Lord Stanley's able dispatch, of November, 1842. According to these, a prisoner could, by good conduct, gradually pass through various grades of relaxation of his sentence, until he entitled himself virtually to absolute pardon. But the radical defect of the system rendered all skilful details quite nugatory. Criminals were associated in gangs, and therefore deteriorated. The shocking scenes brought to light by the Reports on our convict population in Norfolk Island and Van Diemen's Land, paralleled only by the cities of the plain, prove too clearly the wisdom of Paley's rule, "the necessity of dispersion." These Reports, too, show that the Assignment System, which separated and absorbed the criminal population, was preferable to that which succeeded it. It succumbed, as we all know, to the cry of "white slavery," though in reality it had a far greater analogy to our home apprenticeship, with all its inequalities of lot, than to that with

the name of which it was stigmatized. However, the Pentonville prisoners, who arrived at Van Diemen's Land under promises of employment, found none. They were thrown among large gangs of convicts, idle, reckless, and depraved,—and, moving in masses over the country, to the terror of the inhabitants, no wonder that the good seed was choked by the tares. Some appear to have struggled hard, judging by their letters; but the very great majority, we believe, fell rapidly to the level of the slime.

The condition of the convict colonies was such that it was deemed fit to put a stop, for a period, to further transportation thither. But as no other of our colonies will receive a criminal population, or can legally be compelled to do so, an expedient was now resorted to which permitted them to receive transports without infringement of the law. The convicts lost their penal character—were dubbed "exiles," and thus acquired at once, within the colony, the privileges of freemen. In a word, in lieu of the old system of transportation, criminals underwent 18 months of the Separate System, and were sent abroad pardoned and free, with the sole condition that they should not return to England pending their term of sentence. Of the working of this plan, in the case of some 460 Pentonville convicts, we have found access to pretty full details; and we can thus enable our reader to judge for himself what is the amount of *punishment* awarded by England, in A. D. 1847, to the second class of crimes. We must premise, however, that the whole of this most difficult subject seems to be at sea at present. We are apparently about to abolish transportation, and adopt the old *système des Bagnes* of France, while our neighbors, themselves, are doing away or modifying the system of keeping criminals at home, and adopting that of deporting them to Algeria. We are thinking of employing convicts, in gangs, on public works and in our arsenals; our neighbors have come to the conclusion that the valuable property contained in them would be just as safe, when unguarded by a population who do not stick at murder or arson, to gain their liberty. We have as yet limited the cellular discipline to eighteen months. Prussia and France, and other countries, have made it indefinite. However, among ourselves it would appear that many would see no objection to a longer period, or at least to recommitment to the same discipline, on a second offence. Mr. Recorder Hill would

only let the criminal free on proof of amendment; fixing no limit to imprisonment, but that of public safety; modifying, however, the rigidity of the discipline; in short, treating the incorrigible as mad, or at least as constitutionally or organically vicious. If society could tolerate the notion, in the first place, in its present mood, and, in the second, the expense, it would certainly be protected by this mitigated *Draconism*, for the hopelessly incorrigible would die out with no worse treatment than that under which Messrs. Oxford and Macnaghten do not groan.

In the Appendix to the fourth Report on the Model Prison is a letter from Mr. Hampton, who took out 345 Pentonville people, in the *Sir George Seymour*, in October, 1844, containing a very curious account of their amusements and occupations. The convicts seemed to have profited amazingly by their education in the prison, judging from the topics on which they "lectured"—"advantages of education," "use and abuse of music," "comparative anatomy," "English history," "origin of names," "astronomy," "poetry," "the duties of domestic servants," "architecture." No doubt many of the lecturers were previous adepts, for, alas, the prison has its scholars as well as its clowns. But the thirst for knowledge increases very greatly in the cell, and it is rapidly imbibed. We have had access to some other letters from gentlemen in charge of convicts, which bring the story of the experiment down to the present year. For example, Mr. Baker (an amiable and judicious surgeon of the Royal Navy) writes thus, to the Governor at Pentonville, from Port Phillip, May 9, 1847 :—

"The exiles, taking them as a whole, behaved well during the voyage, but there was a marked difference. I had three times the number of Pentonville men that I had from Milbank—and the Milbank offenders were very much more in number and out of proportion, and their crimes more serious. I cannot account for this; they were, with one or two exceptions, rather younger than the Pentonville men, but apparently older in iniquity, and required constant watching on my part to keep them from making a disturbance when below; they in fact had not the quiet, social *gregarious* habits of the Pentonville men."

Another experienced superintendent, Dr. Robertson, R. N., writing on the 19th of July, 1847, after his return to England, says :—

"My voyage to Hobart-town lasted 118 days. Prayers were read twice daily, and every Sunday

a portion of Scripture was expounded, and I have much pleasure in saying, that I never saw greater decorum and apparent sympathy in scriptural feelings than on all occasions of worship. To myself they were at all times obedient, attentively anticipating my wishes, and in every way conducted themselves to my satisfaction; indeed their manner did not cease with their leaving the ship, for I subsequently experienced it from them, wherever I met them in the colony. As a proof of the confidence I had, on arriving at Hobart-town, I volunteered to take them on to Port Phillip without any guard, civil or military. I feel quite positive, that if I had had a thousand such men, they would have been readily engaged within the week.

During the ninety days I spent in the Port Phillip district, I visited various parts of the country within a hundred miles of Melbourne, frequently meeting the exiles in the fields and on the roads, &c., some as shepherds, some as laborers in the charge of wool-carts, and one as a *bullock-driver*. They seemed to a man satisfied with the treatment they received from the country gentlemen; and I was glad to find that there was general satisfaction expressed by the latter.

A petition was being signed for the purpose of inducing the home government to continue sending out these servants; and expressing their readiness to bear the half of any expense it may cost to send out their wives and children also. With respect to the number of men that might annually find employment in the district of Port Phillip, I should say at least 4000—I have been told the double, by persons of experience—and I have no doubt that in a few years, as the stock increases at the rate of one hundred per cent. annually, they will require the larger number. At present the sheep are put into flocks of 4000 and upwards, from the want of persons to attend them in the proper divisions of 100 each, much to the injury of the feed and stock."

We have also on our desk a whole sheaf of epistles, from exiled convicts to their friends at home, and from these we shall select such specimens as will afford clearer notions of their lot than anything we could substitute.

No. 1.

"Geelong, Port Phillip.

"REV. SIR,—I beg to be excused for taking the liberty of addressing myself to you, but I feel it my bounden duty to return you my sincere and humble thanks for all the instruction and many good advices I have received from you, which I hope have not been altogether in vain.

"Since my arrival in this colony, I have had an opportunity of observing the general conduct of many of the first P. P. exiles, and I am happy to say that many seem to have profited by their late afflictions, and to live an upright and honest life; but on the other hand, I am sorry to say that some appear to be almost past recovery, and to have forgotten all the good resolutions and the many solemn promises made whilst in their solitary

cell. The same is to be observed in the case of my own shipmates: some keep the narrow path which they entered first, perhaps under your instruction and guidance, and others have thrown off all regard for religion, and fear neither God nor man. Two of my shipmates absconded from my master; but they were taken in a few days, and got three months in Melbourne jail. But with these discouraging news, as they must be to you, be not discouraged in your good work; but persevere, putting your trust in the Lord, for your labor shall not be in vain. I beg to remain your humble servant,

“———, Reg. 514.

“To the Rev. J. Kingmill.”

No. 2.

“Jan. 30, 1847.

“DEAR MOTHER AND RELATIONS,—I write these few lines hoping they will find you all well, as they leave me. I have now been in this colony six months, and I have seen a little of the bush. At first I thought a life in the bush would agree well with me; but a country life here is quite different from a country life in Britain. It is very lonesome here, the houses being so far from one another. My next door neighbor is three miles off, where we are obliged to go two or three times a day, often upon any little errand; but three miles are thought no more of here than 300 yards in England. I very seldom see any fresh faces. In Britain the merry church bells are to be heard on Sundays in all directions; but here there are no churches, only in the towns, and they are few and far between. I am thirty miles from the nearest place of worship, which is a mission station. The natural result of the absence of places of worship is, that there is very little difference between Sunday and another day. It is a common saying that Sunday don't cross the Breakwater (which is a bridge near Corio); but public-houses are to be met with in all directions, and they are the ruin of hundreds in this colony, wine and spirits being very cheap

“It is now the end of winter here, and very pleasant weather it is. The rain sometimes pours down in torrents for six or seven days together without stopping, and hailstones as large as marbles sometimes break windows, and even kill small birds. The thunder-storms are awful,—the flashes of lightning follow each other so rapidly that it seems one continual blaze,—the thunder roars, the rain pours down in torrents, the wind tears up trees by the roots,—in short, it is enough to make the stoutest heart tremble, and forces at least an awful reverence for nature's God, who rules and governs all, at whose words the fiery elements are pacified, the rains and wind cease, and pleasant summer once more takes their place. If God give me health, I shall be able to save at least L. 50 in four years, when, please God, I shall return to my injured friends. I have had very good health since my arrival here; and this is a country where there is plenty of work for everybody, and where there is no want, and all enjoy the necessaries, and even the luxuries of

life, which is not the case in England. But still there is no place like home. Though I have a large share of what ought to make life happy, good wages, plenty to eat and drink, and very little to do, still my thoughts are fixed upon home.”

No. 3.

“DEAR PARENTS,—I am doing very well at present, carrying on the business of a boarding establishment. I have taken my premises on a lease for three years, which is capable of accommodating thirty people, and nearly that number I have now in my house; two milking cows, one goat, fowls, ducks, &c., all which I keep for my own use, and L. 50 cash in the bank, besides my household goods and cooking utensils, which are worth L. 100. I have to thank God for his lasting kindness in preserving me, and carrying me through so many trials and temptations over the vast trackless ocean.

“Dear Friends, the country I am in is certainly a very fine one in many respects—plenty of work—no one to do it, and excellent wages given to every one. Even a common laboring woman in my house gets L. 20 per year and everything found them; even myself, I am giving a man cook L. 26 per year, his food, lodging, and washing found him, and the lowest terms for washing clothes is 3s. per dozen. I wish you could but come out to me, you would never regret it, especially my sisters; there is every prospect of their doing well and making a fortune. I stand the heat very well indeed, and I like the country, though not so well as my own England. I should before now have sent you a little money; but I do not know where you are, or whether you are living or dead, by not having a letter from you. Depend upon it, dear relations, I will not forget you, now I have it in my power to do so. A long and happy life to you, my dear parents and affectionate sisters.”

No. 4.

“Corio street, Geelong, Port Phillip.

“MY DEAR WIFE,—I am happy to inform you that I have been fortunate enough to get into a comfortable shop, where I am getting my thirty guineas a year, board, lodging, and washing. I have been at work for eight weeks, and, thank the Lord, I am very comfortable indeed. My dear Hannah, I dare say you have been waiting with an anxious heart, to know of my safe arrival. We had a long passage, better than four months before I set my feet on dry ground; but thanks be to God for his mercy towards us, for bringing me, I may suppose, into one of the finest countries in all the world. Dear Hannah, my master has been trying if he could get you and the children out free, but I am sorry to say that he cannot. I shall be able to send L. 28, if I have my health, and it will take L. 20; but, my dear wife, I should not feel comfortable for you to come out by yourself, it is a long passage for you and the two dear children. If you could get Mary Ann, or your brother John, as they might do wonderful well here. A female servant is looked upon here in a

very different light to what they are in England. They are getting from L.20 to L.30 a year, and men-servants from L.30 to L.40. Even a common farming lad gets his L.20 or L.22 a year. You may depend that I should be glad to have you over. It is true that I have been sent out of the country against my wish: but you could come different to that. It would be to our advantage to be together, because less would do for us than to be separate.

"Dear Hannah, I have not told you of my freedom—I am as free as ever I was in England. No one ever looks upon me as a prisoner—quite the reverse; but I cannot leave the colony until my time is up.

"You can go to Mr. Kingsmill, and let him read my letter, for it was his wish, and it is no more than my duty, for he was a kind fatherly gentleman to me; and I am happy to say that I am able to go to my church every Sunday, which I know he will be glad to hear. Those dear children have set a mark upon my heart that I can never forget, for my daily prayer is for you and the dear little creatures. If alive, they must be grown to beautiful children. I wish I could send them a few parrots, for they fly about like pigeons; you may buy them of the natives for 6d. each. They are very handsome indeed; in fact the country abounds in such sort of birds.

"The snakes are death, if not taken in time, and rarely got over. They are things that I hate very much; but I am not up in the country where they are; for it would be awful for me to go amongst the natives, for they are cannibals. They met one of the first lot of men that came from Pentonville; they made him strip, and then felt him. A very fine thing for him that he was not fat enough for them, so they let him go again. But they are not so savage where I am; so do not let this frighten you on coming out. My dear Hannah, I think you would like the place very much if you were only in it. The time seems long to me, and always will, till I can get with you again; and, my dear, I hope there is a better prospect than ever there was in England, and by the time my twelve months is up that I shall be as good a tradesman as my master. Of course I could not take my work as a man that had been brought up to the trade, but, thank God, I get on remarkably well. My master is very well satisfied with me. He is a teetotalter, and so am I, and mean to be so till I have got you over. My dear Hannah, we live most excellently. I went to-night to the butcher's, and bought a leg of mutton, 8lbs. weight for 16d. Three of us sat down to tea off it, cut up in chops, and the rest we put away for breakfast, please God we are all spared.

"I always think of you and my beloved children—bless their pretty hearts. Give them a thousand kisses for me, and tell my dear little Johnny I shall want him soon to work as a tinker with me. It is as good a trade as any one in the colony; for earthenware is very dear here. A teacup and saucer is 6d. the commonest, so that they all use tin. I hope you have spent a comfortable Christmas. My dear, I hope you have

plenty to eat and drink, for I have an abundance. I had to cook my master's dinner, and he said it was the best dinner he ever ate. They are very partial to me, and he leaves me in charge of the shop to sell any thing that may be asked for. We have three shops, so that I and two more stop in this one; and, my dear wife, I will do him justice, because he is deserving of it. Now, my dear beloved wife, I wish you all a happy new year, and many of them. God grant that this may find you alive and my blessed children, as it leaves me this night, thank God for it. Forgive me, my dear wife, the ill that I have done you, and I hope it will be in my power soon to assist you. God bless you all, and farewell for the present, till we shall meet again, to part no more."

No. 5.

"Melbourne, in Port Phillip, March 1847.

"MY DEAR AND AFFECTIONATE WIFE,—I have to inform you that Mr. — has got his wife and children here; they came out in the 'Spartan' barque, from London, a month after our arrival, and are quite well, and doing very comfortable. My dear, allow me to say with truth, it was not riches and wealth, which she could have obtained, had she have stopped with her friends; but it was pure love that she had for a poor fallen one, whom it hath pleased the Almighty God to raise again, that made her come out the four months' voyage to him. My dear, I trust that there is some share of that pure love that did once exist left for me, and cause you and my dear child once more to make me happy. My dear, I did think that I should have received a letter from you before this time. My dear, living is so cheap, that a man, his wife, and a family of four children may live for 10s. a week, and have meat three times a day. My dear, the shipwright's pay is from 7s. to 8s. a day. If you cannot get friends to fit you out and our dear child for the voyage, write, and that as soon as possible, and I have no doubt it will be in my power to remit you what you may require for the purpose. You will, if you please, remember me to Mr. Kingsmill, a kind and benevolent Christian. Tell him I am quite well, and by the blessing of the Lord and my perseverance, I trust that I shall prosper, and once more be the means of supporting and making happy and comfortable my wife and child. Thank him for all his kind admonitions to me. Give my respects to Mr. Woodcock, my instructor. I hope he and his family are quite well."

When Mr. Baker, one of whose letters we have quoted, arrived this year in Australia Felix, one of his former charge met him with the exclamation, "We have all tumbled on our legs, sir. He soon found this to be the truth. Within fifteen months the majority of those whom he had formerly carried out were well off. One could afford to pay 150*l.* of rent for an inn; several had houses

costing 30*l.* to 40*l.* per annum. Melbourne, the capital had added 3000 souls to its population. The bush teemed with its denizens. "Boats full of these enterprising men came along side the ship, eager to hire farm-laborers and other servants." Such was the demand, that the contractor for government works refused to take up any further engagements, in consequence of the very high rate of wages. A long list of Pentonville men, with their wages, their masters, and location, is now before us, which would raise the envy of many an honest struggler at home—board, lodging, and 25*l.* to 30*l.* a year. The large proprietors being short of emigrant-hands, and without prospects of getting them from home, were sending vessels to Polynesia for natives, sixty of whom had already been located on one gentleman's property (Mr. Boyd's).

Here then is a labor-market which, it is plain, would for many years absorb thousands upon thousands of our population; and, from the nature of the country, it affords that great desideratum of criminal management—the power of dispersion. Thoughtful men, however, have been startled at the enormous advantages which this new system offers to criminals, and which seems to make punishment look very like reward:

"I entirely agree," says Lord Denman, "in the opinion that advantage should be taken of imprisonment to inculcate principles of morality, but I greatly dread the effects of giving them benefits and privileges which they never could have hoped for but from the commission of crimes. I own myself extremely jealous of the gratuitous instruction of the felon in a trade merely because he is a felon, and of the displacement of the honest from employment by his success in obtaining it."

These words, we venture to say, will be recalled hereafter. They open a most grave question. Meanwhile, not to wander from our own immediate object, it seems to be the opinion of all the Superintendents, that under the discipline of the Separate System, with its *industrial and moral training*, and the subsequent deportation of criminals to a good labor-market, the great majority are reclaimed. Transportation so conducted, and with such results, is not likely, in the present state of public feeling, to want its powerful supporters; we need not, we think, doubt that it will be retained as a secondary punishment. We have abundant proof, however, that colonizing with "rogues"

alone, or even aggregating them in numbers disproportionate to the honest part of the community, is both a blunder and a crime. The expedient of scattering convicts over the face of the globe, smuggled under the name of exiles into colonies whose laws forbid their entrance as criminals, is an acknowledgment on the part of the executive of the principle of dispersion, on that of the colonists of their willingness to receive such men as laborers. At home it is found that the reformatory discipline *has* disposed friends and employers to receive again into their circle of society the convicted and chastised criminal. Other than our penal colonies might perhaps be induced to revise their laws, and permit the introduction of transports as laborers in aid of emigration; we all know that most of these are crying out for hands, and can we tell why those of the reformed criminal must be less useful at the Cape, in Canada, in New Zealand, than in Australia Felix?

But then the expense!—the expense! In our anxiety to save money, we forget to look at the cost of our criminal population at home. Here, however, is Mr. Rushton, the head of the police department at Liverpool, ready to furnish us with the bill. He finds that the cost of fourteen young criminals who ran their career at home averaged at least 100 guineas a head—independent of the expense of transportation for ten of them, and irrespective of the value of their depredations on the community; while from 1833 to 1841 the total cost of seventy-seven boys put into the Reformatory Asylum at Stretton, was exactly 1026*l.* Of these seventy-seven boys, forty-one were effectually reformed:

"If you divide the cost," adds Mr. Rushton, "by the number reformed, it will be found that whilst our Liverpool system has cost 100 guineas each case, and that ten of the fourteen have been transported, it has cost only 25 guineas in the asylum where forty-one out of the seventy-seven have been reformed."—*Report on Crim. Law*, p. 192.

According to our present system of punishment, the prison-population is in a perpetual circulation of contamination and crime. First, poor, neglected, or brought up to the trade of crime; next, in custody and before the courts—thence to the prison and hulks, and from these again thrown among their old associates, till the same necessities and temptations once more reproduce them before the judge. In this way, not less than

600 of the present inmates of prisons in England and Wales have been committed each from four to ten times. In 1839 the exact number was 5573. The cost of each prisoner in our county-jails is about 26*l.* a year, or 10*s.* a week. In the model-prison, the net annual cost is 28*l.* per man, after deducting his earnings, or 33*l.* exclusive of such deduction. On these data, Mr. Baker* has estimated the expenses charged on the country by a convict sentenced to ten years' transportation—say one of Mr. Rushton's juveniles, who had previously cost Liverpool 100 guineas in detections and prosecutions. The convict will cost, on an average—

Eight weeks in the county jail	-	£4
Eight weeks in Milbank	-	4
Passage to Van Diemen's Land;	-	17
Four years' maintenance in Van Diemen's Land	-	80
		£105

By the previous processes then he had cost 100*l.* and it requires another hundred to transport him:—the sole advantage to the country, his absence from it: the moral part of the question sunk altogether. Under the Separate System, including that eighteen months' training at Pentonville which gives so fair a chance of becoming an useful citizen, the cost will be just 242*l.*—the difference is forty pounds!

The old plan for cheapness was in one word—the gallows. That is happily over for the present. May not a more humane and not less efficient plan be found, viz.—abridge the costs by arresting the career? *Obsta principiis* is the soundest of maxims in criminal legislation. To effect this the arm of justice must still be terrible at first. The evidences of the Judges affords a striking unanimity as to the uselessness of short imprisonments; at least six months are asked, if you desire to reform the culprit; less than that is harmful. The arm of the law must also be strengthened, and Baron Parke and Mr. Justice Pattison suggest, as respects juveniles—1. To give magistrates a power of summary jurisdiction with the intervention of a small jury: the offender, his parents, or guardians, having the power of objecting to the jurisdiction, and electing a trial in the ordinary way instead. 2. To give the magistrate the power of sentencing

* "A Plan for Emigration for diminishing Crime and Misery, and for saving Public Money," MS., which we trust may be rendered public.

to a term of imprisonment, a part of which term shall not be absolute, but capable of being diminished by good conduct in the jail. A similar power, they think, should be given to the presiding judge or magistrate on an ordinary trial. (*Appendix*, p. 24).

The treatment of convicts, after they have undergone the discipline of the Separate System, is offered by the executive to us under a two-fold aspect. First, that of "exile," the history of which we have traced; and which saves all the expense of convict maintenance subsequent to deportation. Secondly, that of the "gang system" which, we believe, is in contemplation. It is, no doubt, hoped that, having previously undergone the discipline of the Separate System, the culprit will not deteriorate by being kept in constant communication with his fellows *alone*;—but experience is certainly against the hazarding this experiment. If such a mass of convicts be kept congregated, what the inevitable difficulties of management must be, may be learned from the evidence of the Bishop of Tasmania and others. The terror of their superintendents and the ferocity of the gangs of Van Diemen's Land may perhaps be mitigated, but cannot be annulled anywhere. If again they are to be fractioned and divided and scattered both at home and abroad, wherever public works are required, this limited dispersion will be less objectionable, but still it must be onerous and expensive. But there is yet another very serious point to be kept in view. If some 4000 or 5000 felons per annum are in future not only to be retained within our shores during their term of sentence, but on its expiration are to be at once let loose among us—the contemplation of such a nucleus of doubtful virtue among our population—a nucleus so rapidly swelling—is, we confess, somewhat startling. The unstained poor are struggling for occupation in our crowded community; is it likely that the branded and notorious gangster will be received and treated *ad eundem*? And if not, where is he? and what has he to do here, homeless in a crowd?*

* "It appears that the chief town of Norway is so injuriously affected by the proportion which the liberated convicts bear to its population—nearly one in thirty—that the inhabitants have been called upon by the police to provide the means of their own security from such persons. In France, where between 7000 and 8000 convicts are liberated yearly, the superintendence of the police (*surveillance*) and the compulsory and fixed residence of the con-

Transportation under a modified Assignment System, ought surely to be reconsidered. There is copious evidence that it was too hastily abandoned. It is by far the least costly to the government, and might be made highly beneficial to the criminal. In this last view Mr. Baker strongly urges that the punishment of transportation should be extended to a greater number of offences. The criminal population among us is well known; character, therefore, as some of the authorities in the Report have suggested, as well as the nature of the act, should determine the degree of the punishment. It might be competent to the executive either to give a convict in the first instance all the chances belonging to such an educational captivity as that of Pentonville, or at once to transport him to a colony: even in the latter case the man is rescued from the associations and temptations of his old career. Mr. Baker has no doubt that the cost both of the prison here and the voyage out would be gladly repaid by our colonists, on receiving an assignment for two years, in two yearly instalments—after which period and payments the convict would have acquired his pardon.

As to means subsidiary to and complementary to the Separate System, there is among the works heading this article one which deserves the most serious consideration, that of M. Bonneville, not only from its display of great practical knowledge, but from the curious similarity of views and plans with those elicited from our own judges by Lord Brougham's Committee. We would particularly call attention to M. Bonneville's chapter on *restitution*. Lord Denman had arrived at the same point:—"I would (he says), make restitution of the thing stolen, or its money-value, a part of the sentence. This principle might be usefully adopted in all cases of loss by theft or fraud." It has been en-

vict are found very insufficient, especially since the invention of railways. The residence of the liberated convicts is found to be a permanent danger to society. The system of imprisonment (reclusion), or of the Bagnes, or Travaux forcés, is of little effect in reforming or even in deterring from a repetition of the offences punished, and the proportion of those recommitted for new offences is not less than thirty per cent. Thus, of about 90,000 persons tried in the whole kingdom, above 15,000, or one-sixth of the whole number, had already suffered imprisonment, to say nothing of the corrupting effects produced on the community even by those who escaped a second punishment."—*Second Report on Criminal Law*, p. 7.

forced ever since 1803 by the codes of Austria, Sardinia, and Baden; and, it seems, with excellent results. Let the English thief too be made to know that, besides the punishment due to the moral offence as expiatory, he must bear the burden of reparation also. In France the thief generally buries his stolen money, and, if convicted and sent to prison, returns after a few years to his treasure, increased by his earnings during detention. With us the receiver of stolen goods makes over his spoil to relatives, who are often rich; and thus escaping forfeiture, it is remitted to him after he has been transported—at once converting the convict into the Australian capitalist. Civil restitution is perfectly feasible in all this class of criminals. In others of less capital, either the guilty person will disgorge, or, if he have spent the money, his friends will come forward to his aid.* The seeming injustice of thus mulcting innocent connexions is to be met by its not being compulsory, and by the right it gives the reliever to control the man in future. The absolute insolvent, who cannot otherwise repair the loss occasioned by his depredations, should do so by the sweat of his brow. Until he has done that, he can have no right to consider his labor as his own.

Education has now most wisely been viewed in connexion with its bearings on crime. We have seen what it does for the convict of Pentonville. A wise system would not only furnish principles of conduct, but hold out some assured prizes for which all could contend (and all bettered for the conflict), and which some would attain. Our forefathers understood this: their foundations and grammar-schools carried the boy into manhood, and furnished him with the prospect of a competence. These have, from the rise in the value of property, attracted the cupidity of the richer classes, who have in too many cases usurped the advantages meant for their humble brethren. Our parish schools, excellent though they be, give no such hope as lighted up the vista of a life from youth to old age in our monastic institutions. The charity-boy must shift for himself—he may or may not succeed in the scramble of life—but there is no hand to help him on but his own. A broader charity is wanted

* A very large annual surplus is left, after paying all the expenses of our recruiting department from moneys raised by the poor relations of soldiers for the purchase of their relatives' discharge.

—a charity founded not in the despairs but in the hopes of our nature—which will cheer the heart in the heat and struggle of the battle, and will not wait to open for disappointment and decrepitude the asylum and the almshouse. Among our liberties give these the Liberty of Hoping. Can there be no un-penal Parkhurst for the offspring of Honest poverty? Is that splendid institution to be the appanage only of

the vicious? You have begun to provide for your soldiers in your colonies, and the view of the few thus cared for animates and strengthens the whole class. Extend the principle to the poorer classes generally, and a very few prizes thus offered to those who will qualify for it may do more to popularize education than any mechanism of Bell or Lancaster.

From the North British Review.

SIR JOHN HERSCHEL'S ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATIONS.

Results of Astronomical Observations made during the years 1834, 5, 6, 7, 8, at the Cape of Good Hope, being the completion of a Telescopic Survey of the whole surface of the visible Heavens, commenced in 1825. By Sir JOHN HERSCHEL, Bart., K.H., D.C.L., F.R.S. London and Edinburgh.

IN the history of Astronomical Discovery there shine no brighter names than those of Sir William and Sir John Herschel—the father and the son. It is rare that the intellectual mantle of the parent lights upon the child. By no culture, however skilful, and no anxieties, however earnest, can we transmit to our successors the qualities or the capacities of the mind. The eagle eye, the active limb, the giant frame, and the “form divine,”—the gifts of our mortal being, are frequently conveyed by natural descent; and may be numbered even among the rights of primogeniture; but the higher developments of reason and fancy, the bright coruscations of the soul, have never been ranked among the claims or the accidents of birth. The gifts of fortune which we inherit or acquire, have been placed more immediately at our disposal, and in many cases have been handed down unimpaired to distant generations; but Providence has reserved for its own distribution, those transcendental powers which give omnipotence to genius, and constitute its possessor the high priest of nature, or the viceregent of Heaven. In a destiny so lofty, the father and the son have been rarely associated; and in the very few cases in which a joint commission has been issued to them, it has generally been to work in different spheres, or at different levels. In the universe of mind, the phenomenon of a double star is more rare than its prototype in the firmament, and when it

does appear we watch its phases and its mutations with a corresponding interest. The case of the two Herschels is a remarkable one, and may appear an exception to our general law. The father, however, was not called to the survey of the heavens, till he had passed the middle period of life, and it was but a just arrangement, that the son in his youth and manhood, should continue and complete the labors of his sire. The records of Astronomy do not emblazon a more glorious day than that, in which the semidiurnal arc of the father was succeeded by the semidiurnal arc of the son. No sooner had the evening luminary disappeared amid the gorgeous magnificence of the west, than the morning star arose, bright and cloudless in its appointed course.

It has long been a subject of regret to the astronomical world, that in our language no extended account has yet been published of the life and discoveries of Sir William Herschel. With the exception of a short Biographical Memoir,* and a popular abstract of his astronomical observations on the nebulae and double stars, and on the bodies of our own system,† no suitable account of his labors has appeared even in our larger treatises on astronomy, and general readers have, therefore, no adequate idea of the

* *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal*, April, 1823, Vol. VIII., pp. 209, 226.

† *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, Art. *Astronomy*.

ready stated, commence till he had reached the middle period of life, yet he pursued them, under difficulties of no ordinary kind, with all the ardor of youthful devotion, and with that dauntless and indefatigable perseverance, which never fails of success. Every step, indeed, of his astronomical career was marked with discoveries equally interesting and unexpected. New planets and new satellites, were successively added to our own solar system. Thousands of nebulae and double stars were discovered in the sidereal firmament, and in those remote regions of space where the imagination had hitherto scarcely dared to wander, and where the stars in countless multitudes seemed to be fixed in absolute immobility, the physical astronomer was directed to new systems of worlds,—binary, ternary, and multiple,—exhibiting the general phenomena of annual and diurnal rotation, and rendering it probable that the law of gravitation extended to the remotest corners of space. His invention of instruments, and of new methods of observation, was no less surprising than the wonders which they disclosed. Obstacles that other men had found insuperable he speedily surmounted. The telescope which Galileo held in his hand as a toy, became under Sir William Herschel's direction a stupendous machine, which supported the astronomer himself, and even his friends, and which mechanical power was requisite even to move. There was in short no continuity between his inventions and discoveries, and those of preceding astronomers. He adventured upon a flight which left them at an immeasurable distance, and he penetrated into regions where the ablest of his successors have had some difficulty in following him.

As "the telescopic survey of the whole surface of the sidereal heavens," contained in the great work of Sir John Herschel, which is now before us, is a continuation and completion of the labors of his father, we shall endeavor to give our readers a brief and general account of the discoveries of Sir William, interspersed with a few notices of the principal events of his life.

* A very interesting and valuable account of the Life and Works of Sir W. Herschel, by M. Arago, was published in the *Annuaire* for 1842. It contains a full and critical analysis of his discoveries, and is distinguished by the eloquence and learning which characterize the writings of that illustrious philosopher.

His father, who was a professor of music, educated his five sons in the same art; but William, who was the second, after exercising his profession for about five years in Hanover, resolved to push his fortune in England, where he arrived about the end of the year 1759. Although he was enthusiastically devoted to his profession, and pursued it with such success, as to draw from it an income considerably above his wants, his ardent mind was occasionally devoted to still higher objects. When he was resident at Halifax he acquired, by his own application, a considerable knowledge of mathematics, and having studied astronomy and optics, in the popular writings of Ferguson, he was anxious to witness with his own eyes the wonders of the planetary system. Having received from a friend the loan of a telescope, two feet in focal length, he directed it to the heavens, and was so delighted with the actual sight of phenomena, which he had previously known only from books, that he commissioned a friend to purchase for him in London a telescope with a high magnifying power. Fortunately for science, the price of such an instrument greatly exceeded his means, and he immediately resolved to construct a telescope with his own hands. After encountering the difficulties which every amateur at first experiences in the casting, grinding, and polishing of metallic specula for reflecting telescopes, he completed in 1776 a reflecting instrument *five feet* in focal length, with which he was able to observe the ring of Saturn and the satellites and belts of Jupiter. This telescope was completed when he resided at Bath, where he acquired by degrees, and at his leisure hours, that practical knowledge of optics and mechanics which was necessary for such a task. His experience in this scientific art was of the most remarkable kind. He had constructed for himself several two-feet, five feet, seven-feet, ten-feet, and twenty-feet Newtonian telescopes, besides others of the Gregorian form of eight-inches, twelve-inches, two-feet, three-feet, five-feet, and ten-feet focal length. His way of executing these instruments, at this time, when the direct method, of giving the figure of any one of the conic sections to specula, was yet unknown to him, was to cast many mirrors of each sort, to grind and polish them as accurately as he could, and then, after selecting and preserving the best of them for use, he put the rest aside to be re-polished. In this way he executed no

fewer than *two hundred* specula seven feet in focal length, *one hundred and fifty* ten feet in focal length, and about *eighty* twenty feet in focal length, besides a great number of specula of the Gregorian form, and of the construction of Dr. Smith's reflecting microscope. His mechanical labors were contemporaneous with his optical ones. He invented a great number of stands for these telescopes, contriving and delineating them of different forms, and executing the most promising of the designs. "To these labors," he himself informs us, we "owe my seven-feet Newtonian telescope stand, which was brought to its present convenient construction about seventeen years ago (in 1778), a description and engraving of which I intend to take some future opportunity of presenting to the Royal Society. In the year 1781, I began also to construct a thirty-feet aerial reflector; and after having invented and executed a stand for it, I cast the mirror which was moulded up so as to come out thirty-six inches in diameter. The composition of my metal being a little too brittle, it cracked in the cooling. I cast it a second time, but here the furnace which I had built in my house for the purpose gave way, and the metal ran into the fire."^{*}

Furnished with instruments so numerous and powerful, Mr. Herschel had now the means of surveying the heavens, which were possessed by no other astronomer in any of the fixed observatories of Europe. With the earnings of a profession not the most lucrative, and by the energy of his own mind, and the labor of his own hands, had this private individual done more for the prosecution of astronomical discovery than all the sovereigns of Europe combined; and many years had not elapsed before he had outstripped in discovery men educated in all the mysteries of science, and supported by all the munificence of princes. The earliest of his observations which he deemed worthy of being published, were made between 1776 and 1780, and related to the *Periodical star* α , in *Collo Octi*. They were communicated to the Royal Society by Dr. Watson, junior, of Bath, and read on the 11th May 1783. This star was discovered in 1596 by Fabricius, and was described as appearing and disappearing periodically seven times in six years (its period being three hundred and thirty-four days), continuing in the greatest lustre for fifteen days.

^{*} No account of the aerial stand here mentioned, or of the stand of the seven-feet reflector, was ever published by their inventor.

In these observations, which are not of very great importance, Mr. Herschel measured with a micrometer, the distance of the periodical star from a very obscure telescopic star which preceded it, and he used a power of 449, his usual power being only 222.^{*} This paper was accompanied by another, read at the same meeting, "*On the Mountains of the Moon*," in which he draws the conclusion, that the height of the Lunar Mountains has, in general, been greatly overrated, and that, with the exception of a few ($1\frac{1}{2}$ to $1\frac{3}{4}$ miles high), "the generality do not exceed half a mile in their perpendicular elevation."[†]

The next communication of our author to the Royal Society, was a letter to Dr. William Watson, entitled, "Observations on the Rotation of the Planets round their axes, made with a view to determine whether the Earth's diurnal motion is perfectly equable." In these observations, by which Jupiter's diurnal rotation was found to be $9^h 51' 19''$, and that of Mars, $24^h 39' 23''$, Mr. Herschel employed a twenty-feet, a ten-feet, and a seven-feet Newtonian reflector; and he obtained his time with a brass quadrant of two feet radius, carrying a telescope magnifying forty times, and by two very good time-pieces, one having a steel pendulum rod, and the other a compound pendulum of brass and iron.

In the year 1781, Mr. Herschel was engaged in a series of observations "*On the Parallax of the Fixed Stars*," in which he used magnifying powers of 227, 460, 932, 1536, and 2010, and on the 13th March, when he was examining the small stars in the neighborhood of *H Geminorum*, he discovered what he thought to be a comet, and after observing it till the 19th of April, he communicated "An account of a Comet" to the Royal Society on the 26th of the same

^{*} This very extraordinary star, known by the name of *Mera* has a *reddish yellow* color, which has been supposed to vary with its magnitude; but Captain Smith always found it to be reddish when viewed through his telescope. It has a companion, distant 116 seconds, of a pale *lilac* color, whose angle of position is $88^\circ.9'$; its variations being from the second magnitude to invisibility, and its place $2^h 11' 16''$ R. ascension, and $3^\circ 42' 39''$ S. declination. Count De Hahn thought he saw another companion. Sir W. Herschel conjectured that a rapid change had taken place between the two stars; but Captain Smith is inclined to think that there has been little or no movement beyond what may be ascribed to the proper motions of α Octi in space.—See SMITH'S *Celestial Cycis*, Vol. II, pp. 59, 60.

[†] It has been since proved that there are several mountains nearly twice the height of Mont Blanc.

month. In this paper, he gives its distance from certain telescopic stars in its vicinity, and by means of a *micrometer* for taking the angle of position, described at the end of the paper, he obtained measures of its angle of position with the same fixed star. Although M. Messier, to whom Mr. Herschel communicated his observations, and who had with some difficulty observed it, speaks of it in his reply as a *star* or a comet, yet neither of them suspected it to be a planet. Mr. Herschel, indeed, himself speaks of it as "a moving star, which he was happy to surrender to the care of the Astronomer Royal and others."

Before the close of the year 1781, Mr. Herschel, in a letter to Sir Joseph Banks, announced to the Royal Society, that, "by the observations of the most eminent astronomers in Europe, the new star which he had the honor of pointing out to them in March 1781, is a primary planet of our Solar System;" and in gratitude to his Majesty George III., "to whose unlimited bounty he owed everything," he gave it the name of the *Georgium Sidus*, a compliment which astronomers in every part of the world have refused to pay. La Lande, and others, gave it the more appropriate name of *Herschel*; but the uniformity of astronomical nomenclature demanded another name, and the appellation of *Uranus*, sanctioned by more recent discussions, was given to the new planet.

This important discovery, by which the limits of the Solar System were extended to nearly double their former amount, was hailed by the astronomers of every country, and the highest expectations were formed of the future labors of Mr. Herschel. The Royal Society of London elected him a Fellow of their body. His Majesty George III. did himself the honor of granting him a salary of £300 a year, so as to enable him to devote his time to astronomical research; and all the scientific bodies in Europe successively admitted him into the list of their members.

With the fine telescopes in his possession, Mr. Herschel began in October 1781, to make a series of observations on the light, diameter, and magnitude of the new planet; and in his paper on this subject read at the Royal Society on the 7th December 1782, he described the *dark* and *lucid disc* and *periphery micrometers* by which these observations were made. With this apparatus, by means of which one eye, looking into the telescope, throws the magnified image of a

planet or comet upon, or near, lucid discs seen by the other eye, he found the diameter of the *Georgium Sidus* to be four seconds; and from the distance of the planet from the Sun, as calculated and sent to him by La Lande (18·913—that of the Earth being 1), he found its diameter to be 4·454 times that of the earth.

The researches of Mr. Herschel on the Parallax of the Fixed Stars, which we have already mentioned, were chiefly of a speculative nature, and the result of them was published in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1782. The method first pointed out by Galileo, and followed by Flamsteed and Bradley, of measuring the zenith distances of two stars, was regarded by Mr. Herschel as liable to various sources of error; and he was of opinion that though Bradley regarded the maximum parallax as not exceeding 1", yet "the stars of the first magnitude might still have a parallax of several seconds." The method which he substituted, and which had been originally suggested by Galileo, in his *Systema Cosmicum*, consisted in employing two stars as near to each other as possible, and differing as much in magnitude as could be found, and determining their exact place at the two opposite points of the earth's annual orbit. The parallax of the stars was then to be computed by a theory founded on probabilities, and involving the two postulates: 1. That the stars are, "one with another, about the size of the sun; and, 2. That the difference of their apparent magnitudes is owing to their different distances;" so that a star of the second, third, or fourth magnitude is two, three, or four times as far off as one of the first. This method, ingenious as it is, has not led to any results on which confidence can be placed. The postulates which it involves were contrary to all analogy, and have been completely disproved by the only measures of parallax which have been recently obtained. But like many other speculations, the attempt to prove or to apply them led to results more important than those which they directly contemplated. In searching for double stars suitable for his purpose, Mr. Herschel was led to the formation of those magnificent catalogues of double stars by which he enriched astronomy, and those interesting results respecting the movements and periods of binary systems, which now form the most interesting portion of sidereal astronomy.

To us who are in possession of the

researches on double stars, which we owe to Mr. Herschel and his son, to Sir James South, and M. Struve, it is interesting to mark the first steps in this great inquiry.

"I took pains," says Mr. Herschel, "to find out what double stars have been recorded by astronomers; but my situation permitted me not to consult extensive libraries, nor indeed was it very material. For as I intended to view the heavens myself, Nature—that great volume—appeared to me to contain the best catalogue upon this occasion. However, I remembered that the star in the head of Castor, that in the breast of the Virgin, and the first star in Aries, had been mentioned by Cassini as double stars. I also found that the nebula in Orion was marked in Huygens' *Systema Saturnium* as containing seven stars, three of which (now known to be four) are very near together. With this small stock I began, and, in the course of a few years' observations, have collected the stars contained in my catalogue. I find, with great pleasure, that a very excellent observer (Mr. Pigott), has also, though unknown to me, met with three of those stars that will be found in my catalogue; and upon this occasion, I also beg leave to observe, that the Astronomer-Royal showed me, among other objects, a *Hercules* as a double-star, which he had discovered some years ago. The Rev. Mr. Hornsby also, in a conversation on the subject of the stars that have a proper motion, mentioned α *Bootis* as a double star. It is a little hard upon young astronomers to be obliged to discover over again what has already been discovered. However, the pleasure that attended the view when I first saw these stars, has made some amends for not knowing they had been seen before me."

Mr. Herschel's first *Catalogue of Double Stars* was read at the Royal Society on the 10th January 1787. It contains 269 double stars, 227 of which had not been noticed by any other person. It gives the comparative size of the stars, their color, their distances (as measured by a *Lamp Micrometer*,† exhibiting two movable lights, with whose distance seen by the unassisted eye the distance of the stars seen in the telescope was compared), their angle of position, and the dates of the observation. The catalogue, which is divided into six classes, contains not only double stars, but also those that are triple, double-double, quadruple, double-triple, and multiple.

Mr. Herschel had now removed to Dat-

* After his catalogue was in the possession of the Royal Society, Mr. Herschel received the fourth volume of the *Acta Academia Theodoro-Palatina*, containing a paper by Tobias Mayer, giving "a pretty large list of double stars," some of which were the same with those in his catalogue, while 31 were not contained in it.

† Described in the *Philosophical Transactions*, 1782, p. 163.

chet, near Windsor, where he carried on his observations under the immediate patronage of the King, with new zeal and corresponding success. Towards the end of 1782, he completed his interesting paper—"On the proper motion of the Sun and the Solar System, with an account of several changes that have happened among the fixed stars since the time of Mr. Flamsteed." In this paper, he notices, 1. The stars that have been lost, or undergone some capital change since Flamsteed's time; 2. Those that have changed their magnitude; 3. Those that have newly become visible; and the results which he obtained were drawn from a review of all the stars in Flamsteed's catalogue, as far as the 12th magnitude, "to the amount of a great many thousands of stars." Those changes which arise from a proper motion of the star, and a variation of magnitude, he suspects may be owing to every star in the heavens being more or less in motion; some, especially in slow motions, arising from their revolving around a large opaque body,—the stars undergoing occasional occultation, or presenting to us large spots in their rotatory movements. Hence he is led to believe, what Tobias Mayer had previously maintained, that the Sun and Solar System have analogous motions, and are advancing to a certain part of the heavens; and he found that this part was in the constellation Hercules, near the star λ , or a point somewhat farther to the north.

Having finished in the year 1783, a very good twenty-feet reflector, with a large aperture, he employed it in studying the remarkable luminous spots at the pole of the planet Mars; and he published the results of his observations in the *Philosophical Transactions* of 1784. By means of these spots, he found that the axis of Mars was inclined to the ecliptic $59^{\circ} 42'$, and that its node was in $17^{\circ} 47'$ of Pisces, and he determined the ratio of its polar and equatorial diameters to be as 15 to 16.

Towards the end of 1784, Mr. Herschel completed a second catalogue, containing 434 double stars; and in June 1784, and February 1785, he communicated to the Royal Society two papers "On the Construction of the Heavens." By means of his twenty feet telescope, with an aperture of 18 7-10 inches, and placed meridionally, he resolved into stars the nebulae discovered by Messier and Mechain, and also part of the Milky Way; and he discovered no fewer than 466 new nebulae and clusters of

stars, which were not within the reach of the best common telescopes then in use. In pursuing these observations, he was led to the remarkable speculation, founded wholly on optical considerations, that as the Milky Way "seemed to encompass the whole heavens;" it might be regarded as an immense cluster of stars; and that our sun, with his system of planets, was in all probability placed within it, but "perhaps not in the very centre of its thickness." In order to determine the sun's place in this sidereal stratum, he *gauged the heavens*, or ascertained the quantity of stars, or the thickness of the stratum, in various directions. In his paper of 1785, he gives a long table of star-gauges; and supposing the stars to be nearly equally scattered, and their numbers in a field of view of a known angular diameter to be given, he determines the length of the visual ray, and gives a section of the Milky Way, or nebula (resembling a fish with a long open mouth), to which our system belongs, and near the centre of which it is placed. We regret that we cannot allow ourselves to adopt this noble and ingenious speculation;* and there is sufficient evidence to induce us to believe, as the celebrated Russian astronomer, M. F. G. W. Struve, has stated, that Mr. Herschel himself was obliged to abandon it. He found, even with his largest telescope, that the Milky Way could not be sounded; and as the same uncertainty prevails respecting the limits of the visible stars in all other directions of the celestial vault, M. Struve draws the conclusion, that "if we regard all the fixed stars that surround the sun as forming a great system—that of the Milky Way—we are perfectly ignorant of its extent, and cannot form the least idea of this immense system."† Having, therefore, no visible limits, it cannot be regarded as a nebula,‡ according to the hypothesis of Mr. Herschel. But though the Milky Way is a system whose form and extent is not, and never will be, determined, yet as Struve observes, there is evidently a certain law of condensation towards a principal plane, which law he has endeavored to determine. Lambert had imagined that the deviation of the Milky Way from the form of a great circle, was owing to the lateral position of the sun within it. M. Struve, however,

* See our Review of *Kosmos*, No. VII., pp. 228-30.

† In his *Memoirs* of 1811 and 1817, Mr. Herschel abandons altogether his postulate of the equal distribution of stars in space.

‡ *Etudes d'Astronomie Stellaire*, par F. G. W. Struve. St. Petersburg, 1847, P. 63.

rejects this explanation, and is of opinion that the most condensed stratum of the stars does not form a perfect plane, but rather a broken plane (*plan brisé*), or perhaps this stratum occurs in two planes inclined 10° to each other, and whose intersection is placed nearly in the plane of the celestial equator, the sun being at a small distance from this line of intersection towards the point 13 h. of the equator.*

In 1786 Dr. Herschel, who had been honored with the degree of Doctor of Laws from the University of Oxford, communicated to the Royal Society *A catalogue of 1000 new nebulae and clusters of stars*, which he had observed since 1783, with his twenty feet reflector; and this was followed, in 1789, with another *Catalogue of a second thousand nebulae*. In these remarkable memoirs he regards the round clusters and nebulae, in which there is an apparent condensation towards a centre, as clusters or nebulae in the act of formation. He supposes that a central power resides in the brightest portion; that the clusters which have the most perfect spherical forms have been longest exposed to the action of these forces; and that we may judge of the relative age and maturity of a sidereal system from the disposition of its component parts; while what he calls planetary nebulae, where the compression is more equal, may be regarded as very aged, and approaching to a period of change or dissolution.

These views, ingenious though they be, have not been confirmed by subsequent observers. The nebular hypothesis to which they led, and which has been carried to such an unwarrantable extent in our own day, has been refuted by the discoveries of the Earl of Rosse; and there is reason to believe that it has been denounced by Sir John Herschel himself.†

The interesting subject of the Construction of the Heavens was pursued by Dr. Herschel during the rest of his life, and his observations are recorded in ten *Memoirs* published in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1791, 1794, 1796, 1799, 1802, 1806, 1811, 1814, 1817, and 1818.

Having already, in other Articles, given an account of the great 40 feet telescope constructed by Dr. Herschel, and of the various discoveries which he made respecting the planets and satellites of our own sys-

* *Etudes d'Astronomie Stellaire*, par F. G. W. Struve. St. Petersburg, 1847, P. 82.

† See this Journal, No. VI., p. 477, and No. VIII., p. 490.

tem,* we must bring to a close this brief notice of his sidereal labors. In the year 1816, when in the 79th year of his age, the Prince Regent presented him with the decoration of the Guelphic Order of knighthood. In 1820, he was elected President of the Astronomical Society, and in their Transactions, in 1821, he published an interesting memoir *On the places of 145 double stars*. This paper was the last which he lived to publish. His health had begun to decline, and on the 24th August 1822, he sank under the infirmities of age, having completed his 84th year. He was survived by his widow Lady Herschel, by his sister Miss Caroline Herschel,† and by an only son, the present Sir John Herschel, whose labors and discoveries in sidereal astronomy we shall now proceed to lay before our readers.

After the death of his father, Sir John Herschel had directed his attention principally to the science of Optics, but particularly to that branch of it which relates to the double refraction and polarization of light. In this research, he obtained many new and highly important results, which are recorded in his *Treatise on Light*, published in the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, and certainly one of the most valuable works on that subject which has ever been written. Astronomy, however, had a higher claim upon his genius; and having inherited telescopes of great magnitude and power, and been initiated into the difficult art of constructing them, he was naturally led to quit the field of optical science, and to cultivate the loftier domain of sidereal astronomy. He had proposed to himself the arduous task of re-examining the nebulae and clusters of stars which had been discovered by his father in his "sweeps of the heavens," and recorded in the three catalogues which, as we have already seen, he presented to the Royal Society in the years 1786, 1787, and 1802, and he began to execute it in the year 1825. In this re-examination he spent *eight years*, and he has given the results of it in a catalogue published in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1832. This catalogue contains 2306 nebulae and clusters of stars, of which 1781 are identical with those described by his father, and with those published by Messier and Struve. The number of new nebulae and clusters discovered by himself was 525.

* No. III., pp. 183-189; No. VII., Art. VIII., *passim*, and No. XI., Art. VIII. *passim*.

† Miss Caroline Herschel died at Hanover on the 9th of January, in the 98th year of her age.

During this re-examination, he observed a great number of double stars, and took their places to the amount of between *three* and *four thousand*, all of which are described in the second, third, fourth, sixth, and ninth volumes of the *Memoirs of the Astronomical Society of London*.

These observations were made with a Newtonian telescope of 20 feet focus, and 18 1-2 inches aperture, and having acquired by practice a "sufficient mastery of the instrument," and "of the delicate process of polishing the specula," he conceived the noble idea of attempting to complete the survey of the whole surface of the heavens; and, with this view, of "transporting into the other hemisphere the same instrument which had been employed in this, so as to give a unity to the results of both portions of the survey, and to render them comparable with each other."

The Cape of Good Hope was selected as the most favorable locality for carrying on this survey; and having fitted up the instruments, and packed them carefully for the voyage, he left England with his family, on the 13th November 1833, and landed at Cape Town on the 16th January 1834, having providentially escaped from an awful hurricane to which he would have been exposed had his voyage been delayed. The spot which Sir John selected was the grounds and mansion of a Dutch proprietor, the name of which was Feldhausen, "a spot charmingly situated on the eastern side of the last gentle slope at the base of the Table Mountain." During the erection of the instruments, Sir John resided at Welterfrieden, and so quickly were his plans completed, that on the 22d February 1834, he was enabled to gratify his curiosity by viewing, with his 20 feet reflector, a *Crucis*, the interesting nebula about *γ Argus*, and other remarkable objects; and on the evening of the 5th of March, to begin a regular series of observations. The Observatory thus completed was situated in south lat. 33° 58' 55" 56, and long. 22° 46' 9" 11 east from Greenwich, and its altitude was 142 feet above the level of the sea in Table Bay.

After erecting his observatory, and determining its geographical position, the attention of Sir John Herschel was directed to the preparation of the telescopes with which his observations were to be made. He carried out with him three specula, one of which was made by his father, and used by him in his 20 feet sweeps and other

observations; another was made by Sir John, under his father's inspection and instructions; and the other, of the very same metal as the last, was ground and figured by himself. They had all a clear diameter of 18 1-4 inches of polished surface, and were all equally reflective when freshly polished, and perfectly similar in their performance. The operation of repolishing, which was much more frequently required than in England, was performed by himself with the requisite apparatus, which he had fortunately brought with him from England.

In the use of reflecting specula of considerable weight, it is of the utmost importance that the metal should be supported in its case so as not to suffer any change of figure from its own weight. Sir John found that a speculum was *totally* spoiled by allowing it to rest horizontally on three metallic points at its circumference. The image of every considerable star became *triangular*, throwing out long flaming caustics at the angles. Having on one occasion supported the speculum simply against a flat-board, at an elevation of about 45° , he found that its performance was tolerably good; but on stretching a thin pack-thread vertically down the middle of the board, so as to bring the weight of the metal to rest upon this thread, the images of stars were lengthened horizontally "to a preposterous extent, and all distinct vision utterly destroyed by the division of the mirror into two lobes, each retaining something of its parabolic figure, separated by a vertical band in a state of distortion, and of no figure at all!" The method which Sir John found the best was the following:—Between the mirror and the back of the case he interposed 6 or 8 folds of thick woolen baize, or blanketing, of uniform thickness and texture, stitched together at their edges. The metal, when laid flat on this bed, was shaken so as to be concentric with the rim of the case, and two supports, composed of several strips of similar baize, were introduced so as to occupy about 30° each, and to leave an arc of about 40° unoccupied opposite the point which was to be the lowermost in the tube. When the case is raised into an inclined position, and slightly shaken, the mirror takes its own free bearing on these supports, and preserves its figure. It is essential however, to the successful application of this method that many thicknesses of the baize or blanket should be employed, by which only the effect of flexure in the wooden

back itself of the case can be eliminated." As the woolen fibres, however, lose their elasticity, the baize should be occasionally taken out, and beaten or shaken up.*

In conducting his observations with these fine instruments, Sir John Herschel observed several curious optical effects, arising from peculiar conditions of the atmosphere, incident to the climate of the Cape. In the hot season, from October to March, but particularly during the latter months of that season, "the nights are for the most part superb" at a few miles distance from the mountains; but occasionally during the excessive heat and dryness of the sandy plains, the "optical tranquillity of the air" is greatly disturbed. In some cases the images of the stars are violently dilated into nebular balls or puffs of upwards of 15' in diameter. At the end of March 1834, for example, when Saturn and γ Virginis were both in the field of the 20 feet reflector, "it could not have been told which was the planet and which the star." On other occasions, the stars form "soft, quiet, round pellets of 3' or 4' diameter, resembling planetary nebulae, and quite unlike the spurious discs which they present when not defined. In other cases, these pellets are seen to arise "from an infinitely rapid vibratory movement of the central point in all possible directions," the luminous discs presenting singular phenomena when thrown out of focus, by pushing the eye-piece farther in or pulling it farther out than its principal focus.†

In the cooler months, from May to October, and especially in June and July, the state of the air is habitually good, and after heavy rains have ceased for a day or two, the tranquillity of the image and the sharpness of vision, is such, that hardly any limit is set to magnifying power, but that which arises from the aberration of the specula. On occasions like these, optical phenomena of extraordinary splendor are produced by viewing a bright star through diaphragms of card-board or zinc, pierced in regular patterns of circular holes by machinery. These phenomena, arising from the interferences of the intermitted rays, and produced less perfectly in a moderate state of the air, surprise and de-

* When Sir John adopted this very simple plan, he was ignorant of the very ingenious method by which Lord Rosse affords an equable support to a large speculum, and which we have already described in this Journal, Vol. II., p. 207.

† Sir John supposes that these phenomena may be produced by ascending and descending currents of hot and cold air rotating spirally.

light every person that sees them. A result of a more valuable kind is obtained when the aperture of the telescope has the form of an equilateral triangle, the centre of which coincides with the centre of the speculum. When close double stars are viewed with the telescope, having a diaphragm of this form, the discs of the two stars which are exact circles, are reduced to about a third of their size, and have a clearness and perfection almost incredible. These discs, however, are accompanied with six luminous radiations running from them at angles of 60° , forming perfectly straight, delicate, brilliant lines, like brightly illuminated threads, running far out beyond the field of view, and, what is singular, capable of being followed like real appendages to the star long after the star itself has left the field.

Another optical phenomenon, arising from a peculiar condition of the atmosphere, is described by Sir John Herschel as a "nebulous haze." The effect of it is to encircle every star, of the 9th magnitude and upwards, with a faint sphere of light of an extent proportioned to the brightness of the star. The phenomenon presents itself very suddenly in a perfectly clear sky, free from the slightest suspicion of cloud, and disappears as suddenly, lasting sometimes only for one or two minutes. Sir John Herschel states that similar nebular affections occur in our English climate, but with much less frequency and suddenness in their appearance and disappearance. He at first suspected that the phenomena arose from dew upon the eye-piece, but repeated examination satisfied him that its origin was really atmospheric. In studying the polarization of the atmosphere, the writer of this article has had occasion frequently to observe what appears to be the result of the same cause. When the sky was of a fine blue color, and free from clouds, and the degree of polarization, as indicated by the Polarimeter,* very great, a sudden change frequently took place without any apparent cause; sometimes near the horizon and not at considerable altitudes, and sometimes at considerable altitudes and not near the horizon. On some occasions the effect was limited in its extent, and of a temporary kind. When it was not temporary, it shewed itself in a diminution of the

blue tint of the sky, which is invariably accompanied with a diminished polarisation, and the whiteness of the sky often increased till clouds were produced, terminating in rain. The cause of these phenomena was doubtless a sudden secretion of aqueous vapor, sometimes local and of a limited extent, and quickly re-absorbed; and at other times general, and terminating in a change of weather. When a cloud passed over a track of perfectly blue sky, without occasioning any perceptible diminution of tint, the polarization of the part of the sky over which it passed was always diminished, owing, no doubt, to its having left in its path a quantity of aqueous vapor.

The description of phenomena, and the tabulated observations contained in the interesting volume now before us, occupy seven chapters, extending over 450 closely printed pages, and are illustrated with seventeen beautifully executed plates, some of which are of a very great size. The valuable contents of these different chapters would doubtless have appeared in a series of unconnected memoirs in the Transactions of the Royal or Astronomical Societies, and with illustrations very inferior, both in number and quality, had it not been for the munificence of his Grace the late Duke of Northumberland, who destined a large sum for their publication as a single and separate work. This very amiable and public-spirited nobleman, to whom the Observatory at Cambridge owes the gift of the splendid Northumberland achromatic telescope, through which the new planet Neptune was first seen, did not live to witness the final fulfilment of his noble and generous design; but the present Duke, the worthy heir of the titles and the fortune of that distinguished nobleman, carried out, in the fullest manner, the liberal intentions of his lamented brother, and thus added another claim to those which, as Lord Prudhoe, he had already earned, upon the gratitude and esteem of the literary and scientific world.

The following are the subjects which are treated in the volume under our notice:—

Chap. I. On the nebulae and clusters of stars in the southern hemisphere.

II. On the double stars of the southern hemisphere.

III. Of astrometry, or the numerical expression of the apparent magnitude of stars.

IV. Of the distribution of stars, and of the constitution of the galaxy, or Milky Way, in the southern hemisphere.

* For an account of the polarisation of the atmosphere, the reader is referred to Johnston and Berghaus's *Physical Atlas*, Part VII., and *London and Edinburgh Philosophical Magazine*, December, 1847. Vol. XXXI, pp. 444-455.

V. Observations on Halley's Comet, with remarks on its physical condition, and that of comets in general.

VI. Observations on the Satellites of Saturn.

VII. Observations on the Solar spots.

In the first chapter, on Nebulæ and Clusters of Stars, occupying 164 pages, our author proceeds, after some introductory and explanatory remarks, to give detailed descriptions and monographs of some of the more remarkable of the nebulæ. As some of these nebulæ are visible in Europe, and are all objects of singular interest, we shall lay before our readers a very brief notice of the most important of them.

No.	Right Ascension.	North Polar Distance.	No. of Stars laid down in the drawing.
1	18 ^h 11'	106° 15'	44
2	17 52	113 1	27
3	5 27	94 57	26
4	5 40	159 11	105
5	17 53 27"	114 21 16"	186
6	12 43 36	149 25 41	110
7	0 16 24	163 1 58	

No. 1. This remarkable nebula, which is a nebular line, with the figure of a horse-shoe at each end of it, has been observed and drawn by Mr. Mason, an American astronomer, and Mr. Lamont, a native of Scotland, who has the charge of the Observatory at Munich. Mr. Mason, whose premature death is deeply to be regretted, used a reflecting telescope of 12 inches aperture, and 14 feet focal length, constructed by himself. The fainter horse-shoe was seen neither by Mr. Mason nor Mr. Lamont.

No. 2. This nebula has also been figured by Mr. Mason, and in this as well as in No. 1, his representation differs from that of Sir John Herschel.

No. 4 is, in the author's opinion, one of the most singular and extraordinary objects which the heavens present. It is situated in the greater nubecula of the Magellanic clouds.

No. 6. This cluster of stars, improperly set down as nebular by Lacaille, is, according to our author, "an extremely brilliant and beautiful object, when viewed through an instrument of sufficient aperture to show distinctly the very different colors of its constituent stars, which give it the effect of a *superb piece of fancy jewelry*." Three of the stars are *greenish white*, two green, one *blue green*, one *red*, and another *ruddy*.

No. 7, (47 Toucani), is a most magnificent globular cluster. The stars are immensely numerous and compressed. It is

compared to a blaze of light at the centre, the stars seeming to run together. Sir John Herschel has observed the extraordinary fact that the inner or compressed part of the cluster is rose colored (at another time ruddy or orange yellow), forming a fine contrast with the white light of the exterior portion. There is a beautiful double star on the south preceding edge of the last portion, but it is probably unconnected with the cluster.

Under the favorable circumstances in which he was placed, our author eagerly availed himself of the opportunity of studying the grand nebula in the sword-handle of Orion, which passed the meridian of the Cape at an altitude of 60°. He had himself delineated this remarkable nebula in 1824: *Four* representations of it, differing essentially from his, had been subsequently published; and it therefore became an object of the deepest interest to discover the causes of these discrepancies, and to ascertain whether or not a change had taken place either in the form or luminosity of the whole nebula, or of any of its parts. Dr. Lamont of Munich had, in 1837, published "rather a coarsely executed figure" of this nebula, but Sir John Herschel acknowledges that it "contains some valuable particulars respecting the apparent breaking up of the nebula into patches and knots," which had been very unsatisfactorily expressed in his figure of 1824, but "in which his observations of 1834 and 1837 fully confirm Dr. Lamont's remark." The other drawings, by Sig. Devico, and Sig. Rondoni, published in 1839, 1840, and 1841, are too inaccurate to furnish any materials for speculation.

The splendid drawing of this nebula, which occupies a foot square, and forms the eighth plate of the present work, is one of the noblest specimens of astronomical research which is to be found in the history of the science. We view it at first with mute admiration of the skill and patience of the observer, and even forget for a while the mysterious assemblage of suns and of systems which it sets before us. No fewer than 150 stars are accurately laid down in this remarkable map, and our failing vision can scarcely descry the faint luminosity with which it shades away into the dark sky that encloses it. Neither in its general outline, nor in that of its individual portions, has it the least resemblance to any form natural or artificial. The luminous portions have no relation either in shape or intensity to the stars which bespangle it, and the stars

themselves, whether we consider their magnitude or their distances, seem to have no bond of union, and no symmetry of place. Knowing, as we now do, that Lord Rosse's telescope has resolved the nebulous portion into stars, we can no longer satisfy ourselves with the speculation that the nebula is a collection of minutely subdivided matter, accidentally irregular in its outline and density, which may some time or other be combined into stars and planets, but we view it as a mighty galaxy of systems already formed, of suns radiant with light and heat, of worlds in harmonious revolution, teeming with organic life, and rich with the bounties of their beneficent Creator. But even with these views the mind does not rest satisfied. It seeks to know how these systems are combined in the irregular nebulousity. We see it only in one direction out of an infinite number. May there not be some particular direction, in which it would appear a symmetrical formation, or if it is not a single whole, but a combination of separate formations, may there not be some direction in space along which its separate component parts would assume regular or symmetrical forms?

The variations of figure which this nebula presents in the delineations of it by different astronomers might lead a careless speculator to the opinion that it has either undergone, or is undergoing, great and rapid changes. Sir John Herschel does not participate in such an opinion,—

"Comparing," says he, "only my own drawings, made at epochs (1824 and 1837), differing by 13 years, the disagreements, though confessedly great, are not more so than I am disposed to attribute to inexperience in such delineations (which are really difficult), at an early period—to the far greater care, pains, and time, bestowed upon the later drawings, and, above all, to the advantage of local situation, and the very great superiority in respect both of light and defining power in the telescope at the latter, over what it possessed at the former epoch, the reasons of which I have already mentioned. These circumstances render it impossible to bring the figures into comparison, except in points which could not be influenced by such causes. Now there is only one such particular on which I am at all inclined to insist as evidence of change, viz., in respect of the situation and form of the 'nebula oblongata,' which my figure of 1824 represents as a tolerably regular oval, &c., &c. Comparing this with its present appearance as exhibited in Plate VIII., it seems hardly possible to avoid the conclusion of some sensible alteration having taken place. No observer now, I think, looking ever so cursorily at this point of detail, would represent the broken, curved, and unsymmetrical nebula in question as it is represented in the

earlier of the two figures; and to suppose it seen as in 1837, and yet drawn in 1824, would argue more negligence than I can believe myself fairly chargeable with."—Pp. 31, 32.

Passing over another evidence of change, on which Sir John thinks, that "considerable stress might be laid," we have no hesitation in avowing, without regarding our author as in any way chargeable with negligence, that we cannot concur with him in thinking that the discrepancies in question afford any proof whatever of a change in the nebula. Such an extensive change as that to which he refers has no parallel in any of the sidereal phenomena, and would be equivalent to the creation and extinction of whole clusters of worlds and systems, within the brief interval of *thirteen* years! Had the apparent evidences of change been even more distinct and numerous, we should have exhausted every possible mode of accounting for these appearances, rather than have allowed ourselves to consider them as real. In comparing the nebular delineations of Lord Rosse, with those made with smaller instruments by Sir John Herschel, we never attribute the discrepancies to real changes in the nebule. In like manner we ought to ascribe the discrepancies between Sir John Herschel's delineations of 1824 and 1837, to the circumstance that the first was made in a bad climate, and the second in a good one, and to regard a difference in the purity and homogeneity of the atmosphere, as equivalent to a difference in the size and power of the telescope. The drawing of 1837,* may therefore be regarded as made with a telescope of much greater size than that with which the drawing of 1824 was made. A change in the health, and in the optical condition of the observer's eye may account for apparent changes in forms that are slightly luminous. Sir John Herschel's eye may in 1824 have begun to experience that remarkable change, to which this organ is subject between twenty-five and fifty years of age, and it may have not only recovered its original vigor, but acquired new power, when he used it at the Cape. The material differences which our author has signalized between the delineations of Dr. Lamont† in 1837, and his own in the same year, arising, we are persuaded, more from difference of climate, and from difference of vision, than from differences between the telescopes employed, may be considered as favorable to our views.

* This Figure is engraved in the Memoirs of the Astronomical Society, Vol. II.

† Published with his Thesis, "Ueber die Nebelflecken." Munich 1837.

The next remarkable object of which Sir John Herschel gives a minute drawing, and a detailed description, is γ Argus, and the great nebula surrounding it. It is situated in R. Ascension, $10^h 38' 28''$, and in $148^\circ 47'$ of north polar distance. Our author's drawing of it (17 inches by 12) has the same merit as that of the nebula in Orion, and the nebula the same unmeaning and unintelligible aspect. This nebula is regarded by Sir John as of all sidereal objects that which unites most points of interest. "Its situation is very remarkable in the midst of one of those rich and brilliant masses, a succession of which curiously contrasted with *dark* adjacent spaces (called by the old navigators *coal-sacks*;) constitute the Milky Way in that portion of its course which lies between the Centaur and the main body of Virgo." In this part of the galaxy there is an average of 3138 stars in a square degree, and in the denser part 5093 in the same area. The bright star γ Argus, stands in the midst of this vast stratum of stars, and is remarkable for the singular change which its lustre has undergone since 1677. It was then a star of the *fourth* magnitude. In our recent catalogues it is a star of the *second* magnitude. In 1334 Sir John Herschel found it brighter than a star of the *second* magnitude. In November 1837 its magnitude was unchanged, but in December of that year he was astonished by its sudden increase of brightness, which exceeded even that of *Rigel*. In March 1843 the Rev. W. S. Mackay of the Free Church Mission, Calcutta, observed a very remarkable increase in its lustre: it had become a star of the *first* magnitude as bright as *Canopus*, and in color and size very much like *Arcturus*. In 1844 Mr. Maclear found it almost equal to *Sirius*. In 1845 it had again begun to decline in lustre. The following is a list of these changes.

Years.	Magnitudes.	Years.	Magnitudes.	Years.	Magnitudes.
1677.....	4	1827 Feb. 1.....	1	1838.....	1
1761.....	2	1838 Feb. 29.....	2-1	1842.....	1
1811-1815...	4	1839-1838.....	2	1843.....	1
1822.....	3	1839-1838.....	2	1844.....	1
1823-1826...	2	1834-1837.....	1-2	1845.....	1

After giving this summary of the magnitude of γ Argus, Sir John Herschel remarks that—

"A strange field of speculation is opened by this phenomenon. The temporary stars heretofore recorded have all become totally extinct. Variable stars, so far as they have been carefully attended to, have exhibited periodical alternations, in some degree at least regular, of splendor and comparative obscurity. But here we have a star fitfully

variable to an astonishing extent, and whose fluctuations are spread over centuries, apparently with no settled period, and with no regularity of progression. What origin can we ascribe to these flashes and relapses? What conclusions are we to draw, as to the comfort and habitability of a system depending for its supply of light and heat on so uncertain a source."—P. 36.

As this nebula does not exhibit the slightest appearance of being resolvable into stars, it has therefore nothing in common with the Milky Way, on the ground of which it is projected, and may therefore, as our author supposes, be placed at an immeasurable distance behind that stratum. The accurate representation of this nebula, which includes no fewer than 1216 stars, and is represented in Plate IX. of the work before us, was a work of great difficulty and labor. It occupied several months, during which our author often despaired of being able to transfer to paper its endless details. No description is capable of conveying the least idea of its character, and we must therefore refer our readers to the engraved representation of it.

The magnificent Catalogue of Nebulæ and Clusters of Stars in the Southern Hemisphere comprehends 4015 of these objects, occupying about 80 closely printed pages. The whole of these observations, as well as the entire work of reducing, arranging, and preparing this and all the other Catalogues were executed by Sir John himself, and have more resemblance to the labor of a long life than to the work of a few years. Each of these objects is minutely described by means of single letters or abbreviations, as in the following example:—No. 4015, not ν F; L; l E; g lb M; 60; which means *not very faint; large; a little extended; gradually a little brighter in the middle; diameter 60"*; so that if the descriptions had been printed in the ordinary manner, this Catalogue would have filled a whole volume of the Philosophical Transactions.

In order to ascertain the law of distribution of these nebulæ and clusters over the surface of the heavens in both hemispheres, Sir John adopted a projection which represented equal areas on the sphere by equal areas on the projection;* and having constructed, on this principle, charts of the

* "To execute this projection, we have only to take out upon any scale we please the successive values of $\sin. 30'$, $\sin. 1^\circ$, $\sin. 1^\circ 30'$, and so on to $\sin. 5^\circ$, from a table of natural sines, and these will be the radii of circles, corresponding in our projection to the successive polar distances, $1^\circ, 2^\circ, 3^\circ, \dots, 50^\circ$."

Northern and Southern Hemispheres, divided into zones of 3° in breadth, or polar distance, and into hours of right ascension, he laid down the nebulae in each, so as to obtain a *coup d'œil* of their distribution over the whole heavens. In this way he was led to the following conclusions:—

"1st. The distribution of the nebulae is not like that of the Milky Way, in a zone or band encircling the heavens.

"2dly. One-third of the whole nebulous contents of the heavens are congregated in a broad irregular patch, occupying about one-eighth of the whole surface of the sphere, chiefly situated in the Northern Hemisphere, and occupying the constellations *Leo*, *Leo Minor*, the body, tail, and hind legs of *Ursa Major*, the nose of the *Camelopard*, the point of the tail of *Draco*, *Canes*, *Venatici*, *Coma*, the preceding leg of *Boötes*, and the head, wings, and shoulder of *Virgo*. This, for distinction, I shall call the *nebulous region of Virgo*.

"3dly. Within this area, there are several local centres of accumulation, where the nebulae are exceedingly crowded, viz., first from 59° to 62° of north polar distance in the 13th hour of right ascension between the northern part of *Coma* and the fore-legs of *Chara*, as also (in the same hour) from 72° to 78° N. P. D., between the palm branch and the northern wing of *Virgo*, and again in the same hour from 80° to 87° N. P. D., in the northern wing and breast of *Virgo*.

"The general conclusion which may be drawn from this survey is, that the nebulous system is distinct from the sidereal, though involving, and perhaps to a certain extent mixing with the latter. The great nebulous constellation in the northern hemisphere, which I have called the region of *Virgo*, being regarded as the main body of this system, and subtending at our point of view an angle of 80° or 90° , it is evident that, supposing its form to approach to the spherical, our distance from its centre must be considerably less than its own diameter, so that our system may very well be regarded as placed somewhat beyond the borders of its denser portion, yet involved among its outlying members." —Pp. 135–6.

In treating of the classification of nebulae, our author divides them into *regular* and *irregular*. The *regular* nebulae are distinguished by terms expressing their magnitude, brightness, roundness, condensation, and resolvability; and the *irregular* nebulae are subdivided into subregular, compact, branching, convoluted, cellular, fissured, and cometic. The third class of these objects, named *irregular clusters*, are those which cannot be referred to the class of globular clusters, and are subdivided into three classes—1st, rich, brilliant, and conspicuous clusters; 2d,

poor and inconsiderable clusters; and 3d, those which cannot be included in either of these divisions.

Before concluding the subject of nebulae and clusters of stars, Sir John Herschel treats of the Magellanic clouds, and gives fine eye-sketches of the two nubeculae which compose them, drawn "*entirely without telescopic aid*, when seated at a table in the open air, in the absence of the moon, and with no more light than was absolutely necessary for executing a drawing at all." Sir John was driven to this mode of delineating these interesting *nubeculae* in consequence of all his own attempts to represent other than very small portions of the *Nubecula Major* in the telescope, having been completely baffled by the overwhelming perplexity of its details. Representations of these two nubeculae, stated to be engraven from very correct drawings, have been published by Mr. Dunlop in the Philosophical Transactions for 1828, but they have little or no resemblance to the delineations of Sir John Herschel.*

The *Nubecula Minor* lies between the parallels of 162° and 165° of north polar distance, and between the meridians of $0^h 28^m$ and $1^h 15^m$ right ascension. It is of a generally round form to the eye, and its centre of brightness coincides with its centre of figure, the magnificent globular cluster, 47 Tucani of Bode, precedes it by a few minutes of right ascension, but has no connexion with it, and, as our author states, "with this exception its situation is in one of the most barren regions of the heavens. The access to the *Nubecula Minor* on all sides is through a desert. Neither with the naked eye, nor with a telescope, is any connexion to be traced either with the greater nubecula or with the Milky Way." Within its area there are 37 objects entitled to entry in the catalogue as nebulae or clusters, and, altogether, 244 stars, nebulae and clusters, the positions of which have been determined as preparatory to the construction of a chart of the nubecula and the future execution of a drawing of it.

The *Nubecula Major* is situated between the parallels of 156° and 162° N.P.D., and between the meridians of $4^h 40^m$ and $6^h 0^m$ of R. Ascension. It consists, like the Minor, "partly of large tracts and ill-defined

* The only mode of reconciling the delineations of the two astronomers, is to suppose that Mr. Dunlop used a telescope with a small magnifying power, exhibiting details which an eye-sketch could not contain.

patches of irresolvable nebula, and of nebulosity in every stage of resolution, up to perfectly resolved stars, like the Milky Way, as also of regular or irregular nebulae, properly so called, and globular clusters in every stage of resolvability, and clustering groups." It contains no fewer than 278 of these objects, and altogether 919 stars, nebulae, and clusters. Our author is of opinion, that the Magellanic clouds are "systems *sui generis*, which have no analogues in our hemisphere."

The *Second* chapter of the work before us, on the *Double Stars of the Southern Hemisphere*, is doubtless of equal importance with the First, though the detection and measurement of these stars was regarded by our author as of subordinate interest, and therefore allowed to interfere as little as possible with the discovery of new nebulae, and the determination of the places of those already known. It would have required at least ten years to have reviewed the southern heavens with the 20 feet reflector, for the purpose of detecting close double stars. Hence, the catalogue of double stars is comparatively deficient in those of the first or closest class, whose distance is *under* two seconds. The numbers in the catalogue are a continuation of those in Sir John Herschel's 6th catalogue, published in the 9th volume of the *Memoirs of the Astronomical Society*. They commence with No. 3347, and terminate with No. 5442, so that the catalogue, occupying 72 pages, contains 2095 double stars. This catalogue is followed by tabulated micrometrical measures of double stars, with a synopsis of those measures, a comparison of angles of position of double stars measured with the 7 feet equatorial, and the 20 feet reflector, and with special remarks on the measures of particular double stars in the catalogue. The following is a brief notice of the stars thus specially referred to:—

λ Toucani. R. Asc. $0^h 46^m$ N.P.D. $160^\circ 26'$. Angle of position in 1835.92, $78^\circ 30'$, 1837.74, $80^\circ 35'$, indicating a pretty rapid angular rotation.

h 2036. R. A. $1^h 12^m$ N.P.D. $106^\circ 41'$, angle of position 1830.786, 53° ; 1836.958, $38^\circ 05'$, giving an angular motion of— $2^\circ 42'$ per annum.

p Eridani. R. A. $1^h 33^m$ N.P.D. $147^\circ 3'$. Angle of position 1834.8, $120^\circ 27'$, 1836.723, $119^\circ 30'$, indicating a considerable orbital motion.

70. Dunlop. R. A. $8^h 24^m$ N.P.D. $134^\circ 10'$. Angle of position 1826.3, $20^\circ 8'$

(Dunlop indicating)

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α Cruc

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* Capt. Smith, in pp. 275-283, has given the observations on several ones of Sir John Herschel's calculated from the Be a period of about from the new period *Journal*, Vol. VI., p.

Angular distance of Perihelion
from Node, on the plane of
the orbit, or true angle between
the lines of Nodes and Apsides, 313.45'
Epoch of Perihelion passage, A. D. 1836.43
Periodic time, 182.12 yrs.

Since this orbit was computed, Sir John Herschel has received from Mr. Maedler

A. D. 1841.355, Angles of position,	200° 61'	1841.34 Dawes	200° 3'
1842.361, according to	196° 11'	1842.34 Airy	197° 26'
1843.349, Maedler,	192° 9'	1843.33 Smith	191° 36'
1844.356,	188° 55'		
1845.367,	186° 57'	1845.34	185° 24'

a Centauri, R. A. 13^h 42^m N.P.D. 122° 9'. "This superb double star," says Sir John Herschel, "beyond all comparison the most striking object of the kind in the heavens, and to which the discovery of its parallax, by the late Professor Henderson, has given a degree of astronomical importance no less conspicuous, consists of two individuals, both of a high *ruddy* or *orange* color, though that of the smaller is of a somewhat more sombre cast. They constitute together a star which, to the naked eye, is equal or somewhat superior to *Arcturus* in lustre." The distance between the two stars has varied from 22".45, as observed by Sir Thomas Brisbane in 1824, to 16".12, as observed by Sir John Herschel in 1837.44. Sir John is of opinion that the distance is decreasing at the rate of a little more than *half a second* annually, which, if continued, will bring on an occultation, or exceedingly close appulse, about the year 1867. The plane of the orbit passes nearly through our system. "Taking the co-efficient of parallax of *a Centauri*," says our author (not *a Centauri*, as misprinted in Mr. Henderson's paper), as determined by Professor Henderson at *one second*, it will follow from what has been said, that the real diameter of the relative orbit of one star about the other, cannot be so small as that of the orbit of Saturn about the Sun, and exceeds, in all probability, that of the orbit of Uranus." It must therefore be an object of the highest interest with astronomers, to obtain a succession of the most accurate measures of the distance of the two stars.*

The importance of *Astrometry*, or the

* In concluding this notice of the Southern double stars, we may mention that Mr. Mitchel, of the Observatory at Cincinnati in the United States, has discovered that the fine star *Antares* is double. This important observation was made by means of an achromatic telescope, mounted parallaxically, and executed at Munich by M.M. Merz and Mahler. Its aperture is nearly *twelve* inches English.—*Struve, Erudes Stellares*, note 64, p. 48.

of Dorpat, the following measures of the angle of position of γ Virginis, beside which we have placed the almost contemporaneous observations of English observers, in order to show the great degree of accuracy which has now been attained in measuring the angle of position of two stars very near each other:—

method of obtaining an accurate numerical expression of the apparent magnitude of the stars has been universally admitted by astronomers, for it is chiefly by a comparison of these magnitudes at different epochs, that we can become acquainted with changes that have taken place upon their surface, or ascertain the periods of their variation. Our limits will not permit us to describe the ingenious and admirable methods by which our author has endeavored to determine the comparative intensities of the light of the stars; but we shall give the results in the following Table, which contains the photometric determination of the comparative intensities of the light of 69 stars, *a Centauri* being taken as the standard, and made 1.000:—

Sirius	4.052	λ Argus	0.131
Canopus	1.994	ζ Orionis	0.123
<i>a Centauri</i>	1.000	β Ceti	0.123
<i>Arcturus</i>	0.726	κ Orionis	0.120
Rigel	0.654	ϵ Sagittarii	0.116
Procyon	0.520	γ Centauri	0.107
<i>a Orionis</i>	0.484	ϵ Centauri	0.105
Lyra	0.446	δ Orionis	0.104
<i>a Eridani</i>	0.441	ϵ Scorpii	0.103
Antares	0.404	ι Argus	0.103
β Centauri	0.399	α Lupi	0.102
<i>a Crucis</i>	0.377	α Phœnicis	0.101
<i>a Aquilæ</i>	0.350	ζ Argus	0.101
Spica	0.309	α Leporis	0.100
γ Argus	0.262	ρ Scorpii	0.098
Fomalhaut	0.262	η Canis	0.093
β Crucis	0.255	γ Aquilæ	0.092
γ Orionis	0.207	δ Capricorni	0.088
ϵ Canis	0.198	μ Argus	0.087
γ Crucis	0.195	ζ Centauri	0.085
λ Scorpii	0.192	α Muscæ	0.084
<i>a Trianguli</i>	0.179	κ Argus	0.075
γ Argus	0.174	γ Cervi	0.074
<i>a Gruis</i>	0.169	π Argus	0.074
θ Scorpii	0.159	β Cervi	0.073
β Argus	0.158	ι Orionis	0.073
ϵ Argus	0.152	γ Virginis	0.070
δ Canis	0.152	γ Trianguli	0.067
ϵ Orionis	0.146	β Trianguli	0.064
θ Centauri	0.142	δ Crutis	0.062
ϵ Sagittarii	0.141	δ Cervi	0.060
<i>a Pavonis</i>	0.140	\circ 2 Canis	0.056
β Gruis	0.138	α Circini	0.052
β Canis	0.134	\circ Argus	0.045
δ Argus	0.133		

In comparing the photometric results with the conventional scale of naked eye magnitudes, Sir John Herschel has found that if these conventional values be increased by the constant fraction 0.4142 (or $\sqrt{2}-1$), the new scale of magnitudes so arising will represent the distances of the respective stars, to which they are ascribed, from our system, on the supposition of an intrinsic equality in the light of the stars themselves; that is, so that differences of brightness shall be merely apparent, and supposed to arise solely from differences of distance. Were this scale substituted for the present arbitrary one, " α Centauri," says our author, "would be our normal star of the first magnitude, β Crucis of the second, \times Orionis of the third, ν Hydra of the fourth, and δ Volantis of the fifth; and these are the magnitudes which actually stand annexed to those stars in our catalogues respectively. The effect of such a change would be to place the nomenclature of magnitudes on a natural, or at all events, on a photometric basis, easily remembered—the relation between the Magnitude and the Light of any star being given by the simple equation, $M-L=1$, α Centauri being taken as the unit both of light and magnitude."

In our author's *Fourth* chapter, *On the distribution of stars, and on the constitution of the Galaxy in the Southern Hemisphere*, he treats—first, of the statistical distribution of stars; secondly of the general appearance, and telescopic constitution of the Milky Way;* and, thirdly, on some indications of very remote telescopic branches of the Milky Way, or of an independent sidereal system or systems bearing a resemblance to such branches. The indications referred to under the third of these heads, are deduced from a phenomenon of a very interesting kind, which Sir J. Herschel seems to have been the first to notice. It "consists in an exceedingly delicate and uniform dotting or stippling of the field of view by points of light too small to admit of any one being steadily and fixedly viewed, and too numerous for counting, were it possible so to view them." Our author was always satisfied of the reality of this phenomenon at the moment of observation, though the conviction was not permanent, the idea of an illusion arising from physiological causes having subsequently arisen. Sir

* Our author has represented in his *thirteenth* plate the course and aspect of the Southern Milky Way, from Antinous to Monoceros, delineated with the naked eye by faint lamp-light in the open air.

John has, however, given the right ascension and north polar distance of 37 points of the heavens where this *whiteness*, or "*stripping of the ground of the sky*" was seen or suspected. In like manner, he has given the places of the points where the ground of the sky is perfectly dark or black, and "certainly devoid of any such stippling or nebulous phenomenon."

On the 25th of October 1837, Sir John was fortunate enough to obtain a view of the anxiously expected comet of Dr. Halley, and in his fifth chapter, occupying 21 pages, and constituting, in our opinion, one of the most interesting portions of his work, he has given his observations on this singular member of the solar system, illustrating them with thirteen beautiful drawings of it, and adding some curious speculations on its physical condition, and on that of comets in general. On the 29th October, its appearance was most singular, and such as he had never observed in any previous comet. Its nucleus small, bright, and highly condensed, was shielded or capped on the side next the sun by a vivid but narrow crescent of nebulous light, the front of which presented an outline nearly circular, with an amplitude of about 90° from horn to horn. Within this was situated the nucleus, but at a distance behind the front or vertex of the crescent, considerably less than its *versed sine*.* On the 1st of November, it had the common appearance of a comet, with its nucleus and slightly diverging tail; but on the 26th January, after its return from the sun, it had assumed a most surprising and totally new appearance. Its head was sharply terminated, like a ground glass-lamp shade; and within this head was seen "a vividly luminous nucleus," like "a miniature comet, having a nucleus head and tail of its own, perfectly distinct, and considerably exceeding in intensity of light the nebulous head." As the comet rose higher, a minute bright point, never greater than $4''$, and like a small star, was distinctly perceived, and this point Sir John calls the nucleus. On the 25th January, the following measures were taken:—

Diameter of the comet's head in		
R Ascension,	229".4	13 ^h 48 ^m
Distance of the nucleus from the vertex,	118".3	
Diameter of the head in		
Declination,	237".3	14 ^h 15 ^m

* This is no doubt Mr. Cooper's *Fan*, and M. Arago's "*Sector*." The tail was obliterated by the twilight, and subsequently appeared.

Upon repeating these observations in the "strong morning twilight," the results were—

Diameter of the head in R		
Ascension,	196 ^m .7	16 ^h 25 ^m
Diameter of the head in		
Declination,	252 ^m	16 29

The deficiency in this second measure of the head obviously arose from the effect of twilight; but we can only account for the increase in declination by concluding "*that the change was real, and that the comet was actually increasing in dimensions with such rapidity that it might almost be said to be seen to grow!*" M. Valz had pointed out the increase in the dimensions of comets as they receded from the sun, but an increase in the ratio of 5 to 6, and in so short an interval, must be regarded as a different phenomenon. On the 26th, the nucleus appeared as a star of the 10th magnitude, furred and nebulous; and the dimensions of the comet had greatly increased, the diameter in right ascension being 309", and in declination 329", so that the total bulk of the comet, exclusive of the coma, had greatly more than doubled in 24 hours. On the 28th January, upon looking through the 20 feet reflector, Sir John exclaims—"Most astonishing! The coma is all but gone, but there are long irregular nebulous tails in various directions."

The nucleus is now no longer a dim misty speck, but a sharp brilliant point. I cannot, however, raise a well-defined disc on it. "It is like a planetary nebula, a little hazy at the edges, 2" or 2½" in diameter." "I now see a sharp, all but planetary disc, diameter fully 1½", quite distinct from the haze about it. It is like one of Jupiter's satellites in a thick fog of hazy light." "I can hardly doubt," Sir John adds, "that the comet was fairly evaporated in perihelion by the sun's heat, and resolved into transparent vapor, and is now in process of rapid condensation and re-precipitation on the nucleus." The comet resumed its former size on the 29th, and afterwards gradually disappeared as it receded from the sun. Sir John notices the following points as especially remarkable:—

1st. The astonishingly rapid dilatation of its visible dimensions.

2d. The preservation of the same geometrical form of the dilated and dilating envelope.

3d. The rapid disappearance of the coma; and

4th. The increase in the density and relative brightness of the nucleus.

Our limits will not permit us to discuss

the speculative views which these phenomena have suggested to our author. He rejects the hypothesis of Valz, that the volume of the comet is directly proportional to its distance from the sun. He maintains that the laws of gravitation are insufficient to account for such a form of equilibrium as that of the comet, which was paraboloidal, and that such a form, as one of equilibrium, is inconceivable without the admission of repulsive as well as of attractive forces. "But if we admit," he adds, "the matter of the tail to be at once repelled from the sun and attracted by the nucleus, it no longer presents any difficulty." In order to obtain the repulsive power, Sir John hazards a theory which supposes the sun to be permanently charged with electricity. The cometic matters vaporized by the sun's heat, in perihelion, the two electricities separated by vaporization, the nucleus becoming negative and the tail positive, and the electricity of the sun directing the tail, in the same manner as a positively electrified body would an elongated non-conducting body, having one end positively, and the other negatively excited. The separation of Bielas' comet into two, travelling side by side, like the Siamese twins, presents a new difficulty which it would not be easy to explain. But here we are beyond our depth; and rather than admit Electricity as an agent residing in every sun and acting upon every system, we remain content with the humbler supposition that the rays of the sun may, in the exercise of their chemical and physical influences, find some ingredients in the tails of comets, upon which, by their joint action, they may generate forces capable of producing the phenomena which we have been considering. If we once admit Magnetism and Electricity as agents in our Sidereal systems, the Mesmerists and Phrenologists will form an alliance with the Astrologer, and again desecrate with their sorceries those hallowed regions on which the wizard and the conjurer have long ceased to tread."

• Our astronomical readers will be gratified to learn that M. Leverrier has found that the periodical comets of 1770 and 1844 are two different bodies; that two of the comets of Faye, Vico, and Lexell, passed close to Jupiter; and that all these comets, now permanently attached to our system have come into it and been detained by the action of Jupiter and other bodies. M. Leverrier proves that the comets of Faye and Lexell have been in our system for at least a century, and have come a dozen of times near the earth without being observed. The comet of 1844 he proves to be the same as that of 1678, which has travelled into our system from the depths of infinite space, and been fired among us centuries ago. It will revisit us in 1849.

The elements and perturbations of the sixth satellite of Saturn having been elaborately investigated by Bessel, and very little being known respecting the rest, Sir John Herschel availed himself of his advantageous position at the Cape, to make a series of observations on these interesting bodies. Our readers are no doubt aware that after the fourth satellite had been discovered by Huygens in 1655, Cassini discovered the fifth in 1671, and the first, second, and third, in 1684. Sir W. Herschel discovered, in 1780, the sixth and seventh nearer the planet than the rest, the seventh being the nearest. As this nomenclature was very unsatisfactory, many astronomers named them by given numbers corresponding to their distances from the planet; and Sir John Herschel has proposed to distinguish them by a series of heathen names, as in the following table :

Order from the Planet.	Old Order.	Discoveries.	Sir J. Herschel's names
I.	7	W. Herschel, 1780	
II.	6	W. Herschel, 1780	Enceladus.
III.	1	D. Cassini, 1684	Tethys.
IV.	2	D. Cassini, 1684	Dione.
V.	3	D. Cassini, 1684	Rhea.
VI.	4	C. Huygens, 1655	Titan.
VII.	5	D. Cassini, 1671	Iapetus.

Although it would be difficult to banish from our Solar System the names of the heathen gods by which the primary planets are distinguished, yet we must enter our protest against the admission of a brood of demi-gods. The nomenclature in the first column of the preceding Table is doubtless the proper one, and the adoption of it can be attended with no more inconvenience than we are accustomed to in analogous matters. If the houses of a street are numbered before it is completed, the numbers must be changed whenever a new house is placed on a vacant area. If it is proper or necessary to give names to the secondary planets, our mythological knowledge must be more extensively put in requisition, for we cannot allow the planet Saturn to have a monopoly of the gods. We must find names for the *four* satellites of *Jupiter*, and *Uranus*; and *Neptune* will make a similar and a heavy demand upon *Lemprière*.

Sir John Herschel concludes his work with a *Seventh* chapter, containing *Observations on the Solar Spots*, and conjectures respecting their cause. The figures of the spots, of which he has given us *thirteen* in a very interesting plate, were delineated from magnified images formed on a screen by

means of a 7 feet achromatic refractor. One of these spots, seen on the 29th March 1837, occupied an area of nearly *five square minutes*, equal to 3,780,000,000 square miles. "The black centre of the spot of May 25, 1837 (not the tenth part of the preceding one), would have allowed the globe of our earth to drop through it, leaving a thousand miles clear of contact on all sides of that tremendous gulf." For such an amount of disturbance on the sun's atmosphere, what reason can be assigned? Sir John Herschel justly observes, that the heating power of the sun is the cause of the great disturbances in our own atmosphere; but as there is no such source of heat to act upon the sun, we must seek for the cause within the sun itself. Now, the spots are clearly connected with the sun's rotation; and it has been long known, that they do not appear in the sun's polar regions, but are confined to two zones, extending, according to our author, to about 35 degrees of N. and S. latitude, and separated by an equatorial belt, on which spots are very seldom found. Hence he considers the phenomenon of the spots as due to circulatory movements, to and from the sun's poles, in the fluids which cover its surface, modified by its rotation about its axis; and he tries to find a probable cause for these movements. Having observed a striking deficiency of light in the borders of the sun's visible disc, extending to some distance within it, he justly infers from this deficiency the existence of an atmosphere; and he adduces "the extraordinary phenomenon of the rose-colored solar clouds witnessed during the total eclipse of July 8th, 1842, * * * as definitively settling this question in the affirmative." Assuming, then, the extent of such an atmosphere "to be considerable—not merely in absolute measure—but as an aliquot part of the sun's radius," its form, in virtue of the laws of fluid equilibrium, must be oblately spheroidal, and consequently its equatorial thickness greater than its polar thickness. Hence, the escape of heat must be greater from the polar than from the equatorial zone, and the latter must possess a higher temperature. In this respect, the sun resembles our own earth; and on this supposition our author thus reasons respecting the causes of the spots :

"The spots in this view of the subject would come to be assimilated to those regions on the earth's surface in which, for the moment, hurricanes and tornadoes prevail—the upper stratum being temporarily carried downwards, displacing by its impetus the two strata of luminous matter beneath (which may be conceived as forming an

habitually tranquil limit between the opposite upper and under currents, the upper, of course, to a greater extent than the lower—thus wholly or partially denuding the opaque surface of the sun below. Such processes cannot be unaccompanied with vortice motions, which, left to themselves, die away by degrees, and dissipate; with this peculiarity, that their lower portions come to rest more speedily than their upper, by reason of the greater resistance below, as well as the remoteness from the point of action, which lies in a higher region, so that their centre (as seen in our water-spouts, which are nothing but small tornadoes) appears to retreat upwards. Now, this agrees perfectly with what is observed during the obliteration of the solar spots, which appear as if filled in by the collapse of their sides, the penumbra closing in upon the spot, and disappearing after it."

We have been much disappointed at finding that Sir John Herschel either has not observed or has not described the extraordinary structure of the *fully luminous* disc of the sun, as we and others have repeatedly seen it through Sir James South's great Achromatic;—a structure which should have been more distinctly seen at the Cape than in our climate. This structure of which, if we recollect rightly, we have seen a beautiful drawing made by Mr. Gwilt, resembles compressed curd, or white Almond soap, or a mass of asbestos fibres lying in a *quadrant* direction, and compressed into a solid mass. There can be no illusion in this phenomenon:—it is seen by every person with good vision, and on every part of the sun's luminous surface or envelope; and we think affords an ocular demonstration that that surface or envelope is not a *flame*, but a soft solid, or thick fluid maintained in an incandescent state by subjacent heat, and capable of being disturbed by differences of temperature, and broken up as we see it when the sun is covered with spots or openings in the luminous matter.

Such is a brief and very imperfect analysis of a work which exhibits in a high degree the patience and the genius of its author—a work which had he done nothing else would have given immortality to his name. Whether we view it as an independent production, or as the completion of the labors of his distinguished parent, it is a work truly national, to which however, the nation has contributed nothing. To the liberality and devotion to science of one individual we owe the valuable results which it records, and to the munificence of another its publication in a separate form, and its gratuitous presentation to the Universities, the Societies, and the principal philosophers

in Europe and America. Wealth may well be coveted when we find it thus judiciously employed when in the possession of genius, and thus liberally expended, when belonging to rank and station. It is then that "the fruit of wisdom is better than gold, and her revenue than choice silver," and that they "who love wisdom shall inherit substance, and have their treasures filled."

Since the work of Sir John Herschel was drawn up, Astronomy has been making rapid advances in Europe; and as an opportunity may not soon occur of resuming the consideration of the subject, we shall now give a brief notice of some of the most remarkable results which have been obtained, and which have very recently been published by M. Struve of Pulkova, in his *Etudes d'Astronomie Stellaire*. This interesting work, to which we have already had occasion to refer, is, we believe, in the possession only of M. Struve's private friends. It is drawn up as a Report, addressed to His Excellency M. Le Comte Oubaroff, Minister of Public Instruction, and President of the Imperial Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg, and has the subsidiary title of *Sur la Voie Lactée, et Sur les Distances des Etoiles Fixes*.

After some historical notices of the speculations of Galileo, Kepler, Huygens, Kant, Lambert, and Michel, M. Struve gives a general view of the discoveries of Sir W. Herschel on the construction of the heavens, and of his peculiar views respecting the Milky Way. He compares his opinion on this subject, as maintained in 1785, with that to which he was subsequently led, and arrives at the conclusion, which we have already had occasion to mention, that, according to Sir W. Herschel himself, the visible extent of the Milky Way increases with the penetrating power of the telescopes employed; that it is impossible to discover by his instruments the termination of the Milky Way (as an independent cluster of stars); and that even his gigantic telescope of forty feet focal length, does not enable him to extend our knowledge of the Milky Way, which is incapable of being sounded.

In his next section, on the "Progress of Stellar Astronomy since the time of Herschel," he gives an account of the labors of M. Argelander, in establishing beyond a doubt the translation of our Sun, with its planets in absolute space, and those of his own son, M. O. Struve, in ascertaining the angular velocity of its motion, and in verifying the direction in which it moves, as

determined by Argelander. He gives an account of the researches of Bessel, on the proper motions of Sirius and Procyon, from which that distinguished astronomer inferred the existence of large opaque bodies round which these motions are performed, and he mentions, without giving it any countenance, the bold speculation of M. Mædler of Dorpat, that the Pleiades forms the central group of the system of the Milky Way, and that *Alcyonæ*, the brightest star of the Pleiades, may be regarded as the central sun of the Milky Way, round which all the stars move with the same mean angular velocity, whatever be the inclination of their orbit, and their lineal distance from the central body.

Passing over his notice of the labors of the Russian astronomers, of Sir John Herschel, and Mr. Dunlop, on the subject of nebulae and double stars, he treats of the structure of the Milky Way, as deduced from the catalogues of Weisse, Argelander, Piazzini, and Bessel. With this view he inquires into the arrangement of the stars in the equatorial zone or belt, 30° wide, extending to 15° N. and 15° S. of the equator. In the catalogue of Weisse, there are in that belt 31,085 stars, which are divided as follows:—

Bright stars, from the 1st to the 6th magnitude,	664
Stars of the 7th magnitude,	2500
Stars of the 8th magnitude,	8183
Stars of the 9th magnitude,	19738

But though only these 31,085 stars were observed by Bessel, yet M. Struve has shown, by an ingenious calculation, that there are 52,199 existing in the equatorial zone.

M. Struve had shown in 1827, that if we divide the celestial vault visible in Europe by circles parallel to the equator, the stars are almost uniformly distributed in the zones thus formed, if we include at once all the 24 hours of R. Ascension; but that a very variable condensation takes place in each zone in the successive hours of R. Ascension. This will appear from the following table, showing the number of stars existing in the equatorial belt from the 1st to the 9th magnitude for each hour of R. Ascension:—

Hours of R. Ascension.	Stars from 1st to 9th Magnitude.	Hours of R. Ascension.	Stars from 1st to 9th Magnitude.
I.	1516	XIII.	1533
II.	1609	XIV.	1766
III.	1547	XV.	1896
IV.	2146	XVI.	1661
V.	2742	XVII.	2111
VI.	4422	XVIII.	3229
VII.	3575	XIX.	2751
VIII.	2854	XX.	2566
IX.	1973	XXI.	1752
X.	1631	XXII.	1652
XI.	1797	XXIII.	1811
XII.	1604	0.	2055

Hence, dividing the whole zone into six regions, of four hours each, *two* of these are rich in stars, and *four* poor, the two rich regions being from V. to VIII. and from XVII. to XX.; and hence, M. Struve concludes, from a closer inspection of the table, that there is a gradual condensation of the stars towards a principal line, which is a diameter of the equatorial zone situated between the points VI^h 40^m and XVIII^h 40^m of the disc. The line of least condensation is situated between the points I^h 30^m and XIII^h 30^m, making an angle of 78° with the line of greatest condensation. If we divide the disc or zone into six circles parallel to the principal diameter, the density in successive bands diminishes on both sides with the distance. The line of greatest condensation does not pass through the sun. The distance of the sun from the principal diameter is about 0 15 *a*,* which is nearly equal to the radius of the sphere which separates the stars of the *first* from those of the *second* magnitude. The line of greatest condensation is not quite a straight line, but presents extraordinary lacunæ, as in *Serpentarius*, and accumulations, as in *Orion*. Hence the angle of 78° between the lines of greatest and least density is explained by these anomalies, for it would otherwise have been 90°.

Comparing this description of the state of the stars in the equatorial zone which encircles the sun, with the phenomena of the Milky Way, M. Struve arrives at the conclusion, "that the phenomenon of the condensation of the stars toward a principal line of the equatorial zone is closely connected with the nature of the Milky Way, or rather that this condensation and the aspect of the Milky Way are identical phenomena.

* The letter *a* denotes the radius of a sphere including all the stars seen by the naked eye.

In extending this inquiry to the six million nearly (5,819,100) of stars visible in the twenty-feet telescope of Sir W. Herschel, M. Struve finds that the greatest and least densities fall very nearly on the same points of the periphery of the disc, as in the case of stars of the 9th magnitude; and he gives the following distribution of these stars in every four hours of R. Ascension:—

From 1 ^h to 5 ^h of R. Ascension,	391,700 stars.
" V " JX "	1,984 200 "
" IX " XIII "	235 400 "
" XIII " XVII "	387,000 "
" XVII " XXI "	2,365,100 "
" XXI " I "	455,600 "

From 0^h to XXII^h 60' of R. Ascension, 581,900 stars.

We regret that our narrow limits will not permit us to give a full account of M. Struve's latest researches on the Milky Way, in which he determines the law of the condensation of the stars towards a principal plane. After ascertaining that the number of stars in the whole celestial sphere, as seen by Sir W. Herschel's twenty feet telescope, amount to (20,374,034) upwards of twenty millions, he obtains the following values of the density of the stars, and of the mean distance between two neighboring ones, at different distances from the principal plane of the Milky Way:—

Distance from the Principal Plane.*	Density in Stars.	Mean Distance between two neighboring stars.
0.00	1.00000	1.000
0.05	0.48568	1.272
0.1	0.33288	1.458
0.2	0.23895	1.611
0.3	0.17980	1.779
0.4	0.13021	1.973
0.5	0.08646	2.261
0.6	0.05510	2.628
0.7	0.03079	3.190
0.8	0.01414	4.136
0.8660 = Sin. 60°.	0.00532	5.729

In order to determine the radii of the spheres containing the first six classes of stars, or those between the first and the sixth magnitude, M. Struve takes as the basis of his calculation the stars in our northern hemisphere, as given by Argelander in his *Uranometrie*. Thus:—

Magnitudes, 1 2 3 4 5 6
No. of Stars, 9 34 96 214 550 2342
and from these numbers he obtained the following results, the unity in the second column being the radius in a sphere containing all the stars visible to the naked eye:—

* The radius of the sphere containing all the 20 millions of stars above mentioned being unity.

Apparent Magnitudes according to Argelander	Radius of the Sphere.	Progression Calculated.
6	1.000	1.000
5	0.6998	0.7071
4	0.5001	0.5003
3	0.3602	0.3536
2	0.2413	0.2500
1	0.1424	0.1768

The agreement between the radii in the second column, and the geometrical progression, with the ratio $\frac{1}{\sqrt{2}}$, in the third, is very remarkable. Extending this law to stars of other magnitudes, and adopting for a new unity the mean distance of stars of the first magnitude, he obtains the following Table of the relative distances of all classes of stars, A denoting the magnitudes in Argelander's catalogue, B those in Bessel's zones, and H those seen in the 20-feet telescope:—

Apparent Magnitudes.	Distance of Interior Limit.	Mean Distance.	Distance of Exterior Limit.
1 A	1.0000	1.2638
2 A	1.2638	1.8031	2.1408
3 A	2.1408	2.7639	3.1961
4 A	3.1961	3.9057	4.4374
5 A	4.4374	5.4545	6.2093
6 A	6.2093	7.7258	8.8726
6 B	8.2161
7 B	8.2160	14.4365
8 B	14.4365	24.8445
9 B	24.8445	37.7364
H	227.783

That is,

1. The last stars visible to the naked eye, according to Argelander, are at the distance of 8.8726 times *unity*, or nearly *nine* times the distance of the stars of the first magnitude.

2. The last stars of the ninth magnitude, which Bessel has described in his zones, are at the distance of 37.73 unities, or nearly *thirty-eight* times the distance of stars of the first magnitude; and,

3. The extreme stars described by Sir W. Herschel in his sweeps with his 20-feet telescope, are 227.8 unities, or *two hundred and twenty-eight* times the distance of the stars of the first magnitude, or 25.672 times more remote than the stars of the sixth magnitude, or the farthest seen by the naked eye.

M. Struve next directs our attention to a new and very singular speculation, respecting "the extinction of the light of the fixed stars in its passage through celestial space." So long ago as 1823, Dr. Olbers, in a memoir *On a transparency of the celestial spaces*, assumed that in the infinity of space there existed an infinity of created worlds,

—of suns, each of which, like our own, shone with its own light : and on this supposition, he demonstrated that the whole visible heavens should shine with the lustre equal to that of our own sun. But as such a condition of the firmament does not exist, he infers that there must be such an absorption of this sidereal light as to reduce it to what we now see in the heavens. In producing such an effect, he proves that an absorption of 1-800th part of the light of each star in its passage through a distance equal to that of Sirius from the sun, would be sufficient. In favor of such a hypothesis, no facts have been produced, but M. Struve conceives that a proof of the actual extinction of light may be found in the enumeration of stars of different orders of brightness, and that even the rate of extinction may, within certain limits, be determined.

The penetrating power of Sir W. Herschel's 20-feet telescope, he found to be 61.18, that is, by the help of this instrument, we can see stars 61.18 times more distant, than the last stars (sixth magnitude), which can be seen by the naked eye. This number 61.18, supposes the opening of the pupil, to be exactly 0.2 of an English inch, but as long-sighted and short-sighted persons have different powers of sight, the force of the eye is not a proper unity, in measuring the force of a telescope. M. Struve therefore substitutes for the eye a small achromatic telescope of 0.211 aperture, and magnifying *three* times, which will introduce into the eye exactly the same quantity of light that passes directly through the pupil when its aperture is 0.2, while it gives a precise image, independent of the character of the eye. With this modulus, representing the eye as unity, he could almost double the number of the stars contained in the maps of Argelander, or to speak more exactly, he counted 183 when only 100 were in the same space in the map. In taking, therefore, for unity the distance of the last stars of the sixth magnitude (6 A), which Argelander has seen, the visual radius or penetrating power of the Herschelian modulus will be $\sqrt[3]{1.83} = 1.2231$, or equal to $1.2231 + 8.8726 = 10.582$ times the mean distance of a star of the first magnitude, but Herschel has determined photometrically that this radius is equal to twelve times the distance of stars of the first magnitude, a remarkable coincidence which could scarcely be expected. Hence the range of the telescope of twenty

feet is $61.18, \sqrt[3]{1.83} = 74.89$ times the distance of the stars 6. A, or $74.83 + 8.876 = 663.96$ times the mean distance of stars of the first magnitude. But instead of 74.83, the gauges of Herschel give us 25.672 for the radius of the stars 6 A. It follows therefore that the range of Herschel's telescope, as determined by astronomical observations, exceeds by scarcely one-third the range which corresponds to its optical force. How are we to explain this fact, asks M. Struve ? I can see no other explanation, he adds, than that of admitting "that the intensity of light decreases in a greater proportion than the inverse ratio of the squares of the distances, or what is the same thing, *that there exists a loss of light*, an extinction, in the passage of light through celestial space." In computing the amount of the extinction, M. Struve finds that it is *one* per cent. for stars of the first magnitude (1 A), *eight* per cent. for stars of the sixth magnitude (6 A), *thirty* per cent. for those of the ninth magnitude (9 B), and *eighty-eight* per cent. for the Herschelian stars, H.

These views, which appear to us well founded, have been challenged by an eminent writer in the *Edinburgh Review*,* who, while he admits the absolute infinity in the number of the stars, maintains that the foundation of the reasoning of Olbers and Struve may be "struck away," by certain "modes of systematic arrangement of the stars in space," which, "it is easy to imagine," these modes being "entirely in consonance with what we see around us of subordinate grouping actually followed out." It would have been desirable that the reviewer had stated *one* of these modes in justification of this bold challenge. We confess ourselves unable to conceive such a mode of arrangement, although we cannot agree either with Olbers or Struve in their conclusion, that the extinction of light, if it does exist, proves that sidereal space is *filled with some fluid such as ether*, which is capable of intercepting a portion of the light which it transmits. To *fill infinite space with matter*, in order to explain a phenomenon, seems to us the very last resource of a sound philosophy. The sun has an atmosphere widely extended in the apprehension of every astronomer. The planets have atmospheres too : our solar system boasts of of about 700 recorded comets ; and M. Arago is of opinion that if the perihelia of comets are distributed throughout the system

* *Edinburgh Review*, January 1848. No. 175.

as between the sun and the orbit of Mercury, there would be *three and a half millions of comets* within the sphere of Uranus. Within the sphere of Neptune, of course, there must be many more; and Capt. Smith, in mentioning the opinion of Arago, adds, that there are many considerations which, on the same hypothesis, would greatly increase that number. If we consider, also, the enormous extent of the tails of these bodies, some of them millions of miles long, and the increase in the dimensions of comets as they recede from the sun, we shall have no difficulty in concluding that, within the limits of our own system, there is an immense mass of atmosphere or nebulosity capable of extinguishing a portion of the light which falls upon it. Let us, then, fill the infinite universe with similar systems—with similar obstructions to light, and we shall not require an ethereal medium to account for the want of luminosity in the starry firmament. The reviewer whom we have quoted, not satisfied with an instantaneous demolition of the speculation of Olbers and Struve, again slays the slain. "Light, it is true," he says, "is easily disposed of. Once absorbed, it is extinct for ever, and will trouble us no more. But with radiant heat the case is otherwise. This, though absorbed, remains still effective in heating the absorbing medium, which must either increase in temperature, the process continuing, *ad infinitum*, or, in its turn, becoming radiant, give out from every point, at every instant, as much heat as it receives." We do not think that we are in a condition to draw this conclusion. The law of the transmission of *heat* through the celestial spaces is a problem unsolved; and till we can explain how the luminous and chemical rays of the Sun reflected from the Moon, are transmitted to the earth, while those of heat cannot be exhibited, even when concentrated by the most powerful burning instruments, we are not entitled to urge the objection of the reviewer.

M. Struve concludes his interesting report by giving us an abstract of the unpublished but highly interesting researches of M. C. A. F. Peters, of the Central Observatory of Pulkova, on the Parallaxes and Distances of the fixed Stars. After a historical notice of the labors of preceding astronomers on the subject, M. Peters determines the actual parallaxes of the stars from observations made with the great vertical circle of Ertel. This noble instrument, forty-three inches in diameter, is divided into every two

minutes, and by means of four micrometer microscopes, its indications can be read off to the *tenth of a second*. The telescope has an aperture of *six inches* diameter, and a magnifying power of 215. The following are the results which he obtained:—

	Absolute Parallaxes.	Probable Error.
61 Cygni,*	+ 0".349	0".080
α Lyræ,†	+ 0.103	0.053
Pole Star,‡	+ 0.067	0.012
Groombridge (1830,)	+ 0.226	0.141
Capella,	+ 0.046	0.200
ϵ Ursæ Majoris,	+ 0.133	0.106
Arcturus,	+ 0.127	0.073
α Cygni,	+ 0.082	0.043

In attempting to determine the parallax of stars of the first and second magnitude, M. Peters founds his researches on all the parallaxes which have been determined with sufficient precision. He finds that there are *thirty-five* stars, whose parallaxes, whether absolute or relative, are determined with a degree of precision sufficient for his purpose; but he excludes 61 *Cygni* and *Groombridge* 1830, as having a great proper motion. The general result at which he arrives is, "*that the mean parallax of stars of the second magnitude is + 0".116 and that the probable error of this determination is only 0".014.*" By combining this value with the table of relative distances in page 527, he obtains the results in the following table given by M. Struve:—

Apparent magnitudes.	Parallaxes.	Distances expressed in radii of the Earth's orbit.	No. of Julian years in which light traverses these distances.
1 A	0.209	986000	15.5
1.5 A§	0.166	1246000	19.6
2.A	0.116	1778000	28.0
2.5 A	0.098	2111000	33.3
3.A	0.076	2725000	43.0
3.5 A	0.065	3151000	49.7
4.A	0.054	3850000	60.7
4.5 A	0.047	4375000	69.0
5.A	0.037	5378000	84.8
5.5 A	0.034	6121000	96.6
6.A	0.027	7616000	120.1
6.5 A	0.024	8746000	137.9
6.5 B	0.025	8100000	127.7
7.5 B	0.014	14230000	224.5
8.5 B	0.008	24490000	386.3
9.5 B	0.006	37200000	586.7
11+0.5	0.00092	224500000	3541.0

* Bessel makes it 0".348 0".010.

† M. Struve makes it 0".261 0".025.

‡ Taking the mean of five values of it by Lindenau, Struve, and Preuss, do. do., and Peters, we have 0".091 0".010. M. Peters makes it 0".106 as a final determination.

§ The magnitudes 1.5 and 2.5 are stars of intermediate magnitude, between those of the *first* and *second* and the *second* and *third* magnitudes.

This table exhibits to us grand truths, which, we may venture to say, neither Newton nor La Place ever contemplated as within the range of human intellect. But even these are surpassed in interest by the determination of the actual velocity with which our own solar system, our sidereal home, is wheeling its ethereal round, guided by some great central body, whose light, if it has any, we may, perhaps, not have seen, and whose position we have not determined.

To the solution of this great problem, M. Peters applies the numbers in the preceding table. M. Otto Struve, by combining the results of his calculations with those of M. Argelander, has determined that the point to which our solar system is advancing is situated at the epoch of 1840 in

Right Ascension, $259^{\circ} 35'.1$, with a probable error of $2^{\circ} 57'.5$; and north Declination, $34^{\circ} 32'.6$, with a probable error of $2^{\circ} 24'.5$.

M. O. Struve has also determined the angular value of the annual motion of the sun as seen at a right angle to its path, and at the mean distance of the stars of the first magnitude.

By Right Ascension of stars, $0''.32122$, with a probable error of $0''.03684$; by Declination of do. $0''.35719$, with a probable error of $0''.03562$; or by combining these $0''.3392$, with probable error of $0''.0252$.

But as the parallax of stars of the first magnitude is $0''.209$, we can change the angular motion of the sun into linear motion in space; and hence, taking the radius of the earth's orbit as unity, we have $\frac{0.3392}{0.209} = 1.623$, with a probable error of 0.229 , for the annual motion of the sun in space.

"Here, then," says M. F. W. G. Struve, "we have the splendid result of the united studies of MM. Argelander, O. Struve, and Peters, grounded on observations made at the three (Russian) observatories of Dorpat, Abo, and Pulkova, and which is expressed in the following thesis:— 'The motion of the solar system in space is directed to a point of the celestial vault situated on the right line which joins the two stars α and μ *Herculis*, at a quarter of the apparent distance of these stars, reckoning from α *Herculis*. The velocity of this motion is such that the sun, with all the bodies which depend upon it, advances annually in the above direction 1.623 times the radius of the earth's orbit, or 33,550,000 geographical miles. The possible error of this last number amounts to 1,733,000 geographical miles, or to a seventh of the whole value. We may then wager 400,000 to 1 that the sun has a proper progressive motion, and 1 to 1 that it is comprised between the limits of thirty-eight and thirty-nine millions of geographical miles.'"—p. 108.

That is, taking 95 millions of English miles as the mean radius of the Earth's orbit, we have $95 \times 1.623 = 154.185$ millions of miles, and, consequently,

The velocity of the		English Miles.
Solar System . . .		154,185,000 in the year.
Do. do. . .		422,424 in a day.
Do. do. . .		17,601 in an hour.
Do. do. . .		293 in a minute.
Do. do. . .		57 in a second.

The sun and all his planets, primary and secondary, are therefore now in rapid motion round an invisible focus. To that now dark and mysterious centre, from which no ray, however feeble, shines, we may in another age point our telescopes—detecting, perchance, the great luminary which controls our system, and bounds its paths—into that vast orbit which man during the whole cycle of his race may never be allowed to round. If the buried relics of primeval life have taught us how brief has been our tenure of this terrestrial paradise compared with its occupancy by the brutes that perish, the sidereal truths which we have been expounding impress upon us the no less humbling lesson, that from the birth of man to the extinction of his race, the system to which he belongs will have described but an infinitesimal arc of that immeasurable circle in which it is destined to revolve. It is as if the traveller or naturalist, equipped for the survey of nature's beauties and wonders had been limited only to a Sabbath's journey. Some mountain tops might rise to his view as he creeps along, and some peaks might disappear beyond the horizon which he leaves behind; but had the first man surveyed the constellation Hercules, to which our system is advancing, it would have seemed to him as remote as it will appear to the last of our race.

In the contemplation of the infinite in number and in magnitude, the mind ever fails us. We stand appalled before the mighty spectre of boundless space, and faltering reason sinks under the load of its bursting conceptions. But placed, as we are, on the great locomotive of our system, destined surely to complete at least one round of its ethereal course, and learning that we can make no apparent advance on our sidereal journey, we pant with new ardor for that distant bourne which we constantly approach without the possibility of reaching it. In feeling this disappointment, and patiently bearing it, let us endeavor to realize the great truth from which it flows. It cannot occupy our mind without exalting

and improving it. It cannot take its place among our acquirements without hallowing and ennobling them. Though now but a truth to be received, it may yet become a principle of action, and though now veiled by a cloud, it may yet be a lamp to our feet and a light to our ways. Whom God made after his own image, he will not retain in perpetual darkness. What man's reason has made known, man will be permitted to see and to understand. "He that bindeth the sweet influences of the Pleiades, and looseth the bands of Orion, and quieteth Arcturus with his sons," will in His own time "discover deep things out of darkness," and "reveal the ordinances of heaven."

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE SIX DECISIVE BATTLES OF THE WORLD.

BY PROFESSOR CREAMY.

"Those few battles of which a contrary event would have essentially varied the drama of the world in all its subsequent scenes."—HALLAM.

No. II.—DEFEAT OF THE ATHENIANS AT SYRACUSE.

"The Romans knew not, and could not know, how deeply the greatness of their own posterity, and the fate of the whole Western world, were involved in the destruction of the fleet of Athens in the harbor of Syracuse. Had that great expedition proved victorious, the energies of Greece during the next eventful century would have found their field in the West no less than in the East; Greece and not Rome might have conquered Carthage; Greek instead of Latin might have been at this day the principal element of the language of Spain, of France, and of Italy; and the laws of Athens, rather than of Rome, might be the foundation of the law of the civilized world."—ARNOLD.

Few cities have undergone more memorable sieges during ancient and mediæval times than has the city of Syracuse. Athenian, Carthaginian, Roman, Vandal, Byzantine, Saracen, and Norman, have in turns beleaguered her walls; and the resistance which she successfully opposed to some of her early assailants, was of the deepest importance, not only to the fortunes of the generations then in being, but to all the subsequent current of human events. To adopt the eloquent expressions of Arnold respecting the check which she gave to the Carthaginian arms, "Syracuse was a breakwater, which God's providence raised up to protect the yet immature strength of Rome." And her triumphant repulse of the great Athenian expedition against her was of even more wide-spread and enduring importance. It forms a decisive epoch in the strife for universal empire, in which all the great states of antiquity successively engaged and failed.

The present city of Syracuse is a place of little or no military strength; as the fire of artillery from the neighboring heights would almost completely command it. But in ancient warfare its position, and the care be-

stowed on its walls, rendered it formidably strong against the means of offence which then were employed by besieging armies.

The ancient city, in its most prosperous times, was chiefly built on the knob of land which projects into the sea on the eastern coast of Sicily, between two bays; one of which, to the north, was called the Bay of Thapsus, while the southern one formed the great harbor of the city of Syracuse itself. A small island, or peninsula (for such it soon was rendered), lies at the south-eastern extremity, of this knob of land, stretching almost entirely across the mouth of the great harbor, and rendering it nearly landlocked. This island comprised the original settlement of the first Greek colonists from Corinth, who founded Syracuse 2500 years ago; and the modern city has shrunk again into these primary limits. But, in the fifth century before our era, the growing wealth and population of the Syracusans had led them to occupy and include within their city-walls portion after portion of the mainland lying next to the little isle, so that at the time of the Athenian expedition the seaward part of the knob of land recently spoken of was built over, and forti-

fied from bay to bay, and constituted the larger part of Syracuse.

The landward wall, therefore, of this district of the city, traversed this knob of land, which continues to slope upwards from the sea, and which to the west of the old fortifications (that is, towards the interior of Sicily), rises rapidly for a mile or two, but diminishes in width, and finally terminates in a long narrow ridge, between which and Mount Hybla a succession of chasms and uneven low ground extends. On each flank of this ridge the descent is steep and precipitous from its summits to the strips of level land that lie immediately below it, both to the south-west and north-west.

The usual mode of assailing fortified towns in the time of the Peloponnesian war was to build a double-wall round them, sufficiently strong to check any sally of the garrison from within, or any attack of a relieving force from without. The interval within the two walls of the circumvallation was roofed over, and formed barracks, in which the besiegers posted themselves, and awaited the effects of want or treachery among the besieged in producing a surrender. And, in every Greek city of those days, as in every Italian republic of the middle ages, the rage of domestic sedition between aristocrats and democrats ran high. Rancorous refugees swarmed in the camp of every invading enemy; and every blockaded city was sure to contain within its walls a body of intriguing malcontents, who were eager to purchase a party-triumph at the expense of a national disaster. Famine and faction were the allies on whom besiegers relied. The generals of that time trusted to the operation of these sure confederates as soon as they could establish a complete blockade. They rarely ventured on the attempt to storm any fortified post. For, the military engines of antiquity were feeble in breaching masonry, before the improvements which the first Dionysius effected in the mechanics of destruction; and the lives of the boldest and most highly-trained spearmen would, of course, have been idly squandered in charges against unshattered walls.

A city built upon the sea, like Syracuse, was impregnable, save by the combined operations of a superior hostile fleet, and a superior hostile army. And Syracuse, from her size, her population, and her military and naval resources, not unnaturally thought herself secure from finding in another Greek city a foe capable of sending a

sufficient armament against her to menace her with capture and subjection. But, in the spring of 414 B.C. the Athenian navy was mistress of her harbor, and the adjacent seas; an Athenian army had defeated her troops, and cooped them within the town; and from bay to bay a blockading-wall was being rapidly carried across the strips of level ground and the high ridge outside the city (then termed *Epipolæ*), which, if completed, would have cut the Syracusans off from all succor from the interior of Sicily, and have left them at the mercy of the Athenian generals. The besiegers' works were indeed, unfinished; but every day the unfortified interval in their lines grew narrower, and with it diminished all apparent hope of safety for the beleaguered town.

Athens was now staking the flower of her forces, and the accumulated fruits of seventy years of glory, on one bold throw for the dominion of the Western world. As Napoleon from Mount *Cœur de Lion* pointed to St. Jean d'Acre, and told his staff that the capture of that town would decide his destiny, and would change the face of the world; so, the Athenian officers, from the heights of *Epipolæ*, must have looked on Syracuse, and felt that with its fall all the known powers of the earth would fall beneath them. They must have felt also, that Athens, if repulsed there, must pause for ever from her career of conquest, and sink from an imperial republic into a ruined and subservient community.

At Marathon, the first in date of the Great Battles of the World, we beheld Athens struggling for self-preservation against the invading armies of the East. At Syracuse she appears as the ambitious and oppressive invader of others. In her, as in other republics of old and of modern times, the same energy that had inspired the most heroic efforts in defence of the national independence, soon learned to employ itself in daring and unscrupulous schemes of self-aggrandizement at the expense of neighboring nations. In the interval between the Persian and the Peloponnesian wars she had rapidly grown into a conquering and dominant state, the chief of a thousand tributary cities, and the mistress of the largest and best-manned navy that the Mediterranean had yet beheld. The occupations of her territory by Xerxes and Mardonius, in the second Persian war, had forced her whole population to become mariners; and the glorious results of that

remote possibility. To whatever age Alexander's life might have been prolonged, the East would have furnished full occupation for his martial ambition, as well as for those schemes of commercial grandeur and imperial amalgamation of nations, in which the truly great qualities of his mind loved to display themselves. With his death the dismemberment of his empire among his generals was certain, even as the dismemberment of Napoleon's empire among his marshals would certainly have ensued, if he had been cut off in the zenith of his power. Rome, also, was far weaker when the Athenians were in Sicily, than she was a century afterwards in Alexander's time. There can be little doubt but that Rome would have been blotted out from the independent powers of the West, had she been attacked at the end of the fifth century, B. C., by an Athenian army, largely aided by Spanish mercenaries, and flushed with triumphs over Sicily and Africa; instead of the collision between her and Greece having been deferred until the latter had sunk into decrepitude, and the Roman Mars had acquired the full vigor of manhood.

The Syracusans themselves, at the time of the Peloponnesian war, were a bold and turbulent democracy, tyrannizing over the weaker Greek cities in Sicily, and trying to gain in that island the same arbitrary supremacy which Athens maintained along the eastern coast of the Mediterranean. In numbers and in spirit they were fully equal to the Athenians, but far inferior to them in military and naval discipline. When the probability of an Athenian invasion was first publicly discussed at Syracuse, and efforts made by some of the wiser citizens to improve the state of the National Defences, and prepare for the impending danger, the rumors of coming war, and the proposals for preparation were received by the mass of the Syracusans with scornful incredulity. The speech of one of their popular orators is preserved to us in Thucydides,* and many of its topics might, by a slight alteration of names and details, serve admirably for the party among ourselves at present, which opposes the augmentation of our forces, and derides the idea of our being in any peril from the sudden attack of a French expedition. The Syracusan orator told his countrymen to dismiss with scorn the vi-

* Lib. vi. Sec. 36, *et seq.* Arnold's edition. I have almost literally transcribed some of the marginal epitomes of the original speech.

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An assembly of the Syracusans had actually been convened to discuss the propriety of opening negotiations with the besiegers, when the first galley arrived of a squadron of succor which the Peloponnesians had despatched to Syracuse, and which the culpable negligence of Nicias had not even endeavored to intercept. The bulk of the relieving force, under the able guidance of the Spartan Gylippus, landed at some distance from Syracuse, received considerable reinforcements from the other Siciliots, and turned the Athenian position by occupying the high ground in the extreme rear of Epipolæ. Gylippus marched through the unfortified interval of Nicias's lines into the besieged town; and joining his troops with the Syracusan forces, after some engagements with varying success, gained the mastery over Nicias, drove the Athenians from Epipolæ, and hemmed them into a disadvantageous position in the low grounds near the great harbor.

The attention of all Greece was now fixed on Syracuse; and every enemy of Athens felt the importance of the opportunity now offered of checking her ambition, and, perhaps, of striking a deadly blow at her power. Large reinforcements from Corinth, Thebes, and other cities, now reached the Syracusans; while the baffled and dispirited Athenian general earnestly besought his countrymen to recall him, and represented the further prosecution of the siege as hopeless.

But Athens had made it a maxim never to let difficulty or disaster drive her back from any enterprise once undertaken, so long as she possessed the means of making any effort, however desperate, for its accomplishment. With indomitable pertinacity she now decreed, instead of recalling her first armament from before Syracuse, to send out a second, though her enemies near home had now renewed open warfare against her, and by occupying a permanent fortification in her territory, had severely distressed her population, and were pressing her with almost all the hardships of an actual siege. She still was mistress of the sea, and she sent forth another fleet of seventy galleys, and another army, which seemed to drain almost the last reserves of her military population, to try if Syracuse could not yet be won, and the honor of the Athenian arms be preserved from the stigma of a retreat. Hers was, indeed, a spirit that might be broken but never would bend. At the head of this second expedition, she wisely placed her best general,

Demosthenes, one of the most distinguished officers that the long Peloponnesian war had produced, and who, if he had originally held the Sicilian command, would soon have brought Syracuse to submission. His arrival before that city restored the superiority to the Athenians for a time by land and by sea, on both of which elements the Syracusans had now been victorious over the dispirited soldiers and mariners who served under Nicias.

With the intuitive decision of a great commander, Demosthenes at once saw that the possession of Epipolæ was the key to the possession of Syracuse, and he resolved to make a prompt and vigorous attempt to recover that position while his force was unimpaired, and the consternation which its arrival had produced among the besieged remained unabated. The Syracusans and their allies had run out an outwork along Epipolæ from the city walls, intersecting the fortified lines of circumvallation which Nicias had commenced, but from which he had been driven by Gylippus. Could Demosthenes succeed in storming this outwork, and in re-establishing the Athenian troops on the high ground, he might fairly hope to be able to resume the circumvallation of the city, and become the conqueror of Syracuse.

An easily-repelled attack was first made on the outwork in the day-time, probably more with the view of blinding the besieged to the nature of the main operations, than with any expectation of succeeding in an open assault, with every disadvantage of the ground to contend against. But, when the darkness had set in, Demosthenes formed his men in columns, each soldier taking with him five days' provisions, and the engineers and workmen of the camp following the troops with their tools, and all portable implements of fortification, so as at once to secure any advantage of ground that the army might gain. Thus equipped and prepared, he led his men along by the foot of the southern flank of Epipolæ in a direction towards the interior of the island, till he came immediately below the narrow ridge that forms the extremity of high ground looking westward. He then wheeled his vanguard to the right, sent them rapidly up the paths that wind along the face of the cliff, and succeeded in completely surprising the Syracusan outposts, and in placing his troops fairly on the extreme summit of the all-important Epipolæ. Thence the Athenians marched ea-

gerly down the slope towards the town, routing some Syracusan detachments that were quartered in their way, and vigorously assailing the unprotected side of the outwork. All at first favored them. The outwork was abandoned by its garrison, and the Athenian engineers began to dismantle it. In vain Gylippus brought up fresh troops to check the assault; the Athenians broke and drove them back, and continued to press hotly forward, in the full confidence of victory. But, amid the general consternation of the Syracusans and their confederates, one body of infantry stood firm. This was a brigade of their Boeotian allies, which was posted low down the slope of Epipolæ outside the city walls. Coolly and steadily the Boeotian infantry formed their line, and, undismayed by the current of flight around them, advanced against the advancing Athenians. This was the crisis of the battle. But the Athenian van was disorganized by its own previous successes; and, yielding to the unexpected charge thus made on it by troops in perfect order, and of the most obstinate courage, it was driven back in confusion upon the other divisions of the army, that still continued to press forward. When once the tide was thus turned, the Syracusans passed rapidly from the extreme of panic to the extreme of vengeful daring, and with all their forces they now fiercely assailed the embarrassed and receding Athenians. In vain did the officers of the latter strive to reform their line. Amid the din and the shouting of the fight, and the confusion inseparable upon a night engagement, especially one where many thousand combatants were pent and whirled together in a narrow and uneven area, the necessary manœuvres were impracticable; and though many companies still fought on desperately, wherever the moonlight showed them the semblance of a foe, they fought without concert or subordination; and not unfrequently, amid the deadly chaos, Athenian troops assailed each other. Keeping their ranks close, the Syracusans and their allies pressed on against the disorganized masses of the besiegers, and at length drove them, with heavy slaughter, over the cliffs, which an hour or two before they had scaled full of hope, and apparently certain of success.

This defeat was decisive of the event of the siege. The Athenians afterwards struggled only to protect themselves from the vengeance which the Syracusans sought to wreak in the complete destruction of their

invaders. Never, however, was vengeance more complete and terrible. A series of sea-fights followed, in which the Athenian galleys were utterly destroyed or captured. The mariners and soldiers who escaped death in disastrous engagements, and a vain attempt to force a retreat into the interior of the island, became prisoners of war; and either perished miserably in the Syracusan dungeons, or were sold in slavery to the very men whom in their pride of power they had crossed the seas to enslave.

All danger from Athens to the independent nations of the West was now for ever at an end. She, indeed, continued to struggle against her combined enemies and revolted allies with unparalleled gallantry; and many more years of varying warfare passed away before she surrendered to their arms. But no success in subsequent contests could ever have restored her to the pre-eminence in enterprise, resources, and maritime skill, which she had acquired before her fatal reverses in Sicily. Nor among the rival Greek republics, whom her own rashness aided to crush her, was there any capable of reorganizing her empire, or resuming her schemes of conquest. The dominion of Western Europe was left for Rome and Carthage to dispute two centuries later, in conflicts still more terrible, and with even higher displays of military daring and genius, than Athens had witnessed either in her rise, her meridian, or her fall.

SALE OF THREE OF EDWIN LANDSEER'S PICTURES.
—Three early pictures, by Edwin Landseer, the property of the late Mr. W. W. Simpson, the auctioneer, were recently sold, amid a very bad collection of so-called early Masters. The first sold of the three Edwin Landseers was a small picture, on panel, five inches by four inches, representing "A thorough-bred Scotch Terrier, with a dead Rat in its Mouth." It brought the large sum of sixty-eight guineas.

The second picture sold, which was on canvas, called "Waiting for Orders," a small full-length portrait of Mr. Simpson's shrewd, jolly-looking coachman, standing with his hands folded before him, and his hat upon the ground, brought 33 guineas—the execution extremely careful. The last and best was called "The Paddock," representing an old chestnut horse and a white Scotch terrier, near a piece of water, with an open view, and Windsor Castle in the extreme distance. The horse was full of character, and firmly and conscientiously painted. Sold for 100 guineas. A room-full of framed presentation proofs, from some of Mr. Edwin Landseer's best pictures, realized high prices.

From Fraser's Magazine.

SWEDEN AND OSCAR I.

Of all modern histories that of Sweden, since the death of Charles XII., is the most curious and the least known. The efforts of its present patriotic monarch to organize a free and firm constitution out of the present patch-work system, constructed from the discordant fragments of several revolutions, have scarcely been noticed south of the Baltic; the utmost that has found its way into German, French, or English journals, is that something is agitated in Stockholm which is disliked in St. Petersburg and suspected in Copenhagen. But Sweden, now compactly united to Norway, is not a state that ought to be consigned to indifference and oblivion. Deriving from its geographical position an almost insular security, it is further defended by shoals, rocks, and the countless dangers of a perilous coast; while these very perils have trained a race of bold and skilful mariners, who are not surpassed in any of the merits of seamanship by the sailors of Britain herself. A system of burgher and peasant militia has given Sweden a larger and more available army than is generally known; and Norway, which some years ago seemed likely to give Sweden the same troubles and anxieties with which Ireland afflicts England, has learned by experience to appreciate the value of a union so highly, that the Norwegians would be the first to take arms to resist their own independence. Sweden is, in fact, the frontier fortress of Europe against Russian aggression, and is even more important than Denmark as a guard of the passes of the Baltic. It is governed by a monarch known in the world of literature for various philanthropic disquisitions, in which the dialectic skill of ancient philosophy is combined with the most tender feelings of humanity.

Sweden, however, may be said to have been in a state of transition for more than a century. From the day that Charles XII. fell in the trenches before Fredericks-hall, its successive governments seem to have been little better than provisional; and it is only now that the states, at the invitation of the enlightened Oscar, are about to discuss the arrangements necessary for establishing a permanent constitution.

Voltaire's *Life of Charles XII.* should be regarded rather as a brilliant romance than as an authentic history. He hides from us that Charles, though generally beloved by the people, was thoroughly detested by his feudal aristocracy, whose local tyranny was crushed under his iron despotism. The ball by which the monarch fell came from "no petty fortress, and no dubious hand;" he was assassinated by Liqueur, the agent of the discontented nobles, and who had both personal and party motives of his own to instigate him to the crime. The hat which Charles XII. wore on the fatal night is still religiously preserved at Stockholm; the slightest examination shows that it was pierced by a pistol-bullet fired at a distance of a very few paces, and that the ball passed sideways from right to left,—a direction which it could not have taken if fired from the rampart.

The conspirators, on his death acted as if they had destroyed not only a monarch but a monarchy. According to ancient law, a Swedish princess forfeited her right of succession by marriage. The two sisters of Charles had married German princes: the eldest had become Duchess of Holstein Gottorp, and, on her death bequeathed her right of succession to her son; the second, Ulrica Eleonora, was married to the Prince of Hesse-Cassel; but she resided at Stockholm, as her husband held an important command in the Swedish army. It was believed that Goertz, the favorite minister of Charles XII., had begun to arrange plans for securing the accession of the young Duke of Holstein by hereditary right, and that Charles was favorable to the project, because he perceived that a recognition of this right would be a most efficient check on the arrogant pretensions of the feudal aristocracy. Liqueur, who was aid-de-camp to the Prince of Hesse-Cassel, was thus prompted to the murder by the interests of his master, by his own personal hatred of Goertz, and by his intimate relation with the Swedish oligarchy. He stood at the right hand of Charles on the night that the monarch fell, and it is established that the pistol-bullet entered the king's right temple and came out at the left eye, which was torn from its socket.

Whatever doubts may be entertained respecting the death of Charles, the barbarous treatment of Goertz is a matter of notoriety. No sooner had the king fallen than Liquier posted at all speed with the intelligence to Prince Frederic of Hesse-Cassel; a secret council of officers was immediately convoked, and the Colonel Baumgarden was immediately sent to secure the person of Goertz, before it was possible for him to receive intelligence of the fate of his sovereign. Before we examine the usurpation of the oligarchy, we may briefly glance at the treatment of the fallen minister. Baumgarden arrested him in silence. Goertz, overwhelmed with astonishment, addressed a letter to Charles XII., of which the Colonel took charge, promising that it should be safely delivered: it was at once transmitted to Prince Frederic.

So closely guarded as to be kept in utter ignorance of the events which had occurred, Goertz was sent to Stockholm. He was detained nearly three months in prison, being subjected almost every day to harassing examinations,—a useless torture, as his condemnation was pre-determined. He was finally sentenced to death, and the very terms of the sentence prove that the execution was nothing better than a judicial murder. It was couched in the following terms:—

“George Henry Baron de Goertz is condemned to lose his head, and to be buried beneath a gibbet, by the common executioner, for having caused the late king to suspect the fidelity of his subjects, destroyed the confidence which the king had in the senate and the other orders of the State, removed from the administration of public affairs the persons most devoted to his majesty and the commonwealth; for having, by his pernicious councils, and by tyrannical means of his own devising, and by the abuse of the authority with which he had been entrusted, encouraged the king to continue the war; for having sown dissension and distrust between the king and the most sincere friends of Sweden, deprived the Swedes of their money and their real property;—in a word, for being the author of all the misfortunes which now afflict the country. The proofs of all these charges have been established by his papers and his actions.”

A more vague series of charges never appeared in a judicial record. The barbarous sentence, however, was executed; the Swedish nobles acted like a set of turbulent boys, who, having got rid of a stern school-master, immediately break the cane and destroy the rod, which, if not the instru-

ment of chastisement, had been the object of terror.

The army had proclaimed Ulrica Eleonora, the wife of their general, successor to the throne of Sweden. It was a popular choice, which the senate dared not oppose; but the senators obtained from the princess a written engagement, by which she protested against any authority which should be *arbitrarily* conferred on her, renounced for herself and her successors every royal prerogative inconsistent with the liberties of Sweden, and convoked an assembly of the States to arrange the affairs of the realm.

The States prepared a new constitution, consisting of fifty-one articles, which they called a “Form of Government.” Its object and effect were to transform the monarchy into an odious and feeble oligarchy, all authority being taken from the sovereign and transferred to the senate and the States.

In this new constitution the Assembly of States was divided into four orders,—the nobles, the clergy, the burgesses, and the peasants,—which met and voted in their separate chambers. This radical vice of the Swedish constitution still continues, and the necessity of having the consent of the four orders to any organic change is the greatest obstacle to the constitutional reforms which have been proposed by the reigning monarch. The States were to assemble every three years for a session of three months, or as much longer as they pleased. During their session they possessed supreme authority: they had the exclusive right of making war and peace, of regulating the currency, of filling up the vacancies in the senate, of superintending the administration of justice, and of investigating cases of high treason. When the States were not sitting, these powers were nominally exercised by the king and senate conjointly, but really by the senate alone, for the king could do nothing without their concurrence. Ulrica was soon weary of her position; with the consent of the States she resigned the throne to her husband, who was not proclaimed until he had given his solemn adhesion to the “Form of Government.”

Sweden, like Poland, was thus placed under an oligarchy, and was menaced with the same fate. The senate was divided into two factions, both supported by foreign gold: the advocates of peace with Russia, called *Caps*, as sleepy and indo-

lent; and the French faction disposed to wage war with Russia, who took the name of *Hats*, as being ready to cover themselves for war. But, though divided on foreign policy, both factions were perfectly united on one point,—their firm determination to render and keep royalty nothing but an empty pageant and an idle name. Such, indeed, was the state of royalty during the reigns of Frederic and his son Adolphus. The death of the latter, in 1771, was the first event which shook the power of the oligarchy.

Gustavus III., son and successor of Adolphus, was in Paris at the time of his father's death. His presence had created no little sensation in that capital; he was handsome, witty, and an adept in the superficial philosophy which the school of Voltaire had brought into fashion. Louis XV., who in spite of his vices and profligacy, had many of the best qualities of a sovereign, showed a strong attachment to the young Swedish prince; the court made him the idol of fashion. Gustavus was an equally welcome guest in the cabinet of the Duc de Choiseul, and in the salons of Madame du Barri. If the *Memoirs* of the latter are to be trusted, Louis XV. impressed the young prince with the necessity of dissembling with the oligarchy at the commencement of his reign. It is certain that Gustavus signed without any objection the "Act of Surety" transmitted to him by the States; and that, when questioned on the subject by Frederic of Prussia, whom he visited on his way home, the young king vehemently denied any intention of interfering with the actual constitution of Sweden.

In their contests for supremacy, the factions of the Hats and Caps gradually became animated with the most bitter animosity against each other; and, as they alternately prevailed in the States, they committed outrages, under the forms of law, which provoked cruel retaliations. In 1756 the Hats were in the ascendant, and they sent several of their rivals to the scaffold; in the diet of 1772, held on the accession of Gustavus, the Caps had the preponderance, and they insisted that all of the opposite party should be excluded from every office conferring political power. But the Hats numbered in their body the greater number of noble families in the kingdom, and their dread of reprisals from the Caps led them secretly to demand protection from the king, and to promise such an

extension of royal authority as would enable him to interfere efficiently for their protection. Gustavus took advantage of the crisis to effect one of the most wondrous revolutions recorded in history,—the more wondrous as almost every step was taken in the presence of the senate, and even received the sanction of that body.

Through the discontented Hats, Gustavus made sure of the army; but though the garrison of Stockholm might ensure him possession of the capital, he found it difficult to provide for the provinces, which were garrisoned by regiments of militia dispersed over wide tracts of country. A pretext was wanting to bring them together. At the secret instigation of the king, Helli-chius, the governor of Christiansadt, closed the gates of that important fortress, raised the standard of revolt, and issued a virulent manifesto against the States, whom he described as the corrupt mercenaries of foreign powers. It was studiously circulated that the object of this revolt was to abolish monarchy altogether, and to change Sweden into an oligarchy, under the protection of Russia.

The revolt of Christiansadt furnished Prince Charles, the king's brother with a plausible pretext for collecting five or six provincial regiments; the senate approved of the precaution, but insisted that the command should be transferred to one of their own body. Before they had elected a general the revolution was completed. While their attention was fixed on Christiansadt, the king obtained peaceable possession of Stockholm. On the night of the 19th of August, 1772, Gustavus witnessed the representation of *Peleus and Thetis*, the first opera ever written in Swedish. After the performance he returned to his cabinet, and wrote several letters, which were instantly sent off by express. Two of these were addressed to his brothers, informing them that the decisive blow would be struck on the morrow. Having finished writing, Gustavus, wrapped in his cloak, went to visit the several guard-houses; but, almost at the first step, he received proof that all the soldiers had not been gained over. When he attempted to enter the arsenal, the artilleryman on guard, levelling his bayonet, said,—

"You must not enter here."

"Perhaps you do not know who I am," said Gustavus; "I am the king!"

"I know that very well," coolly replied the soldier; "but I also know my duty."

At the Admiralty he obtained a more favorable reception, and every officer he encountered during the night promised to be with him at the palace on the following morning.

At nine o'clock in the morning of the 20th of August, Gustavus rode to the park of artillery, which was commanded by the Duke of Hessenstein, a natural son of Frederic I. The king offered the duke the entire command of the garrison, but he threw down his sword and refused to act. He was instantly arrested by his own officers, all of whom, without hesitation, professed their adhesion to Gustavus. The king then rode slowly back through the city, while the senate as usual assembled in its hall of the palace at ten o'clock. Half an hour after Gustavus entered the court, timing his arrival so as to meet the regiment which had come to relieve the guards of the night. He called the officers of both detachments together, made them an eloquent speech, depicting the evils which the tyranny of the oligarchy had brought upon Sweden, and called upon them, by the memory of Gustavus Vasa and Gustavus Adolphus, to aid in the deliverance of their country. All but three swore enthusiastically that they would yield him implicit obedience. The dissentients were placed in close arrest, and detachments of grenadiers occupied every avenue to the senate-house, with strict orders to allow no one to pass.

Followed by the officers, Gustavus next proceeded to address the soldiers; but, as he crossed the court, he was alarmed to hear some doubts of success whispered among his companions. Fortunately, an old sergeant overheard the whispers as well as the king; the veteran, in rebuke of them, shouted, "Long live Gustavus! all will go well!" The incident created a sudden burst of enthusiasm, which was deepened and strengthened by the king's address to the soldiers, all of whom vowed to follow him to death.

In the mean time a report had been circulated in Stockholm that the king had been arrested by the senate, and that his life was in danger. Crowds of citizens thronged to the palace, and, having ascertained his safety, gave vent to their joy in loud acclamations. The senators rushed to the doors and windows to ascertain the meaning of the noise, and, for the first time, found themselves prisoners. The king then mounted his horse, and followed by a bril-

liant staff, proceeded through gratulating crowds to visit the different barracks and military posts in Stockholm; officers and men equally swore allegiance to him, and before noon was long passed the capital was his own.

An assembly of the States had been summoned for the 21st; the members came together, but they saw, as they passed through the courts of the palace, regiments under arms, guns guarded by artillerymen with lighted matches, and sentinels so posted as to command every door and window of their hall. Under such circumstances deliberation was a farce, to be hurried over as decently as possible; they entered the great hall prepared to assent to everything which might be demanded. Gustavus having taken his place on the throne with a pomp to which Sweden had been long unaccustomed, addressed the assembly in a speech of excessive length, for, in its printed form, it makes a goodly octavo volume. He then presented to them a new form of government in fifty-seven articles, which just reversed the positions of the king and the oligarchy. It was voted at once with unanimity that this should be the new constitution of Sweden, and the articles were officially signed by the Marshal of the Diet and the Speakers of the Four Orders. The most whimsical part of the scene was to follow; no sooner was the new constitution signed than the king drew a prayer-book from his pocket, and in a solemn voice gave out the *Te Deum*, which was most devoutly sung by the whole assembly.

Gustavus had destroyed the power of the oligarchy; but through the rest of his life he had to struggle against their secret machinations, which were directed not merely against the person of the king, but against the glory and interests of Sweden. He was betrayed by both military and naval officers in the war with Russia, when nothing but mutinies could have prevented him from marching to St. Petersburg. The war ended in August 1790, by the treaty of Wersl  ; and Gustavus, justly indignant at the treachery of the nobles, summoned a convention of the States at Gefle, a town on the Gulf of Bothnia, about sixty miles from Stockholm, which was garrisoned by two regiments of guards entirely devoted to the king.

The opening of the diet was fixed for the 23d of January, 1792, and on the evening of the 22d the king, preparatory to his departure, ordered that a masked ball should

be given at the Opera-house. There were several sinister omens at this ball; the song of revolutionary France, *Ca ira*, was insultingly sung in the king's presence, and he retired early, evidently mortified by the discontent thus manifested. As a compensation, he ordered that a more splendid ball should be prepared to welcome him on his return from Gefle, little knowing that his doom had been pronounced, and that the agents of murder were already dogging his path.

In fact, a few nights before his departure for Gefle, he had most narrowly escaped from assassination. An ensign in the guards named Anckarstroem, and the young Count de Horn, had penetrated into the gardens of the palace of Hoga, resolved to murder the king as the great enemy of the nobility. Concealed by a clump of trees, they had mounted to the window of the closet in which the king was writing. Gustavus, at the moment happened to be overwhelmed with painful thoughts, and he sat so motionless in reverie, that the assassins, believing him to have been struck with apoplexy, silently withdrew.

Anckarstroem's motives for the almost insane hatred with which he regarded the king have not been fully explained. It is hardly necessary to state that the story, as told in Scribe's celebrated opera, is merely a dramatic fiction. It appears, indeed, that Anckarstroem was once slightly punished unjustly, as he alleged, for some violation of military duty, and that he was at another time separated by a royal mandate from an opera-dancer, to whom he had been strongly attached; but these are but feeble causes of mortal hatred, and we are disposed to believe that, like too many others, he was chiefly animated by resentment for the abasement of aristocratic power since the memorable Revolution of 1772.

The second masked ball was given on the 16th of March, 1792; the king came early to a suite of private apartments which had been prepared for him at the Opera-house, and there he dined. While he was at table, a letter was brought him by one of his pages, who said that it had been given him by an unknown person, who ran away at the moment of placing it in his hands. The king, after carelessly glancing at it, handed it to Count Essen, who read with alarm the following lines:—

"A plot has been formed for your destruction, and the time of execution is fixed for this night. Beware of going to the ball at the Opera, or to

any other ball that will be given this year; beware also of inhabiting the ground floor in the palace of Hoga. I do not pretend to disguise the wrongs of which you have been guilty; I hate you, sire, but I abhor assassination."

Essen endeavored to dissuade the king from going to the ball; and when this failed, he, with equal ill success, begged him to wear a cuirass under his coat. It was past eleven when he descended to the ball-room; he lingered in the ante-chamber until midnight struck, when, taking Count Essen's arm, he said, in a loud voice, "Come, let us see whether they will venture to assassinate me!" As Gustavus entered a whisper of recognition of the king went round, and two groups of persons coming in opposite directions, as if to catch a sight of him, created some slight confusion, during which he was separated from his suite. At this moment a black domino struck him on the shoulder, saying, "Good night, fair masque!" It was the concerted signal; a pistol-shot was heard, and Gustavus fell, mortally wounded, into the arms of Count Essen. The cry of "Fire!" was then raised by the conspirators; a rush was made to the doors, and all traces of the murderer might have been lost in the confusion, had not M. de Polett, a young officer, anticipated the rush, and ordered the guards to allow no one to pass until the arrival of the police. Every one was compelled to unmask and undergo an interrogatory, but nothing appeared to warrant the detention of any body. There were, however, found near the spot where the king had been struck a brace of English pistols, and a Turkish dagger of very peculiar construction. These were traced to Anckarstroem; and a clue having once been gained, the rest of the conspirators were soon detected and arrested. The death of the king and the punishment of the assassins are too well known to need repetition. Strange as was the fate of Gustavus III., still stranger were the vicissitudes of his son and successor.

Gustavus IV. was only thirteen years of age when he ascended the throne; but he had been educated beyond his years; his father had prematurely forced his intellect, and the precocious boy grew up into a very stupid man. No revolution followed the death of Gustavus III.; the assassination had revolted public feeling, and thus created an insuperable obstacle to the restoration of the power of the oligarchy, and the excesses of revolutionary France united the nobility in opposition to every increase of demo-

cratic power. The monarchy might have been established on a firmer foundation than ever, if the monarch had not been subject to aberrations of intellect which almost amounted to madness. Even before he came of age he exhibited symptoms of that imperious obstinacy which, at a later period astonished Europe; he compelled his uncle and guardian to take him to St. Petersburg, where he fell in love, or imagined that he had fallen in love, with the beautiful Princess Alexandra, daughter of the Grand Duke Paul. As the Empress Catherine earnestly desired the match, all preliminary arrangements were easily made, and a day fixed for the betrothal. The court was assembled, the Princess Alexandra appeared attired as a bride, the empress arrived with her suite, but the King of Sweden was absent. Three hours of waiting elapsed, when it was finally announced that Gustavus refused to sign the contract, because it contained a clause securing the princess in the free exercise of her religion, and that all efforts to change this determination had proved ineffectual. The princess was led back in tears to her chamber, and Gustavus returned to Sweden.

Almost equally inexplicable is the fanatical hatred which Gustavus IV. conceived personally, rather than politically, for Napoleon. Want of means prevented the King of Sweden from taking an active part in the earlier northern alliances against France; but his hostile inclinations were well known, and were often made the subject of bitter comment in the *Moniteur*. One sarcasm which appeared in this official journal is said to have emanated from Napoleon himself; it declared of Gustavus, "His hand is too feeble to raise the sword of Charles XII., from whom he has inherited nothing but his madness and his boots." This stinging insult sank deep into the mind of the vain pedant, but it was not until after the murder of the Duc d'Enghien that he withdrew his ambassador from Paris, and entered formally into the great northern coalition. His conduct as a member of the coalition was a perplexity to statesmen, and must be a puzzle to historians. After having accepted the command of a Russian division, which he promised to join with 30,000 Swedes, he suddenly refused to move, assigning as an excuse his suspicions of the sincerity of Prussia. This inactivity continued until the strength of the coalition was cloven down at Austerlitz, and the coalition itself destroyed by the

treaty of Tilsit. Then he entered single-handed against France, and ended the armistice which had been concluded with Marshal Brune, the commander of the French troops in Pomerania. He promptly accepted the defiance, and sailed all the positions occupied by the Swedes. The combat had not lasted more than half an hour when Gustavus, being slightly contused by the winnowing cannon ball, sent a flag of truce to demand a suspension of arms. Brune refused the cowardly request; Gustavus led his disheartened forces to Stralsund, and, finding that strong fortress without an army for its defence, returned to Stockholm.

Russia and Denmark, excited by France, declared war against Sweden. Instead of taking any steps to preserve peace, Gustavus demanded from his exhausted coadjutors 30,000,000 dollars, and 100,000 men. He also solicited aid from England, which was readily afforded. A large fleet, having on board 15,000 troops, entered the harbor of Gottenburg; the soldiers landed, Sir John Moore, their commander, proceeded to Stockholm to consult with the king on the operations which it would be desirable to undertake. Gustavus ordered him to occupy Norway, and to storm Copenhagen. He raved of distant conquests when hostile armies had penetrated, almost without resistance, far beyond the frontiers of his own kingdom. When Sir John Moore remonstrated against this excess of Quixotism, Gustavus replied with menaces and insult. The English general could not save a madman; he re-embarked his troops and returned to England.

The close of the year 1808 saw Sweden on the brink of ruin; its dismemberment had actually been proposed at the Congress of Erfurth; nothing but a change of dynasty could save its national existence. It could hardly be said that any conspiracy was formed against Gustavus; all his subjects were weary of him; it was simply a question where and when a revolution should originate.

On the 12th of March, 1809, intelligence was received that Colonel Adlersparre was marching on Stockholm at the head of 6,000 men, for the purpose of compelling the immediate convocation of a national diet, to take into consideration the calamitous condition of Sweden. Adlersparre was known to be a decided advocate of the ancient oligarchy, and was suspected of having favored the assassination of Gusta-

vus III. On receiving this intelligence, the king hastened to Stockholm, issued orders that the garrison should prepare to evacuate the city, and commanded the directors of the bank to place in his hands all the funds of the State. A secret meeting of nobles and officers was convened: it was unanimously resolved that the king should be prevented from leaving the capital, if necessary, by force, and General Adlercreutz was chosen to direct the necessary movements.

On the following morning, at nine o'clock the associated officers, who can hardly be called conspirators, proceeded to the palace, and deputed Marshal Klingspor, the oldest among them, to convey their remonstrances to the king. Rightly conjecturing, from long delay, that the marshal's representations had proved ineffectual, the officers rushed into the royal apartments, and Adlercreutz reproached Gustavus so warmly, that the king drew his sword, and attempted to cut down the speaker. Fortunately Lelverspane, the marshal of the court, wrested the sword from the royal hand. Gustavus shouted, "Treason! Help! help!" The guards came rushing to force the doors and rescue him; but Adlercreutz presenting himself with a baton of an adjutant general, told them that their only object was to prevent the king from leaving his capital. The soldiers were satisfied and retired; but during the confusion which the incident occasioned, Gustavus having obtained another sword, rushed through a door which opened on a staircase, and nearly succeeded in making his escape. He was, however, stopped by an officer who met him on the stairs, and from that moment he was too closely watched to attempt flight. *In the course of the day he was sent with the queen to the castle of Drottningholm; and the Duke of Sudermania very reluctantly accepted the regency of the kingdom.

A diet was convoked on the 1st of May; on the 10th a formal act of abdication, signed by Gustavus, was presented to the States; but the States, reviving their old pretensions of 1720, refused to recognise the validity of this document, and unanimously voted his dethronement. With less unanimity they included in their sentence the prince-royal, a boy of eleven years of age; and chose as their new sovereign the king's uncle, Charles, duke of Sudermania, who took the title of Charles XIII. A new constitution was framed, in which most of the changes introduced in 1772 were set aside; and it was

ordained that no change should be made in this form of government, or any part of it, without the separate and collective assent of the Four Orders.

Peace was purchased by severe sacrifices; but Sweden had still great difficulties to encounter. Charles XIII. was old and childless; it was necessary to elect his successor. Prince Christian of Holstein-Augustenburg was elected crown-prince; but on his road to Stockholm, while inspecting a regiment of cavalry, he was struck by apoplexy, and fell dead from his horse. The choice of a new crown-prince created great excitement. There were three candidates; the brother of the deceased prince, who was favored by Charles XIII.; the Duke of Oldenbourg, who was recommended by all the influence of Russia; and the King of Denmark, who relied on the support of Napoleon. The difficulty of overcoming the objections raised to each of these candidates suggested to a young Swedish diplomatist the expediency of proposing a fourth; and he turned his attention to Charles John Bernadotte, prince of Ponte Corvo, the most universally respected of all the French marshals. Though last in the field, he soon outstripped all other competitors; but his success must chiefly be attributed to the general but erroneous impression, that the choice of Bernadotte would be acceptable to Napoleon. He was elected on the 21st of August, 1819, and on the 2d of the following November he was solemnly installed Crown-Prince of Sweden, at Stockholm.

From the moment of his election, Charles John had resolved to be a Swede in heart, though not by birth; and never to sacrifice the interests of his adopted country to any foreign power. His great desire was, that Sweden should be neutral in the wars which devastated the Continent; and though compelled by Napoleon to declare war against England, he exhibited a very obvious reluctance to engage in open hostilities. This policy involved him in very angry controversy with the French emperor, whose ambassador at Sweden acted more as a Roman proconsul in a conquered province than as an envoy to an independent nation. During the whole of 1811, the French cruisers and officers of customs seized Swedish ships, and confiscated Swedish merchandise, in direct violation of every principle of international law. The French ambassador answered every remonstrance with menace and insult; and his imprudent arrogance was warmly supported by Napoleon.

Matters were brought to a crisis at the commencement of the following year. On the 26th of January, 1812, a French army, commanded by the Prince of Eckmühl, without any formal declaration of war, entered Pomerania; and having disarmed the Swedish regiments in the garrisons, sent them prisoners to France. All the Swedes holding civil offices were deprived of their situations, and some of them were detained as hostages.

Having vainly endeavored to obtain satisfaction for this outrage, the Swedish government took the decisive course of concluding peace with England. The treaty was signed at Cerebro, in March 1812; and during the same month, a treaty of mutual alliance was concluded with Russia, then on the point of engaging in a decisive struggle with the colossal power of France.

The rapidity of Napoleon's advance to Moscow took Europe by surprise. Charles John was the first to predict the fatal consequences of his conquest of that capital; he spent the winter of 1812 in organizing a Swedish army to take part in the war for the liberation of Europe. In March 1813 a new treaty was concluded with England, by which Charles John agreed to join the allies with 30,000 men, while England consented to pay a subsidy, to give up the island of Guadaloupe, and to favor the union of Norway with Sweden.

After the successful termination of the war of liberation, Charles John, who had refused to join in the invasion of France, returned with his army to Sweden, and immediately prepared to execute his favorite project—the annexation of Norway. The Norwegians at first prepared resistance, and proclaimed Prince Christian of Denmark their king; but, alarmed by the strength of the Swedish army, and not less won over by the prudent invitations of Charles John, they submitted without hazarding the chances of a battle, stipulating only for the maintenance of their national institutions and privileges.

On the 5th of February, 1818, Charles XIII. died, and Bernadotte became King of Sweden and Norway, with the title of Charles XIV.

The early part of the reign of Charles John was spent in laborious, and not unsuccessful, efforts to retrieve the Swedish finances, which were in a most deplorable condition. It was not until the diet of 1834 that the question of constitutional reform, which still waits for a decision, was

fairly brought into issue. The propositions of the reformers included universal suffrage; an equality in the number of representatives of the Four Orders; voting together in one National Assembly, and not by separate Orders; the election from this Assembly of a Senate, or Upper House; the formation of provincial councils; and vote by ballot. These several propositions were rejected by overwhelming majorities; but there was a general desire to bring the diet into a form similar to that of the British parliament, and to correct the various anomalies connected with the right of suffrage, and the forms of election.

The diet of 1840 was deemed likely to effect large changes in the constitution, for the members of opposition succeeded in obtaining the majority of elections. Nothing effectual, however, was done; because it was impossible to get the concurrence of the Four Orders in any proposed change. This might have been anticipated from their constitution. The Order of Nobles contains four hundred members, and they alone are not paid for their attendance at the diet. The Order of the Clergy consists of the eleven bishops of Sweden, and of delegates elected by the ecclesiastics of the several dioceses. The Order of Burgesses contains the representatives of the towns, the number being generally proportioned to the population of each: thus Stockholm has twelve representatives, while two or more of the smaller towns have to combine for the election of one. The Order of Peasants contains about one hundred and fifty members, elected by the peasant-proprietors in their respective departments.

Now the Nobles, from whom the Senate has been invariably elected, have been accustomed to predominate over the other three Orders, and they are, therefore, unwilling to aid in the formation of a single Lower House, which might probably assume the position of our House of Commons. Again, though the bishops would not object to be ranked with the nobles, the other ecclesiastics would resist any such increase of episcopal power; which, indeed, would hardly be consistent with the Lutheran system of equality in the hierarchy. The representatives of the towns are, for the most part, in favor of protection, while the peasants are inclined to free-trade; and this important difference will probably be the greatest impediment to their amalgamation. The proposition for a National Assembly of the Four Orders, which should

afterwards be divided into two chambers, was carried in the affirmative; but only by a majority of one in the Order of Nobles. According to the Swedish constitution, however, this decision could not become a law until sanctioned by a subsequent diet.

Charles John died March 8, 1844, and was succeeded by the present monarch, Oscar I. Immediately after his accession, he issued an order for the convocation of the States, which assembled as a diet in the month of July. Oscar prepared the way for useful reforms, by appointing a commission to examine the ancient codes, and to remove such laws as were obsolete or inapplicable to the present state of society. By adopting this judicious course, he was enabled to give his subjects a complete civil and penal code, which was promulgated at the close of the session of 1845. He has since established an admirable penitentiary system, which has raised the administration of criminal law in Sweden to a perfection not yet attained by any European state. Several questions of constitutional reform were raised in the diet; but, on the recommendation of the king, it was resolved, that instead of discussing these crude proposals at random, in popular

assemblies, a commission should be issued by the sovereign and the States conjointly, to examine the several projects of reform, and report on them to the diet, which is to assemble in the course of the present year. His majesty has taken a very active part in the labors of the commissioners; and it is understood that a great part of the Report, not yet completed, has been written by him. It will recommend to the diet the formation of two chambers, a uniform but limited system of suffrage, and a gradual abolition of the distinction of orders. The king's wishes extend further, and include the union of the Norwegian and Swedish parliaments; but we fear that difference of language will be found an insurmountable obstacle to the attainment of this desirable object. As yet all parties seem disposed to receive the royal propositions, not merely with firmness, but favor; we may, therefore, reasonably hope, as we most ardently desire, that the result of the deliberations of the diet may give such a beneficial development to the institutions of Norway and Sweden, as will ensure the continued growth of the prosperity of the united kingdoms, and secure for them their salutary share of political influence in the general system of Europe.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

MARIA LOUISA.*

BY L. MARIOTTI, AUTHOR OF "ITALY PAST AND PRESENT."

MARIA Louisa Leopoldina Carolina, Imperial Princess, Archduchess of Austria, Duchess of Parma, Piacenza, and Guastalla, was born at Schönbrunn, on the 13th of December, 1791. She was the eldest daughter of Francis II., afterwards Emperor of Germany,—and of the second of his four wives, Maria Theresa, of Naples.

The princess was brought up under all the fostering cares which environ the young nurslings of that fruitful *pepinière* of Schönbrunn. She was taught to speak French

and Italian, to read Latin, to paint in oil-colors, to play on the piano, and to hate the French and Napoleon.

The habitual play of the princess, and of her brothers and sisters, consisted in drawing up in battle array a band of little wax or wooden dolls, which were made to represent the French army, with a dark, demon-like figure at their head—the accursed Corsican—and their devoted ranks were made to bear the brunt of the youngsters' pop-guns.

Meanwhile, the French and the Corsican managed to thrive, in despite of all that dire execution. The king-slayers were twice at the gates. Austria had twice lost all; had nothing to give. The hungry lions were roaring for more prey. Austria gave up

* We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions, somewhat strongly asserted by M. Mariotti; neither can we vouch for his statements: but we think it right that an Italian should be heard on a subject like the present, especially when we believe him to be accurate, and know him to be conscientious.—*Ed. N. M. M.*

her flesh and blood. Maria Louisa was doomed!

The poor young princess! She who had been reared in so salutary a dread of male animals! It was the story of "Beauty and the Beast" acted over again. "Will he bite? Will he tear me to pieces?" She, the daughter of the Cæsars, wedded to the Corsican—to bear imps to the arch-devil!

The language at her father's court was now strangely changed. The brigand-chief had become a leader of heroes. They made wondrous discoveries about his ancient pedigree. Napoleon had become a standing toast with the Aulic Council. Her imperial father, himself, addressed him as "Monsieur mon frère." The devil was not so dark, after all, as he was painted. There was a dash of the Alexander-breed in his composition, and had not Alexander chosen him a bride amongst the daughters of his prostrate enemy?

Maria Louisa listened and grew wise. The mild creature never had an idea, never a wish of her own: she never knew how to show any reluctance to other people's demands. She had been taught to hate, and she hated; she was now bidden to love, and she married. "Behold thine handmaid!" she said, and the *Ogre* led her to her nuptial apartment.

Maria Louisa was then (1810) in the bloom of youth; her stature was above the middle size—queenly in her countenance and bearing. Her complexion was fresh and fair; she had hazel hair, Austrian eyes and lips—features much admired by some, though the eyes, drawn down obliquely towards the nose, bear a close resemblance to those of a pig, and the pursed-up lips wear an unpleasant expression of haughtiness. Her hand and foot often served as models to the artist, and Canova, who was summoned to Paris for the purpose, made as much of them as he could, in his statue "La Concordia," which is to be seen in the hall of the ducal palace at Colorno.

It is just possible that Maria Louisa brought herself to endure her husband during four years. About Napoleon's tenderness for her, from his wedding to his dying day, we have been entertained to satiety. He called her *Ma petite vie*! And as a man who valued the sex from their prolific capacities, he was most probably amused by a *naïveté* so closely bordering upon silliness.

In 1813, and the following year, he thought he could propitiate his treacherous

ally of Austria, by placing his empress at the head of the regency which was to rule in his absence. Her task was, however, less difficult than might be supposed. The *yea* and *nay*, by which she was to answer all questions, were invariably prompted by the nod of Cambacères.* It is amusing to see her helplessness in circumstances of the least difficulty, and the ingenuousness with which she had recourse to her private secretary, acknowledging that *she had not the least idea*. Why should she? If great warriors and statesmen choose to trust their nursery toys and *little geese* with arduous cares of empire, why, they must take the consequences.

Her illness and pusillanimity hastened the catastrophe of 1814. She ran away to Rambouillet, March 19th, taking along with her her reluctant infant, and an escort of 2,500 men, the *élite* of the garrison of Paris.

From this moment Maria Louisa considered herself as virtually divorced from her husband. Napoleon was once more the arch-fiend and ogre of her childhood. His solicitations that she would join him beyond the Loire were disregarded. Her father placed her in the keeping of a horde of Cossacks. In her interview with him, she declared herself ready to desert the cause of the conquered, and exchange her imperial diadem for the independent possession of an Italian principality.

From the first instant of her departure from Paris—and there are courtiers who have registered every word that fell from her lips—there is no symptom of regret or rejoicing on her part. Her French servants and advisers were removed from her side. She travelled across Switzerland and the Tyrol, and came back—a prodigal child—miraculously restored.

The work of *re-naturalization* was too

* There is an anecdote relating to this period which we cannot refrain from quoting, although it may be familiar to many of our readers. On the first surmises of the defection of Austria, Napoleon, who was not always careful in the choice of his terms, expressed his indignation towards his father-in-law, by saying to the empress, "*Votre père est un ganache.*" *Ganache*, a word more fit for the barrack-room than the court, comes as near as possible to the English *blockhead*. Maria Louisa, who had studied French all her life-time, had, however, to run to the Duchess of Montebello, her *grande-maitresse*, for a definition of that singular word. The good widow of Marshal Lannes, in the greatest embarrassment, replied, "*Ganache*—to be sure—it means a *worthy and clever fellow.*" Maria Louisa treasured up the word, and "made a note" of it. During her regency, being pressed to answer some puzzling question before her imperial council, "Let us consult the arch-chancellor," said she, "who is *le plus grand ganache de tous!*"

plain and easy. She sought rest and oblivion amidst frivolous occupations. She joined her relatives in the clamorous rejoicings for the *enemy's* downfall. Her aunt, Maria Carolina of Naples, gave her a hint as to the propriety of tying up her bed-clothes, to let herself down from her window, by the aid of them, and join her good man at Elba. But Maria Louisa was already weaned from her proud associations. She evinced no desire to cling to the wrecks of departed greatness. In the duchy of Parma, which the allies, ever since the 11th of April, held before her eyes—a glittering bauble to a spoiled child—all her silly ambition was centred. She dwelt, with an inconceivable fondness, on the prospects of unshared sovereignty; and her anxiety for the exercise of dominion was increased by the artful postponement of its enjoyment; by doubt and difficulties, which placed it further and further from her reach. Parma was to be a reward for unbounded, unconditional obedience; and we have already seen that Maria Louisa belonged to the non-resistance school. They bade her put off her arms and liveries, to divest herself of her proud titles, to forget her husband, to deliver all his letters into her father's hands, to cease from all correspondence with him, to surrender her son to an Austrian governor, to renounce in his name all rights to the succession of her new states, to deprive him of his name, re-baptize him, as Charles Joseph, Duke of Reichstadt; to suffer him to linger behind, in a kind of imprisonment, at Schönbrunn. Her obedience outdid even the immoderateness of their demands. She was, above all things, eager to advance her prospects as a candidate for an Italian principality. The attempts of Murat, King of Naples, upon the north of Italy, the troubles of the whole Peninsula, and the endless intrigues of the Congress of Vienna, raised at every step new obstacles against the fulfilment of her desires. Wearied with deferred expectation, and urged also by that animal instinct of locomotion, which became one of the prominent features of her character in after-life, she pleaded ill-health, and earnestly solicited, and obtained, from her father, permission to repair, *unattended by her son*, to the baths of Aix, in Savoy.

If there is a spot on earth which the tempter of mankind may look upon as his most favorable battle-ground, it is, undoubtedly, a watering-place. All that might remain pure and ingenuous in the character of the ex-empress was corrupted

among the pleasures and dissipations of her short sojourn at Aix. On her arrival, July 17th, she was met by the Count Neipperg. She avowed to her secretary, M. de Meneval, the only Frenchman who continued by her side, that her first impression of that gentleman was anything but agreeable. To do her justice, Maria Louisa never loved at first sight.

Adam Albert, Count of Neipperg, Lieutenant-General of Hungarian light-horse, was a tall, fine-looking personage. His age, at his arrival, was not much beyond forty. He had a bright, warlike countenance, and, *when seen on the right side*, he was a striking type of manly beauty. In his early campaigns, in a close engagement, a French lancer had poked out his left eye; that honorable wound was carefully covered by a black band drawn round the brow in the shape of a diadem, and there remained charm enough in the one eye he had left to drive Napoleon's image from the empress's heart.

As a private secretary and chamberlain, the count and his imperial mistress were brought into the closest intimacy. In consultations of state (for the duchess busied herself much about the welfare of her future subjects), as well as in parties of pleasure, riding, dancing, or travelling, they became indivisible.

To the watering season followed a romantic excursion. At Berne the ex-empress fell in with the Princess of Wales, and oh, the singing, flirting, and frolicking of that blessed evening between those two congenial spirits and their gallant cavaliers. Neipperg sat at the piano, the accomplished conductor of a royal concert. A few days after, the Austrian archduchess rambled about the ruins of the castle of Hapsburgh, she picked up relics and fragments of armor; instituted a new order of chivalry, and decorated her secretary with the collar of grand-master.

These base intrigues continued at Vienna, where the count accompanied his sovereign lady in September, 1814. A few months afterwards Napoleon was again triumphant in Paris. Maria Louisa was in a fever of anxiety about her hard-won Italian sovereignty, which that untimely invasion might yet have power to wrench from her grasp. Under that apprehension, she solemnly disclaimed all knowledge of, or participation in, that hair-brained enterprise, and implored her father's and the allies' protection against her husband, as

against her most dangerous enemy. She rejected all her husband's advances, revealed and frustrated an attempt made by his friends to carry her off with her child, and sat down with the archduchess to embroider banners for the Austrian regiments. Finally, she announced her determination never to re-unite herself to her husband—"were even all her father's authority exercised to compel her to return to him?" Napoleon was sent to St. Helena.

Widowed and childless, though not yet bereaved by death, but surrounded with pomp and magnificence, with her one-eyed secretary by her side, Maria Louisa left Vienna, at last, in the spring of 1816, hastening towards her humble metropolis. Greeted and applauded wherever she passed on her journey, she drew after her the best part of the population of Lombardy. Parma was crowded with strangers of all nations and conditions. They were especially the friends and servants of her husband, the Italian warriors of the Russian and German campaigns, disappointed people, unable to make up their minds to present circumstances, and willing still to look up to Maria Louisa as the centre of their discomfited party, and to her son as the *per altera mundi*.

The pomp and triumph displayed on the occasion, the enthusiasm excited by her solemn entrance, were unexampled in the annals of Parma. All that first intoxication, however, began to abate when it was understood that she had left her son behind; and the disenchantment was complete when the new government, thanking every one kindly for their good wishes, desired all aliens to go about their business. The festivals were at an end, order was restored, and Maria Louisa found herself alone with her subjects.

The duchy of Parma, Piacenza, and Guastalla, is one of the most fertile districts of the vale of Po. It is bounded on the north by that noble river, on the east and west by the Euza and Trabbia, two of its tributaries, and on the south by the woody Apennine chain. It measures about 2,200 square miles, and has now something less than half a million inhabitants.

Parma and Piacenza, Roman colonies, rose into active existence as independent republics in the middle ages: they shed their best blood in endless as well as useless feuds, till, after passing from one tyrant's hands to another's—from Correggio to Visconti, and from those again to

Este; they were added to the dominions of the church by the warlike Julius II., in 1508. They were subsequently erected into an independent duchy by Pope Paul III., who invested with it Pier Luigi Farnese, his illegitimate son, and although that son of a pope did not fare too well at the hands of his subjects, who strangled and flung him from a high window of the citadel of Piacenza into the moat beneath, yet the sovereignty of that state remained in possession of Pier Luigi's descendants, some of whom—such as Alexander Farnese, and the hot-headed Octavio—are famous in history. Like most other Italian reigning families, the Farnese became extinct from sheer impotence, engendered by habitual debauchery, in 1748. The ill-fated duchy became a bone of contention for all the powers of Europe, and had in the end to pay most of the expense of the wars it had given rise to. It was, in the end, adjudged to Don Philip, one of the Infantes of the Spanish house of Bourbon. Don Philip having, providentially, broken his neck at the chase, Don Ferdinand, his son and successor, called the bell-ringer, from his partiality for that pious and healthy exercise, found himself involved in the great catastrophe of the French invasion, and, in 1802, Parma and Placentia were united to the French territories under the appellation of *Departement du Taro*.

Maria Louisa, enthroned in prejudice of the illegitimate heir, the Duke of Lucca, grand-son of Ferdinand the bell-ringer, found, at her arrival, a thriving community, enriched by the gold lavished upon it during the Bourbonic dominion, by the comparative peace and security which it enjoyed during the first storms of the French Revolution, and by the commerce and industry awakened by the circumstance of its incorporation with a larger state. Parma, the capital, a pleasant and lively town, with a population fluctuating between 35,000 and 40,000 souls, lies on a smiling plain, twelve miles south of the "King of Rivers," and six miles north of the last skirts of the Apennines. It rises on the banks of a small but noisy stream—a flood of muddy waters in the spring tide, a wilderness of flint and gravel in the summer months—which gave its name to the town and territory. Its frank and hospitable inhabitants have always rivalled the largest Italian cities in every department of intellectual culture. Under the last Spanish duke—the Principe Campanaro—it culti-

vated letters and arts with such signal success as won it the flattering appellation of the "Athens of Italy."

It was, then, difficult to misunderstand the course to be taken by the newly-installed government. Days of repose having finally dawned again, the pursuits of peace were once more the order of the day.

It is not impossible that Maria Louisa was by taste and inclination addicted to all kinds of refinement, and naturally disposed to declare herself a patroness of art. She was very fond of painted cockatoos, and could therefore not be said to be insensible to beauty of color. She brushed up and varnished the Correggios, which had been rumpled and crumpled by the French ruffians of the first invasion; she gave the models for the wigs and gowns of the professors at the university, and bid a cheerful welcome to all the strolling fiddlers and players who applied for her patronage.

She took the lying-in hospital under her patronage; built a bridge on the Taro, with twenty arches, three times the length of London Bridge, and a golden theatre—at least all covered over with a yellow material, shining like gold. She lavished large sums upon it, under the title of royal endowment; she was proud of possessing an unrivalled orchestra, and since music is to the Italians the mess of pottage for which they are ready to give up their birth-right, she afforded to her subjects music,—music to their hearts' content.

She took an active part in all gorgeous processions; she was the soul of the Carnival; and stepped down, *incognita*, into the crush of the pit at the *Veghione*.

Her bridges, however, her theatres, her menageries and aviaries, her superb villas, and magnificent train; her regiment of grenadiers; her profuse liberalities to mimes and charlatans,—before long exhausted her revenue. Commerce and industry once more cramped within narrow boundaries, the taxes pressing undiscerningly on the laboring classes engendered general distress, and the state ran merrily in debt.

Already, at her arrival, the new duchess had been preceded by a decree, raising a sum of three millions of francs, by which her subjects were to pay for the honor of receiving an Austrian archduchess for their liege lady. Ever since, money went over to Austria, under a thousand pretexts, and without pretexts. It was now a tribute of vassalage, now a bargain of allegiance.

Parmesan manufactories were closed, as

injurious to Austrian industry. Parmesan steamboats on the Po were stopped, as encroaching on Austrian commerce. Maria Louisa paid for board and lodging, when a guest at her parent's court. She paid her son's expense, whom they held as a prisoner.

Ignorance and filial submissiveness might account for this mismanagement of her subjects' funds. She knew she could do no better. But the amount of her civil list, her foolish prodigalities, and above all, her endless peregrinations, were not less fatal to the state than the never sated cupidity of Austria.

No sooner had the larks of early spring made their re-appearance, than she felt a mad necessity to go *a-larking* abroad. Now she had her son to embrace at Munich; now a new gown to try on at Milan; then a wedding to attend, a christening, a funeral; and wherever she went, there followed a long caravan of dames, pages, and grooms, lap-dogs, parrots, and monkeys.

Alexander of Russia drove his barouche and four, *incognito*, all over Europe, under the title of Count of Moscow. The King of Naples, abroad, was equally modest and saving. The little Duchess of Parma alone kept up all the splendor of royalty. She styled herself *Her Majesty*; and, as titles cost nothing, her allies readily acknowledged the appellation. It cost her poor subjects a trifle, nevertheless. She went through the world as an empress and queen. Newspapers expatiated on her splendid attire and unbounded liberalities. "Room for the Duchess of Parma!" vociferated the wondering crowd abroad: no one knew what terrible grinding all this stir and bustle inflicted on her people at home.

Yet, she was pitied and beloved. Her conduct was looked upon as the result of Austrian policy. The people of Parma, good-natured even to stupidity, believed her unacquainted with their distress. They called her "*La povera tradita*," and, on her return, they had still a cheer for her. In the secret of her heart, they thought her still attached to the memory of her husband. French papers circulated in the *cafés* at Parma; and, unheard-of toleration! a few daring Jacobins still sported the miniature of Napoleon on the lid of their snuff-boxes!

It was not rare, however, that some kind friends took pains to inform the wayward duchess of the true state of things. Because there was no free press in Italy, we must not suppose that truth might not from time to time, make its way to the throne.

One year the duchess was about setting out on one of her genial excursions to Naples. She had hired a frigate of the King of Sardinia, and decked it out with all the luxuries of Cleopatra's barge. The harvest had been scanty, the winter severe. Her people murmured and groaned. On the eve of her departure, at supper, under her napkin, a sealed note was discovered; it contained, in fourteen lines, the outcry of her plundered people. It ran as follows:—

"Go, then, Louisa, and God be with thee!
Sail on for Naples, and its sunny sky;
Let not thy sons with their importune cry
To thy maternal wish a hindrance be.
Go: from thy cares, from all thy duties free,
Go far beyond where Venus' temples lie;
Pirates or storms fear not; the watchful eye
Of Providence guides kings across the sea.
Go: let thy pleasures by no tears be stayed;
'Tis the king's pride to raise on tears his throne,
The pride of slaves to die without a groan.
Sail on: throughout the world thy worth be spread;
And earth be granted to thy sons oppressed,
To lay their sorrows with their bones at rest."^a

Maria Louisa read, and turned pale; she bit her Austrian lip, and shed tears of rage. The police were set on the track of the insolent poet; nevertheless, three days afterwards the "*Povera Tradita*" was away on the billows.

Nor were these the most grievous causes of discontent. Austria had left nothing undone to undermine her popularity. It was still remembered, with a shudder, how daringly the regiment which had been enlisted and equipped in her name, surrounded as it was by Austrian forces, had, in 1815, on the first report of Napoleon's landing from Elba, set up the cry "*Vive l'Empereur*,"—a movement which led to its immediate dissolution. The Bonaparte family, the Luciens and Louisas, were bribed into silence and inactivity. Murat was dead, and buried; all hopes and wishes of the still redoubted party were, therefore, centred on Ma-

* "Va pur, Luisa, a t' accompagni Iddio!
Di Partenope bella all noto lido;
Te al piacer sacra invan de figli il grido
Distorria dal maternot alto desio.
Va; di te di tue cure in lieto obbligo,
Liete veleggia infino in grembo a Guido;
Nà temer l'onda o il barbaresco infido
Chè ai Re propizio è il fato, altrui ai vio.
Va; nè t' avresti no miseria o pianto,
Stadditi straziar del sive à l' opra
Spirar tacendo à degli schiari il vanto.
Va pur; qual sei, qual vali il monde scora;
Terra i sudditi suoi cerchino intento
Che lor oesa spolpate un di ricopra."
† It was thought that the duchess went to Naples for her confinement.

ria Louisa, and that sickly Duke of Reichstadt, who was dying by inches in his imperial prison. Placed in the centre of the late Italian kingdom, Maria Louisa, a *virtuous woman*, was still formidable; she soon ceased to be a virtuous woman!

The journey to Aix was one of Metternich's *coups d'état*. She was now urged on in her profligate career, till she became a by-word to her partisans. Her father had sacrificed her heart as a bride; he was now willing to immolate her fame as a wife.

The unnatural parent had his intent. In Milan, at Venice, she was greeted with loud shouts, "Long live the Countess of Neipperg!" would it had been so! but Napoleon was forgotten years before he had written his fond uxorious testament. The 5th of May, 1824, came at last, but too late; then only was she married! "*Connubium vocat: hoc prætexit nomine culpam*!" The epoch of Maria Louisa's connexion with General Neipperg was happy enough for her subjects. The general was humane and righteous; stubborn and obstinate like any German, indeed, but abhorrent of violent measures; conscientious at any rate, if ever you succeeded in hammering reason into his dull head. He was no friend to the priests; and countenanced the university in its differences with the neighboring Jesuits of Modena. He affected popular manners; could be very droll, when he chose, addressing the people in the *patois* of the country.

He died on the 22d of December, 1828. His Hungarian regiment attended his funeral, his war-steed bled on his grave. Maria Louisa sought consolation in change of air.

From this union with Neipperg the duchess had three children. She built a palace for their habitation, on the hills near Tula; she put herself into communication with Felleberg, for their education. The eldest, a daughter, was married to LUIGI CANVITATE, one of the broken-down native noblemen; the second, the Count of Montenovio (the Italian for Neipperg), is now an officer in an Austrian regiment; the third, a girl, died in childhood.

If we were to believe all the scandals current at Parma, Neipperg had no easy time with his imperial mistress. His confessor, Neurhel, a strapping German youth, stout and rosy, was made Bishop of Evestalla, then of Parma, to remove him from his too fond penitent. Captain Crotti, the handsomest Italian ever born, was not

allowed to do duty at the palace; and an Irishman, MacAulay, *Magavoli*, was also suspected of being too intimate a secretary to this most susceptible lady. Another of her secretaries, Richter, was looked upon as Neipperg's successor in the duchess's good graces; and more lately she was, it appears, privately married to Count Bombelles, a French emigrant whom she raised to the dignity of her prime-minister.

It was most to be deplored that this singular woman, too similar in this to the profligate Joanna II. of Naples, should deem it necessary to alter her policy, and upset church and state on every assumption of a new favorite. Had it been otherwise, people would have less troubled themselves about her private concerns. Parma was long accustomed to dissolute sovereigns. But Maria Louisa gave up her states where she bestowed her heart. Her *confidants* were also rulers and governors. Her offence against public morals invariably led to the conculcation of public rights. No wonder if her good people were scandalized.

"Daughter of the North," they exclaimed, "are these the lessons of continence you give to the glowing bosoms of the children of Italy? Is it to set such an example that Heaven bestowed upon you a crown, a long line of illustrious ancestors, the glory of a beautiful name? Is it for such an occupant that we bow before the throne, bring the fruits of our toil at its feet, and offer up our prayers for its preservation?"

In such a state of things, the tidings of the French Revolution of July, 1830, reached Parma. Men's minds had never been at rest in Italy since 1814. Conspiracies had been found out at Parma in 1820, and the state prisons had been crowded with distinguished inmates. But those were the days of General Neipperg, who refused his countenance to any effusion of blood. A few luckless Carbonari were sent to a little mock Spielberg, the fortress of Compiano, on the Apennines, but before the end of two years the day of clemency dawned, and they were all allowed to eat their Christmas turkey in the bosom of their families.

The government of Parma gained credit for comparative mildness and liberality. People were allowed to read and talk. They read and talked themselves into a downright frenzy when the French pro-

claimed that they would secure all independent states from foreign interference. This principle of non-intervention was a signal for a general outbreak. The smaller Italian governments could live by Austria alone; and Austria, it was understood, would now be compelled to look on unconcerned.

From Bologna to Modena, from Faenza to Rimini, all over central Italy, up flew the tri-color standard. Prelates and *sbirri*, Jesuits and thief-takers, gave way, before the storm. Without one drop of bloodshed two millions of Italians were their own masters. The insurrection soon reached the boundaries of Maria Louisa's dominions.

The animosity between this illustrious lady and her humble subjects was now at its highest pitch. The exchequer was utterly exhausted. The successor of General Neipperg, for the time being, one Baron Vercelein, had recourse to the desperate expedient of a paper currency. A tremendous riot was the consequence. The government had to give up their measure, and Maria Louisa curled her auburn ringlets with her florin notes. Tumults and mutinies broke out among the students at the university; young men of the best families were thrown into prison; Parma was daily the scene of tumult and violence, when lo! one fine morning, the tri-color flag waves on the bridge of the Euza, five miles out of town, on the borders!

It was then Carnival: a lovely spring weather. Early in February people gathered violets in the fields. There was walking, and riding, and driving of myriads of people, anxious to hail the "rainbow of liberty." The young women cut up green, red, and white ribbons; the young men loaded their fowling-pieces; Maria Louisa armed her twelve hundred grenadiers; she levelled her six-pounders; harangued her troops on the square of her palace; the drawbridges of the citadel were raised up; the city gates beleaguered and closed. Parma, astonishing to relate, was declared in a state of siege! Day and night squadrons of heavy dragoons with drawn swords and lighted torches, cleared the streets with ominous tramp. There was a dead silence.

Horses, however, it was soon found out cannot run, nor soldiers watch and stand for ever. After three days of patrolling, men and beasts were exhausted and sleepy. Maria Louisa asked for a reinforcement

from the Austrian garrison at Piacenza. The Austrian commander, "with best respects," replied, "he had no orders."

The people peeped out of windows. A muzzle of a fowling-piece was also seen insidiously looking out here and there. The dragoons paused in their course. The fowling-pieces took courage and came out into the streets. They joined in little clusters, they swelled into little mobs; they swept away in one vast mass. Square after square, row after row, the ducal troops lost ground, till the scene of skirmishing was transferred to the doors of the palace. There the two factions stood confronting each other; every man in his rank, under his leader, measuring with wistful eyes the chances of the day.

It was like a rehearsal of a Greek tragedy. In that dreadful suspense, the duchess, terrified, all bathed in tears, appeared on her balcony, resting on the arm of Baron Cornacchia, a popular minister. She waved her arms on high, appealing to the generous feelings of the storming multitude. The sight of her produced an indefinable sensation. The people rushed forward as if to hear her words. It pressed forward as one body against the palace walls. It wound itself round the ducal troops, like a huge serpent, and serried them in its coils. In the twinkling of an eye, muskets changed masters, cannons were spiked, under Maria Louisa's eyes. Not a gun was fired, not a bayonet levelled. What was it? Why merely this! Maria Louisa was at the mercy of her subjects!

National guards organized: the fortress, the gaol, the gates of the city taken by storm. Baron Vercelein and a few others sought their safety in flight; and before sunset order and silence was restored. It was on a Sunday, February 13, 1831.

On the following morning the heads of the people proceeded to business. They appointed a generalissimo, colonels and other officers of the national guard, a new ministry, &c. All these acts Maria Louisa was fain to sanction with her name.

During three days the poor duchess slept little and ate nothing. Her palace had become the house of call for all the idlers in town—shabby fellows with huge whiskers and dangling rapiers, stalked up scornfully to her, and half sneering, half threatening, gave her the benefit of their advice.

She might have died with fright, had her captivity been prolonged. But some of the

hearts of the softer youths about her were not proof against her feminine sorrow. A squadron of national guards was drawn up: one of the ducal carriages was ordered round. Under the escort of her humane champions, ere the people were well aware of what was going on, she was driven to the Po at Lucca, and there ferried over to her father's dominions. Hence she was directed to betake herself to her good town of Piacenza, under protection of the Austrian garrison.

It was thus that the people of Parma, for a short respite, rid themselves of her presence. After that, there was crowing and blustering for four weeks, with "no king over Israel." The national guards and the patriots had it all their own way. It was a blessed time, God knows, and the Parmesans can hardly recall it without tears. Order was never broken, no law violated. No one can believe what good boys Italians can be when left to themselves.

It was but a short dream as it turned out. Louis Philippe shook hands with Metternich. The non-intervention bubble burst—the Austrians marched forward. There were two hours' fight at Fiorenzola. The revolutionary government had sent about 120 fowling-pieces, mostly young students, to secure the territory, maintain order, and stir up the spirits of the ignorant peasantry. A body of 1200 Hungarians with horse and cannon sallied out of Piacenza, caught the youngsters asleep, scattered in every dwelling and inn of the town. The young volunteers rubbed their eyes, and threw open their windows; from every house, from every tavern, the fowling-pieces were heard rattling merrily: a body of twelve horsemen—they were ex-body guards of the duchess—cut their way through the enemy's ranks with their own good swords. Two of the Italians fell: the Hungarians lost about a score of their number. The lack of ammunition brought about a close of hostilities. The Italians surrendered at discretion with ropes round their necks, for a climax of ignominy, carrying their unloaded fowling-pieces on their backs: they were marched to Piacenza, and thrown into the dungeons of that very citadel in which the fugitive duchess had taken up her quarters.

The report of the ill-treatment of their prisoners, prompted the Parmesans to dire deeds of reprisals. Eight young men set out in disguise with post-chaises, travelled across a portion of the Modeneso territory,

and by a daring *camisado* laid hands on the person of the Bishop of Guastalla—that same dainty chaplain and spiritual director the gay duchess was once so fond of, now a portly prelate, but still fair and ruddy—from the heart of his diocese, from the comforts of his sofa, in the prime of his afternoon *siesta*, they hurried him to their coach, drove him away to Parma, where he was to remain as a hostage; but where all his hardships consisted in heavy dinners, with which they kept stuffing him into fits of apoplexy. And yet, when his release came at length, so terribly was the good German scared out of his wits, that nothing could induce him to stay: he took flight beyond the Alps, like a flurried owl, never stopping till he found himself among his German friends at home, whence it took his royal mistress no little trouble to induce him to return.

The rejoicings at Parma continued yet a few days. National airs rang merrily, newspapers sold admirably, and a wag brought out a precious pamphlet, entitled "The Life and Miracles of Maria Louisa."

On the 13th of March, at the break of day, a thick close column of 800 Pandours thronged before the eastern gate; at noon 16,000 Croats, Hungarians, and Bohemians, with a train of heavy artillery, came up from the west. The weather, which had been cloudless during four blessed weeks, now broke out in cold wintry showers. The Austrians were in their element.

Eight hundred of the most daring spirits in town had been sent on some fool's errand in the mountains. The few remaining were dragged away by main force from the town-gates, where they wished to exchange one more shot. The partisans of the non-resistance society had it all their own way.

Three months after this easy restoration of her power, the runaway duchess graced her capital with her presence. Shops and windows were shut up. At the theatre the officers of the Austrian garrison raised the loyal cry, "Es lebe Maria Louisa!" It was the signal for the saucy citizens to leave the theatre.

Maria Louisa confined herself to her palace. She surrounded herself with Austrian courtiers. Her tribunals proceeded against the rebels. But her *sbirri* did their work clumsily, because reluctantly. Her judges could bring no well-stated charge against her prisoners. None was arrested except an old count, too old, and a few youngsters too proud, to fly. *Gendarmes*, witnesses,

judges, all were Italians, all had been as guilty in their hearts as the rebels they had to deal with. The members of the revolutionary government were discharged; and seeing how all the rest of the prisoners would equally escape her, Maria Louisa was advised to play a magnanimous part, by publishing a *universal amnesty*, from which, however, without rhyme or reason, twenty-one individuals, who had been convicted of no crime, who had not even been indicted, were excepted. Some of them were the fellows, whose huge whiskers and trailing sabres haunted the duchess in her dreams, and against whom she could never overcome her antipathy. Such, even in the mildest states, was justice in Italy, such clemency!

Meanwhile, schooled by adversity, Maria Louisa sought better advisers than amongst her Austrian minions. There lived then at Parma a cobbler's son, by name Vincenzo Mistrali, who had exchanged his father's awl into a portable book shop, and who picked out knowledge from the greasy volumes he hawked about the streets. He had developed considerable talents as a poet and a statesman under the French empire, and had for several years filled the office of governor of the city of Parma, during the first years of Maria Louisa's dominion.

This able and conscientious man was now trusted with the shattered finances of the state, and by a wise and firm rule he got his sovereign out of debt. The duchess herself was the first victim of the minister's economical schemes. He reduced her household; bullied her singers and fiddlers from court; carried havoc and devastation amongst her parrots and monkeys; finally, he laid hold of a golden cradle of the King of Rome, a gilt and jewelled toilet-table, a chair, and other trumpery articles that constituted the pride of Maria Louisa's establishment, the greatest *lions* exhibited for the wonder of foreign visitors; he sold the diamonds, he melted the gold; he filled the exchequer. The budget soon presented favorable results. Maria Louisa would have grumbled. But Metternich recommended prudence, and the salutary reforms were completed.

Private and public chagrins now preyed upon the duchess's mind. One of her Austrian agents, Sartorio, the chief director of the police, was stabbed in broad daylight in the midst of a crowd. Her Austrian auxiliaries had daily squabbles with her people. Earthquake, famine, and pesti-

lence successively ravaged her states. She was summoned to Vienna to receive the last breath of her eldest born, a few years afterwards she stood by the death-bed of the emperor her father. Her health, undermined by disorders, now gave way before repeated strokes of calamity. Her court had lost his lustre, her capital its wonted gaiety.

In this state of distress she bethought herself of the priests. Like many a wanton she was destined to die a bigot. Chance brought to Parma the Count Bombelles, an *émigré* of the narrow-minded school of Charles X. ; a snuffy, bewigged old dotard, but who enjoyed golden opinions with the *be-queines and bequeules* of the elder branch of the Bourbons. He was the man after her own heart, at any rate. He effected her conversion, confessed, absolved, and, at last, privately married her, in 1834. Priests and monks were soon in the ascendancy. The last years of her life were spent in the achievement of that great work, to which her councillor incessantly urged her, the restoration of the Jesuits. The people of Parma opposed the measure with frantic, unabating rage. It was not only the students at the university, the boys at the elementary schools, who rose in frequent riots, hung up Loyola in effigy; deserted the school-room *en masse*; it was not only men of letters, such as the celebrated Pietro Giordani, who published pamphlets, stuck up pasquinades at the corners of the streets. Her very Italian ministers, with the prudent Mistrali at their head, protested against the recall of the detested order.

All in vain! Mistrali was luckily removed by death; his colleagues wanted his energy and consistency. Maria Louisa was wilful for once in her life. Bombelles reigned without control. A posse of Austrian troops once more made its appearance. Numerous arrests thinned the ranks of the most violent opponents, and daunted the remainder. So, at last, the ravens of Loyola came; how many years' indulgence Maria Louisa bargained for with them I know not, but her subjects never forgave her.

The accession of Pius IX., the universal ferment throughout Italy renewed the qualms of her terror of 1831. Parma was once more too hot for her, and most of the year were regularly spent at Schönbrunn.

Reports of her approaching abdication were rife. She was weary of a power she had, in fact, never wielded; of a grandeur that had too long since faded. Her Italian sovereignty, so tempting in anticipation,

had burned ashes in its fruition. It was a mercy that death released her. Alas for the hero's relict! Now can men see the wisdom of the wholesome old Hindoo practice, that burnt widows on the ashes of the departed. Heroes' consorts, in that blessed country, never lost caste. Lofty empresses dwindled not into *fié-fié* duchesses, nor closed a sublime tragedy into a scandalous farce. Had Maria Louisa been immolated on her husband's funeral pile; had she been dealt with at Paris as she would at Seringapatam, why, then the Duke of Lucca would have reigned at Parma two and thirty years sooner.

The Duke of Lucca! that it should be written that even Maria Louisa, with all her foibles, could ever be regretted! The Duke of Lucca! Three months are barely elapsed since he magnanimously "made away with the spoons." After loud blustering and menacing, marching and counter-marching of troops in his puny kingdom of terror, he found out that system did not answer. The Lucchese were too strong for him. He turned his back upon them. By a miserable shuffle, however, he pretended to be disposed to yield. He declared he would "only rule by love." He gained four and twenty hours' breathing time, and secured his plate! With his pictures and marbles he had made ducks and drakes ages ago; when he came over to England, affected liberal notions, aped Protestantism, sought for the friendship of Italian exiles at the British Museum; set about a vernacular version of the Bible. He studied political economy and ran himself into debt at Mivart's; he left England with an enviable reputation.

And now the duchess is dead; long live the duke! The duke—why, where is the duke! Snug at Milan, under Austrian shelter. The duke tarries behind, but forward the Hungarians' march. The duchy of Parma is no match for the might of the Austrian empire. The *Quarterly Review* and *Blackwood* have said it, the Italians are a pack of cowards, and Parma offers no resistance.

Come on, your royal highness! Austria has conquered; your subjects are at your feet. The duke is not reassured yet. He plays hide and seek with his beloved people. He sends forth turgid, haughty proclamations, but keeps at a respectable distance. He will tread on the footsteps of his predecessor. He shifts his quarters from Milan to Modena; anywhere but to Parma; or if

ever to Parma, in the dark only, by stealth, like a skulking malefactor. There are desperate fellows yet in Italy, thinks he. Did not five youths at Lucca stand up like so many targets to be shot at by the soldiery? and are there no fowling pieces at Parma? The conquering hero, with 12,000 Germans to back him, with legions of spies, thief-takers, scribes and pharisees to smoke out plots and treasons, dares not come forward yet. His reasoning is akin to that of Don Abondio in Manzoni's story; "if ever I get a good leaden bullet in my back, will all the might of Austria ever remove it?"

The gallant Duke of Lucca! He comes down upon his subjects like an enemy; and he will force them to pay the expenses of that wanton, unprovoked invasion. He will bring his English minister of the finances along with him; with a whole cabinet of Germans, French—Hottentots if needs be—to fatten on his people like leeches, to drain them to the last drop of blood.

Such are now thy rulers, O, Italy! and, as a climax of ignominy, they are designated as *Italian* princes. Italian princes! God forgive you! This little Carlo Ludovico, this scion of the Bourbons of Spain, issued from the Bourbons of France, what has he in common with Italy! He is the grandson of Ferdinand the bell-ringer, and of Maria

Amelia of Austria. He was born, Heaven knows where, in times when Napoleon sent his royal rabble strolling and begging all over the world. He is wedded to Austria; has married his son and heir to France. There is not a drop of Italian blood in all their veins. I tell you, call them court-bred if you like, call them heaven-born, only not Italian. Italy has had tyrants of her own breeding, and they were ruthless, faithless men; but not such cravens, such despicable things as he of Parma. As warriors, as statesmen, as lovers of the arts, they had yet some redeeming points about them. Octavio Farnese mounted the throne in sheer despite of Charles V., and grappled single-handed with all the might of the Austrian. His Bourbon successor stands in awe of his subjects ere they raise even a single cry against him, and all the power of Austria is insufficient to restore him to his senses. An Italian indeed! The meanest drummer in a regiment of Pandours is more entitled to that once honored appellation. So long as Austria forces you upon us—so long as civilized Europe suffers a defenceless people to be trodden like dust, Charles Louis of Bourbon, come on, grind us, plunder us, torture us. Be our slave-driver, our gaoler, our headsman. Only be none of us!

From Fraser's Magazine.

MADAME ADELAIDE AND LOUIS PHILIPPE.

THOUGH the year 1847 was not for Paris and for France as sad and melancholy a year as for London and England, yet it was a sad and melancholy year for the gayest of all gay European capitals; and there is not a human being who has dwelt or sojourned for a time within view of the hill of Montmartre or the towers of Notre Dame who has not felt the influence and pressure of a most melancholy time. The John Bull season in Paris in the departed and dismal year whose epitaph we are now writing in sombre characters, i. e. the season from the 24th of August till the 29th or 30th of October, when barristers, doctors, and lawyers, disport themselves in their best vacation clothes, motleyest wear, and blindest smiles, was most moody, most me-

lancholy, and there was not a good or well-frequented hôtel in the capital which did not suffer in consequence.

The Hôtel des Princes, in the Rue de Richelieu was not empty, nor yet was it full; the Mirabeau, in the Rue de la Paix, was pretty well as regards quantity, though the quality of its lodgers had sadly deteriorated; the Hôtel Bristol, as well as the Hôtel du Rhin et de la Moselle (though this latter had been newly fitted up), were sadly below the usual average; and the Hôtel du Congrès, in the Rue de Rivoli, once celebrated for its apartments and *distingué* tenants, was now sadly fallen off. It is true there was a certain sort of crowd at Meurice's, such as there always has been and will be, we suppose, evermore; but

the English is such as is spoken at New York, Philadelphia, and Kentucky; and the French such as is spoken by Lord Brougham and others, English and American—more fluent than correct or classical. Take it all and all, Meurice's must be considered an American, more than an English house; for though Johnson, Thomson, and Dobson, always go there with the Abrahams, Bernales, Moseses, Phillippes, Levys, Ximenes, Magillicuddys, and Magildowneys, together with Counsellor Morgan O'Rafferty of Ballymacfadden, yet the great portion of the guests are far-westerns and down-easters, such as the Harpers, M'Tavishes, Randolphs, Rushes, Clays, Wickliffes, Ingersolls, Harrises, Tates, Donelsons, Fays, Dunlaps, Nicholls, Cuthberts, Wilsons, Mulligans, Boyds, Aspenwalls, Remulus, Saunders, Polks, Pinkneys, Jacksons, Jeffersons, &c. Meurice's therefore, did not suffer to the extent that every other house of call and entertainment in Paris did suffer, yet, say what he will, the proprietor must have felt that his incomings were not as in any other season.

As to the restaurants, cafés, and rôtisseurs, the falling off was lamentable. The Café de Virginie, in the Rue de la Paix, formerly so crowded between nine and twelve, and between five and seven, with English, was deserted and abandoned by them; and you might find the *Galignani* newspaper, generally so much in request, for eleven hours out of the twelve unoccupied and unbespoken. So it was, in a lesser degree, at the Café Anglais on the Boulevards. The matutinal cutlets, steaks, and kidneys, *au min de Champagne*, were no longer called for in such quantity; and one stout gentleman, known to the waiters by the name of Nuits—for he always drank a bottle of that particular Burgundy wine for breakfast, and who was called by the cook, in his way somewhat of a classicist, alternately Nox and Erebus—and who had been a *habitué* of the house since the days when the Vicomte St. Cricq, in 1830, played his pranks of beginning dinner there with a basin of skim milk,—was also (saddest tale of all!) found missing after what the Parisians call *la saison des eaux*. In wine alone this wealthy man used to spend at least 3000 francs, or 120*l.* a-year at the Café Anglais; and though few of his countrymen knew him, it has since transpired that he was a retired civil servant who lost the greatest part of a large fortune by the failure of two Indian houses. Poor fellow! he is now doomed

to the obscurity of an English provincial town, and forced to drink Bass's beer instead of Beaume, and Charrington's XX instead of Château Margaux.

At the Café de Paris opposite things were still worse. Though Lady Hertford lived in the first floor paying an enormous rent; though the *agens de change*, *gros banquiers*, and the *genre financier*, used the house as much as ever and were familiar to it as household words, yet the birds generally arriving in the John-Bull season, who order dinners at fifteen francs a-head, and drink wine to the tune of ten or fifteen francs additional, were found wanting. They did not flock or feed within its walls as usual. As to the Maison Dorée, its *habitues* were of the Bourse, not of Britain; and had it not been that a number of rich English Jews and railway speculators ran over to Paris in the month of October to vote on a railway-vexed question between the two countries—for which they had a free passage in the South Eastern—it is probable that the Maison Dorée would not have dined above a dozen or two English in a whole week.

For the Rocher de Cancale, its repute had been going for years, and was quite gone in 1847; but even though it maintained the repute it possessed in 1827, 8, or 9,—or, to put the case more strongly, supposing the Café Laiter had existed as it did in 1827 in the Rue Castiglione, it is our belief that, notwithstanding the increased and increasing love of travel one English guest would not have dined in it in 1847 for every five-and-twenty who resorted there twenty years ago.

Very's in the Palais Royal was deserted; Donix's looked, as it ought, dolorous (they made us pay sixteen francs for a bottle of Bordeaux of their so-called oldest *cru* in 1846); and the Trois Frères, now the best house in Paris, take it all in all, did not daily lay covers for above a dozen English in the room below stairs, and about eight or ten in the room above.

In our own younger days there was a famous place for dinner in the Halle aux Draps, kept by a person of the name of Verdier Olive, who has since become the proprietor of the Maison Dorée. He then called himself Gargotier merely, for the house had been in its origin the resort of the largest dealers of what is called *la marrée*, i. e., sea-fish of all kinds. But in 1827 it was the favorite haunt of many of the *beaux esprits* of Paris. You found the best

wine, the best oysters, excellent fish, and tolerable cookery, at a reasonable rate. In these days, and for some years afterwards, it was a place frequented by numbers of English; but in the John-Bull season of the past year, though the writer dined there half-a-dozen times, he saw but one Englishman, an old *habitué* of Paris, and one of the judges of his majesty's local courts. How changed, too, was every thing! The comfort of the ancient Gargotier had evaporated when the pristine proprietor became lord and master of the *Maison Dorée*.

The same dismal tale recounted by restaurateurs, was told by coffee-house keepers, and most Parisian tradesman, high and low. Even the *Café Foy*, the best coffee-house in Paris, and probably of a great establishment the least dependent on the English, felt the hard pressure of English railroads, monetary crisis, and Irish famine. But tailors, modistes, and boot-makers, were most eloquent. The logical and somewhat too subtle and disputative Chevreuil of the *Rue de la Paix* wondered what had become of many of his customers. Blin found orders not so rife as even in the war-panic of 1841; and poor Moos, of the *Rue de Richelieu*, began to think that Chaos was come again, for *Messieurs les Anglais* neither ordered *bottes en cuir vernis* nor yet *en maroquin*. To hear the modistes was positively plaintive, when not ear-splitting by the loudness of their lamentations. Their jeremiads would have made old Pluto shed tears of iron. Herbault conceived that we had re-enacted our old sumptuary laws; Nourtier considered our nobles were fallen to ninepence; and Victorine Baudrand, Madame Thomas, and Madame Haussey, protested that as to England their occupation was nearly gone.

Towards merry Christmas things, however, began to mend. The native French, more careful and economic than the English, came out with their nest-eggs of hoarded money, and gave their usual orders for *la fête de Noël* and the *Jour de l'An*; and some English peers, and a considerable number of M.P.'s, with wives and families to match, as well as several Russian *Boyards* with more money than taste, took up their sojourn in the gayest of capitals. This, with the opening of the Chambers, and the arrival of hundreds of deputies, revived the hearts of the Parisians, depressed by the badness of trade, the high price of bread—an article of the first necessity to all men, but most of all to a Frenchman—and

the very high and increasing price of butchers' meat, then and now dearer in the *marché St. Honoré* than in Leadenhall Market, and nearly as dear as West-end London butchers are in the habit of charging. The *bals masqués* and the Christmas bill-of-fare at the theatres also lent their aid to revive and brighten up the countenances of our neighbors; and, as if to add zest to their hilarious benevolence, the Thursday before Christmas, a philanthropic ball was given for the benefit of the journeymen tailors. There was not a dandy or exquisite in his Paris tailor's books who was not asked to take tickets, and therefore it was that some of the most elegant, exquisite, and best-dressed of the *notabilités* of the capital assisted. Another event also set the *badouins* a-talking and a-laughing too. The Saturday before Christmas was rendered memorable by the marriage of the eccentric Marquis de Boissy de Coudry, created a peer in 1815, with the Countess Guiccioli, the friend and *chère amie* of Lord Byron. Both bride and bridegroom are of a mature age. Even Madame la Comtesse, whatever flatterers may say to the contrary, must be now somewhat on the shady side of fifty, which, for an Italian lady, is equivalent to sixty-three in our colder climate. This union, which was a nine-days' wonder in the Faubourg St. Germain and *Chaussée d'Antin*, was soon to be *rayée* from the public mind by an event wholly unexpected by the Parisian public, namely, the death of Madame Adelaide, sole surviving sister of Louis Philippe. Though Madame Adelaide had been ailing for some months before her death with an organic disease known to be ultimately incurable, yet the public in no degree expected her so sudden demise; nor, indeed, did any member of her own family, and, least of all, his majesty the King of the French, for nearly half-a-century the attached brother, friend, and companion, of the sole surviving member of his family.

Madame Adelaide was but four years younger than her brother, and died in the seventy-first year of her age, on the last day of the year. As children, the deceased and Louis Philippe were brought up together at Belle Chasse by Madame de Sillery Genlis; and a journal is now extant in MS., dated 1790, a portion of which was printed in Paris in 1801, in which the King of the French, then seventeen, speaks in the most affectionate terms of his sister, then in her thirteenth year.

When Louis Philippe joined the army, brother and sister were separated, but they rejoined each other in Switzerland in 1793, when the present King of the French was obliged to quit the soil of France; and it was not till the then Duke of Chartres had obtained for his sister the protection of her aunt, the Princess of Conti, that he departed for America. On his return from the United States Madame Adelaide again joined her brother in England, and for a period of nearly half-a-century they were little separated. Madame Adelaide accompanied the present King of the French to Naples, Sicily, Malta, Barcelona, and Gibraltar; and was privy to, and in every manner forwarded, the negotiations for his marriage to Marie Amélie, daughter of the King of Naples, which took place at Palermo in 1809.

Previous to and since that period this discreet and sensible woman was the friend and adviser, in all matters of delicacy and difficulty, of her brother; and, to speak truly, she possessed a more masculine and energetic mind than Louis Philippe himself. When Napoleon returned, on the 20th of March, from Elba, she remained till the last moment on the soil of France with the Duke of Orleans; and on the return of Louis XVIII. from England, when the duke fell under the displeasure of the monarch, Madame Adelaide was the chief adviser of her brother. The archives of the Préfecture of Police of that day, if not destroyed or substracted, contain some curious revelations, of which no three men in France are better aware than the present king; the present Chancellor, Etienne Denis, duke de Pasquier; and the present Grand Référendaire of the House of Peers, Elie, duke de Cases. It is a well-known fact that Louis XVIII. hated and rather despised the Duke of Orleans, but he somewhat feared Madame Adelaide. The astute monarch was aware of the courage, sagacity, constancy, and steadiness of this remarkable woman. Separated from her counsels, he knew the Duke of Orleans was not dangerous. But, under her influence and guidance, he felt that he had to deal with a name and pretensions which she would render powerful.

Charles X. did not participate in the prejudices or fears of his deceased brother. On his accession to the throne, he received both brother and sister; and the Duchess of Berri, who had become intimate with Madame Adelaide, procured for the brother

of her friend the title of *Altesse Sérénissime*, and the affair of his appanage was satisfactorily arranged.

During the last years of the reign of Charles X., no one in France more clearly saw the doom of the elder branch than Madame Adelaide. When, at length, the revolution was successful, and the triumph of the Three Days certain and assured, she it was who induced her brother to accept the crown, and for the seventeen years which he has held it she was his principal adviser and most trusted councillor.

Nor was this wonderful. From the period when, during fifteen months of his life, he rose at four o'clock in the morning to teach geometry, geography, French, and English, at the College of Reichenau in Switzerland, he had perpetually corresponded or been in conference with her, and had always found her judgment sure, and her intelligence and tact unsurpassable in difficult conjunctures.

Together they left France, agitated and revolutionized, their father one of the first victims; together they closed, in Spain, the eyes of a dying mother; together they watched, in London and Malta, over the couches of their departed brothers, Montpensier and Beaujolais; together they shared a second time exile from France; together they returned thither in 1817. And was it, therefore, extraordinary, that a prince of a cold and reserved nature should fly to one whom he had so often found true, trustworthy, and full of the surest tact, under the most difficult and trying circumstances?

With nearly all of the remarkable men, whether politicians or journalists, who struggled for constitutional principles from 1815 to 1830, Madame Adelaide was intimate. Manuel, Constant, Foy, Etienne, Perrier, Lafitte, Stanislas, Girardin, Dupin, Bignon, were constantly received by her; and from 1828, or 1829, she had known Odillon Barrot. She it was who counselled her brother, immediately after the revolution of 1830, to confer a pension of 1500 francs on Rouget de Lisle, the author of the *Marseillaise*, and to raise the students of the Ecole Polytechnique, who had distinguished themselves during the Three Days, to the rank of lieutenants. She it was, also, who requested that eight crosses might be distributed among the schools of law.

Though managing her immense property—for she, with Louis Philippe, possessed between them all the fortune of their father

Egalité—with commendable carefulness and economy, yet she was by no means so parsimonious as the king; and is known to have remonstrated with him frequently on the small allowances made to his children. The Duke de Montpensier, to whom the king had given the *sobriquet* of the Duke Dépensier, was often indebted to her bounty. She was known to have relieved him from more than one embarrassment, as well as his brother the Duke d'Aumale, whose debts at the period of his marriage amounted to nine millions of francs. As children, and as young men, she afforded them many objects of luxury and enjoyment denied them by their too penurious father; and is also known to have frequently softened and assuaged the Royal anger. Such a mediator in a family was invaluable; and no one ought to, or does feel the loss more than the King of the French.

The habits of her remarkable brother, the only remaining descendant of Egalité, are strictly sober and sparing. He is an early riser, never being found in bed after six in the summer, or after eight in winter. After his majesty has had a small cup of coffee, he reads letters and papers, and some French and English journals, and expedites the most urgent affairs of the day.

At nine o'clock he is accustomed to enter his *cabinet de toilette*, where it was the wont of Madame Adelaide to come with the king's grandchildren. With these his majesty amuses himself for a while, entering into their views with boyish zest. The younger folk dismissed, Louis Philippe finishes his toilette. Unlike any Bourbon from the time of Henry IV., the operation of shaving is, and has been performed, not as in ancient times, by the *chirurgien du roi*, or the *premier valet-de-chambre*, but with the royal hand. Of his teeth his majesty is particularly careful; and though not a coxcomb or a fop, he is scrupulously neat. For old shoes and boots he exhibits, however, a decided partiality, and also loves to work in his *cabinet de travail* in an old coat. At ten the king breakfasts à la *fourchette*, drinking a small quantity of Bordeaux undiluted with water.

At eleven, when in Paris, he generally visits the buildings of the Tuileries and Palais Royal. On such occasions he was often accompanied by his departed sister, and generally by his architect. Here his majesty was in a congenial element. He has no mean knowledge of architecture; and is seldom so happy as when dabbling

in brick and mortar, and ordering necessary alterations and repairs. He talks on these subjects familiarly with workmen, surveyors, architects, artists, &c.

At one o'clock his majesty generally returns to the Tuileries to preside over a council of ministers. On taking his place at the head of the council, his majesty speaks but little, yet listens attentively. Sometimes he questions, and occasionally he objects; but his chief visible occupation during the time the cabinet sits, is in drawing figures, grotesque and fanciful, and occasionally cutting envelopes out of the paper before him. When the cabinet has ceased to deliberate on any given question, his majesty sums up the statements and arguments very much in the manner of an English judge, and ultimately a resolve is come to. Though the king cannot be said to be either eloquent, or luminous, or profound, yet he is calm, painstaking, and sagacious; and in foreign and diplomatic questions, has a great advantage over all his ministers, from his minute knowledge of the principal states and courts of Europe, and of the traditional system of their diplomacy. He is a laborious, painstaking, observant man; and has had more opportunities of travel than almost any living Frenchman. He has visited nearly every court of Europe, more especially courts out of the beaten track of ordinary travellers. On leaving Hamburg in 1795, he journeyed both to Copenhagen and to Stockholm; and it was at Christiana he first made the acquaintance of M. Monod, subsequently the Protestant pastor at Paris.

His majesty saw everything remarkable in Sweden and Norway; he then visited Lapland and Iceland, and went five degrees nearer the Pole than Maupertuis and the poet Regnard. In America, also, he penetrated to the Chippewas, passed a year at Cuba, proceeded thence to the Bahamas, and ultimately to Halifax, where he first became acquainted with the father of our Queen Victoria, his royal highness the Duke of Kent, then commanding there. So travelled and so observant a man, and one speaking so many languages: for his majesty converses in English, German, Italian, and Spanish—has great advantages over an ordinary minister; and it is, therefore, not surprising that a sovereign, who has experienced greater vicissitudes, and seen more of men and things, than any one of his cabinet, should sometimes strenuously

stickle for the prevalence of his own opinion, and endeavor to carry his point.

Strangers who would object to a constitutional king presiding at cabinet councils, can very well understand, that if no objection be taken on high constitutional grounds to his presidency, that he will, as a man and as a king, try to carry his point by any and by every means. The great object, therefore, when there is a difference of opinion, is to procure delay, and in the interval the king uses every effort which art, address, and long experience suggest, to bring round to his views the dissentient ministers.

When the cabinet breaks up the ministers dispute with each other for the caricatures and figures which escape from the sovereign's fertile pen. These are treasured up in portfolios by female friends, and persons of high rank, and altogether form a curious collection. Several of them may be seen in a certain portfolio in the Place St. George.

After the council the king again proceeds over the Tuileries and Louvre, for he likes to visit the *ateliers* of painters, &c. If he enter into conversation with an artist whose manners and discourse please him, he tells the painter how he sighs on remembering the times when he walked from one end of Paris to another with an umbrella under his arm.

"Ah, my good sir," he will say, "when I was Duke of Orleans, I could carry my old umbrella as a walking-stick from one end of Paris to the other,—go out with a pair of strong *old* shoes, which had got the shape and form of my feet, and gave me ample room and verge enough! In such guise and gear I could stare in at all the print and book-shops, look over the stalls, which was a great delight and pleasure to me; but, being King of the French, I cannot do that now. The other day "my people" wanted to prevent a worthy man and a distinguished magistrate the *entrée* to me, because he carried an old umbrella and was somewhat dirt-bespattered; but I told "my people" that those who carried umbrellas, and whose shoes, hose, and trousers, were somewhat marked with *la boue de Paris*, were the happiest people, after all. *Voilà le fait, mon bon monsieur.*"

In the streets the king now never walks, and these conversations take place within the precincts of the palace. When the hour of dinner arrives, her majesty the queen is in the habit of sitting down with her children, in her lifetime with her late

sister-in-law, Madame Adelaide, and the guests invited, *en famille*. The king sometimes appears after the soup is eaten, and often towards the close of the repast. The *maitre d'hotel*, however, knows his majesty's simple taste; and very often it happens that the individual who sits down latest has first finished his repast. His majesty drinks pure Bordeaux of the best quality, without any admixture of water. The wine is presented to him in a glass claret jug, such as is used in England.

The queen, who is what the French call *dévot*, very often invites the abbesses and heads of convents, who arrive in Paris on religious affairs, to dine thus with her majesty; and the king, who knows the *foible* of her majesty, always offers to these worthy *religieuses* the *primeur* of his claret jug. Sometimes he enters into conversation with the lady abbess, and if she prove a sensible and tolerant woman, with rational views, the king orders his *maitre d'hotel* to learn the day on which she is leaving Paris, and to place in a small pannier in her carriage, or in the *malle poste*, as the case may be, a bottle of his majesty's favorite wine, in a crystal claret-jug, a *poularde de Mans dépecée*, and one of his majesty's *petits pains de Paris*, made in the Tuileries, rolled up in a fine damask napkin. In this manner, by the devotion of the queen, and the king's attention to the creature-comforts of the *religieux* and *religieuses*, they have both won golden opinions from even Carlist convents. We have ourselves heard the abbess of the *Dames Nobles* of Cahors, and a *Henri Quinquiste* dignitary of Toulouse, speak in raptures of both the King and Queen of the French.

Religious matters, or questions connected with the church, clergy, convents, &c., his majesty always refers to the queen. On applications from political men and men of letters, Louis Philippe always consulted his sister Madame Adelaide; and we verily believe there was not an important political question agitated, having reference to the internal condition of France, in which he was not also desirous of having the benefit of her calm and experienced judgment.

After coffee his majesty reads a journal or two, and converses alternately. At ten o'clock, P. M., he again enters his *cabinet de travail*, assumes his old coat, or a *robe de chambre*, and continues to read papers, and to pore over reports of ministers, and more especially of the *Cour d'Assises*, till two or three in the morning. In her life-

time, Madame Adelaide and the king's secretary, the Baron Fain, were the only persons who always had access to this apartment. His majesty seldom retires to rest till two or three in the morning, and then he reposes on a *lit de camp*, just such as may be seen in the sleeping apartment of the Duke of Wellington at Walmer Castle.

There can be no doubt that the demise of the last of his race, and the companion of his earliest childhood and adolescence, has had a deep effect on the health of his majesty. It came upon him like a thunderbolt after he had been suffering an attack of that horrible complaint called *la grippe*.

What is the *grippe*? the English reader will ask. Well, then, it is an epidemical catarrh, somewhat equivalent to our English influenza; and the substantive comes from the French verb *gripper*, to seize one suddenly, to overtake, to surprise, &c. This complaint chiefly affects and irritates the mucous membranes lining the throat, windpipe, and chest, and in old subjects often produces bronchitis and catarrh fever, dangerous and fatal. The King of the French had nearly recovered from his first attack, when his sister's death gave him a shock from which he has not since gained strength. His Majesty caught fresh cold at Dreux, and in attending the funeral; and during the past fortnight has no longer enjoyed his usually robust health. When it is remembered that he is now in his seventy-fifth year, that internal and external relations are becoming daily more delicate and complicated, that the cry for reform is becoming louder and more general, and that a large portion of the ablest and most influential men in the nation have ranged themselves round the Duchess of Orleans, by whom they would rally in case of the demise of the king, it may well be conceived that the position of Louis Philippe is far from an easy one.

In so far as prudence and sagacity can help a man, no doubt his coolness, courage, and experience, will stand him in good stead; but it cannot be denied that ever since the affair of the Spanish marriages, the foreign policy of France has become more and more enmeshed and embroiled. The foreign minister has made great mistakes, and descended to trickery and discreditable subterfuge, unworthy of a man of mind or a man of letters. M. Guizot will never get over the passage relating to *en même temps*; nor will His Majesty the

King of the French ever escape the reproach of deep delusion and the most unworthy, unkingly, and ungentlemanly *blague* and humbug, when our young sovereign was domiciled at Eu.

The chief and only merit of the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, during the last seven years, has been that he has preserved the peace of Europe; but we question that this merit belongs to him in a greater degree than to any other minister; for all Europe is disposed to be peaceable; and with Great Britain the cry is almost *la paix quand même*, equivalent to M. Guizot's cry in 1841 of *la paix partout et la paix toujours*.

Both king and minister have sacrificed far too much of the chivalrous and honorable feeling of France to the money power and the material interests of the banking, mercantile, and manufacturing classes; and not all the oratory of M. Montalembert against Lord Palmerston—that Montalembert whose father commenced his career as a cornet of cavalry in England, and made, in the English armies, the campaigns of Egypt and India, of Spain, Portugal, and Holland, and in which armies he reached the rank of colonel, when he married an Englishwoman, the mother of the present peer—can induce dispassionate observers, even in France, to think that the conduct of our ministry has been wrong in reference to Switzerland. In fact, it is the narrow religious bigotry of a zealous Romanist Jesuit that speaks from the heart of Montalembert, and not the voice of a statesman.

It becomes not the King of the French to encourage such zealots, or to permit his sons to applaud their speeches. The King of France is standing with one leg in the grave; and were he to depart to-morrow, or within the year—an event which seems so likely as to be generally discussed—it might come to pass that the throne which he gained by one revolution his descendants would lose by another of less duration than three days. Molière says, in his *Les Précieuses Ridicules*,—

O Fortune! quelle est ton inconstance!

and in nothing is the remark truer than in the succession to an inheritance of which the right and title is neither *par droit de conquête*, nor *par droit de naissance*.

But enough of politics, on which we have dwelt so long that we have not left ourselves space to say that Alboni, Grisi, and Persiani, with Mario, Coletti, Gardoni, and Ronconi, *sont fureur aux Italiens*.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

A VISIT TO SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit.

[A writer in the New Monthly has been for some time, narrating interesting facts and anecdotes relating to eminent literary characters, under the title of "a Graybeard's gossip about his Literary acquaintance." The last of these is the following lively sketch of a visit to Sir Walter Scott, which will not be without interest.—Ed.]

THE exact date of the most trivial circumstance will sometimes fix itself in the memory, well may I recollect that so memorable an occurrence as my first interview with the illustrious Sir Walter Scott took place on the 7th of July, 1827.

Having left Speir's Hotel in Edinburgh, at an early hour, I proceeded to the Court house, in which a few persons were already assembled, awaiting the arrival of the judges. At one extremity of a railed enclosure, below the elevated platform appropriated to their lordships, sat Sir Walter, in readiness for his official duties as clerk of the court, but snatching the leisure moments, as was his wont, and busily engaged in writing, apparently undisturbed by the buzzing in the court, and the trampling feet of constant new comers. The thoughts which another man would have wasted, by gazing vacantly around him, or by "bald, disjointed chat," he was probably at that moment embalming, by committing to paper some portion of his immortal works. Let me frankly confess that his first appearance disappointed me. His heavy figure, his stooping attitude, the lowering gray brow, and unanimated features, gave him, as I thought, a nearer resemblance to a plodding farmer, than to the weird magician and poet whose every look should convey the impression that he was "of imagination all compact." Quickly, however, were his lineaments revived and altered when, upon glancing at a letter of introduction, which my companion had placed before him, he hastened up to the rail to welcome me. His gray eyes twinkled beneath his uplifted brows, his mouth became wreathed with smiles, and his countenance assumed a benignant radiance as he held out his hand to me, exclaiming,—“Ha! my brother scribler! I am right glad to see you.” Not easily, “while memory holds her seat,” will that condescending phrase and most

cordial reception be blotted from my mind. On learning that I should be compelled to quit Edinburgh in two days, my fellow-traveller, Mr. Barron Field, having business at the Lancaster assizes, he kindly invited us to dine with him, either on that day or the next, for both of which, however, we were unfortunately pre-engaged. Though the parties who had thus bespoken us were barrister friends, from whose society I anticipated no small pleasure, most willingly would I have forfeited it, had I foreseen the greater delight and honor in which I might have participated. “Positively, I must see something of you before you leave ‘Auld Reekie,’” kindly resumed Sir Walter. “Suppose you come and breakfast with me to-morrow, suffering me to escape when I must make my appearance in court.” To this proposition we gave an eager assent, and I need scarcely add that on the following morning we presented ourselves at his door, within a minute of the time specified.

Our host was dressed, and ready to receive us; his daughter, Miss Scott, presently made her appearance, shortly followed by her brother, Mr. Charles Scott. During our short meal I can recall one remark of Sir Walter which, trivial as it was, may be deemed characteristic of his jealousy in the minutest things that touched the good reputation of Scotland. I happened to observe that I had never before tasted bannocks, when he entreated me, and earnestly repeated the request, not to judge of them by the specimen before me, as they were badly made, and not well baked. Our conversation chiefly turned upon Edinburgh, of which city, so grand and picturesque from its locality, so striking from the contrast of its old and new towns, I expressed an unbounded admiration. Our host, however, assured me that the Highland scenery would have been found much more romantic and imposing, and expressed his wonder, considering the quickness, facility, and economy with which it might now be explored, that I should lose so favorable an opportunity of proceeding further north, even if I did not pay my respects to the Hebrides.

A few months before my visit to Scotland, I had dedicated a little work to Sir Walter, forwarding to him a copy, in which I had thus endeavored to express my great and sincere reverence for his character. "It is not your reputation as a writer, however unrivalled it may be, that constitutes your best fame. No, sir, you have achieved a still fairer renown. You have exalted the tone and feeling, as well as the quality of our literature, by discarding from it all that jealousy, bitterness, and malice which had stigmatized authors with the hereditary appellation of the irritable race. The future Hercules announced himself by strangling these serpents in the very outset of his career. By your gentleness and urbanity towards your predecessors, when exercising the functions of an editor or a commentator; by the generous encouragement which you have seized every occasion of extending to your contemporaries; by the liberality and courtesy which have invariably marked your conduct, whenever there was an opportunity for their display, you have afforded an illustrious example that the highest and noblest qualities of the head and heart will generally be found in conjunction; and have enabled England to boast that her literary Bayard neither fears a rival nor a reproach."

That any notice would be taken of a merited tribute, which all England was equally ready to proffer, never entered into my contemplation; but this very natural conjecture proved to be erroneous. From the breakfast party I have been describing, my friend and myself were reluctantly tearing ourselves away, that our host might not be too late for the court, and already had we reached the hall, when Sir Walter, detaining me by the button, drew me a little on one side, as he said, with a mystifying smile and tone,

"Did it ever happen to you, when you were a good little boy at school, that your mother sent you a parcel, in the centre of which she had deposited your favorite sweetmeat, whereof you had no sooner caught a glimpse, than you put it aside, that you might wait for a half holiday, and carry it with you to some snug corner where you could enjoy it without fear of interruption?"

"Such a thing may have occurred," said I, much marvelling whither this strange inquiry was to lead.

"Well," resumed my colloquist, "I have received lately a literary dainty, bearing the name of—(here he mentioned the title

of the work I had sent him). Now, I cannot peruse it comfortably in Edinburgh, with the daily claims of the Court of Session, and a variety of other interruptions; but when I get back to Abbotsford, won't I sit down in my own snug study, and devour it at my leisure?"

Sir Walter's time, I well knew, was infinitely too precious to be wasted in the perusal of any production from my pen; but the kindness of his speech, and the playful *bonhomie* of his manner, were not the less manifest, and not the less gratefully felt. He had politely invited me to visit him at Abbotsford, when he should return to it, and though I could not avail myself of his courtesy, I determined to make acquaintance with the mansion which, solidly as he had constructed it, was destined to be the least enduring of his works. After another hasty ramble, therefore, over the most picturesque city in Europe—a city of which its enlightened and hospitable inhabitants may well be proud—I bade it a reluctant adieu, and started for Abbotsford, fraught with abundant recollections and pleasant anticipations, most of which bore reference to Sir Walter Scott.

Not over pleasant, however, did I find the approach to his mansion, for the river had been swollen by heavy rains, the waters threatened to enter our post-chaise, and the rocky ground sorely tried its springs. Probably the old abbots never ventured across the ford, to which they have bequeathed their name, in a close carriage. The surrounding localities presented but small attraction, for though the far-extending *Down* scenery was enlivened by the river, and its prevailing bareness was relieved by wide plantations over the *demesne*, the latter were too young at that period to assume any more dignified appearance than that of underwood. By this time, they have, probably, grown out of their sylvan pupilage.

Spite of the ridicule which, from the erection of Strawberry Hill to the present day, has been lavished upon such modern antiques; spite of the very questionable taste which induced Sir Walter to embody in his new house old materials, occasionally exhibiting remote dates and heraldic emblazonments, until the incongruous structure might well be termed an architectural anachronism; I myself could find no fault with either the conception or the execution of this most interesting pile. To me it offered a mural presentment of the mind,

as well as a fitting receptacle for the body of a man, all whose predilections and associations were with the middle ages; and who had so little sympathy with the classical, that he could derive no gratification from Roman antiquities, even when he stood, at a later period, within the very precincts of the Colosseum. For pagan remains, and the five orders of Vitruvius, he cared not a rush. It was his object to build up an imitation of the mediæval style, not so close or slavish, however, as to unfit it for the requirements of modern civilization. The armory, therefore, which, as the paramount object, would have occupied the largest chamber in a baronial castle, was restricted to a moderately-sized hall; while the principal apartment was appropriated to such a splendid library as became the most eminent author of a literary age.

A building composed of such materials, constituted a museum of relics so rich in historical associations, and many of them bearing such immediate reference to some of his novels, that almost every stone might literally be said to "prate of his whereabouts." While deriving an interest from its present ownership, Abbotsford conjured up a new one out of the past, leaving the spectator in doubt which had imparted to him the most pleasurable sensation. What man of suggestive mind, for instance, could pass the gateway of the Edinburgh Tolbooth, reconstructed where it now stands—that gateway through which so many had dragged themselves with heavy hearts, in anticipation of their merited doom, or from which they had bounded away in the rapture of recovered liberty, without extemporizing imaginary novels almost as numerous as the motes that animate the sunbeam? To me the whole scene appeared a fairy-land of *terra firma*—a dream of realities; and when I reflected that all had been accomplished by an author's copyright money, I yielded to a preposterous vanity, suggested by Sir Walter's compliment of "brother scribbler," and whispered to myself, in imitation of the painter, "*ed io anche sono autore.*" The wizard poet, the Amphion of his day, had built up these walls with his lyre, and methought the sculptured heads that surmounted them, not less musical than that of Memnon when vocalized by Apollo's rays, still gave out melodious sounds that recalled his early poems, novels, and romances.

Small was the armory in the hall, it excelled many a larger collection in curiosi-

ties, most of the weapons having an historical or personal interest attached to them. Some of these were donations from individuals, but when Sir Walter became a purchaser of such rarities, he must have labored under the disadvantage of raising the market price against himself. The gun of an obscure marander could be of little value to any one; but when it was known to have belonged to Rob Roy, the hero of a popular novel, and was to be sold to the author of the work, it acquired an advertisement enhancement, which must have rendered its purchase much more expensive. In the library I noticed a splendidly bound set of our national chronicles, presented by George IV., one of the very few instances ever evinced by that monarch of a taste for books, or of any attention to an author. In one of his poems, Sir Walter cautions the reader that—

He who would see Melrose aright,
Must view it by the pale moonlight;

but as I had been told that he himself had never taken his own advice, I proceeded to inspect the abbey in the daytime, and in my next morning's drive over a dreary moor, of forty miles to Otterburn, had abundant time to reflect upon all that I had seen and heard in the modern Athens, and in the residence of our age's most illustrious writer.

In the following year, I had occasion to solicit a favor from Sir Walter Scott, which was granted with his usual promptitude and courtesy. A paragraph had found its way into print, penned by an amicable but indiscreet hand, stating the writer's belief that I shared the opinions of a mutual friend, who, in the temerity of youth—it might almost be said of boyhood—had avowed sentiments of a most unorthodox tendency. The paragraph was perfectly gratuitous and unauthorized. Keeping scrupulously aloof from polemical discussion, I had never looked with any other feeling than that of compassion upon the wretched gladiators who, in the name of a religion that inculcates peace and love, carry on such an incessant war of hatred in the spiritual arena. From political disquisitions I have been equally averse, but enough, it seems, had escaped to subject me to a reviewer's accusation of being "sadly tainted with liberalism;" a charge not altogether harmless in the high Tory days of which I am writing.

During the discussions occasioned by

John Scott's attack upon *Blackwood's Magazine*, and the fatal duel that ensued, I had expressed my unqualified condemnation of the ungenerous and personal warfare waged by that periodical against all its political opponents; and when I recollected how freely I had spoken upon this subject, it seemed not unlikely that its conductors might avail themselves of the paragraph in question, to assail me on the ground of my imputed heterodoxy. Nothing is more probable than that Blackwood's people never troubled their heads about the approbation or dislike of so obscure an individual; and I myself, reverting to the circumstance at this distance of time, am not without fears that the smiling reader may compare me to poor old Dennis, the critic, who was afraid that Louis XIV., at the treaty of Utrecht, would insist upon his being given up, because he had disparaged the French nation in some of his plays.

Under the apprehensions stated, groundless as they may have been, I wrote to Sir Walter Scott avowing my perfect readiness to submit to any criticism, however severe, in my literary capacity; but requesting his interference to prevent any onslaught upon theological grounds from the parties in question, over whom I believed his influence to be paramount, and who had no right whatever to hold me responsible for the unauthorized averments of another. This preamble is not endited in any spirit of egotism, but to render intelligible the following extracts from Sir Walter's reply:

"SIR,—I am honored and obliged by your letter, as showing a confidence in the feelings with which a man who has professed literature honorably ought to receive such a communication. I have not seen the passages of which you complain, but I sufficiently understand their tendency to know that they must have produced painful effects upon your mind. The old Spanish proverb says, 'keep me from my friends, and I will keep myself from my enemies.' Mr. — I only know from his writings, but these show so much more cleverness than judgment, that I can easily conceive he may have placed a friend in the new predicament of having a right to complain of his proceedings without having a right to tax the motives.

"I will write to Lockhart by to-day's post, and have no doubt he will do in the matter what justice may require. As to his battle with the *Athenæum*, I have not seen the attack, but should conceive him very foolish if he takes any notice of it. *Blackwood's Magazine* has no professed editor; but I will speak to one of the most influential contributors, with whom, I believe, I may have some interest.

"As for poor —, I always thought there was a strain of insanity, both in the character of his

genius and of his religious opinions, and that he was more of a fanatic in his insane philosophy, than of a deliberate propagator of irreligious doctrines.

"I think —'s work, from the samples I have seen, injudicious, and open to much censure."
"This is a matter, however, in which I take little interest, for I have lived in the literary world long enough to avoid every thing approaching to literary squabbles, and would as soon fight with my fists as with my pen.

"Mr. — cannot, I suppose, refuse you the explanation which you have a right to require, which must place you *rectus in curia* with all but those who are afflicted with the incurable blindness of those who will not see. But these gentlemen's unfortunate ophthalmia is never of an infectious nature, for common sense and honest truth always finds its own level.

"I am happy you placed it in my power to do anything which can be in the least degree of probable use to you. I will engage that Lockhart acts as a man of honor ought to do. As to Blackwood's correspondents, there is too much horse play in their raillery to conciliate my entire approbation, but such as I know, are men incapable of more than jocular mischief, and, I am sure, would never misrepresent you voluntarily in so painful a particular.

"I am writing in our Court, with all the tumult of the bar on one side, and the respectable proeing of the bench on the other, and beg, therefore, that you will excuse all verbal errors, and believe me,

"Your faithful, humble servant,

"WALTER SCOTT.

"Edinburgh, February 1."

It is probable, as already intimated, that the hostility I had anticipated was never meditated; it is certain that no attempt was ever made to carry it into execution; in either case, this admirable letter proves how completely its writer could sequester his mind, amid all the distractions of the forensic Babel; while it adds one more to the innumerable instances of his ready and cordial benevolence whenever he could confer a favor upon a "brother scribbler."

With an unspeakable interest had I contemplated the architectural reflex of Sir Walter's mind in the mansion of Abbotsford; I had visited his study, and sat in the very chair wherein he composed some of his immortal works: I had conversed with him in his intellectual might, had seen him in his social happiness, had become acquainted with him while he could yet enjoy the living apotheosis of a world's homage. Alas! and must I repeat the heart-rending words applied to the demented Southey—"A few years more and all was in the dust!"—Yes; another and a still more distinguished writer, was doomed

to the most terrible, the most awful visitation with which our nature can be afflicted. He became an intellectual wreck, sinking from a godlike man into mere anthropomorphism. Yet, how majestically did he become exalted, even by the circumstances that shattered his fortune and his mind, making his very ruin enhance his glory! With a chivalrous, an almost romantic sense of honor, he sold himself into slavery that his creditors might be free from loss. With a magnanimity that may well be termed sublime, he sacrificed health, happiness, sanity, and eventually life itself, to fulfil engagements for which he had been rendered legally responsible by the misconduct and insolvency of others.

While hopes were yet entertained that his mental alienation might only be temporary, the writer of these notices published "An Invocation," of which, pleading his license as a Graybeard and a Gossip, he will repeat the introductory stanzas,
 SPIRITS! Intelligences! Passions! Dreams!
 Ghosts! Genii! Sprites!
 Muses, that haunt the Heliconian streams!
 Inspiring lights,
 Whose intellectual fires, in SCOTT combined,
 Supplied the sun of his omniscient mind.

Ye who have o'er-inform'd and over-wrought
 His teeming soul,
 Bidding it scatter galaxies of thought
 From pole to pole,
 Enlightening others till itself grew dark—
 A midnight heaven without one starry spark;—
 Spirits of earth and air—of light and gloom,
 Awake! arise!
 Restore the victim ye have made—return
 His darkling eyes.
 Wizard!—Be all your magic skill unfurled
 To charm to health the charmer of the world.
 The scabbard, by its sword outworn, repair:
 Give to his lips
 Their lore, than Chryseidom's more rich and rare!
 Dispel the eclipse
 That intercepts his intellectual light,
 And saddens all mankind with tears and night.

Other circumstances there were immediately preceding and quickly following the death of Sir Walter Scott, that could not fail to awaken melancholy reflections on the instability of life, and the vanity of human wishes. The partner of his bosom was not suffered to attain old age; his two sons, his two daughters, and his eldest grandson, have been prematurely snatched away; the fine fortune, the harvest of his genius, which he had destined to enrich his family, is scattered to the winds; and the mansion which he had built up with so fond a magnificence, hoping that his descendants for many generations might occupy it with becoming

splendor, is silent and untenanted! Not over generous have been some of the remarks, sadly trite and misplaced have been most of the Jeremiades elicited by this combined mortality and disappointment. When the gilding disappears from the shrine at which a Mammonite kneels, it becomes instantly unhallowed, and disenchanted in his eyes, and there can be little doubt that Sir Walter's reverse of fortune lowered him in the estimation of those sordid worldlings who respect merit only so long as it is prosperous and wealthy. Possibly there were others whose jealousy was not ungratified by the downfall of the master spirit, which had either thrown them completely into the shade, or had made them "show like pygmies." These were the carpers and cavillers who now went about, either venting out and dried quotations from the moralists and satirists, or sapiently exclaiming, "How strange that a man like Sir Walter, with a world-wide reputation, should ruin himself in the pitiful ambition of becoming a Scottish laird! What covetousness, what insatiable avarice, in insisting upon a share of the publisher's, and even of the paper-maker's profits, until he was dragged into the partnership by which he was finally ruined. What an exemplification of the dog and the shadow! What a lesson for the man 'who grasps, and grasps till he can hold no more!'"

Oh, for the pen of Milton, that I might lash, as they deserve, these "apes and monkeys, asses, owls, and dogs!" Not strange was it, but perfectly natural, that Sir Walter, believing his pecuniary means to be fully equal to the attempt, should seek to realize the vision over which his mind had incessantly brooded, and erect a structure which, while it accorded with his own cherished tastes, should form an appropriate residence for the family that he hoped to found. Neither by his outlay at Abbotsford, nor by any indulgence in selfish profusion elsewhere, was his fortune dissipated. By an unforeseen liability it was drawn into the vortex and swallowed up in the Maelstrom of Ballantine's bankruptcy. Sir Walter Scott avaricious? Preposterous charge! If he had any failing it was in a totally opposite direction, his generous impulses often prompting him to a liberality hardly consistent with his means. Who calls the farmer avaricious when he puts up a fence around his field, to prevent marauders from stealing his flock? Such was the motive of the arrangement

with booksellers which has been branded with cupidity. Sir Walter was avid of nothing but his own. To prevent, not to obtain pillage was his object. With a proper sense of justice, as well as of his own dignity, he refused to toil like a slave, and turn his fine intellect into gold, living all the while in comparative poverty, in order that a publisher, possibly an idler and a blockhead, might roll in wealth. Such is the unfair system of our modern literature, and every lover of fair dealing, more especially every brother author, should feel grateful to the man who was the first to break through this monstrous monopoly and ravage. Far from being a churl and a niggard, he only desired to increase his means by preventing his property from embezzlement, that so he might give a wider expansion to his large-hearted beneficence. The foremost censurers of an unprosperous man may sometimes be traced among the leading parasites of a successful one, and if Sir Walter, disappointed in none of his expectations, had realized a large fortune, and had been enabled to exercise at Abbotsford the generous hospitalities so congenial to his nature, it is not unlikely that the parties to whom we have alluded, would be his most obsequious applauders, happy to follow in his wake, that their little barks "might pursue the triumph and partake the gale."

One word as to the croakers who harp upon the sadness of human destinies, because two generations of Sir Walter's family have been so quickly and so prematurely struck down into the grave. Truly lamentable is the catastrophe, but it is only in accordance with the frequent course of nature. Untimely as have been their deaths, they will be much longer remembered from their connexion with so illustrious a writer, than if they had lived to a patriarchal age as the members of any less distinguished family.

"But look," exclaims some dolorous hypochondriac, "behold how soon the finest mind of the age may be smitten with imbecility and darkness!"

"Look again," is my reply, "and behold what the human mind can accomplish, even though its duration be still more precarious than that of life."

Sir Walter was not young when he began to write, he was not old when he sank into fatuity, yet if his disembodied spirit could hover about us, how truly might he exclaim in the words of the old Roman poet—"What quarter of the globe is not filled with my labors?" Alps and Apennines,

the Cordilleras, and the Himalaya mountains, with all their intermediate lands, are animated by the immortal creations of his fancy, springing up in every direction and for all classes; like the sweet flowers of the earth, to delight, to refresh, and to beautify. Oh, the illimitable puissance of mind! Oh, the world-worshipped majesty of intellect! Oh, the divineness of the human soul!

Believing, as I do, that the writings and the character, the head and the heart of Sir Walter Scott, have tended to exalt our common nature; feeling grateful to Heaven that I was allowed to be his contemporary, and proud that I had the honor of calling him my friend; I have been induced to pen the concluding remarks, because I think every opportunity should be seized of brushing away the insects who have attempted to fasten a blot upon the glorious escutcheon which it is our duty to transmit to future ages, as it has been delivered to us, bright, perfect, and, immaculate.

THE GLASS OF BOHEMIA.—This beautiful article is manufactured in various parts of Germany, chiefly in Bohemia, and always in the woody, mountainous districts. The materials from which the glass is formed, consists chiefly of the same as those used in England; the manufacturers themselves seem to believe that there is no difference, except in the proportions of the materials, and in the fuel, which is exclusively wood, and produces, by a little attention, a more constant and intense heat than can be produced by any coal; the feeding the furnace with the latter material, they say, always creates a change in the temperature detrimental to the fluid above, and never sufficiently intense. The wooded mountains of Bohemia are entirely inhabited by a population whose industry, morals, hospitality, and kindness of manners, do honor, not only to this rich and beautiful kingdom, but to the whole human race. Thickly inhabited, the beautiful little cottages, clustered into villages, or scattered along the glens, or sides of the hills, are embowered with fruit-trees, and encircled with shrubs and flowers, which each cottager cultivates with a zeal peculiar to his race; on every side rich fields of grain or pasture stretch out like a vast enamelled carpet between the hills, which are clothed in dense forests of spruce, fir, pine, and beech, filled with deer, roe, and capercalzie; they extend in every direction, far beyond the reach of the eye, one vast cloud of verdure. The fabriques or factories are placed generally in the middle of one of these villages, the extent of which can only be known by going from house to house; so closely is each hid in its own fruit-bower, and so surrounded by shrubs and flowers, that the eye can only pick up the buildings by their blue smoke, or get a glimpse of them here and there as you advance; thus some of the villages are elongated to three miles, forming the most delicious walk along its grassy road, generally accompanied by a stream, always overhung by a profusion of wild flowers, the mountain-ash, and weeping birch; many of the former only are to be found in our gardens.—*Art Union Journal*.

PIUS IX.

The present Movement in Italy. By the Marchese Massimo d'Azeglio. Translated from the Italian. London, 1847.

The following article deserves attention, more as an expression of the views of the Conservative party in England, respecting the measures with which the name of the present Pontiff has been associated, than for its facts or reasonings. The questions to which it relates are of incalculable interest, and the position of each party ought to be understood. The present article has been frequently referred to in the British periodicals, as able and significant.—Ed.

THE Marchese d'Azeglio, whose work, in the absence of a better, we have placed at the head of this article, is a native of Piedmont, a man of respectable family, and the son-in-law of the celebrated Manzoni. He has studied painting with professional assiduity and with considerable success; he has also been a candidate for fame in the walks of literature; he, too, is the author of historical romances, which have been praised by his countrymen, but of which we confess we have never qualified ourselves to judge. He is, no doubt, a man of general accomplishment and lively talent; but we have yet to learn that he is entitled to interpret between Italy and the rest of Europe—to rebuke princes, or dictate to imaginary senates. We congratulate him, however, on having rightly understood the improved taste of the present age in avoiding all thundering denunciations and every appeal to the knife of Timoleon or Brutus. He assures "foreign countries" that Italians no longer take Rienzi or the Gracchi for their model. For ourselves, while we recognise some traits of Rienzi, we own we can trace but little imitation of the energy of the Gracchi. It is the absence of courage, still more than of practical talent, that has been so woefully conspicuous in all the efforts of the Liberals. Their wishes, he says, are moderated, and their disinterestedness increased. We would gladly believe him:—but we were in Italy during the rebellion of 1831, and during the commotions of 1843 and 1845, and we have not got over the disgust of witnessing such a race of meanness, corruption, and treachery.

The Marchese is sanguine in his hopes of the good effect of the "moral force" which is to be opposed to existing governments. We do not understand him, and we think

he does not understand himself, unless, indeed, he is guilty of mystifying his readers. "Moral Force" in the people, we take it, can only mean physical weakness in the governors; nor can "moral force" have any effect unless supported by physical energy. It was not in "moral force" that the confidence of the Reformers was placed in 1831 (the last occasion on which they had an opportunity of displaying their prowess), since it was to a civil war that they trusted for success. May not the Papal government of that day be said to have trusted more effectually to "moral force" when it purchased the submission and the secrets of the rebel chiefs with gold?

We shall make few comments on "Gli ultimi casi di Romagna"—a sort of defence of the abortive risings in Romagna. He condemns them himself, but more, we fear because they were premature and unsuccessful than because they were flagitious. We have never admired what is called the "Liberal cause" in Italy, but we would not do it the injustice to confound it with the felony of the smugglers at Ravenna, or of the desperadoes and ruffians of Rimini, who seized a defenceless town, frightened the priests and old women, robbed the treasury, and afterwards dispersed before a few companies of Swiss, to pursue their natural calling in the highways and hedges of Romagna.

One chief complaint against the Marchese is that his essay on the new movement is not written in good faith. The real object of it he does not disclose; he leaves it to be divined. The Italians, amongst many pleasing and some valuable qualities, possess an overweening opinion of themselves; they still vaunt their martial skill, and in proof of it appeal to the Scipios and the Cæsars. The Marchese has his full share of national as well as personal vanity—but can he really opine that a union of Italian princes (were some magician to bind that rope of sand for him) could successfully oppose the power of Austria? This question he leaves undiscussed—but his meaning is manifest by allusions to Navarino and to Belgium. It

is on the assistance of England, of France, or of Russia, that all Italians must rely who seriously hope to get rid of the German rule.

Our author admits reluctantly that the Austrian is a better government than that of any of the native princes, and he also admits the superior prosperity of that portion of the Peninsula over which it extends, while he justly ridicules the preposterous notion that the Italian princes have leagued together, at the instigation of Austria, to govern ill, in order that the superior administration of the Lombard provinces might be more conspicuous. The truth, however—though we too make our admission with reluctance—must be told—it is extremely difficult to find among Italians a sufficient quantity of the sober and homely qualities necessary for administrative justice. The reason of this is to be sought rather in their history, perhaps, than in their lively impressible character; but at present we are only concerned with the fact. If the German acts too uniformly with the passionless, unreflecting regularity of a machine, the Italian can with difficulty be made to understand the apathetic, impartial consistency of the law; and the consequence is, that with the mass of the people the German government is infinitely more popular than that of their native sovereigns. We would wish to be clearly understood; we mean that the government is respected as just and impartial, while the persons of the Germans are certainly disliked—disliked, perhaps, as much for some of the most respectable points of their national character, as for its defects. The foreign rule, indeed, is much resented amongst the upper and those of the middle classes who think that under other systems they should be esteemed and employed; but the mass of the people look on that with considerable indifference. As *foreigners* the Germans, no doubt, are disliked by them also; but in the sight of a Lombard, the Piedmontese, the Tuscan, and the Roman are equally foreigners; nor has this feeling of disunion in the least diminished, however much party writers have agreed to misrepresent the state of public opinion. The nobility of Italy, generally idle and insignificant, and too often dissipated, have little command over the respect or the sympathy of the lower classes. The landowners, known only through their agents, have no hold on the affections of their peasantry. The priests, by principle and

by interest, are attached to their princes, and their influence is generally enlisted on the side of authority. So very cold, however, is the feeling in every part of the social body to their governors, that we have seen dynasties changed and principalities severed and united without a murmur, and almost without an observation. The revolution in Piedmont in 1820, so discreditable to all that were engaged in it, is a proof of this. A few discontented and ambitious persons, tampering with lukewarm or disaffected troops, were able to force one prince to abdicate and to instal another in his place. As far as any popular sentiment was manifested at all, it was favorable towards the late sovereign, Victor Emanuel. The provisional government, regarded by the people with surprise rather than with favor, existed without support, and was overthrown without resistance. None of the peasantry, and few of the towns-people, took any part in the struggle.

In Lombardy there is too much substantial comfort for the existence of general discontent, and if the crisis should arrive, it will be found that careless landlords and tyrannical stewards are objects of greater dislike than the phlegmatic Germans. The administration of justice is entirely unimpeachable; nor could we name an executive government more free from abuses. Many causes have contributed to mislead opinion in England on this point. The stranger is disgusted at first by the existence of a custom-house (an institution which the English have no particular title to cavil at); he is irritated by the formal demands of the German sergeant, and complains of his stupidity because he himself cannot explain his meaning. On entering the city, he is in the hands of a valet de place, who is in nine cases out of ten a ruined adventurer, and who has no need to be told that abuse of authority is usually popular with an Englishman; he therefore indulges his own spleen, and gratifies his employer, by abuse of the Germans. The same gentleman takes up a French newspaper, where he finds the editor (who cannot forget the ejection of his countrymen) eloquent in abuse of Austria and the woes of Italy; accordingly the stupidity of the Germans, the hatred of the Italians towards them, and the general sympathy of Europe, become favorite themes with our tourist, and are noted down in his journal, to be spread abroad as far as his opportunities permit. Those only who

have lived in Lombardy can be aware of the good faith and honesty, the patience and forbearance of these much-belied Germans.

But, however it may be concealed, the Austrians are the objects of attack to all Italian liberals, and to those who espouse their cause; and it is on a very simple principle that they are systematically represented as universally detested.

The Papal government, which by common consent has hitherto been admitted to contain most abuses, is, however, thoroughly Italian, and in it are illustrated all the defects of the Italian character, for though the Pope himself is rarely a Roman, and his advisers may be natives of other districts, they are invariably Italians—but it is also a government of priests, of childless men, of persons who at best have but a life interest in the state, whose office depends solely on the life of their patron; whose object it is, therefore, to make a rapid fortune for themselves and their families while the opportunity lasts. This is a defect common in some degree to all elective governments; but that of the Pope has others peculiarly its own. Its jealousy and its weakness have made it repress the energies of its lay subjects; while it has always found its interest in the rivalries of foreign princes and in the discord of its neighbors. Macchiavelli felt and deplored this evil; the pretensions of the Church, he perceived, must ever be a barrier to the freedom of Italy; he thought it possible, however, to make them subservient to this end, by appealing to the family pride of the reigning pontiff. Could a vast sovereignty be accumulated in the house of Medicis, the support of the Pope (a member of that family) would be secured, and the minor states might by degrees be absorbed in the larger monarchy. The character of Lorenzo, the favored prince to be placed in this elevated position, promised but little; his successors, however, might be less feeble than himself—and by these means national independence might be secured, if civil liberty (of which he despaired) were to be sacrificed. The constant complaint of that profound politician is the want of public spirit in his countrymen—their want of virtue and disinterestedness. "This lovely country," he exclaims, "is given as a prey to the spoiler, to the dissolute Frenchman, the rapacious Spaniard, and the mercenary Swiss—but worst of all! it is the Italians themselves that have abandoned their paradise to these demons!"

The restoration of the nationality of Italy

has been the cry of her patriots in every age. It is now revived, and its herald and champion is the sovereign whose political existence is its greatest obstacle, and who, whatever may be his personal character, will ultimately be most opposed to it. The abuses of the papal government had reached a point that called imperiously for reform, and, on his elevation, Pius IX. acceded to the general wish; it would not have been in his power, had it been his inclination, to continue the system of Gregory XVI.—that system, indeed, must have fallen had Gregory himself lived a short time longer. It is not, then, the projected reforms of Pius that we blame—we admit reforms to have been necessary; but some of his errors we believe he must himself have already discovered. The liberty of the press in Rome was usurped rather than accorded; but the Pope would have judged more wisely in using his influence to curb its license than in contenting himself with being the object of its idolatry. The difficulties of his position were numerous; had he possessed all the talents and virtues that had been attributed to him, and had he found all the agents of government as disinterested as patriots are supposed to be by poets, his difficulties would not still have been surmounted. His practical reforms have hitherto, in fact, been few; the misgovernment of ages is not to be amended by the flattering exhortations of a well-meaning prince, nor by the declamations of the *Lentuli* and the *Gracchi* of a newspaper. But we are afraid that a prodigious difficulty has been needlessly—created by the quarrel with Austria—most ill-timed, and which might certainly have been avoided, and that the policy of the Pope, or rather, we should say at once, the desire of innovation fostered by his imprudence, has spread a general distrust and anxiety throughout Italy—a vague indefinite discontent, which will not be quieted till serious calamities have been inflicted.

To give any intelligible outline of the state of Italy and of the Papedom at this moment, it will be necessary to take a retrospect: but we need not go into the invasion of the French, their occupation of Rome, and the melancholy fate of Pius VI. The election of Pius VII. took place at a moment and in a country, to which French influence did not extend. In the subsequent disputes between Bonaparte and the Pope, the violence of the despot defeated its object. The passive resistance of Pius, which was not to be overcome, and the persecutions to

which he was exposed, rendered him an object of interest to all Europe. Roman Catholics resented the imprisonment of the head of their Church; sovereigns were alarmed at the violence offered to an independent prince, and felt a common interest in supporting him; while all men agreed in condemning the indignities exercised on an amiable and high-minded old man.

It is highly probable that the temporal power of the Pope would have been curtailed at the general settlement of Europe in 1814, had not the sudden escape of Bonaparte from Elba put an abrupt end to many deep-laid projects, and roused Europe again to active resistance. His subsequent defeat, which placed the world for the moment at the disposal of the conquerors, might not so entirely have altered the political destiny of Italy, but for the ill-advised proceedings of Murat. The intrusive king of Naples had purchased the favor of the allies, by his timely desertion of his benefactor, and his political alliance with Austria. Alarmed, perhaps surprised, at the return of Napoleon, staggered by his success, undecided and hesitating, he found himself an object of suspicion to the Austrian general; and at last, in defiance of the best advice, when the movement was too late, he declared himself the ally of France, and marched towards the north of Italy. The Pope deserted Rome, as the Neapolitan army advanced, nor did the Grand Duke of Tuscany remain to receive these unwelcome guests. Romagna, which had all along been occupied by the troops of Murat, became the scene of his military operations. A flush of success gave him confidence. The Austrian commanders, unprepared for such an attack, retired before him: his triumphs were announced in exulting proclamations, and the manifesto of a French adventurer, dated from Bologna, admonished all Italy that the moment had arrived when a small exertion would free it for ever from the yoke of foreigners. Nor can it be denied that the moment was favorable. Austria, startled by the rapidity of Bonaparte's success, had concentrated her troops in the hereditary dominions. Marshal Bellegarde had hardly a sufficient force to garrison Milan, and would certainly not have ventured to face the Neapolitan army, had it been seconded by any appearance of support from the people. This was not, however, the case. Murat's bust was crowned in several theatres, and in some market-places; processions awaited him at city-gates, and streets

were strewed with flowers; sonnets were showered upon him; but no recruits joined his standard; on the contrary, his muster-roll was daily thinned by desertion, even while fortune seemed to befriend him. The enemy gained courage as he appeared to lose it—and he abandoned his last chance by opening a negotiation when he should have pushed his advantages; this imprudence hastened the inevitable catastrophe—the destruction of one of the best appointed armies that ever took the field, the flight and despair of its chief.

The Austrian army was now in possession of Southern Italy; and Marshal Bianchi, ruling with sovereign authority in Naples, treated with King Ferdinand for the restitution of his hereditary dominions.

It was not without reluctance that the Emperor resigned the possession of a kingdom which had long been a dependency of the House of Austria, and which had only been conquered from it during the last century; but the jealousy of powerful neighbors proved a stronger bar to his wishes, perhaps, than the rights of Ferdinand; he was obliged to look elsewhere for an indemnification for his losses, and at first there was little doubt that this would be assigned to him out of the spoils of the Church. The legations had never yet been restored to the Pope. Murat had occupied them; to Murat the possession of *all* his dominions had formerly been guaranteed by Austria, and his spoils were now the legitimate prize of the conqueror. There was, however, on the other hand, a returning respect for ancient and prescriptive rights; perhaps, too, reflection on the vast efforts called for by the demonstration of "the hundred days" had taught moderation. Such at least are the motives that it becomes "the dignity of history" to assign; but something, we think, may be attributed to the personal character of the patient and long-suffering Pope, and more, perhaps, to the skilful diplomacy of Cardinal Gonsalvi. Never did any man possess a more graceful address, or a more imposing presence: the dignity of his features—the intelligence of his eye—the wisdom of his pallid brow—worked powerfully in his favor, before his conversation, lively, insinuating, and profound, had completed the conquest. He was a statesman of the old school, supple, imperturbable, well practised in the finest fencing of diplomacy; his visit to England he had turned to the best account, and secured the personal favor of the Prince Regent, by whom the

interests of the Holy See were powerfully supported at the Congress.

The Papedom was restored with nearly undiminished possessions, but severely taxed with subsidies demanded by Austria; and Pius VII. returned to Rome. He passed along a road once trodden by more bloody victors, and, traversing the Milvian bridge, he entered the Vatican palace beneath a triumphal arch, and took possession of the stronghold of his predecessors, amidst the deafening gratulations of his people. The Rome he found was unlike the Rome of his youth. The French had stripped it of its ancient ornaments. Deprived of its court, of its illustrious pilgrims—without commerce and without activity, it was shrinking still further from its distant walls. The task of Consalvi was a hard one. The Pope, abstracted from temporal affairs, devout and humble, abandoned the reins of government to the powerful secretary, and he, by disinterestedness, at least, and zeal, deserved his confidence.

The first measures of the restored Pontiff, and the lofty language he at once assumed, had surprised rather than awed his neighbors. The restoration of the Order of Jesuits was unpopular with the Catholic world, and, except perhaps in Piedmont, the Pope found few supporters. Consalvi had dreaded Austria: he had been too well versed in the ancient maxims of the court of Rome not to be fully aware how much the papal authority has to fear from the persevering ambition of that power; but he soon discovered that Austria alone was the protecting barrier that stood between all Italian princes and their disaffected subjects. When the Emperor Francis visited Rome, he was received with all the elegant and refined attention that love and gratitude, and it may be fear, could suggest. Nor was his great minister forgotten. Prince Metternich, lodged by the side of his imperial master in the Quirinal palace, found an apartment so elegant and commodious, that he could hardly persuade himself that some fair form would not appear beneath the silken draperies to claim and receive his thanks. Amongst his numerous qualifications Consalvi was not an able financier, nor was he by inclination an economist. The contributions to Austria, which, notwithstanding the reciprocal blandishments of this visit, had not been remitted—the rewards which services demanded, the bribes which might not be withheld—the disorganized state of the provinces, the disbanded soldiers who

threatened to seek their subsistence on the highways—these were all calls that would have exhausted the amplest exchequer, and this was empty. The revolutions of the last century had swept away all the resources of the Vatican—the indulgences, dispensations, and bulls that had formerly supported it in more than royal splendor were now no longer issued for the benefit of the Pope. If the obedient Catholic of the old and new world refused to eat meat in Lent, or to marry within the prohibited degrees, without a sanction from Rome, it was now the coffers of the local government only that his scruples filled. The estates of the church, too long neglected, were totally insufficient to supply even the ordinary expenses of government. The people, unaccustomed to taxation (till the French occupation), grew discontented and impatient. The Cardinal, so admired in the drawing-room, so popular abroad, became odious at home. He was equally censured for the abuses he left and for those he reformed.

On the restoration, every act of the usurping government had been at once annulled. An edict from the Pope abolished the French code, and in restoring the rights of primogeniture, he re-established feudality also. This error after a time he amended, and the noble was *invited* to resign his feudal supremacy, the government offering to relieve him from the expenses of administration—a proposal that was in most cases gladly accepted; the trouble and cost far outbalancing the pleasure of feudal pageantry. There does not exist a country in Europe in which the *picturesque* has less influence than in Italy—nay, our transatlantic kinsmen themselves cannot be more material and prosaic in their notions and habits than her natives. Family pride, as we understand the word, has no existence. Power, wealth, and influence are adored, as in the rest of the world, but the mysterious veneration that hangs about a great name is unfelt. The baronial hall, the emblematic canopy, the “household coat”—the spacious cloister, its venerable inhabitants, with its precious library, and its profuse hospitality—all these, with their romantic associations, which would address themselves so powerfully to the fancy of an Englishman, and plead so effectually in favor of antiquity, are without power for the mind of modern Italy. The indolent proprietor, wasting his existence in the joyless dissipation of the capital, neither felt nor regretted the influence he parted with. A cunning

steward and a pettifogging notary had long abused his delegated authority. The canopy hung in tatters in the hall—the portraits mouldered in their frames—his gardens were filled with weeds, or perhaps a slovenly crop of the bailiff's cabbages. His peasantry, dirty, ignorant, and neglected, were abandoned to the insolence of the "Vice-Prince," or the tyranny of the bailiff, against whom the "Arch-priest" (the principal ecclesiastical authority) would prove a feeble protector. Something of these numerous ills was remedied by the sweeping reforms of Consalvi; but the real object of the measure failed, at least for the present, and the finances of the country were irretrievably involved, when the death of Pius afforded an opportunity for a change of system.

The death bed of a Pope is too often a mournful example of human ingratitude. The prince who abroad is revered as a deity, and at home is secluded like an Eastern Sultan, is then abandoned to the mercy of menials, whose only care is to secure the pillage which they have shamelessly seized. The illness of Pius was sudden and short.

It is said that Consalvi, hearing a rumor of his danger, went in haste to the palace, passed the guard and ascended the staircase, hurried through empty ante-chambers, and penetrated to the bed-room of his sovereign without having met a living creature. The chamber even was deserted: it was with his own hands that the State Secretary performed the humblest offices; and he alone witnessed the last struggle, and received the dying benediction. It was this pious task that had detained him from urgent business. To recover the time thus lost, he was closeted for two hours with his secretaries, and the necessary orders were then issued, though in fact with the life of the Pope his office ceased.

The first act of the Sacred College was to pass a vote of censure on this infringement of the letter of the law,—a vote which would have been carried without a dissentient, but for the generous protest of two personal enemies of the fallen secretary, Fesch, Archbishop of Lyons, and Pacca, Dean of the Sacred College, and his predecessor in office. This sufficiently explains the feeling of the Cardinals, *his brothers*, towards the fallen minister.

The Conclave assembled. In spite of the spirit of intrigue and of reckless ambition—passions that survive all others in the bosom of aged churchmen—it was felt that the

choice must fall on one accustomed to business, frugal, prudent, and moderate. The Austrian influence, always unpopular at Rome, was detested now, because identified with the cause of Consalvi; a Cardinal inimical to that power must therefore be chosen. The result of a scrutiny was one morning found favorable to San Severino. It is believed that the vote was insincere, as the College were well aware that Albani, who possessed "the secret" of Austria,* would put her veto on the nomination: the fact proved so. Cardinal di Gregorio, the organ of the Spanish court, and acting also for Naples, visited Pacca in his cell. It is said that these two influential persons recognised the necessity of coming to an immediate decision. Neither could entertain hopes for himself. It was assumed that the future Pope should neither be a monk, nor a partisan of Austria, nor a man of lofty birth with a troop of relations; above all, that he should forswear the system of Consalvi, and introduce some reform into the financial department. "Cardinal della Genga has a scheme for restoring the finances; let him be our choice."

After some preliminary intrigue and numerous ballotings, without which an election would hardly seem canonical, the vote fell on the last-named cardinal; and Austria, having already used her veto, had the mortification of seeing the very man elected whom of all others she would have wished to exclude. He had acquired the purple by having held the offices which usually lead to that eminence. He possessed, however, neither fortune nor high connexions. He had been employed in diplomacy; he was not in priest's orders; nor had he at any time been distinguished for the ascetic virtues of his predecessor. He possessed, however, some excellent qualities, and also some showy ones, by no means unimportant in this conspicuous station. His person was tall and graceful; his face, if not handsome, was remarkable for its earnest expression, and for the ashy paleness that overspread it. His manner and address were pleasing and dignified; and he had, notwithstanding his habits of life, methodical habits which enabled him to transact business with accuracy and despatch. He was crowned with the usual solemnities; and his inauguration is re-

* Austria, France, Spain, and Portugal, each possesses the right of putting their veto on one nomination of the Conclave. A cardinal, employed by these courts, is trusted with the "Secret,"—i. e., name of the obnoxious cardinal.

markable as being the last in which the Pontiff, mounted on a milk-white mule, and attended by the Sacred College on horseback, proceeded in stately array to take possession of the temporalities of his see in the ancient basilica of St. John Lateran, the cathedral church of Rome, which boasts the lofty distinction of being "*ecclesiarum urbis et orbis mater et caput*." The selection of his style in the roll of Popes was supposed to indicate his plan of government; he chose rather to identify himself with those of haughty pretensions, than with the Clements and the Benedicts, whose administration had endeared them to the people. Pasquin did not neglect so fair an opportunity:—

"Non à Pio, non à Clemente,
Ma vecchio Leone senza dente!"

Leo XII. soon made it evident, by the choice of his secretary, that he intended to be his first own minister. Austria, in moody discontent, long refused an ambassador, and the choice of his agents was made in avowed disregard to the wishes of that court. As a sovereign, he was arbitrary,—he has even been called tyrannical; as a Pope, his government was exemplary. Anxious for reform, and zealous for the honor of his order, he stimulated the zeal of the parochial clergy; the regulars he visited with his dreaded presence, and with the rod of his displeasure. But his health sank under the accumulated difficulties and anxieties of his high place; and his corpse was conducted to St. Peter's amidst the hisses and execrations of the populace. His financial scheme had wholly failed. It is surmised that he assisted the Apostolic cause in the Spanish peninsula with large sums. It is certain that taxation had not been diminished, that the public debt was increased, and the treasury empty; while a greater spirit of disaffection and ill-humor prevailed among the people than had yet appeared since the re-establishment of the papacy.

The College again assembled, and after another period of doubt, hesitation, and intrigue, the choice fell on Castiglione, a Cardinal-bishop, holding the suburban see of Frascati:* a man of moderate opinions,

* The College is divided into three classes—the cardinal-bishops, who hold the six suburban sees, Ostia and Velletri, Santa Rufina and Porto, La Sabina, Frascati, Albano, and Palestrina; the cardinal-priests, which class includes the high ecclesiastical dignities; and the cardinal-deacons, composed of those in deacons' orders, or not holy orders at all—from whom are most commonly selected the

of irreproachable character, and moreover somewhat sickly and well-stricken in years.

If this pontiff, who assumed the popular title of Pius VIII., did little to merit the gratitude of posterity, he did nothing to deserve the censure of his contemporaries. He was bewildered and perplexed. He found courts of law into which he could not infuse a love of justice; he found lawyers and judges who sold their clients and their judgments. He deplored the evils which he could not abolish. All he could do was to cut off one of the prime sources of abuse. The pernicious system of arbitrary interference with the courts of justice, pursued by all popes, practised by Consalvi, and abused by Leo, he steadily avoided. The "*Uditore Santissimo*," whose office much resembles that of our Chancellor at its first institution—the minister who issues the papal rescripts, stopping causes he does not choose should advance, and not unfrequently reversing legal decisions—during this reign had a sinecure. Pius VIII. was never prevailed on to grant one of these odious rescripts. We remember to have seen a lady, a relation and friend of the Pope, who, having an important cause pending, had posted to Rome on learning the elevation of her kinsman. He readily accorded her an interview, and when she cast herself at his feet he kindly raised her, and asked her what she desired. She demanded a decision against her unjust adversary. The Pope heard her in silence. "My daughter," he said at length, "have you a rosary;"—"Yes, holy father; do you think I would walk abroad without it?"—"Give it me, then," he replied; and having blessed it, he returned it. "I have now done all for you that a Pope can do. The decisions of the law are pronounced by the judges, and I have no power to interfere with them." Within less than two years this Pope died; and it was only from the next reign that the Roman people learned to appreciate him.

The Pope expired at the Quirinal. The body was transported at nightfall, in a state carriage, to the Vatican. The noble guard, wearing scarfs of white and black crape (the mingled mourning for the pontiff and for the Prince) attended on horseback, each bearing a waxen torch; the gendarmerie followed, every man provided also with a torch; the horse artillery brought up the rear, thundering along the state officers—those holding high ecclesiastical preferment seldom being employed in secular matters.

uneven, ill-paved streets, at a hand-gallop, the pace at which etiquette commands the sad procession to advance. No religious emblem accompanies it. The body is embalmed on the bed of death. The chapter of St. Peter's receives it at the door of the cathedral, which is also the chapel of the Vatican palace; and here commence those tedious ceremonies which precede interment. The military escort returns at a yet more resounding pace, leaving a long echo in the darkening night. The Cardinal Camerlengo assumes the regency of the state: the *annulus Pescatoris* is formally broken in his presence and in that of the Congregation; he visits the Apostolic palace, and, after receiving the customary salute, he issues his orders to the Captain of the Swiss guard. "Chi ci paga?" demands the cautious mercenary, with shouldered arms—the mutinous altercation of former days being now converted into state etiquette. "Ci penserà io," replies the prelate: the weapons are lowered, the guard follows his eminence, and obeys his orders till the oaths are administered to another Pope.

Prince Chigi, the hereditary governor of Rome, and protector of the Conclave, assumes his office, which is declared to the people by the double sentinel at his palace gates. A day is appointed for the assembling of the cardinals, and the foreign members of the College arrive with the speed that age, dignity, and indolence permit. Their entrance into Conclave in the Quirinal, is an imposing spectacle. Each elector, attended by a chaplain and two domestic servants, takes possession of the apartment which has been assigned him by lot, and fitted up by his own upholsterer. Every arrangement on this solemn meeting marks the suspicion with which the princes of the church regard each other. The kitchen and the servants of the palace could not be trusted; no Cardinal would venture on eating a meal that had not been prepared by his own people. His dinner is daily brought him in a covered barrow, used only for this purpose: it is sealed by the clerk of his kitchen, attended by a servant in his livery, and guarded by a Swiss soldier. The seals are broken in the presence of two fraternal Eminences. No unexamined communication whatever is permitted with the external world.

Every morning after a mass, performed each time by a different minister, the Conclave proceeds to a ballot and scrutiny: but these for some time are well understood to

be merely preliminary skirmishes. Day after day, at noon, the idle and curious of the city flock to Monte Cavallo to witness the smoke issuing from the funnel of the stove on which are burnt the papers after the ballot; and there is much fun and ribaldry when the outward sign announces the fresh abortive effort. The memory of Leo XII. was still odious—and Pasquin thus addressed the electors:

"Bestie siete—una bestia farete:

Abbate attenzione di non fare un Leone."

The recent revolution in France and Belgium, the disturbances in Germany, and the unsettled state of Italy should have hastened a decision. There should have been a truce to idle jealousies and petty animosities, and the choice should have fallen on a man bold at once and cautious; a man of piety and a man of the world; one who could grapple with the difficulties that were arising on every side round the papal throne. The Conclave judged otherwise. They had sat for fifty-six days before the window over the great gate was broken through, and the hand of the Cardinal Dean, bearing his cross, protruded. No tempest like that which drove the people from the palace when Pius VIII. was elected, cast its gloomy prognostic over the opening scene. The morning was bright and clear, and the words of the antique formula were heard by the remotest of the multitude: "Magaum vobis annuncio gaudium. Habemus Papam, Dominum Cardinalem Capellari qui sibi nomen assumpsit Gregorium XVI." The announcement was followed by the cheers of the people; they knew nothing to the disadvantage of the new sovereign: but the choice was an unfortunate one. Capellari, a native of Belluno, born a Venetian and now an Austrian subject, was a member of an order strictly reformed on the rule of St. Benedict. He had early quitted the world, and had risen to eminence in his order by his theological acquirements. His hat had been the reward of his dexterity in arranging the Concordat between the King of the Low Countries and the Court of Rome. A man of foreign and humble birth, a recluse by choice and by vocation, already advanced in life, feeble and timid, proved the favorite candidate at a moment when the energy of the seventh Gregory, or of a Paul, would hardly have sufficed.

Gregory XVI. (who had assumed that name in honor of the celestial patron of

his order) was crowned in the balcony of St. Peter's, amidst the waving of peacocks' feathers, the rolling of drums, and the salvoes of artillery, which, repeated along the coast of Italy to that of France, and from thence to Spain, announce to the Catholic world that its new chief has been consecrated, and has showered his blessing "on the city and on the world." It was on kneeling thousands that he bestowed his first benediction: on the altar of St. Peter's he accepted the homage, and granted and received the kiss of peace from the cardinals, his brothers and first subjects. He was carried, in snowy robes and with the tiara on his brow, through the spacious aisles of St. Peter's to the majestic palace of his predecessors. The procession passes before the Clementine chapel; the priest advanced from the altar, and dropped a lighted match on a heap of prepared flax; a brilliant flame blazed up for a moment:—"Sancte Pater, sic transit gloria mundi." The peace of Gregory was as evanescent. The first sound that disturbed the slumbers of gratified ambition was the news of the revolt of the provinces and the rebellion of Ancona; these events preceded the accustomed donatives and the usual acts of grace with which all reigns commence.

Whatever were the faults of Gregory, he had as yet had no opportunity of exhibiting them. It was not a sense of wrongs that incited revolt—it was the hope of support from France. The facility with which a great monarchy had recently been overthrown, gave confidence to the discontented of every country, while it disturbed and terrified all established authority. The papal rebels were as timid, however, as the papal generals that opposed them. They might have marched on Rome and ended the war; they wasted time in idle manœuvres, and lost the confidence of their partisans by silly negotiations. The Bishop of Rieti armed a cohort of his peasantry, defended the walls of his city, and worked a diversion. Meantime, the Roman populace, exasperated against their untried Pontiff's enemies, assembled in tumultuous troops around his coach whenever he appeared, and frightened him with their boisterous zeal, hardly less than the threats of the insurgents. The French were everywhere insulted; but the students of the Academy made themselves peculiarly obnoxious by the haste with which they had mounted the tricolor-flag; their martial president was forced to withdraw the emblem he had

hoisted with such exaltation; and, content with this triumph, the mob made no effort to force the barricades with which he had fenced his official dwelling, not very prudently, perhaps, as they seemed rather to invite the attack which they could not certainly repel.

The discontented of the Roman and other states had lent a ready audience to the emissaries of Revolution from Paris; but the language which the French king and his ministers whispered into the ears of royal ambassadors differed widely from that of these apostles of mischief, and even from the speeches which they themselves as yet now and then found it necessary to utter. The Italians were deceived; they were again the dupes of treachery, and experienced the fate of those patriots who trust to foreign aid for what their own right hand should accomplish. The Pope, in the helplessness of his terror, applied for assistance to Austria. The tranquillity of Italy is so important to that power, that any risk must be run in maintaining it. The ill-timed appearance of some of the younger members of the Buonaparte family in the rebel camp gave the desired excuse for intervention. The Austrians passed the Po; the rebel bands dispersed before them, and several of their chiefs found it necessary to hasten their negotiations at Rome for pardon and reward on the surrender of their secrets. The Austrians now assumed the plausible attitude of protecting the papal rebels from the wrath of their offended sovereign. A double end was served; this was in accordance with the humane policy of Vienna, and it placed the imperial Government in advantageous opposition to that of the Pope. We well remember the cordial reception that was given to the white uniform in Bologna and at Ravenna, and the undisguised and unchecked insults to which the papal troops were exposed.

The appearance of the Buonapartes on the scene had startled Louis Philippe, and effectually revived his old aversion to Italian liberalism. His position at home, however, demanded some appearance of intervention; and French vanity was gratified by the semblance of success in the piratical occupation of Ancona. The Pope protested, and his protest was disregarded; it was not at first that he perceived the advantage he could reap from this proceeding: subsequently he availed himself of it to the utmost. The Austrians were obliged to renounce their claims to those sub-

sides and indemnifications which the French did not demand. And in spite of Ancona, and the picture of that splendid triumph ordered from Horace Vernet for the Gallery of Versailles, the disaffected soon discovered that French diplomacy would support the authority of the Pope at home, and his independence abroad, should Austria attempt to dictate her will in accents too haughty.

A breathing time ensued. The great difficulties that Gregory had now to encounter were fiscal. He was assisted, though sparingly, by the Church. Three lay commissioners, men of influence and practical knowledge, were invited to examine into the financial condition of the country, to report upon it and suggest a remedy. The plan proposed by these gentlemen would instantly have relieved the Pope from his most pressing difficulties; the regular clergy with whom much capital lay dormant, were to be amerced in a large contribution. The project was submitted to the Sacred College; it was approved, but, at the same time, unhesitatingly rejected. The Pope himself, if the love of his order could have slumbered, was fully alive to a hint that the fate of Ganganelli might be his if the wrath of the conventual clergy were excited. From that moment he became the determined opponent of all extraordinary plans of taxation. The regular clergy, however, contributed something, and Cardinal Bernetti, the Secretary of State, a man of expedients, found no difficulty in raising a loan—the terms of which were so advantageous, however, to the lenders, that the minister's integrity did not escape suspicion. Torlonia and the Jew Rothschild were hailed as the saviors of the state; it was with this title that the Pope received and embraced his wealthy subject.

Under the joint protection of France and Austria the Pope might repose in security, and resume those habits of indolence that constitute the charm of the cloister. But the vials of wrath were not yet poured out. Pestilence and famine were in store.

Had His Holiness possessed those meek virtues which by some are supposed to belong to the cloister, he might now have exhibited them. If he could not head armies or unravel conspiracies—if he possessed not the talents of a financier or legislator, he could at least afford an example of piety and self-devotion. He could offer up his prayers for the general safety—he could watch over the welfare of his flock. Instead

of this, he fled to Castle Gandolfo with his immediate attendants, and drawing a cordon round that residence, remained inaccessible to all, while the exhausted exchequer was further taxed for a large sum daily expended in an anti-pestilential machinery. The demon of fear seemed to possess his mind. The lofty walls of the Vatican gardens were raised still higher, and surrounded by movable battlements. The secret passage or "Cavalcavia," that connects the Vatican with the castle of St. Angelo, was reopened and prepared for immediate use, in case Gregory, like another Clement, should ever require a retreat more secure than his fortified palace within the capital.

More tranquil days returned; the personal fears of the Pope were assuaged; but his dread of reform and innovation, his aversion to business, and his general indolence remained undiminished—a disposition naturally timid grew more timid still. Feeble by advancing age and by habits of self-indulgence, he abandoned the cares of government to officials and subordinates, and the patronage of it to his valet-de-chambre. The ministers in every department were men from whom the Pope thought he had nothing to dread, and from whom the people had nothing to hope—men equally devoid of birth, of talent, and of honesty—the creatures of the valet—men who had paid for their office, who were interested in the maintenance of abuses, who hastened with utter shamelessness to secure their fortune, admonished by the failing health of their patron that the time was short.

Such was the state of confusion which Pius IX. was called on to remedy; but the task was difficult and displeasing. He saw more ill than he could amend, and his good feelings made him loathe to punish the culprit, even where he could effect no remedy without doing so. The act of amnesty with which he began was too general to be just, and a measure, at best, of very doubtful prudence:—he was rewarded, however, and stimulated onwards, by the applause of thousands. The corruption of the state demanded reform, but true reform is slow and cautious. The freedom of the press extorted rather from his weakness than from his judgment, soon produced deplorable effects. The periodical publications revelled in the newly acquired license, and neighboring powers were irritated by the daily repetition of their malignant and unjust attacks. Another measure, pregnant

with danger, was the organization of the civic guard; this body, though inspiring no terrors to the Austrian Grenadier, may successfully overawe the native government. Several of his acts have already proved that the Pope has doubted of the wisdom of those early measures; but how can he recede—how consent to endanger his dearly prized popularity? One of his own ministers, in former days considered as a hot Jacobin, has not hesitated (in the society of Englishmen) to lament the failure of repeated efforts to establish something like a Conservative press for the counteraction of flagrant calumnies of every sort—a most complete failure—never was one-sided impudence more triumphant! Another capital error is having invited “boards” of his subjects to suggest schemes of administration, and to write pamphlets on political reform. We pay the Pope the compliment of believing him the most enlightened man in his dominions, and we certainly know of none that can counsel him. The Republicans smile. “Let him alone,” said a noted reformer in a foreign country; “he is doing our work—give him but a reign of ten years and he will be the last Bishop of Rome having temporal power.”

It should be borne in mind that the Roman government has hitherto been equally despotic in form and in principle; that no provincial or municipal assemblies existed to form the nucleus of a great council. No national spirit or character pervades the heterogeneous realm—made up of possessions to hardly one of which anything like a decent title can be shown. The donation of Constantine to St. Sylvester, though ridiculed by satirists, and dropped by the papal jurists, is the only charter that can be adduced for the possession of Rome itself, and the “patrimony of St. Peter.”* The

* The patrimony of St. Peter comprises the country that lies between the right bank of the Tiber (including the Vatican basilica and the quarter called the Borgo) and the mountains of Tuscany; of this district Viterbo is the principal city; and the Campagna di Roma is comprehended in it. The “Agro Romano” extends between the sea, the mountains, and the left bank of the Tiber. The “Commarca” is that beautiful hilly region which overlooks Rome, from the Sabine hills to those which form the boundary of the kingdom of Naples. Though these districts formed the earliest possessions to which the Church lays claim, they were parcelled out among numerous feudal lords, both temporal and spiritual, who exercised independent authority, and set the pope at defiance. In the patrimony the most powerful barons were the Orsini; while the Colonna, the Conti, and the Savelli, portioned amongst themselves the practical sway of the Agro Romano and the adjacent hills.

“Agro Romano” and the “Commarca” may be said to come within the same category. The remoter provinces of the Church, though claimed in right of donations and bequests, were all in fact acquired by conquest and usurpation, by the spoliation of princes and governors, and in direct defiance of the known wishes of the people;—for no government was less popular in the middle ages than that of the Church—none was exposed to more frequent rebellions, and in these repeated struggles all popular rights were trampled on by the victors.

In the vast territory included in the sufficiently questionable legacy of the Countess Matilda the claim of the Church in former times was seldom denied, though its jurisdiction was always resisted. The Pope, often an exile, and invariably struggling with the numerous enemies of his temporal rule, was most frequently unable to enforce his right, and, if for a time he gained military possession, he was obliged to delegate his powers to counts, marquises, and apostolic vicars, who ruled despotically and in utter defiance of the papal rescripts. Towards the close of the fifteenth century the Romagna was overrun by Cæsar Borgia, and, with his father’s sanction, formed into a principality, to be hereditary in his family. After the ruin and flight of that artful adventurer, his acquisitions were annexed formally by the warlike Julius to the immediate dominion of the Church, to which, in spite of occasional rebellions, they have since remained attached, and now, under the name of the Legations, still continue to furnish those resources by which the government is maintained. The Duchy of Spoleto, which contained several independent republics and principalities, continued till long after to enjoy its freedom. It was Paul III. who conquered Perugia, and Città di Castello was usurped from the Vitelli in the following reign. The duchy of Ferrara was seized at the close of the sixteenth century by Clement VIII., and the little duchy of Urbino was added in the seventeenth. With this last usurpation, the territorial acquisitions of the Church cease. What the system of clerical government was, the grass-grown streets of Ferrara and the deserted heights of Urbino declare—but this is not our present purpose. These possessions, though claimed by the Pope as a right, were conquered by arms, and he thought himself at liberty to establish any form of government he pleased. An un-mixed despotism was invariably preferred.

in which all power was removed from the laity and lodged with the clergy alone, and the provinces were henceforward to be governed by cardinals, delegates, and governors responsible only to their ecclesiastical employers.

The claims of the court of Rome to supremacy were, and would be again, unbounded; though at times suffered to slumber, they have never been resigned; they have constantly been revived when the moment was thought propitious. The charge of Christ to Peter gave the care of the whole human flock to the Church; upon this warrant the Popes distributed the vast continents of America between Spain and Portugal—they certainly possessed no other. But within his own oldest dominions it is easy enough to show that the absolute power of the Pope is of modern establishment. In his own capital even, before the close of the Western schism and the restoration of the seat of government to Italy, his sway was divided, first by the prefect, who swore fidelity to the Emperor, and afterwards with the noble on whom, with the title of Patrician, or Senator, the administration was conferred. By degrees, however, the struggle for power terminated in the victory of the Popes. The office of Senator, at first so important, became at length a costly pageantry—an honorary distinction that the Pope conferred on illustrious foreigners. The Sixtus V., one of the most remarkable sovereigns who have ruled in Europe, the merit is due of consolidating the States of the Church, establishing a system of government, and at last curbing the license of the nobles. But the change went far beyond diminishing their feudal authority. From this period they began to abandon the country and to fix themselves permanently in the capital, where they were deprived of the shadow of power or influence. The Roman senate (the consuls were yearly chosen from this body, and their names inscribed on the "fasti," that commence with Junius Brutus) was composed of a certain number of families, long established in the city, who boasted themselves the genuine nobility of Rome; but while to their tribunal were submitted the most trivial cases only, all real power was concentrated in a prelate who ruled with the title of "Governor of Rome,"—a dignity which he could only exchange for that of a cardinal. The Savelli, Colonna, Orsini, and Caetani, the ancient untitled "Baroni Romani," while deprived

of all power, had never the advantage of seeing a member of their families raised to the papal throne. The jealousy that their rank and wealth excited, always secured the preference of a foreigner, and the Barberini, Buoncompagni, Borghese, Chigi, and Corsini, though Italians, were natives of foreign states. The love of their collaterals, to denote which the word *nepotism* was invented, and which distinguished these princes, has peopled Rome with a nobility wealthy, but not of the country, and often possessed foreign estates to divide their allegiance. It is to this class of persons, generally speaking, that those magnificent palaces belong, which strike the stranger with so much astonishment when he first visits Rome, and which have in fact been built by sovereigns who taxed the world to support their splendor.

The real right of citizenship in Rome is confined to a few. The "Trasteverini," or dwellers on the right bank of the Tiber, boast themselves the only legitimate descendants of the ancient Romans, and make good their claim by their haughty and insubordinate bearing. The Montagnoli, or inhabitants of the Viminal and Esquiline hills, are principally descended from the country-people who sought refuge in Rome during the barbarous ages, and these emulate the Trasteverini in ignorance, in bigotry, and in lawlessness. It is with this class of his subjects that the Pope is ever most popular, whether, like Gregory, he seeks to stem the torrent of innovation, or whether, like Pius, he hopes to guide it. In these, however, centres the nationality of Rome. They are its true types. Handsome in person, picturesque in attire, they pass the day in idleness, muffled in cloaks and basking in the sun in winter, lying asleep on their faces in the shade in summer, and seldom rousing themselves but to drink in the wine-shops and gamble with their comrades. Desperate quarrels are the consequence of this life, and assassinations have never been scarce. The neighboring church affords a safe asylum, where the criminal remains till he can effect his escape, if he is not rich enough to purchase his peace from the kinsmen of his victim—unless indeed these last can procure the order from the Grand Penitentiary to seize him within the sacred precincts.

An intermediate class there is between the noble and populace. This, the "mezzo ceto," consisting of unennobled proprietors, merchants, lawyers, and physi-

cians, is the class amongst which the advocates of reform are principally to be found, and which has been represented sometimes, by those who are not familiar with it, as more intelligent and more respectable than the class of superior rank. There are besides a great many foreigners resident in Rome, together with a mixed population, composed of pensioners of the Church and of the higher nobles, of denizens, of refugees, and of a poorer sort of strangers, who come to the capital to follow those trades and perform those menial offices which the Romans are too proud to do for themselves. Such are the heterogeneous materials of which the population is composed. The most invincible prejudices exist, among all these classes—prejudices which have never yet been eradicated, which forbid amalgamation, and frustrate all hope of constitutional government.

Hitherto the whole scheme of polity had been to monopolize every branch of administration in the hands of the priesthood, and it was by the watchful care of this monopoly that the state had been enabled to exist. Pius IX. assailed this system—and in doing so, we suspect he has evoked a spirit that neither his power nor that of his successors will be able to lay. We do not for a moment doubt that the public business will be as well conducted by laymen as by priests:—but how long will the lay ministers, governors, and magistrates be in discovering that it becomes them not to receive orders from an aged pontiff and an impotent presbytery? It is the opinion, we know, of many fervid Romanists, that if any method of preserving his independence could be discovered, the head of their Church would be more powerful without a territorial dominion at all—that he would be less under the influence of his great neighbors, and his attention would be more exclusively bestowed on ecclesiastical affairs. These, therefore, are surveying passing events, with feelings into which we cannot enter. But, moreover, of Pius IX., in his capacity of head of the Church, we have observed still less to admire than in the administration of his temporal affairs. In the latter we give him full credit at least for the purest intentions:—but in his ecclesiastical capacity in Belgium and in Switzerland he has exhibited all the selfishness and arrogance of the Vatican at its worst period, and his recent interference with our Government scheme of education in Ireland (whatever may be that scheme's

particular merits) we must consider equally insolent and impolitic.

The invariable maxim of the Church of Rome has been to watch the bent and disposition of the age, to appear to lead while in fact it follows, to enter into and to render it subservient to the great aim of ecclesiastical supremacy. The spirit of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries was fierce, enthusiastic, and romantic. The crusades against the Saracens were devised by the clergy to rid Europe of its warlike and turbulent population; and the success was complete. Deserted Europe was abandoned to the priest, who availed himself of the opportunity to aggrandize his order. In more civilized times, when learning was revived, the churchman himself led the van in the crusade against ignorance—and if to a period of security a moment of danger succeeded which seemed to threaten the very existence of the papacy, the tide of the reformation was stemmed by those uncompromising champions of error, the Jesuits. A pleasanter path was next opened for ambition; and the cautious priesthood found it easier and less invidious to dictate to the counsels of Europe through the invisible confessor, who occupied the closet of power, and alternately flattered the vices and excited the terrors of superstitious kings and queens, ministers of state, and their troops of favorites, male and female. But when this system too had had its day, the revolutionary spirit that had cut it short was not neglected by the Proteus-like churchmen. The priesthood has acquired a power in France it failed to gain under the elder branch of the house of Bourbon, and the cause of the Roman tiara is advocated in Germany by the professed opponents of all secular authority. In Ireland the audacious disaffection of the Romish masses has long been openly countenanced by a clergy who have at least done nothing to check the bloody barbarism of their manners; and it is at the very moment when, although Irish crime had never before attained such a flagrancy, English resources had been lavished with the most unparalleled generosity in the relief of Irish poverty—it is at this very moment that a new Pope, his name trumpeted everywhere as synonymous with the cause of human freedom and social rights, dares to affront the monarchy of Great Britain by a direct interference with the detail of its internal legislation. Nay, it is at the same moment that this

misguided Pontiff has ventured to carve England herself anew into Romish dioceses, and nominate one of the cunningest of Jesuits (we care not to ask whether or not he belongs to the actual Order of Jesus) to the Primacy of England, with the title of Archbishop of Westminster.

It is no wonder that the great powers of Europe should be watching with alarm this new impulse given simultaneously to the spirit of priestly ambition everywhere, and to the spirit of civil disaffection as well, by the rash movements of Pius IX. The agitation, meantime, proceeding from the centre of Rome, has already disturbed Italy itself from one end to the other.

The kingdom of Naples, long separated in interest from Northern Italy, need hardly enter into our present sketch; it is obvious, however, that Naples is rather in the condition of wanting assistance than of having it to offer.

The King of Sardinia claims to be ranked with the new Pope as "the advocate of constitutional opinions." Can that prince suppose that Europe has forgotten—that his own subjects can forgive—the melancholy result of his former vacillations? In youth he appeared in open hostility to his sovereign and kinsmen, and but for the interference of France he must have paid the penalty of his temerity. Neither was his pardon secured without those sacrifices of his associates, from which honor should have shrunk. During his retirement at the court of Tuscany, where the late Sovereign, the soul of honor, afforded him an asylum, the two kinsmen were never known to interchange a word; the Grand Duke could not refuse hospitality to the husband of a beloved daughter, but neither could he conceal his abhorrence of the conduct that had obliged him to solicit it. His life, though one of suffering, both moral and physical, has not been remarkable for the austere virtues, nor has he obtained much credit for sincerity in the covering of devotion which at intervals he has thrown around it. He is ambitious, however; and adopting the lax maxims of policy that the Dukes of Savoy, his ancestors, so effectually practised, while they stripped the "artichoke of Lombardy" leaf by leaf, he hopes to seize the whole at once. With this bait held out to him by the "patriots" of Italy, who can smile more and conceal as much hatred in their bosoms as himself, he has again appeared as the champion of liberty.

Tuscany, fertile, prosperous, and indus-

trious, exhibits—or but lately exhibited—the model of material happiness. Its sovereign, a prince of the house of Austria, the heir to many of his father's virtues, and some of his grandfather's accomplishments, will be classed by none with the versatile chief of the house of Savoy. But he, too, has been rash. With the best intentions he has granted reforms not called for by necessity, nor calculated to advance the happiness of his good-humored but not over orderly people. A stricter enforcement of the criminal code, a little less of mistaken lenity, a better administration in every department might have been called for; but there was melancholy weakness in sanctioning license in the press, and arming his subjects with blunted swords, which are likely to remain idle except when they are mischievous. Already his "Guardia Civica" has, on numerous occasions, shown itself to sympathize not with the law but the offender. The assassin within sight of Florence is said to be almost as safe as in Tipperary. What taxes are paid will barely suffice for the ordinary expenses of the state; and there is an end for the time of the draining of the Maremma and all the other good and great undertakings that tended alike to the honor of the Prince and the solid improvement of the country.

Parma and Modena had been governed by members of the same house, with a less honest administration, however, with more abuses, greater latitude, and a less general prosperity to the subject. The Duke of Modena, without having done anything to deserve it, has inherited much of the unpopularity of his father. The Archduchess Maria Louisa, having done everything to deserve the love of her subjects, was rewarded with, perhaps, more hatred than any other branch of the imperial family. Her successor, like the Duke of Modena, will follow, of course, the policy dictated by Vienna; while Sardinia and Tuscany rank as the allies of the Pope, approving of his measures and treading in the same steps; and Naples, secretly hostile, professes neutrality.

It remains to consider the state of the Austrian territories—the Milanese and the Mantuan duchies, and the Venetian Provinces, which together form the kingdom of Venetian Lombardy—the splendid possession of that power which must still be considered as the arbiter of Italy.

Milan, which was claimed in the sixteenth century as a fief lapsed to the Em-

pire, formed a part of the vast monarchy of Spain. Mantua fell two centuries later, on the extinction of the house of Gonzaga, to the Emperor of Germany, on the same plea. On the division of the Spanish monarchy at the close of the War of Succession, Milan was assigned to the Emperor. The government of the Imperial Viceroys in the last century created no discontent, and the Milanese, in passing from the elder to the younger branch, found their advantage in a better administration of justice, and a much keener superintendence of the conduct of the Viceroy himself. It is well known with what expense of blood and treasure Austria defended her Italian dominions at the close of the century. Army after army was equipped—to be met and defeated no less by the incapacity of their own generals (if not by their treachery) than by the military talents of Buonaparte. It was not till the last necessity that she submitted to the Treaty of Campo Formio, a transaction discreditable to her, and hardly surpassed in the infamy it stamped on the name of republican diplomacy.

At the general peace, Austria was justly entitled to an indemnification, since no power had made greater sacrifices, and the Venetian provinces were deemed but a moderate compensation for losses in Germany and in the Low Countries.

The Emperor Francis, a native of Italy, and warmly attached to the country of his birth, returned to take possession of his Italian states with the ardor of a lover. Though flattered by the demonstrations in his favor at Milan, the disorders which led to the murder of some of the French partisans, and which with too much probability have been attributed to the inflammatory harangues of the late Count Gouffonieri, could not but occasion him disgust and horror. A system of conciliation was at first attempted. Crosses, keys, and titles were liberally scattered. The Emperor had no cause for distrust, and he intended to give no cause for complaint. but, however blameless, he had the mortification of soon seeing the end of his popularity. The ill-conducted rebellions of Naples and Piedmont, which were to have broken out simultaneously with that of Lombardy, were quickly quelled, and the chief conspirators of Milan found themselves compromised without having merited the applause of their countrymen by one act of courage or energy.

The Emperor, outraged as a sovereign

and wounded in his best feelings, did not take a bloody revenge; the sentence of death which was pronounced against convicted treason was, in every case, commuted into milder punishments: and the number of those so dealt with, as well as their ultimate sentences, have been grossly misrepresented. In all, nineteen were sentenced to a few months of imprisonment—twelve to ten years, and three to twenty-one years of seclusion in a fortress. Much, indeed, has been said of the rigors of Spielberg, and many persons, in the freedom and ease of their comfortable studies, have decreed that “death was a thousand times preferable to such a doom.” We fancy, however, that these gentlemen would have been of a different mind had the alternative been offered to themselves; at worst, these martyrs lived through their captivity—in most instances its term was shortened—and some of them are still alive to recriminate and contradict each other, and to disclose (with exaggerations) the secrets of their prison-house.

The desire for domestic government is so natural that we cannot be surprised that Italy craves for independence. Three hundred years have not reconciled Milan to foreign dominion; and most gladly should we see an independent monarchy, temperate and powerful, in the north of Italy, capable of resisting both foreign and domestic assault. But, alas! a longer education than Italy has yet submitted to in privation, in sacrifice, and in self-devotion, is needed to prepare her sons to fight this battle; and above all, if it is to be fought, and if it is not to bring with it a mere change of masters, it is by patriot hands alone that the sword must be wielded. This great lesson the Italians have not learned. In spite of all experience they will lean on foreign support. Strange to say, they even cast their eyes with lingering regret on the disgraceful period of the French usurpation, assuredly one of the hardest despotisms that modern Europe has ever seen. Desolating wars required a constant supply of men, and repeated conscriptions nearly swept away the youth of the provinces. “The Continental System” prohibited articles of English manufacture, while the best market was closed on Italian industry. The cumbrous and oppressive method of collecting customs was not altered. The censorship of the press was maintained with a severity which left that of the Inquisition far behind, and with a

machinery more extensive and complete than that tribunal could ever command. The police exceeded the fabled activity of old Venice: social liberty had no existence. The proprietor suspected of disaffection was visited with the most summary inflictions. Soldiers were billeted upon him by the troop—his sons or his nephews were dragged into the conscription. The tribunals were notoriously under the influence of power, and no instance will be found of a favorable decision for a person looked coldly on by the Government, while the most iniquitous sentences are recorded to the advantage of its partisans. Governors, Prefects, and Commissioners of the Police collected pictures and curiosities; they did not disguise their love of presents, and they grew rich, and their galleries full, at the expense of anxious suitors. Oppression and insolence were carried into the theatre, the coffee-house, and the drawing-room. The most arbitrary interference was practised in families. Marriages were made between the rich heiress and the soldier of fortune, and the excuse was admitted that Buonaparte's system of amalgamation required the sacrifice. The Court of the Viceroy was attended by a large assemblage of the gay and brilliant of both sexes, and of the highest rank; absence from it would have been accounted disaffection, and punished accordingly. Wherever he was, the French soldier demanded the best the country afforded; and if the officer sometimes waived his rights, the praise was due to the courtesy of the individual, and not to the laws, which permitted every license.

To all this the Austrian government presents a complete contrast. The French taxed each city, not only for works of utility and comfort, but also to raise triumphal monuments to the glory of their masters; they wished to see an appearance at least of mirth; they gave popular fêtes with the money of the community; they provided the music, and insisted that the company should dance. Under Austrian rule the fêtes have been discontinued, certainly, but the works of public utility have been completed. If the French made two roads over the Alps, the Austrians have made six. The costly reparations of the cathedral of Milan, and even the triumphal arch at the northern entrance of the city, though a monument humiliating to Austria, have been finished. The French system of centralization reduced the provincial cities to utter

insignificance. Venice, despoiled and degraded, was slipping from its shores into the sluggish canals which the Government thought it not worth while to clean. In this state the marvellous city was handed over to the Emperor of Austria. The curse of Marino Faliero seemed upon it. Daily petitions were offered up at Vienna to enable the fallen noble to destroy the palace of his ancestors and sell the materials. An imperial decree put a stop to this devastation, and the foresight of the Government has saved the city from a calamity more irreparable than any inflicted by Attila. Justice, as we have before said, is administered with an impartiality unknown in the rest of Italy, and perhaps not valued by Italians. Domestic tranquillity is not disturbed by the tyranny or gallantry of police-agents and foreign fortune-hunters. Vienna has not been declared the centre of "European civilization," and Italy has not been despoiled to adorn it. The German governors, civil and military, are maintained on frugal and moderate salaries, and the Court of the Viceroy is on a scale of unostentatious simplicity, while the domestic habits and private virtues of the royal family form a noble contrast with the disorderly conduct of the Buonapartes, whom their chief intruded on the country, and surrounded with theatrical trappings and factitious titles.

No assertion has been more fearlessly made, and more constantly repeated, than that Italians are never preferred by the German government to posts of honor in their own country. When the Austrians first re-assumed possession of Lombardy, Italians were named to numerous offices, nor were they removed but at the reiterated complaints of their own countrymen. Municipal jealousy interfered also with these appointments: the Venetians thought it hard that a country which had governed itself for many centuries should receive a governor from Milan—and Milan would have received the appointment of a Venetian governor as the last degradation. Many such appointments were tried; but the choice was not always fortunate; displaced officials proclaimed the injustice of the Government, while, in fact, they should rather have praised its forbearance. It would be easy, if it were not invidious, to quote examples: let it suffice that the experiment failed, and the Italians themselves were the first to admit it.

The patience and forbearance of the Austrian soldiers and officers in Italy has often been our astonishment. We have constantly seen them exposed in public places to the most contemptuous and injurious treatment. Every such place resounds with abuse of the Government, and sufficiently disproves the alleged activity of the police.

As we said at the outset, it is chiefly among the upper classes of society that the Germans are thus unpopular. Let us repeat our warning too. Europe will probably not again suffer its surface to be overrun by French armies. Italy may never again be exposed to the tyranny or the contemptuous forbearance of French generals; but the noble of Northern Italy has a worse warfare to expect, should he be abandoned to the tender mercies of his own peasantry by the withdrawal of the protecting influence of Austria.

While doing its utmost to repress innovation, no government can have shown itself more careful of existing rights, or less inclined to cruelty or vengeance than hers in Italy. It has strained the severity of neighboring princes:—even the rebels of the late Duke of Modena were protected from his pursuit, denied to his demand, and suffered to seek their safety in Switzerland.

It was the dread of innovation that prompted the occupation of Ferrara—a measure in our opinion precipitate and impolitic; the dominions of the Pope should have been held sacred from invasion; and the pretences, too, by which the measure is excused are most frivolous. The citadel of Ferrara, at a distance from the town, and commanding the mouth of the Po, was assigned by treaty to Austria as an important military station for the protection of Northern Italy. It was by no means intended that this possession should compromise the Pope's independence, or enable the Emperor to dictate the sort of government he should adopt in his own dominions. The alleged ambiguity in the wording of an article in the Treaty of Vienna could not with fairness be interpreted in favor of the stronger party; neither, even if it were, could the exercise of that right be considered less hostile *now*, since it had been waived before. If Austrian officers were insulted in the streets of Ferrara, they should have abstained from visiting there; if an insult offered to an individual of a powerful nation were to justify the occu-

pation of the territory where the alleged offence was given, a precedent would be established by which treaties are made waste paper, and of which Austria might be the first to feel the effects. But while we condemn this measure itself, we deplore it still more if it is to be the cause of an English intervention in the internal affairs of Italy. We trust that, whatever may have been the Earl of Minto's commission, he had no authority to plunge us in this new sea of difficulties.

The statesmen who signed the Treaty of Vienna understood British interests better than the brilliant orators who have attacked it. We have since departed from all his principles, and what has been the result? Our desertion of the loyal parties in some of our colonies, and of the material interests of others, tend alike to the aggrandizement of the United States. Our desertion of the Sultan has increased the power of Russia and of France, and has been the means of introducing French civilization into Africa, propagated by the humane Cubières. In Spain and Portugal we have prolonged the horrors of civil warfare, and tarnished our laurels by the discomfiture of a British army on the very scene of former glory. We have toiled for the advantage of the new French dynasty; we have assisted to do what Louis XIV. and Buonaparte never accomplished; and have indirectly promoted intrigues which would have disgraced the cabinet of Versailles when presided over by a Pompadour or a Du Barry. If under the specious pretence of liberty and civilization we assist in despoiling Austria of her natural influence in Italy, we shall not forward the views of the Italians in self-government; but we shall aggrandize our rivals by assigning the first interest in Italy to France, and by uniting the Illyrian provinces of the Venetian empire to Russia.

As for the Pope, we (though good Protestants) wish him too well to desire to see him continue in his present course—a course that can only lead to embarrassment—and worse: but we must repeat that we should have thought better of him, both as a priest and as a politician, if he had *not* interfered in Ireland to prolong discontent and ignorance, and if he *had* interfered in Switzerland to stop the effusion of blood.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

MEMOIR OF BEETHOVEN.

BY MISS THOMASINA ROSS.

An eminent composer of the sixteenth century, Claudio Monteverde of Cremona, was the first who ventured to break through the orthodox rules of counterpoint, which before his time had been regarded as sacred and inviolable. Throwing aside the fetters imposed on him by the composers of earlier days, Monteverde boldly struck out a path for himself. In like manner did Beethoven daringly break through pre-established rules, and, the consequence was, that in the early part of his career, he was exposed to the same sort of censure which two centuries previously had assailed the contrapuntist of Cremona. His innovations far outstripped those of Haydn and Mozart, who, in their turn, had deviated from the still more rigid laws observed by Handel and Sebastian Bach. But Beethoven was happily endowed with an independence of mind which enabled him to pursue his course heedless of critical reproof, and the mighty power of his genius soon triumphed over all opposition. At the commencement of the present century Beethoven's grand orchestral compositions would scarcely have been listened to anywhere but in Germany; and now no composer can be said to enjoy more universal admiration. He disdained to copy his predecessors in the most distant manner, and, by his bold, energetic, and original style, he carried off the prize of musical Olympus.

Ludwig Van Beethoven was born on the 17th of December, 1770, at Bonn. His father was a singer attached to the Electoral Chapel, and his grandfather, who is said to have been a native of Maestricht,* was music director at Bonn in the time of the Elector Clemens. It has been alleged that Beethoven was a natural son of Frederick the Great. This story, which is entirely devoid of foundation, occasioned great annoyance to Beethoven, who, however, satisfactorily refuted it. In a letter on the subject, addressed to his friend, Dr. Wegeler, dated 1826, he, very much to his honor, requests the doctor "will make known to the world the unblemished character of his mother."

* The proposition was attached to Beethoven's name denotes his Flemish descent.

Beethoven received elementary instruction at a public school, whilst his father taught him music at home, where he studied the pianoforte and violin. When practising on the latter instrument, he was accustomed to retire to a closet in a remote part of the house; and it is related, that, as he began to play, a spider used to let itself down from the ceiling and alight upon the instrument. The young musician became interested in watching this spider, and in endeavoring to discover how its movements might be influenced by music. One day his mother happened to enter the closet when the spider had settled itself on the violin. Casting her eye on what she supposed to be an unpleasant intruder, she whisked it away with her handkerchief, and killed it. This incident is said to have produced a most powerful effect on the sensitive mind of Beethoven, and it was sometime before he recovered from the melancholy into which it plunged him.

At the age of 15 Beethoven having attained great proficiency on the organ, was appointed organist to the chapel of the Elector of Cologne, and the emperor, Joseph II., settled upon him a small pension. Being desirous of profiting by the instruction of Haydn, he obtained the elector's permission to reside in Vienna for a few years; and in 1792 he left Bonn for that purpose. All the talent of musical Germany was at that time congregated in the Austrian capital, and Beethoven, then in his twenty-second year, was so charmed with the congenial society by which he found himself surrounded, that he resolved to make Vienna his permanent place of abode. "Here will I stay," said he to himself, "even though the emperor should cut off my pension." He carried this resolution into effect, and, with the exception of one or two visits to Leipzig and Berlin, he spent the remainder of his life in or near Vienna. But he did not long continue the pupil of Haydn, with whom he soon became dissatisfied. Even at that early period of his life his temper was marked by a caprice and singularity, and a determined resolution to follow his own taste and opinions in all questions relating to compo-

sition and scoring, rendered him a most refractory and wayward pupil.* He would not acknowledge himself to have been the pupil of Haydn, because, as he affirmed, he had never learned anything from him.† When Haydn left Vienna on his second visit to England, Beethoven rejoiced at the opportunity thus afforded for their separation. He then began to take lessons from the celebrated Albrechtsberger, who, like Haydn, found him thoroughly untractable.

Among the many distinguished acquaintance formed by Beethoven soon after his arrival in Vienna, may be numbered the princely family of Lichnowsky. Prince Karl Lichnowsky, who had been a pupil of Mozart, was the Mæcenas of the musical professors then in Vienna. The prince assigned to Beethoven a yearly pension of six hundred florins, and he became the paternal friend of the young composer. The princess, also a most accomplished musician, extended to him the affection of a mother. The attentions lavished on him by this illustrious couple were almost ludicrous; and truly, the eccentricities, and the strange temper of their *protégé* must frequently have taxed their indulgence to the utmost. Taking a retrospect of this period of his life, he observes, in a letter to a friend: "The princess treated me with *grandmotherly* fondness, and sometimes I could well-nigh have persuaded myself that she would have a glass shade put over me, lest I should be touched or breathed on by persons whom she deemed unworthy to approach me."

* His unwillingness to conform to rules is exemplified in the following anecdote related by Ries, in his "*Notizen über Beethoven*." "One day, during a walk, I was talking to him of two consecutive-fifths which occur in one of his earliest violin quartetts in C minor, and which, to my surprise, sound most harmoniously. Beethoven did not know what I meant, and would not believe the intervals could be fifths. He soon produced the piece of music paper which he was in the habit of carrying about with him, and I wrote down the passage with its four parts. When I had thus proved myself to be right, he said 'Well, and who forbids them?' Not knowing what to make of this question, I was silent, and he repeated it several times until I at length replied, 'Why, it is one of the very first rules.' He, however, still repeated his question, and I answered, 'Marpurg, Kirnberger, Fuchs, &c.—in fact, all our theorists.' 'Well, then, I permit them,' was his final answer.

† At this ungracious treatment, Haydn very naturally felt offended; but however true it might be that he had learned nothing from his master, yet traces of Haydn's classic elegance of style are clearly discernible in some of Beethoven's early works.

In this brightest interval of the great composer's existence, whilst he was mingling in the gayest and most intellectual circles of Viennese society, he conceived an ardent and romantic attachment for a lady of noble family. This affair is alluded to by some of his biographers, but in a manner sufficiently vague to warrant the inference that it was clouded in mystery. Beethoven's correspondence contains several letters to this lady. They are addressed to "Julia," and from their tenor it is obvious that an obstacle more formidable than difference of rank rendered a union with the object of his affections impossible. A paper, in his own handwriting, contains the following passage, evidently referring to this subject:

"Love—love alone is capable of conferring on me a happier state of existence. Oh, heaven! let me at length find her,—she who may strengthen me in virtue—who may *lawfully* be mine."

But, whatever may be the facts connected with this unfortunate attachment, it furnished inspiration for one of Beethoven's most exquisite productions, viz., the Sonata Op. 27. The composition is known throughout Austria by the name of the "Moonlight Sonata"—a name intended merely to indicate the tender and romantic coloring with which it is imbued. In the published copies the title and dedication differ from the style in which they appear in the composer's MS., where the following words are written at the head of the composition: "*Sonata quasi Fantasia dedicata alla Madama-zella Contessa Giulietta di Guicciardi*."

During an interval of ten or twelve years, the first performances of all Beethoven's works regularly took place at Prince Lichnowsky's musical parties. On the occasion on which the celebrated Razumowsky Quartett was first played, the performers were, Schuppensigh (first violin), Sins (second), Weiss (viola), and Kraft, alternately with Linke, (violoncello). In the frequent rehearsals of that quartett, Beethoven seemed to have infused into the souls of the performers some portion of his own sublime spirit, and the result was a degree of perfection, which enraptured the assembled *cognoscenti*.

Beethoven's quartett music, which may be said to have opened a new world of art, full of sublime conceptions and revelations, found worthy interpreters in the four great instrumentalists above named, over the purity of whose performance the composer

watched with unceasing anxiety. In 1825, when one of his last difficult quartetts was to be performed before a very select audience, he sent to Schuppenzigh, Sina, Weiss, and Linke, the parts respectively allotted to them, accompanied by the following droll letter:—

“ My Dear Friends :

“ Herewith each of you will receive what belongs to him : and you are hereby engaged to play, on condition that each binds himself, upon his honor, to do his best to distinguish himself, and to surpass the rest. This paper must be signed by each of those who have to cooperate in the performance in question.

BEETHOVEN.”

In the year 1800, the grand oratorio of the “ Mount of Olives ” was commenced ; and whilst engaged on that work, the composer experienced the first symptoms of the deafness which subsequently became so fatal. He wrote the “ Mount of Olives ” during a summer sojourn at Hetzendorf, a village contiguous to the gardens of the imperial palace of Schönbrunn. At that place he spent several summers, in complete seclusion, and there he composed his “ Fidelio,” in 1805. Beethoven used to relate that he wrote these two great works in the thickest part of the wood, in the park of Schönbrunn, seated between two branches of an oak, which shot out, near the ground, from the trunk of the tree. Schindler mentions that, in the year 1823, he visited that part of the park, in company with Beethoven, and that he then saw the tree, which conjured up many interesting reminiscences.

A lingering fit of illness, accompanied by increased deafness, disabled him, for the space of two or three years, from proceeding with a work which he had long previously planned out. This was the *Sinfonia Eroica*, intended as a homage of Napoleon, then First Consul of the French republic.* A copy of the sinfonia, with a dedication to the conqueror of Marengo, was on the point of being despatched to Paris, through the French embassy at Vienna, when intelligence was received that Napoleon had caused himself to be proclaimed Emperor of the French. On hearing this, Beethoven tore off the title leaf of the symphony, and flung the work itself on the floor, with a torrent of execration against the “ new tyrant.” So great was Beethoven’s vexation at this event, that it was long ere he could be persuaded to present his composition to the

world. When it subsequently appeared, the words “ *Per festeggiare il souvenire d’ un grand ’uomo* ” were appended to the title.

The next grand labor of the composer was his opera of “ Fidelio,” which was first performed under the title of “ Leonora,” at the Theater an der Wien. To this opera Beethoven composed no less than four overtures, and rejected them all by turns. The splendid overture in E (that now performed with the opera), was not written till the year 1815.

In 1809, the appointment of kapel-meister to the King of Westphalia was offered to Beethoven with a salary of 600 ducats. However, it was considered discreditable to Austria to suffer the great composer, whom she proudly called her own, to be transferred to any other country. Accordingly the Archduke Rudolph, Prince Kinsky, and Prince Lobkowitz, offered to settle upon him an annuity of 4000 florins, on condition that he would not quit Austria—a condition to which Beethoven readily acceded.

All persons of intelligence and taste, who visited Vienna, eagerly sought an introduction to Beethoven : the consequence was that he was beset by visitors from all parts of the world, who approached him with the deference they would have rendered to a sovereign. Among the eminent persons introduced to the composer in the year 1810, was Bettina Brentano, better known as Madame Von Arnim. That celebrated lady has described her interviews with the composer in her letters to Goethe, contained in the well-known publication entitled, “ Goethe’s Briefwechsel mit einem Kinde.” Bettina paved the way to a personal acquaintance between Goethe and Beethoven ; and these two eminent men met for the first time in the summer of 1812 at Toplitz.

Whilst struggling with declining health and constantly increasing deafness, Beethoven produced many of his immortal works ; among others the symphony in A major, and the “ Battle Symphony.” The latter was composed in commemoration of the battle of Vittoria. It is a magnificent specimen of that style of composition called by the Germans *tonmalerei* [musical-painting], and it portrays with graphic powers, through the medium of sounds, the horrors of war, and the triumph of victory. There is one passage in the piece, which though trifling in itself, is indicative of the master-mind of the composer. At the opening of

* The idea is said to have been suggested to the composer by Bernadotte, at that time French Ambassador in Vienna.

the symphony, the air of "Marlbrook" is introduced as the national march played by the French troops whilst advancing. But as the battle proceeds, it becomes evident to the hearer that the French are giving way, and they are falling in numbers before the British army. At length the band, which at the commencement of the conflict was spiritedly playing "Marlbrook," is gradually dispersed, and only *one* fifer is heard attempting to keep up the fast fleeting valor of his countrymen by the inspiring strain of the favorite march. But the solitary musician is wearied and dispirited, and he now plays "Marlbrook" in the minor key, slowly and sorrowfully, and in broad contrast with the gay allegro which marked its commencement. This is a true touch of nature.

The first performance of the "Battle Symphony" took place in the Hall of the University of Vienna, in December, 1812, and the proceeds of the performance were destined for the benefit of Austrian and Bavarian soldiers disabled at the battle of Hanau. On this occasion the leading musicians of Germany took the most subordinate parts in the orchestra, all feelings of professional importance being merged in sentiments of charity and patriotism. In a letter of thanks addressed to the orchestral performers, Beethoven observes:—"On me devolved the task of conducting the whole, because the music was my composition; but had it been by any one else, I should have taken my place at the great drum just as cheerfully as Hummel did, for we were all actuated solely by the pure feeling of patriotism, and a willingness to exert our abilities for those who had sacrificed so much for us."

The cantata, entitled *Die Glorreiche Augenblick*, was composed in honor of the Congress of Vienna, during which the allied sovereigns showed marked attention to Beethoven, and the Emperor Alexander repeatedly visited him.

From the year 1815 Beethoven's life was overclouded by an accumulation of unfortunate circumstances, which rendered him deplorably unhappy. The loss of a portion of the pension settled on him in 1809 had greatly diminished his pecuniary resources. Added to this a nephew, who was under his guardianship, whom he tenderly loved, and for whom he had made great sacrifices, deeply afflicted him by his misconduct.

His deafness speedily increased, so much

as to deprive him almost totally of the sense of hearing, and, consequently, to unfit him for conducting an orchestra. A touching instance of this unfitness is related by Schindler. It occurred when Beethoven was invited to conduct his "Fidelio," at the court opera house, at Vienna. He took the *tempi* either much too quick or much too slow, to the great embarrassment of the singers and the orchestra. "For some time," says Schindler, "the efforts of Kapellmeister Umlauf kept the performers together, but it was soon found impossible to proceed, and it was necessary to say to poor Beethoven, 'This will not do.' But no one had the courage to say these words; and when Beethoven perceived a certain embarrassment in every countenance, he motioned me to write down to him what it meant. In a few words I stated the cause, at the same time entreating him to desist, on which he immediately left the orchestra. The melancholy which seized him after this painful incident was not dispelled the whole day, and during dinner he uttered not a single word."

Having completed his ninth symphony, he planned two great works. One was an oratorio, to be entitled "The Victory of the Cross;" the other, which he proposed making the grand effort of his life—the conclusion of his artistical exertions—was to set Goethe's "Faust" to music. But these works, together with a projected requiem, were all laid aside, for the purpose of proceeding with some quartetts, which the Russian Prince, Nicolas Galitzin, had commissioned him to compose. For these quartetts the Prince agreed to pay the sum of one hundred and twenty-five ducats, but Beethoven never received a fraction of the money. On these quartetts he was occupied for several years, his progress being repeatedly interrupted by ill health. The first work produced, after his partial recovery from a protracted indisposition, was the quartett (No. 12) with the remarkable adagio, having affixed to it the words "Canzone di ringraziamento in modo lidico offerta alla Divinità da un guarito." But the convalescence thus beautifully commemorated was not of long duration. The composer was soon seized with inflammation of the lungs, accompanied by symptoms of dropsy, which confined him to his bed, and utterly disabled him from writing. It is melancholy to reflect that, in this sad condition, Beethoven was painfully pressed by pecuniary difficulties. To the disgrace of the Vien-

nese, who were then in the delirium of what was not inaptly called the *Rossini fever*, their own great musician was neglected and forgotten. But for a donation of £100, sent to Beethoven by the Philharmonic Society, who had previously, on two occasions, invited him to London, he must have wanted comforts, and even necessities. After lingering for some time in a hopeless condition, symptoms of a speedy termination to his sufferings appeared, and he breathed his last on the 26th of March, 1827.

The character of Beethoven affords a curious subject of speculation for the observer of the phenomena of the human mind; and it must not be supposed that the materials collected by the industry and curiosity of the various biographers are exhausted in the above brief memoir of this extraordinary man. The struggle between the conscious

authority of the lofty mind, and the internal conviction of defective personal qualifications (a struggle forcibly marked on the character of Beethoven), remains yet to be portrayed. His aspirations for the beautiful—unattainable even by his mastery over the resources of art; his honorable contempt of vulgar ambition and sordid meanness; his blighted affections; the gradual decay and final loss of that faculty, regarded by the multitude as the one on which his very existence and claim to attention must depend (for who would before have believed in the possibility of a deaf musician?)—all these circumstances have yet to be traced in their operation, until the dreary end closes upon the great Beethoven; dead, even before death, to the glory which was expanding round his name.

From the Eclectic Review.

JAMES II. AND THE PROTESTANT BISHOPS.

1. *The Acquittal of the Seven Bishops in 1688. A descriptive History.* By J. C. Hall, Esq., F. S. A.
2. *Lecture on the Acquittal of the Seven Bishops.* By Rev. Hugh Stowell, A. M.
3. *Lecture on the Acquittal of the Seven Bishops.* By Rev. Hugh McNeile, D. D.
4. *Lecture on the Acquittal of the Seven Bishops.* By Rev. H. W. McGrath, M. A.

THERE is nothing in the intrinsic worth of these pamphlets to entitle them to special notice. They throw no new light on the history of the period on which they treat. They are destitute of any indication of extended research or philosophic conception. The style is without force, the thoughts without vigor, and the sentiments without liberality. Disgraced throughout by a narrow-minded bigotry, which recognises no excellence beyond the pale of its own contracted circle, they may increase the reputation of the writers among their devoted admirers, but they will not serve to extend their fame among those who are superior to the vulgar prejudices of faction. They are to be regarded partly as commendatory notices of Mr. Herbert's Protestant Picture; partly as warnings against the fearful encroachments of popery, and pleadings for return to that ancient system of persecution, which was the disgrace of our country; and partly as laudations of the church of England, for the zeal she has

manifested and the good service she has done in the cause of civil and religious liberty.

In the praises of the painting we are inclined, for the most part, to agree, though, in our view, it contrasts rather unfavorably, both as to interest and execution, with Mr. Herbert's former work, and what is certainly, as yet, his *chef d'œuvre*, "The Independents Asserting Liberty of Conscience." His subject, indeed, is much less favorable in the present, than in the former instance. The aspect of the bishops (to whom, as the heroes of the occasion, the principal attention is directed), indicative, as it is, only of passive submission, however natural and appropriate, is less striking and impressive than the manly attitude and noble bearing of Philip Nye, as he gives utterance to his lofty and enlightened views of religious freedom in the Westminster Assembly. The subject has this further disadvantage, as contrasted with its predecessor, that here the whole interest

centres in the event itself, none of the characters being so distinguished as to render them objects of special attention, whereas in the former case, the men whose forms fill the canvas are among the most illustrious England has ever seen, and thus the picture has a twofold attraction, the one in the individual parts, the other in the general grouping. Between the events themselves, the enunciation of the great principle of universal toleration by the despised puritan, and the struggle of the bishops for the maintenance of that exclusiveness which was the disgrace of their church (for while rejoicing in the ultimate benefit that accrued to the cause of constitutional liberty, from their sufferings, we cannot admit the idea of the lecturers that this was the object for which they combated), we will not insult our readers by instituting a comparison. As congregational dissenters, we have reason to be proud of our picture, and cannot wonder that the nobler subject has called forth from Mr. Herbert a higher display of his art.

Leaving the picture, we turn to its subject,—a subject, in the estimation of the lecturers, clerical and lay, of transcendent importance; and though we arrive at the conclusion by a very different path, we are quite willing to admit its correctness. To them the acquittal of the bishops is valuable, principally as an arrest to the perfidious designs of the papists,—to us still more as a barrier against the encroachments of despotic power. They admire the bishops as the defenders of the rights of the church,—we (if we admire them at all), as the unwonted and reluctant champions of English freedom. They deprecate the king's proclamation, which led to the contest between him and the bishops, as unsound in principle, and fatal in its consequences, an innovation on the protestant constitution, and an extension of liberty most unsafe and pernicious—we admire the sentiments and tenor of the edict, but condemn it because of the illegal manner in which it was promulgated, the ulterior measures to which it evidently pointed, and the unrighteous means that were employed to secure its enforcement. They regard the conduct of the bishops and the clergy in the transaction, as governed by the highest principles, and displaying the most unselfish zeal on behalf of the nation;—we, on the contrary, from a careful review of their whole procedure, of their former as well as their subsequent history, of their previous conduct in relation

both to popish recusants and puritan schismatics, of the maxims of civil government, which they were accustomed to advocate, of their avowed support of the divine right of kings, and their zeal in favor of every arbitrary measure in which their individual interests were not involved, are compelled to regard their actions as the result of unmitigated selfishness, a determined struggle for the authority of their order and the security of their church. Our deliberate and not uncharitable conviction is, that nothing but a direct attack on their peculiar privileges and imaginary rights would have led them to place themselves in opposition to the king—that the authority of parliament might have been destroyed, the course of justice perverted, every barrier of the constitution swept away, and the popular liberty entirely overthrown, and they would have looked on with indifference, if not with approbation, had the interests of the church been preserved inviolate. They professed, indeed, not to oppose the enactment itself, but the unconstitutional way in which it was sought to establish it; but this came but ill from a clergy who had been the invariable supporters of tyranny, and had always been distinguished for their sycophancy and servility to the designs of the court; while declarations of attachment to the principles of religious toleration, sounded strangely in the mouth of a body who had persecuted with relentless severity all separatists from their communion. In the fate of James we have a lesson of the utmost practical importance. Deceived by their former subserviency and zeal, on behalf of absolute power, and their ready obedience to his commands, he calculated on employing the clergy of the established church, as the most ready instruments for the accomplishment of his purposes. He saw them tame and compliant when royalty menaced popular rights, he anticipated the same implicit submission when the immunities of their own order were threatened; he supposed that even the promptings of selfishness would yield to the dictates of loyalty, and, was himself the victim of his miscalculating policy; he learnt (as we may learn), that abstract principles of political faith have but little weight where brought into competition with the claims of self-interest.

On every page in the career of James there is clearly written, "*Quem deus vult perdere prius dementat*," for a strange infatuation appeared continually to hurry him on to his fate. Brought up in those ideas of royal

prerogative so characteristic of his family, he neither sought to conciliate the affections of his subjects, nor to secure the triumph of a different policy by ordinary foresight and discretion. Of constitutional rule he had no right conception. With him monarchy was synonymous with autocracy: his own will was in his view the only law, and the interference of parliament, or the restraints of law, he regarded with the utmost impatience and contempt. An absolutist in politics he was a bigot in religion. Educated by the Jesuits, he had all their zeal for the extension of the church without any of that consummate craft by which that zeal is in general guided. It was impossible for him to conceal his sentiments, even when the announcement of them was altogether unnecessary, and when silence would better have served his cause; and yet he was continually pursuing a course of dissimulation, whose design was too transparent to deceive any, and which served only to irritate those whom it could not mislead. Earnestly desirous to recover England to the papal sway, he sought to attain his end in a way which could bring nothing but defeat to his projects and ruin to himself. The lessons of the protracted and painful adversity through which he had passed had been utterly lost upon him. He had seen the issue of his father's attempt to grasp arbitrary power, in rousing a patient people to revolt, causing the overthrow of the monarchy, hurrying himself to the scaffold, and consigning his family to a lengthened and ignominious exile, and yet he followed in the same track, undeterred by so fearful an example. No obstacles were sufficient to prevent the prosecution of his plans; his kingdom appeared as a patrimony over which he had to exercise absolute sway, and his subjects as the mere engines to be used at his sovereign pleasure. He was not without monitors who sympathized in his designs, but dreading the result of his precipitancy, sought to moderate his ardor. Their sober and prudent counsels were treated, however, with contempt, and those only were heard who ministered to his foibles, flattered his vanity, encouraged his futile hopes, and sided with his self-destructive policy. The pope, himself, endeavored to check the excessive eagerness of his too zealous son, and the legate, in vain, sought to arrest proceedings, the consequences of which it was not difficult to foresee. The slow, cautious, and undermining process, which alone could have availed against the weight of protestant feeling, and the strength

of the English hierarchy, was rejected as unsuitable to the fierce temper of James. To him every year was misspent, during which the heretical church was the church of the nation, and every advice was repudiated that recommended anything like temporizing or compromise. A more skilful policy might have conducted him to his desired goal—his own folly saved the nation and destroyed himself.

His ambition had two great objects to accomplish,—the overthrow of the barriers by which the English constitution has limited and defined the power of the crown, and, as already intimated, the subjugation of the English church to the Popish yoke. That his religious and political projects had a mutual relation, and that the accomplishment of the one design would materially aid in the attainment of the other, is sufficiently evident. The establishment and recognition of the monarch's absolute power would have removed some of the most considerable difficulties attendant on the introduction of his religion; or, on the other hand, the dissemination of popish ideas, and the influence of popish emissaries, agents of the king, and from their very position friendly to the maintenance of his despotic power, would have done much to aid him in his subversion of English liberty. The question was, which should be employed as the means, and which as the end,—a question on the right determination of which the whole success of the enterprise depended, and one which, to all not blinded by prejudice and bigotry, appeared in no wise perplexing in its solution. Revolutions of religious opinion are, under all circumstances, the most difficult of accomplishment. The prejudices engaged are among the strongest of the heart, intertwined as they are with the earliest reminiscences and tenderest associations of life. The interests assailed are among the most powerful in their general influence upon society, having media of operation and sources of strength which no other can possess. The annihilation of a nation's religion is, therefore, among the last achievements of an invader. The magnificence of her temples is but a symbol of her power; these may be razed to the ground, or desecrated by the presence of sacrilegious intruders; a false fire may burn on her altars, and unholy rites defile her honored fanes; but the religion will live, and gathering her votaries in the deserted cavern or secluded dell, will defy all the

efforts of her enemies to effect her extinction, organize continued conspiracies against the power that anathematizes her, and safe in her own retreat, threaten the security of the throne and the institutions that refuse to tolerate her existence.

The policy of ancient Rome, which has been imitated with less consistency by modern conquerors, was based upon the acknowledgment of this principle. She overturned dynasties; she changed national laws; but to the national religion she always did homage, installing the deities of the conquered in her own pantheon, and thus enlisting the sympathy of their priests and devotees in her behalf. An illustration of our remark, even yet more pertinent and striking, has been afforded in our own days in the history of the Vendean War. The simple-hearted peasants of La Vendée rose against the revolutionary government of France, not so much because of its anti-monarchical as of its anti-religious, and especially its anti-popish character. Among many of the leaders there was doubtless a chivalrous attachment to the Bourbons, but the peasantry were influenced almost entirely by hatred to the murderers of their priests, the plunderers of their temples, the persecutors of their religion. And while the government maintained this policy, and treating the priests as public enemies, subjected them to indignity and wrong, every attempt to bring the people back to their allegiance was in vain. Victory followed victory in rapid succession, the republican armies over-ran the revolted provinces, laying them waste with fire and sword. Law after law was promulgated against the unhappy priests, and every cruelty practised upon them; but in vain. The people seemed to find new energy in their defeats, and to cling more tenaciously to the ministers of their religion, because of the persecutions with which they were assailed. The enlarged mind of Hoche was the first to detect the cause of the republican failures, and while his military genius secured the most brilliant triumphs to the arms of the state he served its cause still more effectually by the tact with which, conciliating the priesthood, he converted their hostility into friendship. The result of his judicious proceedings was the speedy settlement of the provinces; the people saw their priests recalled and honored, their churches repaired, their worship celebrated with all its former pomp, and having once tasted the blessings of peace, royalist agitators sought

in vain to rekindle the same zeal on behalf of the exiled princes, which they had before displayed for their banished clergy.

These are proofs sufficient to show that any attempt to overthrow the religious system of a people, otherwise than by a legitimate conviction, requires the most consummate skill and patient perseverance, in order to success. Nor was there anything in the nature of the attachment cherished by the English people to protestantism, to constitute it an exception to this general principle; on the contrary, there were certain elements entering into the composition of this feeling, that gave it even more than ordinary strength. Though the reign of protestantism had been comparatively short, yet the period over which it extended was one of the most glorious epochs in the national history. It was as the head of the Protestant interest, that England had first attained to consideration and rank among the European powers; and it was under the influence of the Protestant spirit that the genius of commercial enterprise had been developed and fostered, which already gave promise of the opulence and grandeur to which it was ultimately to conduct the people. The noble resistance successfully offered to the proud and self-styled Invincible Armada of Spain, with the subsequent attacks on the Spanish navy, issuing in its entire overthrow; the aid lent to the Dutch in their struggle against Spanish despotism and inquisitorial tyranny, contributing so materially to the vindication and establishment of their independence; and the still more sincere, illustrious, and disinterested championship of the oppressed Piedmontese by Cromwell, were fresh in the recollection of the people. The glory of these achievements was made yet more conspicuous, by contrast with the reign of the last popish monarch, a reign marked only by tyranny at home and disaster abroad, and more especially memorable for the loss of Calais, the last relic of Henry the Fifth's conquests in France, a loss peculiarly mortifying to English vanity. Protestantism and glory, Popery and disgrace, had thus become kindred and associated ideas in the British mind; and sentiments of national pride, as much, perhaps, as adherence to mere theological dogmas, rendered England an essentially Protestant country.

Recollections of a different character made Popery abhorrent to the people. At home, the fiery persecution of Mary, approved and even instigated by Catholic pre-

lates, and the wholesale destruction meditated by the Gunpowder conspiracy, and so narrowly escaped by the Government; and abroad, the horrors of the Bartholomew massacre, and the numerous atrocities perpetrated by the agents of the Inquisition, in almost every part of the continent, had filled the minds of men with apprehensions, which, never entirely lost, had recently been revived by the revocation of the edict of Nantes, and the subsequent cruelties that had been inflicted on the Protestants of France. This hatred, or rather dread of popery, puritanism had sedulously encouraged; and it survived the other and more generous maxims which had been inculcated. Of the prevalence of this sentiment, the greediness with which the populace, and even the Senate, received the absurd, and oftentimes contradictory revelations of such men as Oates, Bedloe, Dangerfield, and their coadjutors, and the insensate fury with which they followed catholics of the highest standing and most respectable character, were indisputable evidences. That it was not the mere passion of the mob, but the firm resolution of the legislature, to maintain inviolate the Protestant constitution, and to increase rather than to diminish its exclusiveness, to the injury alike of Catholic and Puritan nonconformists, had been sufficiently shown by the passing of the Test Act, despite the secret influence of the king, and the entreaties, even with tears, of James himself (then Duke of York), whose utmost efforts could only procure his personal exemption from its operation.

To the strength of this Protestant feeling James was no stranger. Already had it been to him a prolific source of trial and sorrow, subjecting him to many indignities, compelling his prolonged absence from his brother's court, and preventing him from exercising a proper influence on the councils of the nation; and nearly causing him the loss of his crown, a sacrifice which he was spared only on the distinct pledge that his private religious convictions should never interfere with the discharge of his public duties towards the church, and that her interests should never suffer in his hands. It was this promise which had saved him from that exclusion from the succession, with which he had been menaced by a large and powerful party; and its repetition, at his accession, dissipated much of the jealousy and distrust his avowed religious and political principles had excited, and called forth addresses of congratulation, which,

however, did not fail to remind him of the obligations he was under, by his own deliberate, solemn, and reiterated declarations. He had been witness, also, to those excesses of the popular feeling which had converted villains into idols, and, casting down every barrier, had demanded some of the most estimable men in the kingdom as its victims; had penetrated into the palace itself, and, not content with minor offerings, had not feared to utter its insinuations against the queen herself, and to charge her as a conspirator for the destruction of the national religion. A man even of ordinary intellect and judgment would not have experienced and seen all this without learning the madness of waging direct and open warfare against such prejudices; and if the mind of James had not been so absolutely besotted by bigotry as to render him incapable of instruction, he would not have failed to profit by the painful discipline through which he had passed. He would have felt that if such hatred to popery were to be converted into attachment equally strong, it must be by a process the most skilful, subtle, and gradual. Especially would he have felt that it was his first duty carefully to consolidate his own authority, whether by terror or by conciliation, before he attempted to exercise it in a way so repugnant to the general feelings of the nation.

Nor would an endeavor to establish absolute power have been attended with so many difficulties as might, at first sight, have been supposed. The reaction consequent upon the Revolution had not yet spent itself, nor had all the excesses of Charles II., his scandalous debauchery, his notorious ingratitude, and his shameless subserviency to the interests of France, been sufficient altogether to check that enthusiasm on behalf of the monarchy which had brought about the restoration of the Stuarts. The incessant turmoil and agitation which had so long pervaded the country, and which had been so detrimental to its real interests, had wearied the minds of men, and disposed them to quiet, even though quiet had to be purchased by the sacrifice of what they esteemed their inalienable rights. With all the vices that stained the character of Charles II., and all the faults of his policy, so fraught with disgrace and disaster to the country, he had qualities which made him, to a certain extent, a popular favorite. His very vices (excepting his venality, which at the time was not generally known) were such as a mob is

only too ready to pardon, while his fine person, his easy temper, his lively wit, and his refined bearing, served often to disarm the resentment of those conscious of his demerits, and to leave him among the multitude an amount of approbation of which he was in every way undeserving. James, therefore, ascended the throne under circumstances too propitious for the establishment of absolute power, the *prestige* of his family not being yet lost, a large party in the state being inclined to the extension of the royal prerogative, and the majority of the people, exhausted by their recent efforts, being indisposed to active exertion, in opposition to such unconstitutional encroachments upon their rights. Towards himself individually, the very attempt to exclude him from the throne had created considerable sympathy; and while those more intimately acquainted with his character entertained their fears, the people were ready to accept his professions, and give him credit for perfect sincerity in their enunciation. A strong proof of this was afforded shortly after his accession. One of the first acts of his administration was of the most arbitrary and illegal character, a manifest infraction of the authority of parliament, and an offence exactly similar to that which had cost his father his crown and his life. By the enactment of the legislature one-half of the excise and the whole of the customs terminated at the death of Charles; and James having to choose between the curtailment of his revenue or the illegal extension of his power, resolved at once upon the latter course, and without waiting for the consent of the Commons, proceeded to levy the taxes, alleging the necessities of the state as a plea, in justification, and promising a speedy convocation of parliament, as a compensation for so unconstitutional an act. In the former generation, such a proceeding would infallibly have provoked an insurrection, and all the power of the state would have been required, in order to enforce its demands; but now the people submitted in silent acquiescence. The lawyers addressed the king in complimentary language; the great companies of merchants willingly promised payment; and the complaints of the few were silenced amid the almost universal applause of the nation.

The general sentiments of the people, both towards the church and the monarchy, were thus sufficiently manifest. In an assault upon the former, it was evident, James

would have but few allies, and would encounter powerful opposition; in an attempt to aggrandize the latter, it is to be feared that he would have received an amount of support from those who recoiled from republican principles, that would ultimately have enabled him to bear down any feeble resistance that might have been offered. The church herself,—most dangerous as an enemy, most powerful as a friend,—might easily have been secured (if we are to judge from the former professions and actions of her leaders), as an ally in rivetting the chains of despotism on the people; in any attempt to re-establish popery, her own interests would cause her to be a most formidable opponent. Had James, then, made his first attack on the liberties of the people, and had this been done by artifice rather than direct attack,—had he been careful to strengthen that attachment which existed to himself, in spite of all his failings,—had he sought by a series of judicious measures to dissipate the suspicions still rife concerning him—and had his first invasions of parliamentary authority been for the accomplishment of objects whose general excellence might have led men to forget the way in which they were attained, it is to be feared that he might ultimately have acquired a despotic power that would have availed to effect his most cherished design. But this James could not do. His temper was too arbitrary to brook contradiction—his zeal too infatuated to listen to reason—his bigotry too blind to see the results of his proceedings. A second course was still open to him. Resolved to attack the church of England, he might have done it by constitutional weapons; he might have sought the repeal of the obnoxious statutes by the legislature; he would thus, at least, have had a considerable body acting with him; he must have secured the support of the great mass of protestant dissenters, and would, at all events, have compelled his opponents to avow the true grounds of their hostility, and prevented the clergy from covering their own narrow-minded selfishness with the specious pretexts of liberty. Another course there was which conducted to certain ruin,—a simultaneous assault upon the constitution and the church, uniting, as it necessarily must, the Whigs as the friends of the former, and the high Tories as the steady adherents of the latter, in opposition to the king's projects. In either of the other paths there was a possibility of success;

in this there was an absolute certainty of discomfiture; yet this was the one which the besotted monarch adopted, and it led him to his own overthrow.

It was not long before he excited anew the apprehensions which had begun to subside, and altogether destroyed the confidence that had been awakened by his coronation address. It was only the second Tuesday after his brother's death, that he provoked no little censure by ordering the folding doors of the queen's apartment to be thrown open, in order that all his attendants might see him present at mass. The exact design of this absurd display, it is difficult to conjecture. As a declaration of his attachment to the popish religion, it was altogether unnecessary; and as a wanton defiance of popular opinion, it was worse than useless,—strengthening jealousies where they ought to have been allayed, and provoking them where they had no existence. We can scarcely wonder that the bishops should see in it an indication of the king's intention, in violation even of his solemn promise, to trample under foot the protestant institutions of the country, and to re-establish popery in its ancient supremacy. While, therefore, there is much false argument, illiberal sentiment, and vehement invective in the harangues of the clergy of the day, which must be condemned, allowances should be made for men who saw themselves menaced with the loss of all their dignities and emoluments. Their transgression of the bounds of moderation, under such circumstances, can scarcely awaken surprise. This very violence, however, and the general approbation with which it was received, should have taught James the necessity of wariness in attacking a body whose resources were so abundant, and whose determination to defend its own immunities was so apparent. But instead of taking warning by the lesson he had received, his next step was more decided and objectionable—equally fruitless as to any practical good, and even more contrary to the general sentiment of the community. This was the resolve, to proceed to the queen's chapel in all the wonted state of an English monarch, and still more the attempt to compel the attendance of his ministers on the occasion. Some complied with his wishes, but the majority were firm in their refusal. The earl of Rochester was among the most determined; and it was not without considerable difficulty that a compromise was effected by his ac-

cepting permission to retire into the country. The duke of Somerset, whose duty as sword-bearer required him to precede the king into the chapel, absolutely refused to go beyond the door, and the king experienced thus early the strength of that opposition which was destined finally to deprive him of his throne. In whatever way these proceedings are viewed, they are equally to be condemned; consistency required no such parade of his religion; its interests were in no way promoted by it; his own foolish love of display was all that was gratified; and in order to effect this, the resentment of the clergy was provoked, many of his principal courtiers were aggrieved, and the trust of the people in their monarch was entirely shaken.

As yet, nothing had been done directly contrary to law. His next proceeding was more questionable in point of law, though one which, had it been dictated by proper feelings, would have been an error of the noblest kind, and one for which many apologies might have been pleaded. The statutes which had been passed during the reign of Charles II., for the suppression of popery and of protestant nonconformity, were of the most unjust and stringent character; and a persecution had been directed against their possessors which, if less open, was scarce less disgraceful and oppressive than that which had covered the memory of Mary Tudor with infamy. At the death of Charles, the prisons were crowded with persons whose only crime was a difference of opinion from the ruling sect, and many of whom were distinguished alike for their loyalty, integrity, usefulness, and piety. Even during the lifetime of the monarch, two attempts had been made to secure the deliverance of the victims from an oppression so contrary to the spirit and genius of protestantism. The proposal was first made at the council board, by Jeffreys himself, at the instance of the Duke of York, and was then defeated by the art of lord-keeper North, but served to arouse the zeal of the bishops, who took occasion in their subsequent charges to insist on the duty of rigorously enforcing the laws against schismatics. It was afterwards renewed, with better prospects of success, but postponed for a time for the purpose of taking legal advice on the subject. In this way it stood at the time of James's accession, and he, regardless of all legal objections, proceeded at once by proclamation to set at liberty all these unfortunate indi-

viduals, professing that his earnest desire was to ensure the enjoyment of perfect religious freedom to all his subjects.

It would have been more to the credit of the Church of England and of her dignitaries, had they cordially united with the king in this laudable object, endeavoring to correct his excesses, to restrain all his attempts to obtain despotic power, and to expose the insidious desigus concealed beneath his fair pretensions, but at the same time aiding heartily in the attainment of so important an end as that which he proposed. But the ideas of toleration were at that time exceedingly narrow and contracted. It was not seen that freedom of thought and action was the very foundation of Protestantism, and the only element in which it could properly be sustained; every violence was deemed right against a religious adversary, and the power of the state was esteemed a perfectly legitimate instrument for the dissemination of religious opinion on these points. Episcopalians and Presbyterians, Catholics and Protestants, were one; the Independents, Baptists, and Quakers, alone dissented from the prevailing sentiment, and their views found but little sympathy in the people. That James was in advance of his age on this great question, and was really desirous to consolidate the religious liberties of his subjects, is a supposition so absurd and extravagant, that we have often wondered at the countenance it has received from some modern historians. Whatever his natural temperament might have been (and it is manifest that it was haughty, imperious, dogmatical, and unbending), it were impossible that one who had yielded himself up so entirely to the domination of the Jesuits, could be imbued with the true spirit of tolerance. There was not a maxim taught in such a school that was not hostile to the principles of liberty. He might learn the duty of submitting to the force of circumstances, and simulating sentiments which he did not feel; but they must either be entirely unacquainted with the character of the Jesuits, or must possess an extraordinary amount of credulity, who can believe that so zealous a disciple of such a sect could really have proper views of religious freedom. It answered his purpose to assume the mask of zeal for toleration, for he hoped thus to secure the support, not only of its real friends, but of all who, suffering from oppression, were ready to clamor for that liberty for themselves, which many of them were, nevertheless, unwilling to concede to

others: but any real attachment to the principles of universal toleration we do not believe him to have had.

As one of a persecuted sect, it was natural enough that he should profess himself the advocate of a freedom by which his own party would be the principal gainers, and that in order to secure this advantage for himself and his friends, he was willing even to grant a similar indulgence to others whom he cordially hated, and whom, had his power been equal to his will, he would, doubtless, have subjected to inflictions even greater than those from which they were at present suffering. Fanaticism such as his would never have endured the existence of heretics; and we do not consider that we are judging uncharitably, when we express our belief that his design from the first was, by avowing himself the friend of toleration, to employ all the oppressed as the stepping-stones by which the Popish church should be raised to supremacy. This object once accomplished, Protestant dissenters would soon have found that they had only made an exchange of oppressors, and that the last was worse than the first. His policy, however, required at present the show of liberality; and his measures, by whatever motives prompted, would have deserved universal approbation, had they been effected in a legal manner. But the restraints of the constitution were disdained by him, and even while professedly redressing the wrongs of the oppressed, he in reality prepared the way for a more galling and tyrannical despotism.

The suppression of Monmouth's revolt, and the acquiescence with which the people had witnessed the frightful atrocities perpetrated by Jeffreys, in the west, had confirmed the king still more in the opinions of his own power, and his resolutions to enforce it. He imagined that the arts which had been freely employed in the parliamentary elections, had secured him a majority so decisive, and withal so devoted to himself, that he might safely venture on any measure that accorded with his arbitrary inclinations. Two acts of the late reign were specially obnoxious to him, each standing as a barrier to one of his cherished schemes,—the Habeas Corpus Act, the palladium of English liberty; and the Test Act, the bulwark of the Established Church. What might have been the result of an attack upon the first of these it is impossible to predict. The importance of the privilege was not yet properly appreciated by the nation, or even

by the Liberal party, while the Tories, subservient to the court, and regarding the carrying of the measure as the triumph of their enemies, were willing to lend themselves to its overthrow. This impediment once removed, James would have proceeded with much more certainty to the attainment of his other projects; and, invested thus with absolute control over the liberties of his subjects, would have used it in order to effect those religious changes so near his heart. But instead of attacking the Habeas Corpus Act, James's first assaults were directed against the Test Act, the more hateful to him because it had been directed not against his religion merely, but had been levelled at himself personally; and because it still deprived him of the services of many of those most attached to him, and most fitted, from their own religious convictions, to aid in the working out of his plans. Even here, too, he was not content to wait the regular order of constitutional procedure, and to obtain the repeal of the hostile law by parliamentary enactment, but met the legislature with the startling announcement that, of his own authority, he had dispensed with the restrictions of the Act, and had admitted Roman Catholics to many of those places (especially in the army) from which they had been excluded; and that, having received efficient service from them in the recent rebellion, he was unwilling now to dispense with them. Such a proceeding had the natural effect of uniting the friends of liberty, and of the church, in an unwonted and discordant, but most formidable opposition, against which it was impossible for James to contend. Though it was only by a majority of one, that the House of Commons resolved to postpone the question of Supply, to that of Tests, yet afterwards, by a perfectly unanimous vote, they adopted an address, clearly setting forth the illegality of the king's procedure; offering an indemnity to those who, by accepting his indulgence, had subjected themselves to the penalties of the law, but praying the king that he would give such directions therein, as that no apprehensions or jealousies might remain in the hearts of his subjects. The House of Lords was even more decided, and, notwithstanding the threats and servilities of Jeffreys, who then disgraced the woolsack, a motion of the Earl of Devonshire, to consider the dangerous results of a standing army, was carried, in an unusually full house, without a division.

The refractory parliament was dismissed

after a turbulent session of eleven days, but the King, untaught by his failure among those so devoted to his will, proceeded now to seek in the Courts of law, that justification of his acts which might warrant further aggression. The Judges were seconded on the question; and those, whose independence could not be shaken, and who preferred the approval of their conscience to the favor of the King, were summarily dismissed, to make way for others of more pliable materials. Among the dismissed, were men of undoubted attachment to the King, and some who had been content in his service, even to bring on themselves the odium of the Western Assize, so aptly designated by James, himself, as "Jeffreys' Campaign," but who could not be brought to sacrifice all their honesty. The compliances of the bench having been thus assured, a fictitious information was suborned against some of the delinquents, his own servant being bribed to impeach him; and, after the mockery of a trial in which the decision of the judge was formed before the pleadings commenced, a judgment was given in acquittal of the accused, and in favor of the dispensing power. The absurdity of such an opinion is so manifest, that it is mournful to think any body of men should have been found to give it judicial sanction, and especially is it mournful to find among them an unworthy brother of that true champion of English liberty, John Milton. The result of such a judgment would infallibly have been to cement the monarchy into an autocracy as absolute as that of the Czar of Russia. The authority of parliament would have been set aside, and its destruction might at once have followed; for where was the utility of its assemblies and deliberations, if the monarch was at liberty to suspend, annul, or alter its decrees at pleasure? The special aim of the decision in the present case is well put by Sir James Mackintosh:—The application of these dangerous principles to the Test Act, was attended with the peculiar absurdity of attributing to the King a power to dispense with provisions of a law which had been formed for the avowed and sole purpose of limiting his authority. The law had not hitherto disabled a catholic from filling the throne. As soon, therefore, as the next person in succession to the crown was a catholic, it was deemed essential to the safety of the established religion, to take away from the crown, the means of being served by catholic ministers. The Test

Act was passed to prevent a catholic successor from availing himself of the aid of a party whose outward badge was adherence to the Roman Catholic religion, and who were seconded by powerful allies in other parts of Europe, in overthrowing the constitution, the Protestant Church, and, at last, even the liberty of Protestants, to perform their worship and profess their faith. To ascribe to that very catholic successor the right of dispensing with all the securities provided against such dangers arising from himself, was to impute the most extravagant absurdity to the laws. It might be perfectly consistent with the principle of the Test Act, which was intended to provide against temporary dangers, to propose its repeal under a Protestant Prince; but it is altogether impossible that its possessor could have considered a power of dispensing with its conditions as vested in the catholic successor whom it was meant to bind.*

To the objections that might be urged against the judgment, James was entirely indifferent. Satisfied with having obtained it, by means however unrighteous, he at once proceeded to act upon it. Roman catholics were introduced into the privy council, their numbers were increased in the army, and the nation saw with alarm the determination of the king in every possible way to augment their consideration and influence. The attempt to force an entrance for them into the universities was still more audacious, as tending directly to an open breach with the church. Into the particulars of these conflicts it is unnecessary to enter; we mention them only as links in that chain of events by which the affections of the leaders of the church were weaned from the king, and the way prepared for that decisive rupture which is more particularly under our notice. The prohibition laid upon the clergy to abstain from all controversial discourses, with the subsequent proceedings against Dr. Sharpe for disobedience of the order, and against Compton, Bishop of London, for refusing to suspend the offender, was another movement in the same direction. It required but the attack on the bishops to complete the separation, and to bring on that trial of strength which was to issue in the entire discomfiture of James.

His conduct in this case seems equally infatuated with that which has already come under review. The "Declaration of

Liberty of Conscience," the cause of the dispute, had originally been issued in the spring of 1687, and strange to say, though it was couched in the most arbitrary terms, and was in direct defiance of a resolution of the House of Commons, condemning in the strongest language a similar proclamation issued by Charles II., yet it provoked but little open opposition. Secret discontent reigned in many hearts, but as yet it found no utterance. Dissenters, for the most part, accepted the indulgence, and some of the independents, baptists, and quakers, were induced to give their sanction to the king's proceedings, by addresses of thanks. With the presbyterians they found less favor. Not content with mere toleration, and, having always maintained a close connexion with the church, they indulged hopes of such an extension of the terms of communion as would admit of their incorporation. Other bodies of dissenters, having no such views, were well satisfied with the liberty proposed, and although there were some who still doubted the king's intentions, they gratefully accepted the indulgence. It would, doubtless, have been wiser for them to have refrained from such expressions of approbation, and to have enjoyed their liberty in silence until parliamentary authority had ratified the royal edict; but, ere we form an unkindly judgment of their conduct, we must remember that the severity of the persecution to which they had been exposed, had inclined them to grasp at any measure of relief, without considering whether the bestowal met with the sanction of the law. Their error becomes the more excusable when we see that it was shared not only by many of the bishops and clergy, but also by those whose legal knowledge ought to have dictated a different line of conduct; and that it was retraced when the arbitrary measures used in regard to the bishops showed the king's insincerity in his liberal profession.

This absence of opposition might have satisfied the king, but it served rather to deceive him, to induce a vain confidence in his own power, and to lead him on to acts still more despotic. The last months of 1687, and the early ones of 1688, were passed in a quietude that gave no premonition of the coming storm; but beneath all this external tranquillity the tempest was brewing; and, while servile flatterers poured in their numerous addresses in commendation of the king, the hearts of men kindled with

* Works, ii. 69.

an indignation which it required only the falling of a spark to ignite. This was not long wanting. What was the motive of the king's conduct, whether a mere love of bravado, a desire to revenge the opposition already received from the church, to test the professions of obedience so freely given, or to make her own ministry the instruments of announcing the downfall of her exclusive privileges, cannot be determined. But, whatever the reason that influenced, or whoever the counsellor that advised it, the proclamation of the preceding year was repeated in the Gazette, in the spring of 1688, with the addition, that the bishops should require the clergy of their dioceses to publish it in their respective churches within sixteen days. So useless and wanton a provocation of the Episcopal body appears, at first sight, as the act of a madman; but we must remember that the bishops and clergy had, by their former professions and actions, given James a warrant to expect obedience even to so imperious a command. It was not only that loudly and frequently they had insisted on the duty of non-resistance, as may easily be seen by reference to the works of South, Tillotson, and the other divines of the day, but they had themselves afforded the precedent for this very requisition, by publishing from their pulpits the proclamations of Charles II., on the dissolution of his last two parliaments, containing his vehement denunciations of the House of Commons, and another on the discovery of the Rye House plot, of the most sanguinary tendency. The former breathed a spirit of intolerance and tyranny; the latter served to inflame the passions, already too much excited, to influence unfairly the minds of men against those whose trial was then impending, and thus to encourage hatred and bloodshed. And yet these documents had been willingly read by the clergy, and Sancroft himself advised the king to issue the injunction. Was it unreasonable for James to think that, as they had proclaimed such declarations, they would also publish the tidings of peace? While his folly, therefore, finds here some excuse, the bishops are altogether deprived of the plea, that zeal for constitutional liberty, and not dislike of the matter of the proclamation, was the motive by which they were influenced. If so zealous for freedom, how was it that their indignation had not been aroused before, when Charles required them to become partners in his atrocious schemes for dispensing with parliaments altogether,

and called on them to give their public condemnation of the resolutions of the legislature? Why did it not arise when they were made to throw their sanction over the deeds of cruelty and injustice that followed the discovery of the Rye House Plot? Why did they not then place themselves in the van of the army of freedom, and manfully defy the oppressor? If their protests had been recorded, then they would at least have had the merit of consistency and of sincerity in their professions, on the present occasion. Their participation in these former attacks on popular freedom, certainly countenances the suspicion that it was selfishness, and not patriotism, that was their governing motive in their present resistance.

We should be unjust, however, did we not commend the promptitude and energy which they displayed in the difficult emergency which had arisen. The time for deliberation was short, and in those days, when the facilities for communication were so few, a convocation of all the clergy, or even a conference with all the members of the episcopal bench, was manifestly impossible. The few who were in London (with Sancroft at their head) were obliged not only to break through all their old associations, and place themselves in hostility to the king, but to risk the displeasure of those of their own brethren whom they could not consult before the time of action, and some of whom, they were well aware, being friendly to the court, would be ready enough to utter complaints. Even this did not make them hesitate; and after such deliberation as the nature of the case admitted, they resolved to present a respectful petition to the king, objecting not to the design of the edict, but to its mode of promulgation. The details of their interview with the monarch need not be repeated. In a fit of rage he aggravated his former error by ordering them to the Tower, thus holding them up to popular sympathy as the victims of his despotic will. The enthusiasm that was at once awakened on their behalf, as exhibited in the crowds that attended them to prison, and the numbers of all classes (among others, of non-conformist ministers, who nobly forgot their own wrongs, in the hour of common danger), that thronged their dungeons with sympathetic addresses, forming a prisoner's levee, similar to one witnessed in our own day, might have shown James the greatness of the mistake he had committed; but, untaught, he rushed madly on. It was not

without much difficulty that, after a week's confinement in the Tower, bail was accepted on their behalf; and though the birth of the Prince of Wales afforded a favorable opportunity for retreat, by the publication of a general amnesty, yet an evil genius seemed to reign in his councils, and he resolved on impeachment.

Of all the trials that have been held within Westminster, there never, perhaps, was one on whose issue depended such important interests, as on the arraignment of the bishops before a high court of English judicature. Individuals even more illustrious have been impeached there; the assemblage has at times been even more splendid and attractive; the pleadings have been more eloquent; but never has the result been more momentous. The question to be decided was not merely whether popery or protestantism should bear sway in the English national church, but whether we should be handed over to the tender mercies of inquisitorial rule, and to the darkness of mediæval superstition, or should continue to advance in that course of improvement on which we had entered, and from which we had been diverted by James and his brother; whether England should remain the home of liberty, the refuge of the oppressed, the abode of justice, or should in future be ground down by a tyranny as despotic as that of Turkey or Austria; whether she was to maintain and improve that position of noble independence she had assumed under Cromwell, or was henceforth to occupy a secondary position in European affairs, as a mere tool of French policy, and jesuitical intrigue. Seven innocent men were arraigned at the bar, whose only alleged offence was the exercise of that right of free petition which had been esteemed the inalienable privilege of every Briton, but to which, as members of his majesty's privy council, the bishops had special claim. It was not they alone, either individually or as representatives of the Anglican church merely, whose cause was there to be tried; but the nation at large, whose liberties had thus been infringed, also asked a verdict. A condemnation of the bishops would not only have given the monarch absolute power, but would have attached criminality to remonstrance against any of his decrees. Yet everything seemed to promise such a result; the judges were supposed to be the creatures of the king, for they were the same that had already given their verdict in favor of the

dispensing power; every care had been taken to conform the jury to the wishes of the king, and the issue of the former trials might well induce the apprehension that the court would be omnipotent on the present occasion. The conduct of the court-lawyers was characterized throughout by marked unfairness—the witnesses in favor of the prisoners were brow-beaten and bullied without mercy; the most innocent proceedings were tortured into indications of their guilt; and all other evidence failing to connect them with the petition at all, their own admission, in confidence, to the king, was basely adduced to prove their signatures by Lord Sunderland, secretary-of-state; while of its publication (the most material part), no proof whatever could be brought. Of the judges, two sought to bias the minds of the jury to an unfair decision; and in the jury themselves, one of their number, the king's brewer, endeavored hard to obtain a favorable verdict for his master. But all these combined arts could not prevent an English jury from giving a righteous decision. The cause of truth and freedom triumphed, and the mighty heart of England again beat freely, as the verdict of "not guilty" told that the freedom of her sons was vindicated, and the designs of the tyrant baffled.

This was the first great check James received, and henceforth the decline of his power was rapid. Had he succeeded here, other barriers might have been interposed, but success would have given him the means for prosecuting his designs and achieving future triumphs. The minds of waverers would have been decided in his favor, and the revolution of 1688, if accomplished at all, would have been effected at a much greater cost of treasure and blood.

STATUE OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.—A correspondent of the *Daily News* gives the following graphic description of Mr. Steele's colossal model of the Duke of Wellington,—just completed for Edinburgh,—“The horse is in a rearing attitude; and the action contrasts well with the calm dignity of the rider, who—apparently in a moment of danger and difficulty—is giving orders with all his accustomed coolness and decision. The Duke wears a field-marshal's uniform; a considerable portion of the frittered detail, however, being judiciously concealed by a military cloak, which, falling from the shoulder in massive folds, invests the figure with classic dignity. The likeness and attitude of the hero are excellent; and the modelling of the horse in every touch has evidently been faithfully studied from nature.” There is said to be every probability of the statue being placed on its pedestal, in front of the Register House, on or before the 18th of June, 1849.

From Howitt's Journal.

A DAY AND NIGHT AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE.

BY GEORGE REYNOLDS.

"It has often struck me that some pains should be taken to make the main features of the Post Office system intelligible to the people."—*Rowland Hill's Speech at Liverpool, 1847.*

THE importance of the postal regulations of this country it is scarcely possible for us fully to estimate. Every section of society, and every individual, from the prince to the peasant, are participators in the benefits, social, moral, and commercial, bestowed by that most valuable department, the Post-office. True it is, much has been done through the medium of the Press, in the great work of public enlightenment and improvement; but what would those efforts have been, had not such movement been aided by the facilities furnished through postal communication? The glow of social enjoyment, arising from silent and secret conversation with absent friends, would have been but very imperfectly known, had it not been for this excellent establishment; nor would the rare feelings arising from true friendship have ever warmed into such holy fervor, had the means of correspondence by letter never existed amongst us. Languidly, indeed, would the great work of ameliorating the condition of the masses proceed, had we still to learn the efficacy of that one simple ingredient in the cup of human happiness—the expression of our wishes, to distant parties, through the medium of our present admirable and economical postal arrangements.

As it is most probable, however, that the majority of the readers of HOWITT'S JOURNAL readily admit the value of the "Penny Postage," and the national utility of its regulations, we need not now use any arguments to show its continuance to be indispensable to our welfare, as a nation, both at home and abroad. In the present paper, therefore, our object will be to furnish some select information as to the progress of the Post-office since its establishment, and to exhibit the present practice, with respect to the correspondence with which it is entrusted. The method of "getting out the duty"—as the work of the department is technically called—will be detailed as simply as possible, so that the uninitiated may be enabled to understand the multifarious duties to be performed upon a letter, from the time it is posted, to the period when it may

be delivered into the hands of the party for whom it is intended.

Besides this, it is our design, not merely to observe the duty in the case of the correspondence treated with in the inland "outward" and "inward" offices, and in the London district post department, but in the course of our "day and night" notices we shall endeavor to describe the business performed in the Secretary's, the Solicitor's, and other subordinate offices, where a continued round of duty is going on, of a different description to that in the inland offices of receipt and despatch, but partially arising out of, and strictly connected with, the general duty of the department.

ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF THE POST-OFFICE.

With reference to the origin of postal communication in this country, we have no authentic record. Certain, however, it is—as we glean from papers in the Rolls, Record, and Parliamentary offices,—that payments to Nuncii, for the conveyance of letters, were made so early in British history as the reign of the monarch John, when the state correspondence was so forwarded, and also the communications of the most influential nobles of the land at that time. Fixed posts, where relays of horses were kept, were set up in the reign of the second Edward; which movement towards a system was materially perfected during the sway of Edward IV., as we learn that, during the war in Scotland, in 1481, that monarch established certain posts, twenty miles apart. The riders handed the letters from one to the other, and thus something like expedition was gained. At the close of the fifteenth century, the post may be considered to have been, comparatively, established; and without doubt it was then freely used.

The first statute we read of, fixing a post "rate" on the conveyance of correspondence, is that of 2 and 3 Edward VI., cap. 3, passed in the year 1548. This rate was one penny per mile, for the hire of horses.*

* It will be perceived that the above rate was levied for horse-hire: the first letter rate was fixed in 1635.

Thomas Randolph is spoken of, by Camden, as being the first "Chief Postmaster of England," in 1581;* but the earliest mention of the duties and privileges of a Postmaster was made in the reign of James I. Subsequently, the privilege of "posting" was formed by Quester, Frisell, Witherings, Prideaux, and others; nor was it until 1656, that anything like a decided measure for the establishment of a Post-office was adopted. In that year an Act was passed "to settle the postage of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and for the erecting of one General Post-office, for the speedy conveying and re-carrying of letters by post, etc." The act provides also that there should be "one officer, styled the Postmaster General of England, and the Comptroller of the Office." This statute was succeeded by the important measure 9 Queen Anne, cap. 10, which for many years formed the basis of all postal regulation. That, however, was subjected in succeeding reigns, to many modifications and changes, until the statute giving to the country the "Penny Postage," was enacted, and then the principle contained in the 9th of Anne was abandoned. The graduated rate system was abolished; one uniform distance-charge was authorized, the amount being regulated by an increase of weight only. This preparatory act (2 and 3 Vic., cap. 52) was confirmed on the 10th of August, 1840, by the 3 and 4 Vic., cap. 96; and amended by a most valuable auxiliary statute, passed on the 22d of July, 1847, which provides for the carrying out of a variety of facilities, stipulated for as absolutely necessary, some years before, by the originator of the Penny Postage plan, Mr. Rowland Hill, who was shortly previous to the passing of this last measure, appointed "Secretary to the Post-master General."

Prior to the introduction of the uniform rate, and the present weight charge, there were delivered in the United Kingdom, in one week, the estimated number of 1,585,973 letters, including "franks," or free letters, or about 80,000,000 per annum. From the latest Return to the House of Commons, on the motion of Mr. Warburton, with reference to this subject, it appears, that for the week ending the 21st of April, 1847, the numbers delivered were 6,148,876, or about 320,000,000 per annum—a clear *four-fold* increase! The immediate loss to the revenue upon the introduction of the measure was considerable, being upwards

* Randolph was, no doubt, master of the "rides" or posts.

of one million of money; and the cost of management, not, however, to be attributed but in a partial degree to the operation of the penny postage, has increased from £686,768 3s. 6½d. in 1839, to £1,138,745 2s. 4½d. in 1847. The net revenue, notwithstanding this enormous additional outlay, continues to improve, the amount in 1841 being £410,028, while in the year ended January 5th, 1847, it reached £724,757 8s. 5.

EARLY MORNING DUTY.

We must beg leave to take our readers with us so early as four o'clock in the morning to the General Post-office, in St. Martin's-le-grand, shortly after which hour we shall observe omnibuses laden with mails arriving from all the principal termini of the railways. From the great trunk lines of the London and North-Western, the Great Western, the South Western, Dover, Eastern Counties, and Brighton, several hundred bags are brought, and the internal business of the office commences at half-past four. First, we will take our stand in the "Tick-room," where the guards deliver the bags, and where men are stationed to call out the name of the post-town, which they find upon the label at the corner of each bag. These being called over, and all checked by the clerk to guarantee the office and the public against loss, and to exonerate the guard, the bags are forwarded from the Tick-room into the Inland Letter Sorting-office, by the messengers, who distribute them at tables,—represented by an alphabetical letter,—around the spacious rooms. There they are opened by the different clerks, denominated the "openers," most of whom are junior officers. Upon close inspection we find that this description of the duty is simultaneously performed: for while at one table the large Birmingham bag is being opened, at others, the Brighton, Glasgow, and Edinburgh, with the Irish and Channel Islands mails. Thus the duty is continuously kept down, until the whole of the 960 arrivals from the English depots, besides the Irish, Scotch, French,*

* By the arrangements, just concluded, between the French Government and the English Post-office, despatches from France and *via* France from the Continent, are received in London and delivered in the Metropolis *twice a day*. Letters and Newspapers are now despatched from London every Morning and Evening (Sunday excepted). This is one of the best of our modern postal improvements.

and continental mails, which have reached the office during the preceding night, are all opened. As soon as the clerk has cut the string, he turns upon the table the whole of the letters; while he pours the newspapers into baskets for other messengers to take away to the sorters. When the letters arrive in London, they bear impressed, upon the seal side, a stamp in black or blue ink, which specifies the town *at which*, and the day *when* they were posted. When handed to the London stampers, they have put upon them if pre-paid or labelled, another stamp in red ink, and if unpaid in black, denoting the day they *ought to be delivered*. These detective dated stamps are exceedingly useful in cases of inquiry as to misdelivered or detained letters, and in legal proceedings they frequently prove most valuable in fixing guilt upon the proper party.

The operation of stamping having been performed, we are led to notice one of the most interesting divisions of the duty,—the assortment of the vast body of correspondence, strewed as it appears to be over the whole of the office, the letters alone covering many hundred square feet of desks and tabling. After the clerks have examined the letters for the purpose of ascertaining whether the postage stamps have been properly obliterated by the provincial postmasters, that the registered letters have been duly entered upon the local bill, and the amounts of charge accurately made out, the letters are carried over to the sorting tables in the gross. There those intended for the London delivery are separated, first into divisions numbered consecutively from one to fifteen, each division embracing a certain portion of the metropolis, or a peculiar class of correspondence. This having been done, these same letters are gathered, or in official phraseology “collected,” and taken to an officer denominated the “district sorter.” He divides them into walks, representative of the plots of ground traversed by the letter-carriers. The correspondence so far prepared for delivery, is sent up by a machine, worked by a powerful steam-engine, to the top of the building, where are the letter-carriers’ rooms, and the galleries where the postmen are ranged in separate divisions, each man’s seat representing the walk he delivers. As he receives his letters he keeps himself engaged in again assorting them, by placing them now in streets, and arranging the numbers as they fall along his “delivery,” so that he may lose no time

when he reaches his out-door duty. Besides this service the letter-carrier has to attend to the call of the assistant inspector of letter-carriers, who in the course of the preceding day has been most probably inquired of respecting letters either expected or refused; or said to be unknown at the time they were presented; or who probably has to tell him (the carrier) where a certain bankrupt’s correspondence is in future to be taken, or letters re-directed, in cases where persons have removed from their former residences. Imperfectly addressed letters he has to send to “try” at streets of the same name, in different parts of the metropolis: abatements, in cases of overcharge, he has also to attend to; make search in the “Dead letter register” for letters addressed to persons “gone away, and left no address,” and a variety of other duties, of a minor, but not of a less important character, both to the service and the collection of the revenue.

While all this is going on, other persons are employed in the rectification of “mis-sorted” or “blind letters.” The amount of charge to each man is also made out, and entered in the check-books, by clerks appointed for that purpose, that the Superintending President may be duly debited by the Receiver-General, the men being called upon to pay in the revenue they collect, three times a-week. Happily, this part of the business is not nearly so extensive as heretofore; and it is a certain fact that the *optional* payment of postage will not be long permitted to exist (on inland letters at least), as the cost of collection on unpaid letters seriously detracts from the net revenue, by increasing the cost of stationery and labor, while it materially retards the duty, both in the country and London offices. Independently of all this duty, there are engaged, both on the lower and upper floors, a variety of officers, whose duty it is to divide and assort the provincial newspapers for the metropolitan morning delivery, in a similar way to that in which the letters are divided and assorted, so that the despatch may be uniform, and the delivery simultaneous, in every part of this great city.

Pouches and “State Papers,” and ambassadorial despatches, intended for Her most gracious Majesty, the Queen, His Royal Highness, Prince Albert, any member of the Royal Family, the Ministers of State, or the Foreign Plenipotentiaries, are separately attended to by the “Clerks of Official correspondence,” and their assist-

ants. At the close of the duty the bags are "made up," and conveyed in carts, in the charge of special messengers, by whom they are delivered, at the several offices in Downing-street, Somerset-house, the Admiralty, and other Government offices. All the business of stamping and assorting having been gone through, the men begin to tie up their bundles, and deposit them in large canvas bags. In a few minutes afterward, the "departure bell" is rung, and the letter-carriers hasten to their walks, those to the nearest, on foot, and the others in "accelerators," projected in 1829, by Mr. Critchett, the then Inspector of Letter-carriers.

In the discharge of the above duty there are employed, in this section of the establishment alone, several presidents, about 100 clerks, 60 messengers, 120 sub-sorters, 9 assistant-inspectors of letter-carriers, and nearly 300 letter-carriers. It is estimated that, in the course of this "early duty" alone, 80,000 letters, and 50,000 newspapers, pass through the office, independently of some thousands more which are forwarded by the morning mails.

MORNING MAILS.

During the time the above duty is proceeding, and as the arrivals from the several branch offices and receiving houses are brought into the office, the process of stamping and sorting the letters and newspapers, sent per morning mails from London to the provinces, is going on. According to the latest list published by the authorities, letters, newspapers, and publications such as *HOWITT'S JOURNAL*, (when duly stamped) are forwarded every morning, to two hundred and forty towns in the United Kingdom, for delivery the same evening, besides letters, etc., which are sent to the whole of Scotland and Ireland, to be delivered as soon as possible after the arrival of the mails at each post town.

THE LONDON DISTRICT POST-OFFICE.

This department is entirely distinct from that of the General Post, and separately managed, both as to its control, and its officers. All of them, though of course subject to the Post-Master-General, act independently of the officers employed in that section of the establishment. This office was originated many years subsequently to the General Post, its object, as its present name imports, being the circula-

tion of local letters merely in the metropolis and its environs.

Mr. William Dockwra of London, merchant, was the originator of this Post, he having set it up as a private speculation. Its operation, however, being thought to interfere with the power given by parliament to the "Chief Post-Master" a suit was commenced against Dockwra, by order of the late King James, then Duke of York, when a verdict was given against Dockwra, and damages found. Dockwra afterwards, upon petition to the government, was allowed compensation to the amount of £500 per annum, and afterwards he was made Comptroller of the District Post-office. Eventually, he was dismissed the service for alleged irregularities and abuses in the discharge of the duties of his office.

The original rate of postage in this office was one penny; and the payment in advance was compulsory.

In 1801, the "penny" post became a "two-penny" post; and in 1805 the postage on letters delivered beyond the limits of the city of London, Westminster, and Southwark, was advanced to three-pence; but in 1831, in accordance with the recommendation of the Commissioners of Post-office enquiry, the boundaries of the Two-penny Post, were extended to include all places within three miles of the General Post-office; and in 1833 to places not exceeding twelve miles. By the "Penny Postage Act" all distinction as to distance was done away.

The part of the building in St. Martin's-le-grand, in which the duty of the district post is carried on, is situate on the northern side of the vestibule or great hall, and by an improvement just effected under the direction of J. Fortune, Esq., and Mr. Rice, of the Board of Works, Woods and Forests, a large addition is made to the original apartments occupied for the purpose of the duty, by the addition of the spacious premises recently occupied by the Money order department. This work required the greatest skill and care, as it was necessary in order to effect it, to remove one of the main walls of the building upon which the superincumbent structure, on that side, rested. By the aid of immense iron girders, however, and pillars of the same metal, the opening was made and both offices are now turned into one, and the new rooms fitted accordingly.

The system of stamping is, in principle, the same as in the inland office. In this

department the *modus operandi* is altered so as to suit the peculiarity of the despatch and delivery, so that the sorting and other duties are necessarily of a different description, though essentially the same. The detail is, probably, hardly so prolix as that of the general sorting.

From the latest instructions as to posting and despatch in this very useful section of the service, we gather the fact, that in London there are *daily* ten deliveries of letters, packets, and newspapers, within a circle of three miles from the chief office in St. Martin's-le-grand. Within six miles five deliveries; and within twelve miles three deliveries daily, and one delivery and an evening collection, on the Sabbath day.

Though this office bears a name which imports that the parties employed in it are only engaged in the distribution of local correspondence it should be remembered that these men are employed in distributing General Post letters, also beyond the limit of that office which is three miles from the Post-office only. Most of the mid-day and foreign arrivals, and many of the ship letters are "got out," and distributed by them, after the General-post letter carriers have returned home from the early duty.

The business in this office is, of course, continuous from an early hour in the morning until nine in the evening. Upon an average there are upwards of six hundred "officers and persons" employed in this branch of the service, daily.

MISCELLANEOUS DUTIES AT THE POST-OFFICE DURING THE DAY.

As it is our intention to give an outline of the mode in which the services of the several officers in the Post-office are rendered during the day in the auxiliary offices, we shall, for brevity's sake, notice the routine in the case of inquiries, complaints, &c., which cause such attendance necessary from the time of the morning delivery to the commencement of the evening duty.

All complaints or inquiries sent to the Secretary are at once forwarded to the proper department, where only they can be answered. Consequently, it is far better for all parties who have such complaints or inquiries to make, to prefer them at once at the office where they may be effectively and speedily met. Suppose an inquiry is made for a letter expected in London, but which has not arrived. The party disappointed writes to the Secretary. That

evening the case, as it is called, is sent to the office of the Inspector of Letter-carriers where it is entered in the application-book, and on the following morning the letter-carrier is asked if he remembers anything of it. If his reply is found correct, the answer given forms the "endorsement" on the case, which is usually written by the Assistant-Inspector, and signed by the Inspector. This endorsement is countersigned by the Superintending-President, as principal of the Inland Department, and thence transferred to the Secretary's office, where the case is written off, and an answer, in accordance with the endorsement, is sent to the applicant.

More serious cases, such as letters not delivered, stated to contain coin, or articles of value, either "inwards" or "outwards" are sent to a special office, called the "Missing Letter-office." From this department communications are sent to the Deputy Post-Masters, where it is stated that the letters missing were posted, the applicant having been furnished with a blank form to fill in every particular. It will be readily seen that such an elaborate mode of doing business must occupy the time of many officers according to the shape any inquiry may take. If any dishonest proceedings are discovered during the search, the matter is referred to the Solicitor who, at once, institutes farther investigation, and whose duty it is to take care that no infringement of the Post-office enactments takes place. To find a single letter, it frequently happens that several departments are troubled. The Inspector of Letter carriers, or his Assistants, must look for it; the clerks in the Superintending President's-office must say it is not in the Inland-office; the Dead-letter clerks, that it cannot be found there; and the "Missing letter" officers must declare that "no trace of it appears in that office." Frequently, however, it happens on enquiry, that the writer himself was to blame. The letter when found was *out of course* to the party for whom it was intended, but in the *proper course* of the practice. Probably it was mis-directed, or the party had gone away and left no address, or it had been refused in ignorance of the party living at the house; or wrongly numbered or addressed "John-street, London;" or "London" only; or—as in one case we remember to have met with—it causes inquiries and expense and trouble to the public service, and vexation to those who expect to

receive them? People do not like the idea of having their letters opened at the Dead Letter-office, and finally consigned to the waste-paper basket of that department. Let them never forget, that through carelessness or thoughtlessness they may cause a great outlay in swelling the cost of management in those inquiries; and, as the transit rate is now so exceedingly moderate, the least the public can do is, not to annoy the office and waste the time of the officers, and thus squander the revenue by an increase of evils which a little care would at once annihilate.

Besides these officers, necessarily engaged in advancing the subsidiary duties from day to day, there are others, employed in the Accountant and Receiver-General's offices, and also in the office of the Superintending President, at the London district office. In the Accountant General's office, a large amount of business is done. The Accountant has the general control and superintendence of the accounts and checks, relating to the revenue. He furnishes the items of expenditure, and provides for their production at the Audit-office once a year, where they are examined and allowed. The clerks are employed in superintending the bye and cross road accounts throughout the kingdom; examining the accounts of the inland and London district office, and those of the letter-bill, postage stamps, rural posts, and the colonial and foreign accounts with the office, and in the entry of remittances. There are employed in these duties about forty officers daily.

The Receiver-general's office is one entirely independent of the Post-office, though connected with it. As the operations performed therein are a check upon the Post-office, the chief officer takes his appointment not under the Post-Master-General, but by warrant from the Lords of the Treasury. The Receiver-general is responsible for the gross receipts of the revenue. He pays all salaries, and other expenses; signs all drafts upon the Bank of England both on revenue and money order accounts; pays into the Exchequer the net revenue, signing the specifications and "write offs" for that purpose. The requisitions to the Stamp Office for postage stamps he also signs, and it is he who is responsible for the general accounts of receipts and payments to the Commissioners for auditing public accounts. To the Treasury, this officer sends a weekly account of receipt and expenditure: and for the safe custody of the

large amount of gold required for the daily service, from the Bank, he is also responsible. Thirteen officers (chief clerks, and others) assist daily in this duty.

Inquiries, applications, and complaints of all kinds, either with reference to letters or newspapers sent through the London District Post-Office, are examined and replied to in the Superintending President's Office, as well as all the "rides" in that department, and the Surveyor's work, which requires careful and, indeed, unremitting attention.

The mid-day mail is superintended by the President of the Inland Office. Several of the General Post sub-sorters assort the letters daily, and the delivery in the central parts of the metropolis is effected by the General Post letter-carriers, while those of the District Post-Office circulate the remainder of the correspondence, which now begins to be very considerable.

The mail-guard service is separately regulated. Officers are on duty all day; and the guards, who attend to the delivery of the bags throughout the country, are sent out by day or by night, as their services may be required.

THE MONEY ORDER OFFICE.

One of the most valuable branches of the Post-Office service is the Money Order Office. Commenced as a private speculation by Robert Watts, Esq., about half a century since, it has continued to increase from year to year in importance, until it has at length become the "working man's bank," through which he may send when at a distance, his earnings to his wife and family. It is enough with reference to the utility of this department and the high estimation in which it is held, for us to say, that since its establishment the number of orders issued and paid within the year has increased upwards of thirty-fold. Its branches have been extended to every town in the United Kingdom where a Post-Office of comparative substance is to be found, so that now but little difficulty exists in obtaining either an issue or the payment of money orders.

Nearly three hundred officers are employed in this service in the London Office in Aldersgate-street alone, and several others at the Branch Offices in the Metropolis. The hours are from ten to four, and the amount charged for commission is 3d. for sums under £5, and 6d. for amounts transmitted beyond that sum. In the year, ended the 5th of January, 1847, 7,024,882 money-orders were issued and paid, the

total amount of money represented by which, reached the enormous total of £14,115,153. 19s. 9d.

Inquiries for money orders lost may be made in the same manner as those for missing letters.

THE GENERAL POST EVENING DUTY.

Perhaps the most interesting of all the manifold duties performed at the Post-Office, is what is called the evening duty, which consists of the reception of the vast body of correspondence posted in, and for twelve miles round London, besides the large despatch into the Provinces of the morning, evening, and weekly papers.

It is scarcely possible to convey to the general reader a complete idea of this gigantic work: indeed such a description would far exceed the limits which could be spared in a serial publication. We will, however, endeavor, so far as convenient, to present a bird's-eye view of the duty which, it is hoped, will prove interesting, inasmuch as it will show what system will do even in the most gigantic of all our public institutions where the greatest amount of duty is to be performed in the smallest allowance of time, before the mass of correspondence must be on its way in every species of conveyance, hastened forward by all the kinds of motive power with which we are at present acquainted.

The evening duty in the General Post-Office and at the several branch offices throughout the Metropolis, commences about four o'clock in the afternoon. The first process at the chief office is the reception of the contents of the several mail carts employed throughout London, the collection of the different bags from the receiving houses and the pouring out the letters and newspapers upon what are called the "facing tables" in the inland and newspaper offices. This preliminary business is performed by the junior hands, who place all the letters with the directions uppermost, that the obliterated and the other stampers may have easy access to them. At this moment the interior of the receiving rooms where the boxes are placed, communicating with the hall, presents a most busy and animated appearance, showers of letters teeming through the openings and continually falling into the large drawers fixed for their reception. The clerks at the windows and the paid letter messengers are also fully engaged, and the busy hum of the stampers resounds through the whole of this part of

the building. As the letters thus teem in, the work of obliteration and affixing the dated stamp, proceeds; and as this is accomplished the correspondence is handed over to the sorters who divide the letters into what are termed "roads,"—or rather "lines of road," traversed by the several mail conveyances or embraced on the routes of the lines of railway.

The letters so divided are then collected and taken to other assorters, or "clerks at the roads," who make the final assortment by placing each letter into boxes labelled with the name of the post towns comprised in the division or road. Besides this, letters which have been registered by the payment of a fee of one shilling, are all entered in what is called the "country letter book;" thence they are transferred to the "road," where the clerk enters the name and address of the party to whom they are sent on the bill of the post-master; and finally they are tied up in the "way bill," separately from all the other letters, that the deputy may send, with the bill, back to the Post-Office the next day, the receipt showing that the "money letter" has been "duly received" by the proper party. Up to six o'clock in the evening, the "glut" of the letters is excessive; and a casual looker-on would wonder how it is possible that so great a mass of correspondence can be possibly got through. Presidents, however, exert themselves to the uttermost in order to spread the duty as much as possible; and clerks, sorters, messengers, and other officers, do all they can to keep the duty "down" as much as can be, or they would be speedily overwhelmed and reported for being "late" at their division. The hour of six having struck, the correspondence arrives more gradually, in consequence of the late "fee;" and then the officers are enabled to "master" the pressure, by hard working until about quarter before eight o'clock, when only a few straggling, badly directed, or doubtful letters have to be sorted. Immediately afterwards the bundles, being all tied up, are placed in the bags brought over from the newspaper-office to receive the letters thus prepared for them in the Inland-office.

Simultaneously with the above duty, the work of assorting the newspapers is performed, but in a different part of the building—an upper-room over the Inland-office. The great body of newspapers is received from the London vendors a few minutes before six o'clock in the evening, 40,000 be-

ing posted within ten minutes, 50,000 having been received and assorted in the course of the afternoon and evening. After six o'clock the supply is limited, there being from that hour until half-past seven one halfpenny fee. Upon upwards of 1,000 per night, however, this fee is paid upon each paper. The newspapers are not stamped, they are sorted similarly to the letters; but, being more bulky, the process is necessarily of a slower character than the letter sorting. From time to time during the duty the boxes are emptied, and the papers put into the bags; and at 7:45 these bags are sent into the Inland-office, some of them being let down by slides into the office, and others of them being conveyed by the steam-machine to the clerks in that department.

At length the final letter is sorted, and the bags "brought over." In five minutes all the letters are deposited; and in five more the bags are tied up in sacks, and given in charge to the several guards, who from that moment become responsible for their safe delivery to the Deputy Postmaster in the provinces. Messengers convey them to the different omnibuses, and in the course of a few more minutes—as the clock of the Post-office strikes eight,—the rumbling wheels of the various vehicles announce the fact, that this vast body of correspondence is on its way to its destination to every part of the United Kingdom, the colonies, and the most distant parts of the habitable globe.

The Post-office is, after this hour, comparatively deserted: nobody remains there except the night messengers waiting for foreign arrivals, and the private watchmen who perambulate its silent offices and empty apartments, until the early morning duty again awakens life and activity by new arrivals from the provinces and abroad.

CONCLUSION.

Having now enumerated the different duties of the Post-office establishment, both of an executive and departmental character, it remains for us only to glance at the mode of appointment and the rate of pay provided for the "officers and persons" connected with this vast social machine. Glad should we have been to have had it in our power to say that the "working classes" in this most responsible and important section of the public service were fitly and adequately remunerated. It is to be regretted that such is not the case; and so much the more, because it is to be feared that the interests of the "few," under the existing system of

management, are considered, while "the rights of the many" are too frequently overlooked, or only very cursorily and tardily inquired into. That principle, in a public establishment cannot be a good one, which regards the *rank* of the officer only, and not his actual value to the service; and that scheme must be faulty which prevents a worthy subordinate officer from rising in rank beyond his own class, however industrious he may have proved himself or fit for higher duty and increased salary. Nor is this the end of the evil. In the upper degrees of seniority in clerkships the amount of remuneration is princely; while in the first classes of the lower offices, the pittance is "poor indeed." This should not be; for the fact is that in both cases the responsibility is,—to say the least,—equal; and the actual labor falls, without question, far most severely upon the worst paid men, though the date of appointment in both instances may be the same. And in the case of superannuation allowances the well-paid clerk, who rises from an easy seniority to the maximum sum of £450 per annum has always before him the pleasing prospect of a liberal pension. According to the scale furnished in the Acts of Parliament 3 Geo. IV., c. 113, and 4 and 5 William IV., c. 24, he can look forward to certain twelfths of his salary and emoluments, according to length of service, this allowance increasing every five years up to 45 years' servitude, at which time this officer is entitled to the whole of his salary and emoluments, if appointed before the 6th of August, 1829, and two-thirds if he was appointed since that date. But what is the case in the instance of "sub-sorters" and "letter-carriers?" They are allowed (if in the General-post) £20 per annum from 15 to 20 years' servitude; £30 from 20 to 25 years' active duty; £40 from 25 to 30 years, and if they remain 30 years more, they cannot obtain any addition to £50 per annum! The messengers receive a trifle extra, as they are permitted to rise to £60 per annum after 35 years service. But what do the poor London district-postmen get—the men who most need help, because during active service they are the worst paid? *Nine shillings* per week after 25 years service; *seven shillings* from 20 to 25; *six shillings* from 15 to 20; and under 15 years an allowance not to exceed five shillings per week, and that only in *very special cases*. Naturally enough we inquire why this is so? The answer is returned in a document relating to

the Post-office (713) dated 21st of July, 1847, page 33:—the above scale is “*more suitable to their rank,*” while at the same time “*it embraces a fair consideration of their respective length of service.*”^a

The objection we take to this practice is powerful: it is this, THAT THE SYSTEM IS NOT JUST. It required the same influence and patronage to procure a situation for a letter carrier as for the highest clerk in the service. Both of them had to be trained to the duties they are required to fill, but the one happened to fall among the ranks of the “gentlemen” of the establishment, and the other was *officially* unfortunate in having to wear the “uniform,” stamping him in the eyes of the “Heads of Departments” as a “person” in the service! Let it not be supposed that in writing these strictures that we wish to impute blame to the men placed in the superior offices for the purpose of carrying out the practice. By no means; they are but the creatures of the system; the tools of the practice. But this we do say, that in order to encourage the honest man, who faithfully performs his duty in the midst of all the difficulties of a rising family and an inadequate income, the path of promotion ought to be opened, and something like equal justice should be distributed throughout the establishment. Let not the authorities take advantage of the prostrate condition of the “working classes” in the office to drive men to despondency at their prospects and perhaps to dishonesty because of them; but let the Lords of Her Majesty’s Treasury in future repudiate any tampering with the rights, immunities, and privileges of the so-called “subordinate” officers and “persons.” Encouragement given to such men would be repaid with interest. The men are willing to labor; let them not be trampled upon, but equitably paid for their services, promoted according to their deserts independently of “class interests,” or venal preference, or any other interested arrangements, and let them be honorably paid according to the terms of the Acts of Parliament when they are no longer able to labor in the public service.

We now take our leave of this interesting department. Much as has been accomplished by the perseverance of Mr. Rowland Hill and others for the good of the public, much more remains to be done.

^a Letter of the Duke of Richmond to the Lords of the Treasury. Date, Jan. 26th, 1833.

Large as is now the postal establishment of this country, and widely as its ramifications penetrate into distant lands, a few years will show that the maximum is nothing like attained. The principle of an uniform rate once admitted into the Post-office has opened an almost interminable line of business before the authorities; and the simplification of the mode of payment through the Stamp-office will effect still more. Such a result is the natural consequence of the steps already taken. Many of the now existing anomalies with respect to ship and foreign rates must be removed; and an almost total change must and will take place, both in the mode of management and the terms of contract between nation and nation, with respect to the transmission of correspondence. Further than this. We hesitate not to say, that the time will come, when not only the utmost simplicity will be introduced into all the arrangements of the department, but that a still further reduction of rates of postage will be made, and that in the end, we shall have, not merely an *inland* but a *continental*, an “OCEAN,”—aye, farther,—an UNIVERSAL “PENNY POSTAGE.”

THE LONDON PRESS.—On this very day (31st January) new proprietors take possession of the *Morning Chronicle*, for many years the morning official organ of the Liberal party. Many years ago this paper was purchased by Sir John, then Mrs Easthope, a stock broker, under whose management its circulation increased, and the paper in the course of time became a good property. But latterly, the circulation has been decreasing, and an effort was made to recover it by reducing the price from 5d. to 4d. This reduction of price did not answer, the circulation continued to decline, and the influence of the paper became

“Small by degrees, and beautifully less.”

Sir John Easthope and his late partners in the concern, Mr. Duncan, bookseller, of Paternoster Row, and Mr. Parker (of poor-law notoriety), wished to get rid of the property, and they have found a purchaser in Mr. Moffat, the Member for Dartmouth, who takes possession this day, as I am informed. With the late proprietors, Mr. Andrew Doyle the editor (son-in-law of Sir John Easthope, who a few years ago succeeded Dr. Black, for a great number of years the editor of the paper), goes out also. The *Sun*, evening newspaper, has also changed hands. In 1828, 1829, or 1830, this paper was purchased by Mr. Patrick Grant of Redcastle, in your county [Ross-shire], who engaged as manager Mr. Murdo Young, at the recommendation of Mr. Calder of Cromarty, for several years editor of the *Times*. Mr. Grant and Mr. Young subsequently fell out, and the latter became sole proprietor; and he has continued so until within the last few weeks, when Alderman Harmer, the proprietor of the *Dispatch*, became sole proprietor, retaining Mr. Young in his employment as manager.—*London Correspondent of Ross-shire Advertiser.*



From the People's Journal.

FORGIVENESS.

BY WILLIAM KENNEDY.

Oh, wring the black drop from your heart
Before you kneel in prayer!
You do but mock the Mercy-Seat
If hatred linger there.
How can you ask offended Heaven
To clear your soul's deep debt,
If 'neath your ban lies brother man?—
Forgive, if not forget.

Remember sons of earth are born
To sorrow and to sin;
That poor and rich to dust return,
A few brief years within.
For guests that crowd round life's strange board,
Joy's cups are thinly set;—
To poison them were fearful shame—
Forgive, if not forget.

In error, or in guiltiness,
If men have wrought thee wrong,
From ways of wrath thy steps restrain—
In patience pass along.
Should retribution be thy right,
He will avenge thee yet,
Who mortal ill repayeth still—
Forgive, if not forget.

How pleasant, when our orisons
We breathe at eventide,
To feel the heart untenanted
By anger or by pride!
Oh, blessed are the merciful,
Whose hopes on high are set!
Like them, release thy soul in peace—
Forgive, and thou'lt forget.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

SONG.

By the clear silver tones of thy heavenly voice,
By the sparkling blue eyes of the maid of my choice,
By thy bright sunny ringlets, were I on a throne,
And thou what thou art, I should make thee my own.

By the smile on thy lip—by the bloom on thy cheek—
By thy looks of affection—the words thou dost speak—
By the heart warm with love in that bosom of snow,
I love thee much more than thou ever can'st know.

I love thee—I love thee—what can I say more,
Than tell what I have told thee so often before;
While others may court thee, may flatter, and praise,
Forget not our younger and happier days.

STANZAS.

The speakers here, are a dying girl and her lover.
The ardent passion manifested by the youth suggests
to the girl several images under which she supposes
that he will delight to personify her after her death.
The stanzas are in the form of a dialogue—the girl
suggesting the particular images in succession,
and the lover responding.

"Even as a flower?"

"No, fairest; be not to me as a flower.
The uncertain sun calls forth its odorous breath;
The sweetest perfume gives the speediest death—
The sport and victim of a summer hour.
Fairest, be not a flower!"

"Even as a star?"

"No, brightest; be not to me as a star.
'Tis one of millions, and the hurrying cloud
Oft wraps the glitt'ring splendor in its shroud;
Morn pales its lustre, and it shines afar.
Brightest, be not a star!"

"Even as a dove?"

"No, purest; be not to me as a dove.
The spoiler oft breaks in upon its rest,
Robbing the downy joys of its soft nest,
And plunging silence through its native grove.
Purest, be not a dove!"

"Even as a rock?"

"No, my most faithful; be not as a rock.
It mocks the embracing wave; or stands alone
In loveless gloom, in dreary wastes unknown,
Senseless alike to fortune's smile or shock.
Changeless, be not a rock!"

"Even as—myself?"

"My soul's best idol, be but as thyself;
Brighter than star, fairer than flower,
Purer than dove, and in thy spirit's power
Steadier than rock!
Yes! be thyself, thyself—only thyself!"

THE LAST WILD FLOWER.

Fair thing, I've often seen,
Among thy green leaves lie,
Thy countless thousand starry flowers
Gaze upward to the sky,
And mark'd thee not.

Amid the gayer children of the mead,
By all thou wert forgot.

But when I see thee now
Left blooming all alone,
The last, yet not least fair of those
The fair ones that are gone,
Oh! then I feel
In sympathy thy loneliness, and down
My cheek a tear will steal.

There's not a radiant gem
 In fashion's galaxy,
 Gleaming on high-born beauty's brow,
 So fair, so bright as thee.
 And, floweret, thou,
 Wreathed in the cottage maiden's hair, may deck
 Full many as bright a brow.

The garden's gaudy flowers
 May sweetly bloom awhile
 In beauty's hand, and shed perfume,
 Nor languish 'neath her smile;
 But thou, sweet flower,
 Were I to pluck thee from thy native stem,
 Wouldst wither ere an hour.

Bloom 'mong the wither'd leaves
 So soon to be thy grave,
 That mournfully fall in rustling showers
 From the trees that o'er thee wave!
 Yet, lovely thing,
 Thou'lt come again, and deck that lovely spot,
 At the first voice of spring.

From Tait's Magazine.

UNKNOWN HEROES.

Oz, 'mid the dazzle and the glare of this world's
 fleeting show,
 How many stout hearts sink beneath a weight of
 battled woe—
 Heroes, whose names are scarcely breathed beyond
 home's humble hearth—
 Who live unknown—unrecked-of die—the Brave
 Souls of the Earth!

And genius, glory, love to shed around the warrior's
 name,
 And in verse or story consecrate their own bright
 sons to Fame;
 Thus morn's glad halo hovers o'er proud peaks that
 pierce the sky,
 While shrouded in oblivion's gloom the lowly valleys
 lie.

Yet in the hidden vales of life are battles fought and
 won—
 Genius, though seeking not the blaze of Fame's too
 partial sun,
 There oft are Fortune's stern scowls met, Griefs
 uncomplaining borne—
 With only God and Hope to cheer lone hearts with
 sorrow worn.

There have I seen strong men grow pale beneath
 the gripe of Want,
 And Disease's famished phantom form the lowly
 dwelling haunt,
 And Death the parent's fond hopes crush, relentless,
 one by one,
 While from the gloom the sufferers looked, and
 breathed "Heaven's will be done!"

God knows—Wealth's favorites ne'er can know—
 the fortitude sublime,
 That nerves the poor man's soul to keep unstained
 by vice and crime,

When the partner of his wretchedness, the children
 of his heart,
 In looks of misery bid the tears of helpless sorrow
 start.

'Tis music to the soldier's soul when a nation's
 proud acclaim
 Greet him the laurelled conqueror in war's unhal-
 lowed game;
 But loftier joy *that* hero boasts, who, toiling up life's
 road,
 By unseen triumphs wins the smiles of conscience
 and of God!

Like the lonely bark that ploughs her way far on the
 dreary deep,
 And sinks (unmarked by all save Heaven) beneath
 the storm's wild sweep,
 Earth's unknown heroes silently the world's rough
 tempests brave,
 And, gliding noteless o'er life's waste, sink to a
 fameless grave.

Yet, what tho' unknown ye warriors, if ye war for
 Truth and Love!
 Unmarked below, your silent lives are registered
 above;
 When the blood-bought laurels of the field beneath
 Time's touch shall die,
 Ye nameless ones of earth shall shine in Heaven
 eternally!

In that all-glorious land beyond the grave's dark
 wilderness,
 Where titles, riches, sounding names, sink into
 nothingness,
 The wretched beggar's tattered garb, by honest vir-
 tue worn,
 Shall laugh the crime-stained diadems of guilty
 kings to scorn!

From the Athenaeum.

RETROSPECTION.

That Time is dead for ever, child,
 Gone, frozen, dead for ever.—*Shelley.*

Her hues of youthful life divine
 Are turned to ashy pale;
 For she is dead—that May of mine;
 Yet let me lift the veil!

Not as with open eyes she smiled,
 And breathed her balmy breath;—
 Still must her look be sweet and mild;
 I'll see my May in death!

No, nevermore! her look is strange—
 You would not see your May;
 Nor could you bear to trace the change,—
 Your eyes would turn away.

Your heart would die at death's disgrace
 Upon her mouth and brow:
 Ah! leave the shroud across her face,—
 You would not know it now.



DEATH OF THE ELDER DISRAELI.—The pure and honorable career of this gentleman reached its close on Wednesday last. He had attained the advanced age of eighty-two years; and a few weeks ago was in the full possession of his usual health, and in the complete enjoyment of his intellectual powers. The prevailing epidemic, however, suddenly assailing a constitution enfeebled by age, soon assumed an aggravated form, and at length this venerable gentleman sank under the attack. He was born at Enfield, in the month of May, 1766, and was the only child of Benjamin Disraeli, a Venetian merchant, who had been many years settled in the country. He received some instruction at a school near the place of his nativity, but, his father conceiving that his education could be more advantageously conducted in Holland, a considerable portion of his boyhood was spent in that country. Before his departure for the Continent, however he showed signs of a very precocious intellect; for he began to write verses at the age of ten, and in his sixteenth year addressed a poetical epistle to Dr. Johnson. After passing some time at Amsterdam and Leyden, where he acquired a knowledge of several modern languages, and where he applied himself to classical studies with some attention, but with no very extraordinary success, he proceeded to the French metropolis. This visit to Paris took place in 1786, when the great revolution was impending, and when its doctrines seemed to have obtained entire possession of all men's minds; but Mr. Disraeli proved an exception. He was then, and remained throughout his long life, a purely speculative philosopher,—one who never mingled in political broils, or for a single moment knew what it was to be connected with political or religious parties. While in France, he imbibed that fondness for French literature which always clung to him, but which is more evident in his criticisms than in his style or sentiments, for he wrote his vernacular English tongue with great purity, and identified himself in all things with the land in which he lived. On his return to England, after a course of continental travel, he published several poems, among which it is believed that "Lines on the Abuse of Satire" was one; it appeared in the fifty-ninth volume of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and was directed against Peter Pindar, who affected to believe that it was written by Hayley, and made it a pretext for his hostility to the author of "The Trials of Temper." But, whether he knew the real writer or not, there never was any hostility between Mr. Disraeli and Dr. Walcott, "The Defence of Poetry," by the learned

gentleman just deceased,—who certainly was learned not only by courtesy,—appeared in 1791; but, after a few copies had been sold, he suppressed the whole edition, his motive for which was not very apparent, the literary merit of that production being beyond dispute. In his twenty-fourth year he gave to the world a volume consisting of his common place book, with critical remarks, under the title of "Curiosities of Literature." This single volume attracted attention in an age when men of genius abounded. Yet it was then merely an elegant and critical compilation, though it eventually became the origin of that celebrated miscellany in which, at a later period of his life, and especially from the years 1817 to 1824, in successive volumes, he poured forth such a fund of original research of philosophical, entertaining speculation, expressed in so lively and agreeable a style, that the work has always remained one of the chief favorites of our literature.

Mr. Disraeli's passion for literary history displayed itself at a very early period of life, and in his later years it never deserted him. We therefore have his "Quarrels of Authors," in three volumes, his "Calamities of Authors," in two volumes, and his "Illustrations of the Literary Character," in one volume. Being placed in a position of pecuniary independence, he was free to indulge the tastes, and exercise the talents, which have enabled him to build up a reputation that will not speedily be forgotten. His twelve volumes, illustrative of the literary character, constitute, in themselves, a goodly collection, and yet they are understood to have been only chapters in the great work which it was said he was always preparing, in the manner of Bayle. To the early numbers of the *Quarterly Review* Mr. Disraeli was a contributor. His review of "Spence's Anecdotes," in 1820, and a vindication both of the moral and poetical character of Pope, produced the famous Pope controversy, in which Mr. Bowles, Lord Byron and others took part. He was the first author who commenced research, on an extensive scale, amongst the manuscripts of the British Museum. In the year 1828, his attention was diverted from his history of English literature,—which he was always meditating—by the strong desire that he felt to publish his views respecting the all-important age of Charles I. These, comprised in five volumes, he gave to the world at intervals, in the course of seven years, under the title of "Commentaries on the Life and Reign of Charles I." It was in consequence of the success of this great historical effort, that the University of Oxford conferred on him the

nonorary degree of D. C. L., as a testimony of their respect—to use the language of their public orator—*optimi regis optimo defensori*. After the completion of his commentaries, he returned, with renewed zest, to his literary history, and, relying on his strong constitution, united with habits of unbroken study, he was sanguine enough, at the age of threescore and ten, to entertain a hope of completing this undertaking, which he had laid down on a scale of six volumes; but he was stricken with blindness in the year 1839, and, although he submitted to the operation of couching, he could obtain no relief from a calamity most grievous to an historical author. Nevertheless, he soon took heart, and, with the aid of his daughter, whose services he has eloquently referred to in his Preface, he gave the world some notices of the earlier period of our literary history, under the title of the “Amenities of Literature.” It unfortunately happened that, in the progress of this work, he did not arrive at that period of our history in which lay Mr. Disraeli’s great strength—the life of Pope. It has been pretty generally understood, that he long intended to write a life of Pope, his times, and his contemporaries.

The death of Mr. Disraeli took place at his country-seat, Bradenham-house, in Buckinghamshire. Besides the publications already referred to, and others which we have perhaps omitted to notice, Mr. Disraeli was the author, in his youth, of several works of fiction, some of which, published anonymously, obtained considerable reputation. Among these the more remarkable was “Mejnoun and Leila”—the earliest Oriental story in our literature, which was composed with any reference to propriety of costume. The Rabelaisian romance of “Flin Flams,” and the novel of “Vaurien,” written in all the lurid blaze of French Conventions and Corresponding Societies, have both, we believe, with authority, been attributed to him. He died a widower, having lost his wife, to whom he had been united for more than forty years, in the spring of 1847. He has left one daughter and three sons, the eldest of whom is the Member for Buckinghamshire.—*Times*.

CHRONOLOGY OF EUROPEAN SOVEREIGNS.

The *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, of Leipzig, published in its number of New Year’s-day the following interesting statistical and chronological details respecting the sovereign houses of Europe:—

“The number of the sovereigns or reigning princes of Europe has been lessened by two owing to the death of the Duke of Anhalt-Kothen, in which his line has become extinct, and the abdication of the Duke of Lucca and the renunciation of his son, who have transferred that duchy to Tuscany—an event which would have been brought about, independently of this circumstance, by the death of the Duchess of Parma; so that on the 1st of January, 1848, there were only 49 sovereigns in Europe, or 50, if we include the Emperor of Brazil.

“Amongst these sovereigns there are only two who are above 70 years of age, viz., the venerable King of Hanover, the Nestor of the Princes of Europe, who is 76 and a half years of age, and the King of the French, who is 74 years and four months old.

“Amongst the others, 11 are between 60 and 70 years of age, 16 between 50 and 60, nine between 40 and 50, three between 30 and 40, and seven between 20 and 30; finally, there are two still under 20 years of age—the Queen of Spain, who is nearly 17 years and three months old, and the Prince of Waldeck, who is not quite 17.

“The sovereign who, of all the rest, has reigned the longest period, is the Prince of Schaumburg Lippe, who is in the 61st year of his reign, including the years of his minority. Of the others, three have reigned upwards of 40 years, including the period of their minority; these are, the Princes of Lippe-Detmold and Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt, and the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen. Two have reigned between 30 and 40 years, six between 20 and 30, 22 between 10 and 20, and 15 (including the elector of Hesse and the Duke of Parma, who only assumed the reins of Government in 1847), have not yet reigned 10 years.

“Six sovereigns are unmarried, or have never been married. These are, independently of the Pope, the Grand Duke of Mecklenburgh-Schwerin, the Duke of Brunswick and the Princes of Reuss-Schleitz, Reuss-Lobenstein-Eberdorff, and Waldeck.

“Six are widowers, viz., the King of Hanover, the Grand Dukes of Darmstadt and Oldenburg, the Duke of Nassau, and the Princes of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, and Hohenzollern-Hechingen.

“One sovereign lives in a state of polygamy; another (the Elector of Hesse) married according to the morganatic mode, or with the left hand, 36 have espoused princesses of reigning houses; and amongst them one has married a third time, and eight a second time.

“The oldest of the wives of these 36 sovereigns (amongst whom there are three female crowned heads) is the Queen of France, who is 65 years and 8 months old; and the youngest is the Duchess of Modena, who is 24 years and 9 months old. The longest married is the Grand Duchess of Weimar, who has been a wife 43 years and 5 months. Of 44 sovereigns, married or widowers, 12 have no issue, or only by morganatic marriages. Of the other 32, those who have the largest number of children, after the Sultan, are the Prince of Lichtenstein, who has nine; the King of Bavaria and the Prince of Lippe, each of whom has eight; the Queen of Portugal and the Grand Duke of Baden, each of whom has seven.

“The Dukes of Saxe-Altenburg having only daughters, it follows that only 31 sovereigns possess presumptive heirs qualified to succeed them; and amongst these the King of the French, has as his successor, a grandson; the Emperor of Brazil, a daughter; and all the rest, sons.

“Fourteen sovereigns have only collateral relatives as their successors; 12 have brothers; the Queen of Spain, her sister; and the Elector of Hesse, a cousin.

“Five sovereigns are without any certain successors in their line, viz., (besides the Pope), the Duke of Brunswick (whose brother has been declared incapable of reigning), the Duke of Anhalt-Bernburg and the Princes of Hohenzollern-Hechingen and Reuss-Lobenstein-Ebersdorff.

“Amongst the 45 princes who are either hereditary or presumptive heirs (of whom the Prince of Electoral Hesse, 60 years of age, is the oldest, and the Imperial Princess of Brazil, only 1 year and 5 months old, is the youngest), 23 are married to princesses of equal birth; but one of them, the Crown Prince of Denmark, has already been divorced a second time: 18 of these princes have children, amongst them the Prince John of Saxony, who has eight, is the possessor of the largest number.

“The following changes took place in 1847 amongst the members of the sovereign families:

“The number of deaths was 14, including, as in 1846, three reigning princes, viz., the Elector of Hesse, the Duke of Anhalt-Kothen, and the Duchess

